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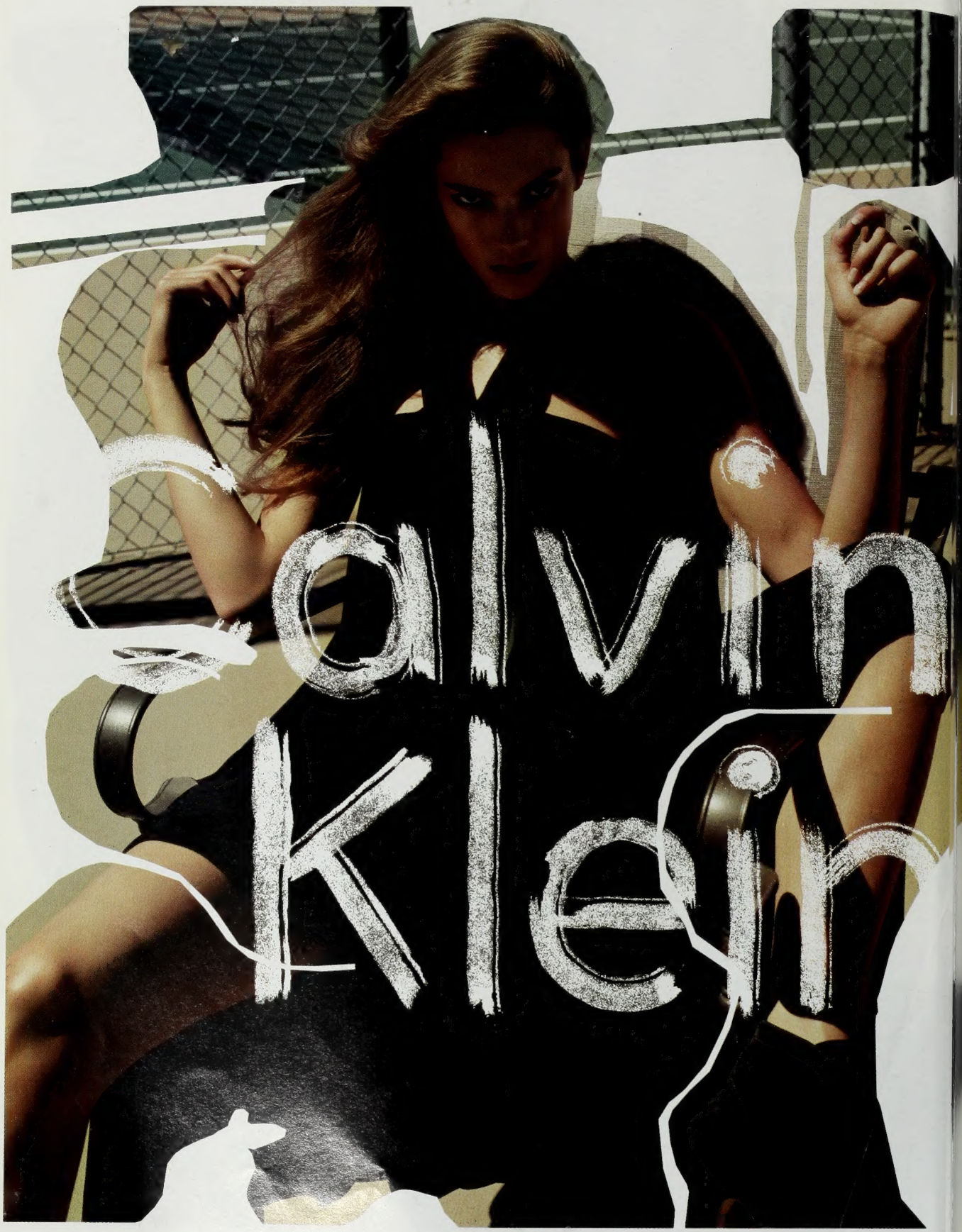
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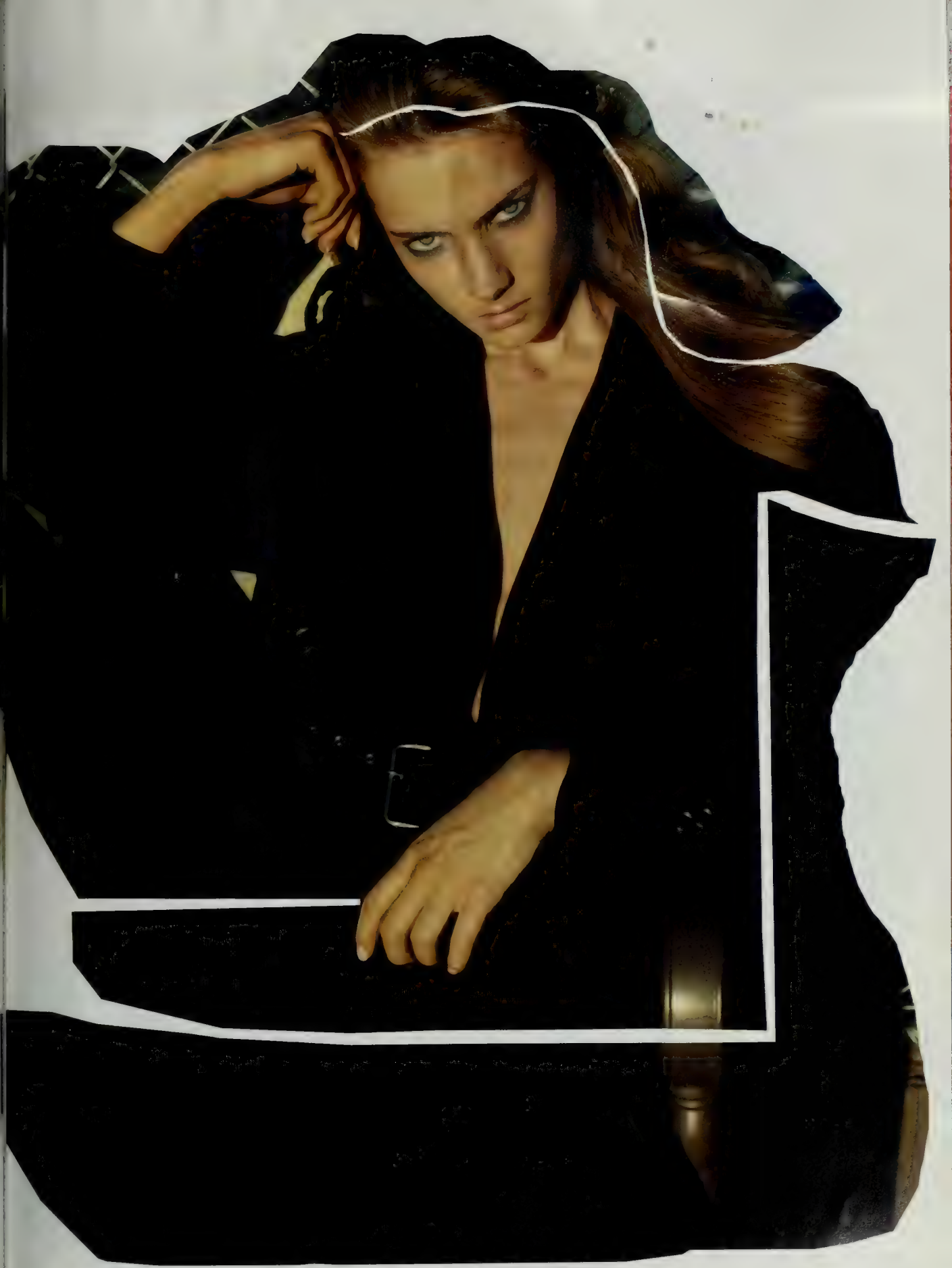


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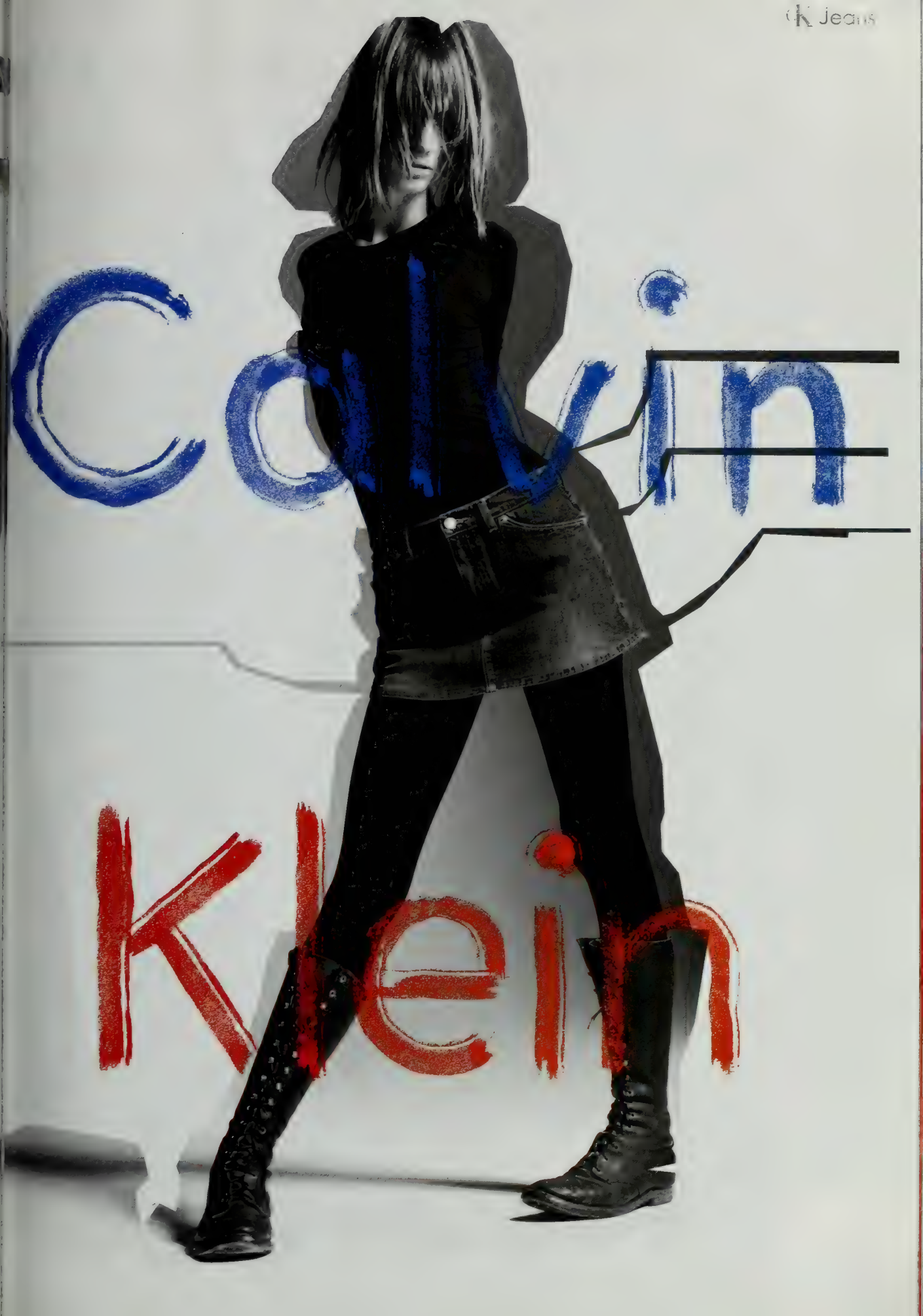



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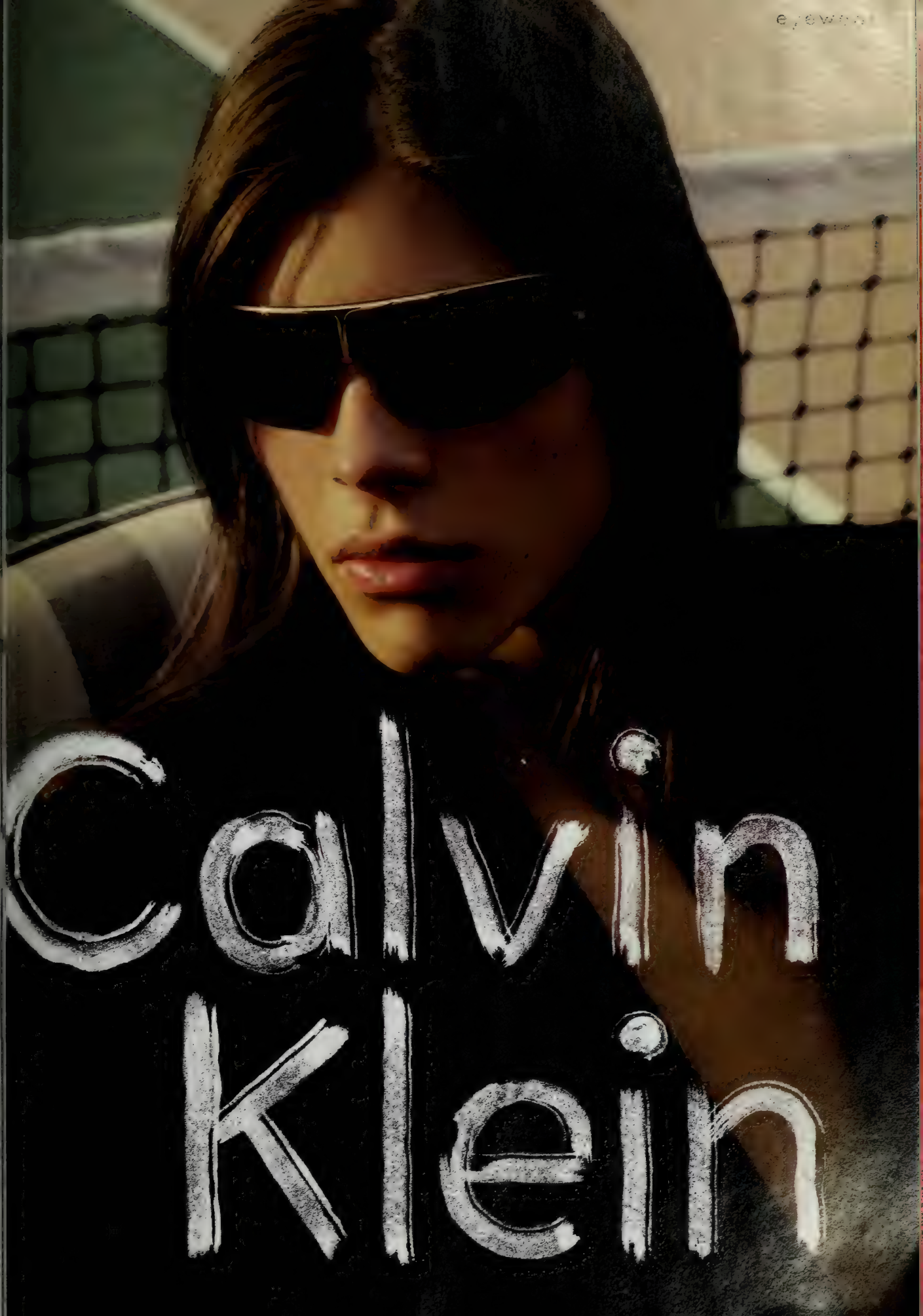


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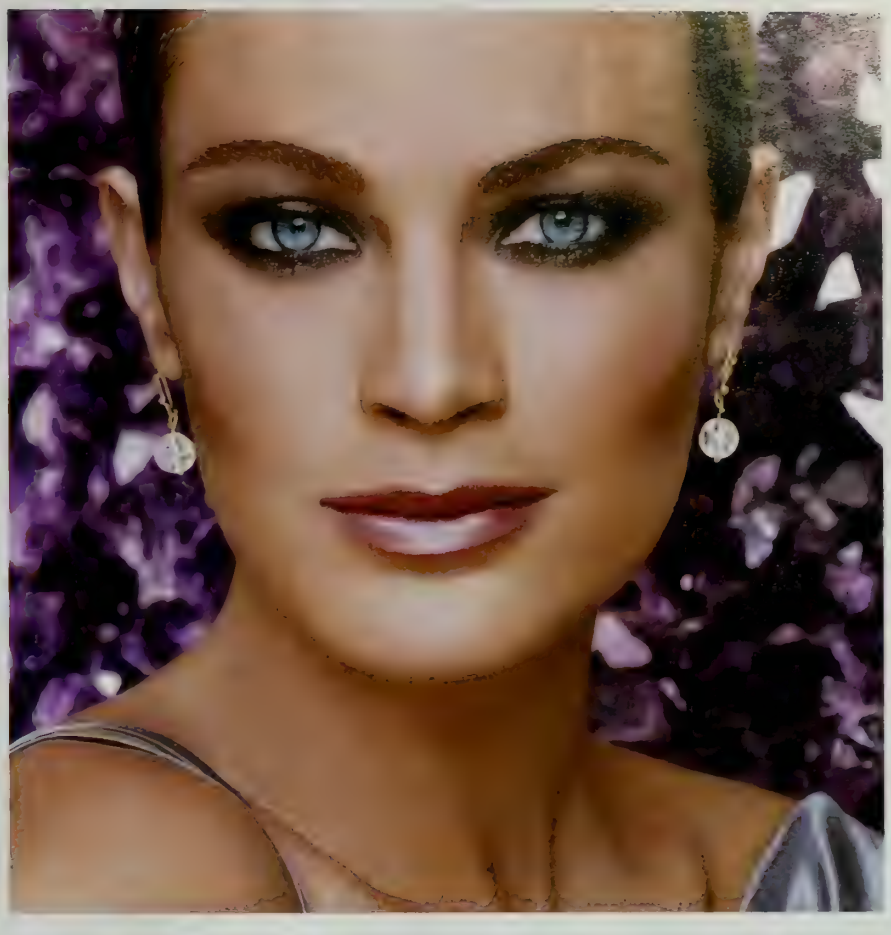
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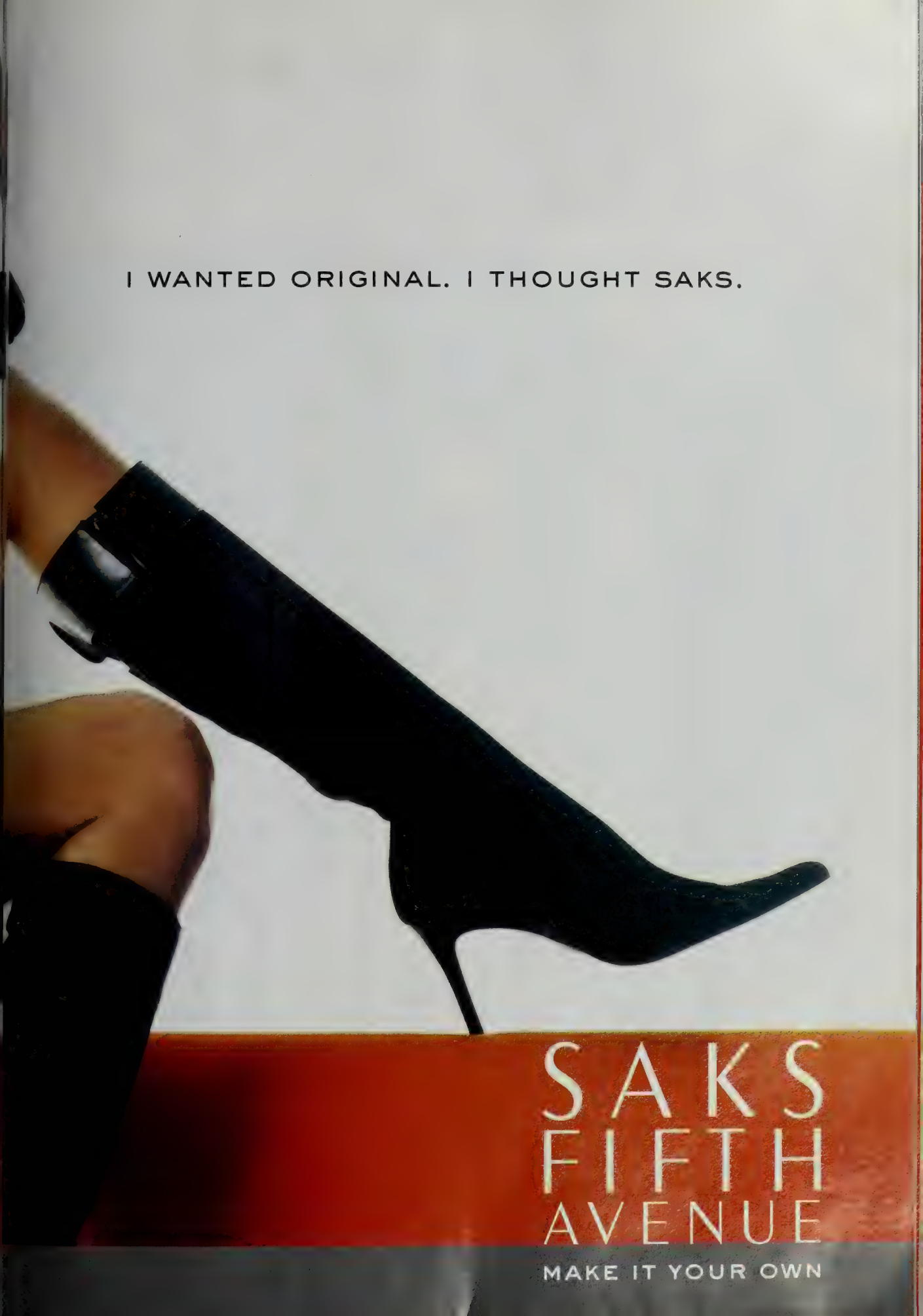
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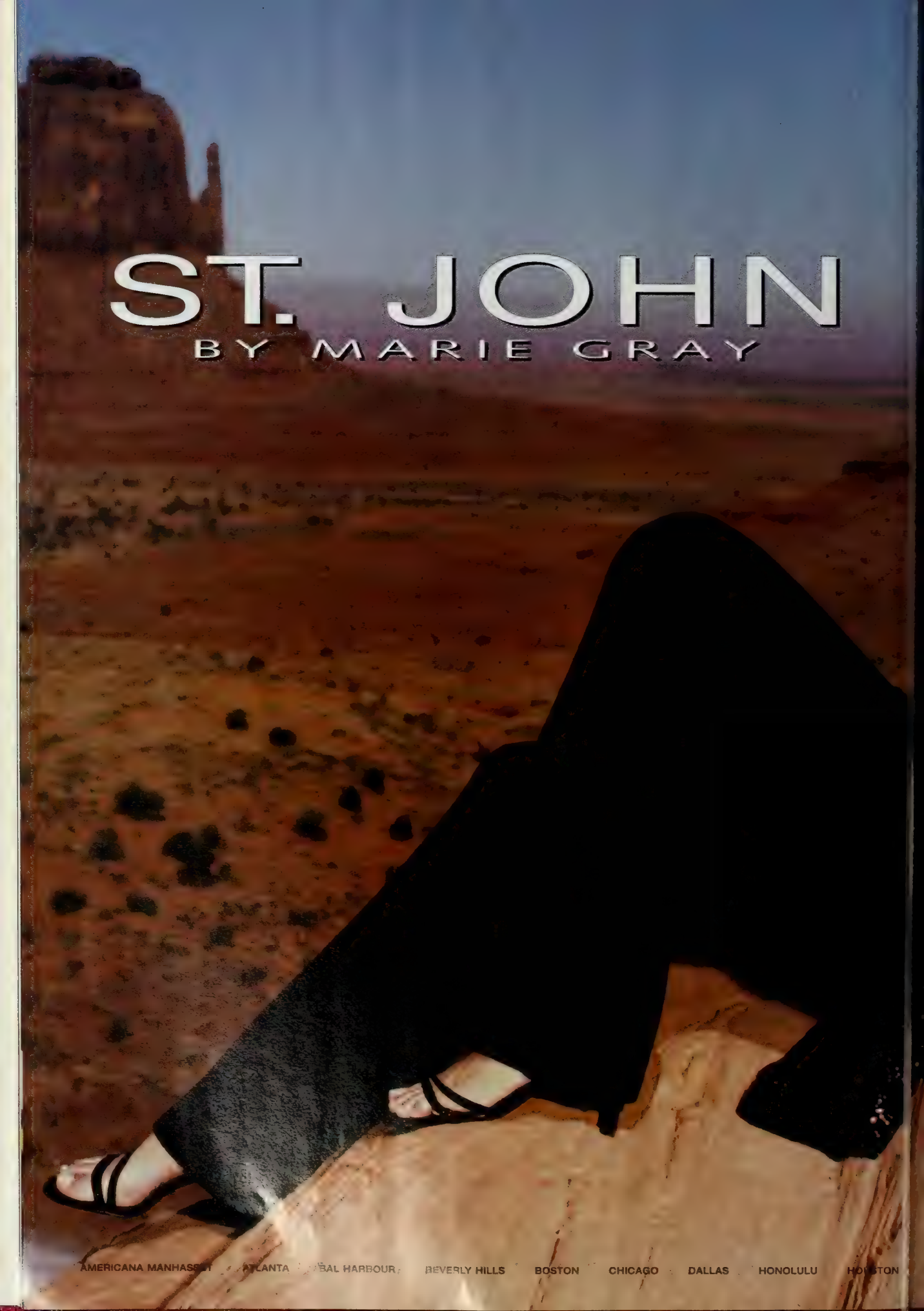



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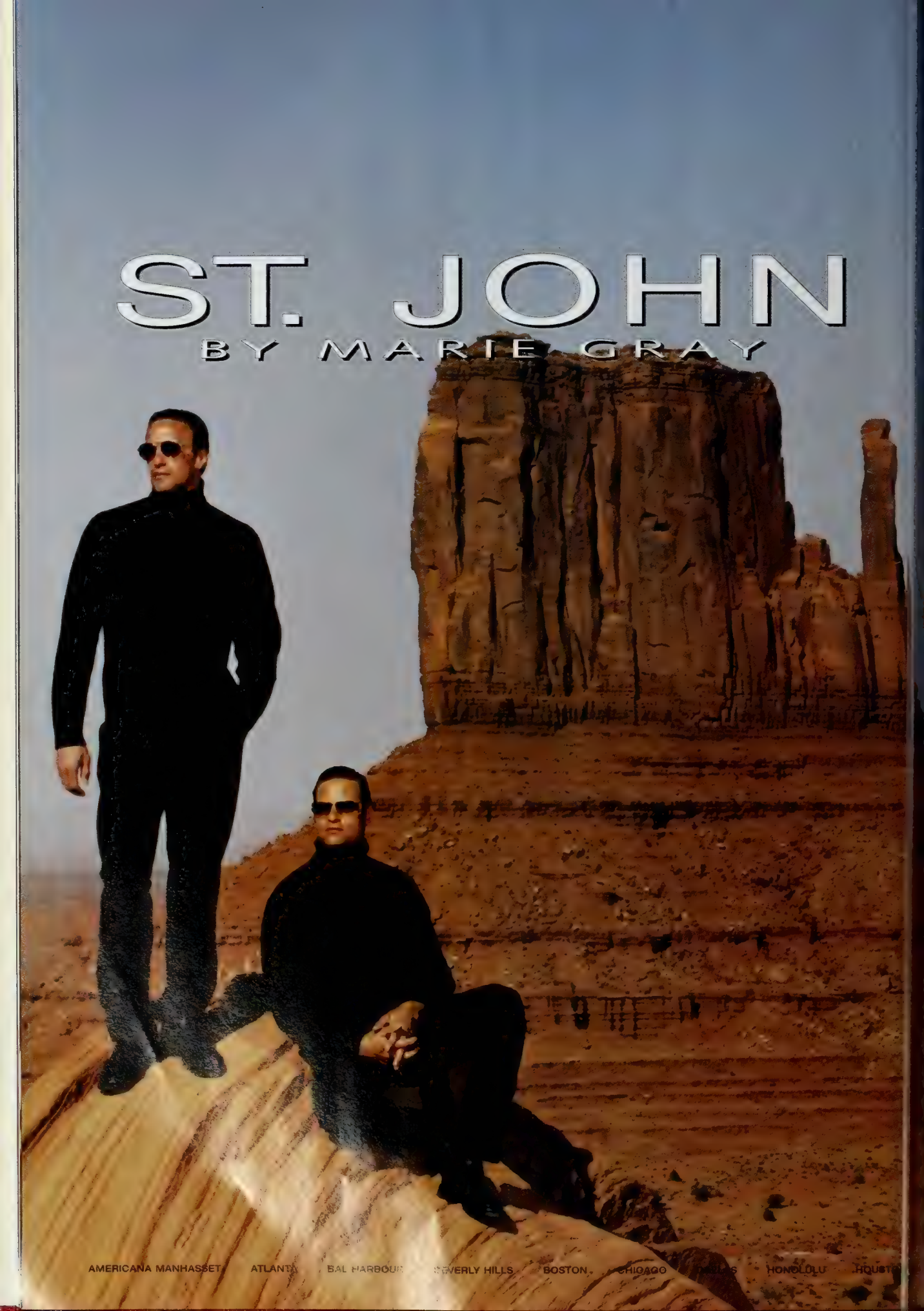

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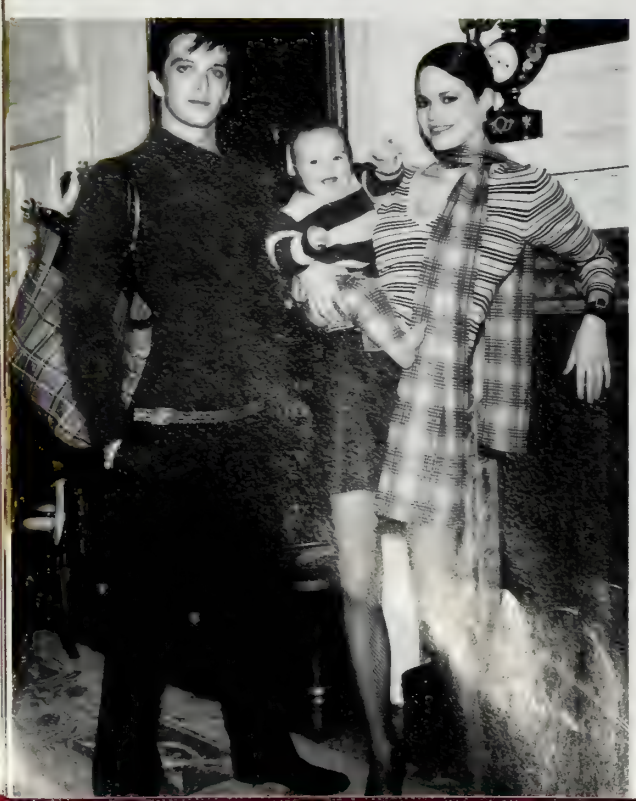
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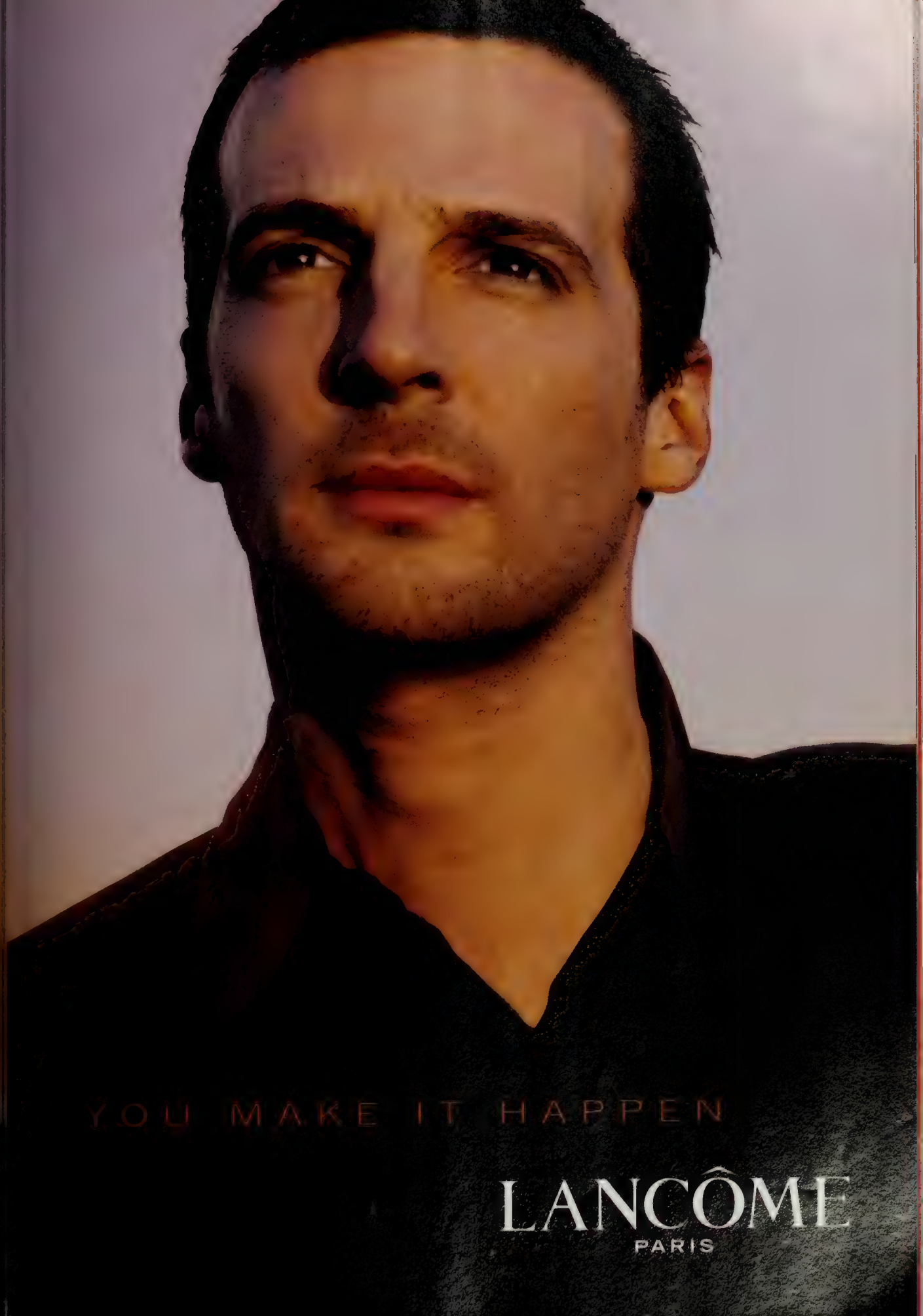



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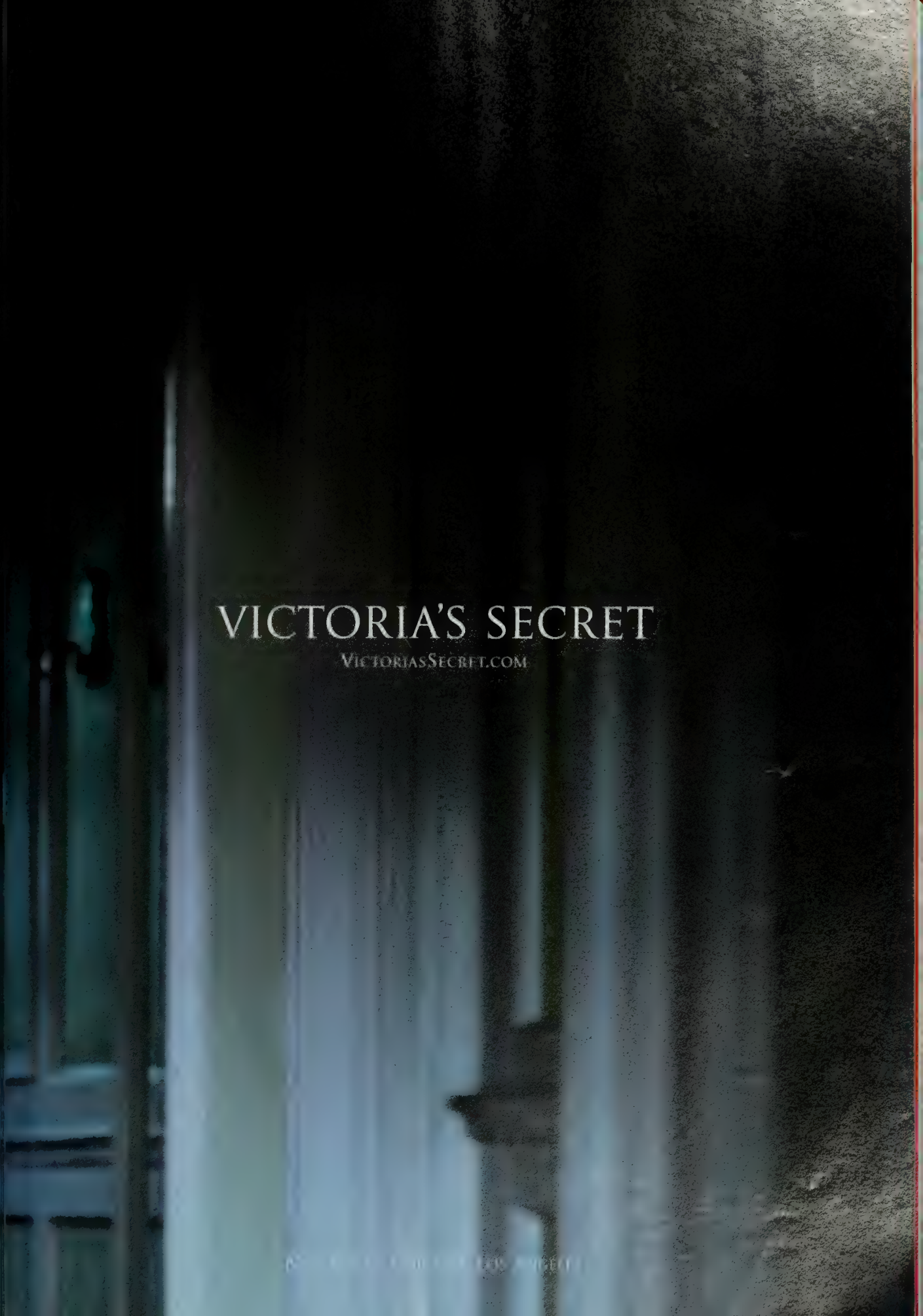
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VANITY FAIR

September 2002 No. 50



Features

THE INTRIGUING MISS CONNELLY What does an elegant, cerebral, poetry-loving actress like Jennifer Connelly do to follow up on her Oscar-and-Golden-Globe-winning performance in *A Beautiful Mind*? She stars opposite a big, green animated superhero in Ang Lee's *The Hulk,* naturally. Michael Shnayerson discovers what drives the intensely private Connelly, how she copes as a single mother with a five-year-old son, and the truth behind the gossip—did she or didn't she?—that has Hollywood whispering. Photographs by Mario Testino 31

TWO TOWERS, ONE YEAR LATER The attack on the World Trade Center was the most photographed breaking-news event in history. Pictures of unbelievable destruction, family snaps of the missing, and footage of international reactions—within hours, all were ricocheting around the globe. *Vanity Fair* showcases never-before-published images from that day, and David Friend reports on the personal stories behind an indelible record of September 11, 2001 32

SHAKEN, NOT STIRRED James Bond is embarking on his 20th marathon of guns, girls, and car chases in the upcoming *Die Another Day.* Greg Williams and Bruce Handy spotlight Pierce Brosnan and glistening new Bond inamorata Halle Berry, whose main love scene may fall victim to Hollywood censors with a license to kill 34

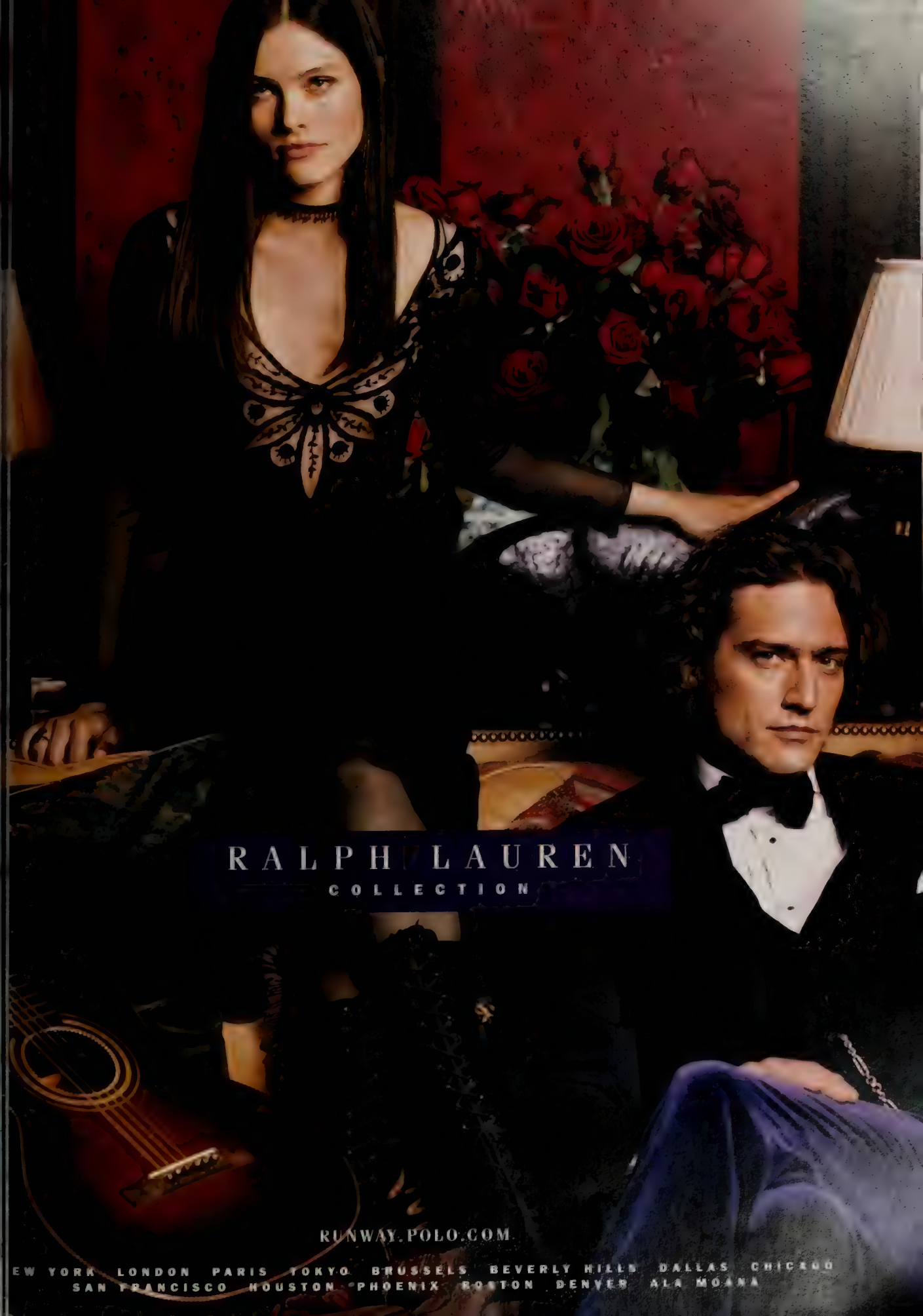
AGE OF AVEDON Over the past half-century, Richard Avedon, more than any other photographer, has epitomized the power of his art form, exposing the fault lines of icons such as Marilyn Monroe, the Chicago Seven, and the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. With a major retrospective set to open this month at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, Vicki Goldberg zooms in close on the master. Portrait by Annie Leibovitz 34

IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT! On October 11, 1975, in Studio 8-H at Rockefeller Center, the Not Ready for Prime Time Players sounded a wake-up call for television and launched an all-out assault on its conventions. In an excerpt from Tom Shales and James Andrew Miller's new oral history, *Saturday Night Live* cast members from Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd to Chris Rock and Will Ferrell reconstruct a hilarious romp that included backstage affairs, drugs, and fistfights, as well as the tragic losses that punctuated more than two and a half decades of extreme comedy 35

Special Section

COVER STORY: THE FIRST 500 The lushly illustrated covers of the early *Vanity Fair* exemplified the Jazz Age's champagne-fueled effervescence, just as the magazine's second incarnation stamped 80s and 90s culture with portraits of modern-day icons. Looking back, James Wolcott appreciates the way *V.F.*'s face has mirrored the spirit of each era—always slightly ahead of schedule 30

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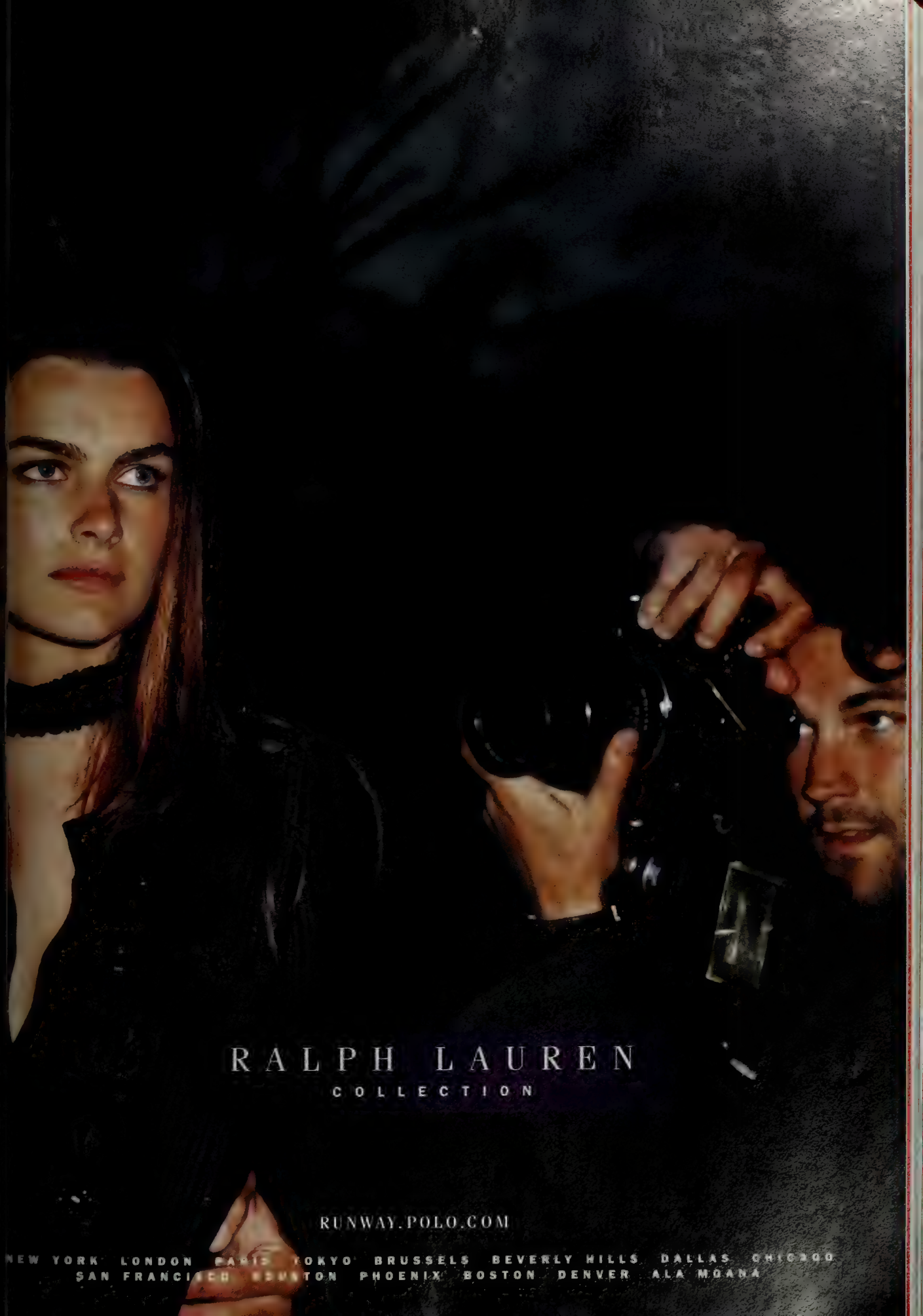











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VANITY FAIR

September 2002 No. 50



Caught with His Pants On

CALVIN KLEIN UNDERWEAR MODEL TRAVIS FIMMEL . . . 287

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Fanfair

30 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE British Invasion—Laura Jacobs on *Masterpiece Theatre*'s "The Forsyte Saga." Hot Reels: Bruce Handy on *One Hour Photo* and *Possession;* Coming Attractions—Walter Kirn parties with *The Banger Sisters.* Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Jim Windolf highlights the best of the 9/11 commemorative books; Henry Alford on Jeffrey Eugenides's *Middlesex.* Edward Helmore salvages N.Y.C.'s Lower East Side. Lisa Robinson's Hot Tracks. A. M. Homes on artists John Currin and Fabian Marcaccio. Anne Fulenwider previews Cadillac's new XLR Roadster. Steven Daly recalls the Manchester music scene that inspired *24 Hour Party People;* Marc Goodman meets *Igby Goes Down* director Burr Steers. Sharon Osbourne reveals a few of her favorite things; Hot Looks; David Colman raids the bathrooms of boutique hotels 16

Columns

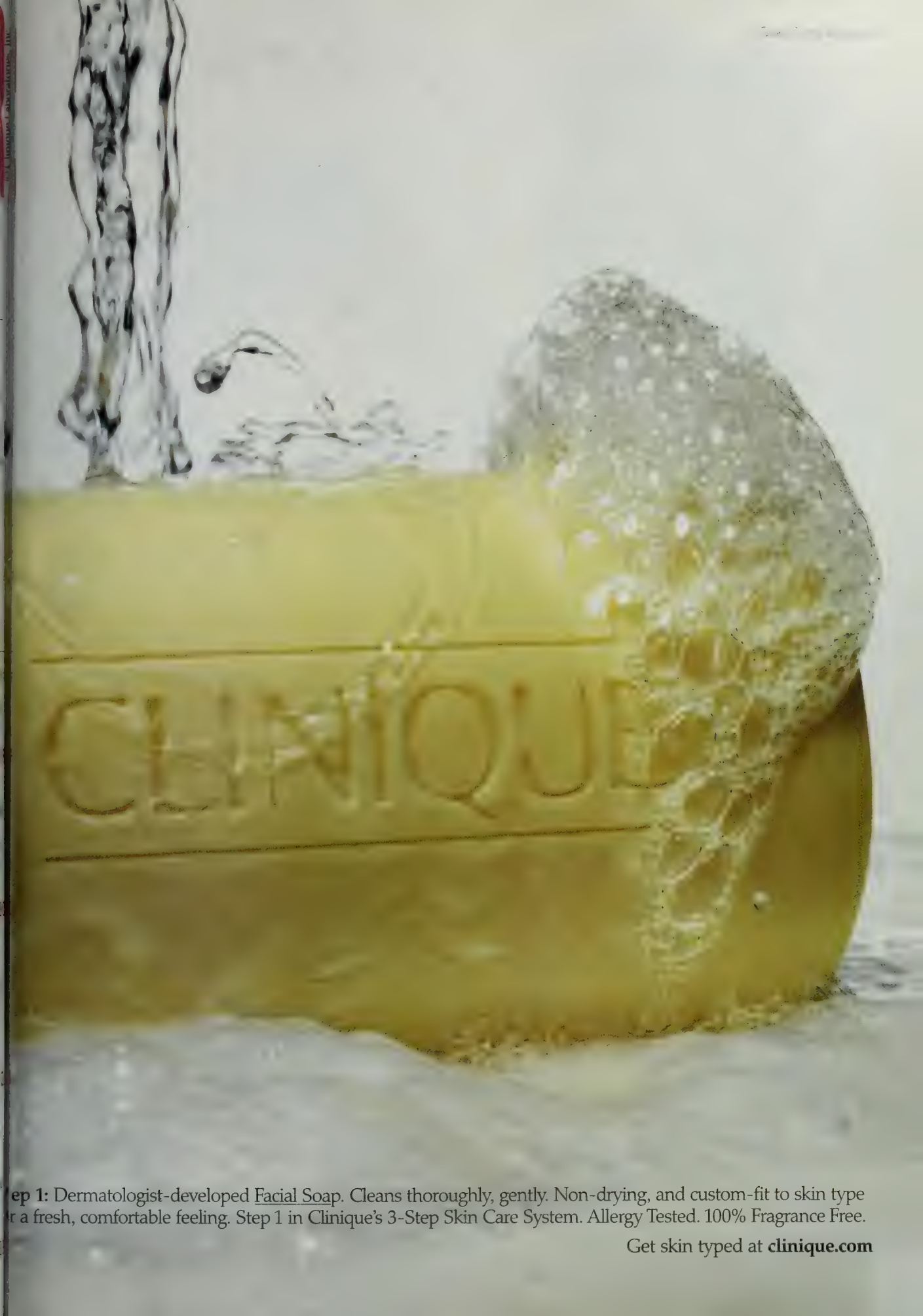
JEWISH POWER, JEWISH PERIL Against a backdrop of synagogue burnings in Europe, ever grimmer reports from the Middle East, and uneasiness spreading from Times Square to Hollywood, Christopher Hitchens untangles the twisted strands of history and hysteria behind the seemingly ineradicable curse of anti-Semitism 19

VANISHED FORTUNES Summertime, and the living is easy—unless you're caught in the sights of *V.F.* diarist Dominick Dunne, who this month unearths new post-verdict dirt on the Skakels, revisits the mysterious Chandra Levy "horse whisperer," and, for the debut of his Court TV show, follows the trail of an accused Palm Beach murderer. Plus: ImClone fatigue in Southampton and fêting Nancy Reagan at the White House. Portrait by François Dischinger 20

PILOT TERROR When American Airlines Flight 587 went down on the edge of New York City in November 2001, the brief, heartstopping fear was that terrorists had struck again. Then came the official theory: air turbulence and crew error. But as the National Transportation Safety Board prepares for public hearings this October, David Rose investigates and finds a growing belief that there may be deadly flaws in the computerized controls of the Airbus A300-600. Portraits by Gasper Tringale 21

THE TITAN AND THE ARCHITECT Designer-architect Robert Couturier was living an 80s-Eurotrash existence when he found himself drawn into the orbit of Anglo-French billionaire Sir James Goldsmith, and ultimately charged with construction of the late financier's fabulous castle compound on the coast of Mexico. Now, two decades later, Amy Fine Collins writes, Couturier has found his own muse, a renascent career, and a partner for the "idea of heaven" he is building in Connecticut 23

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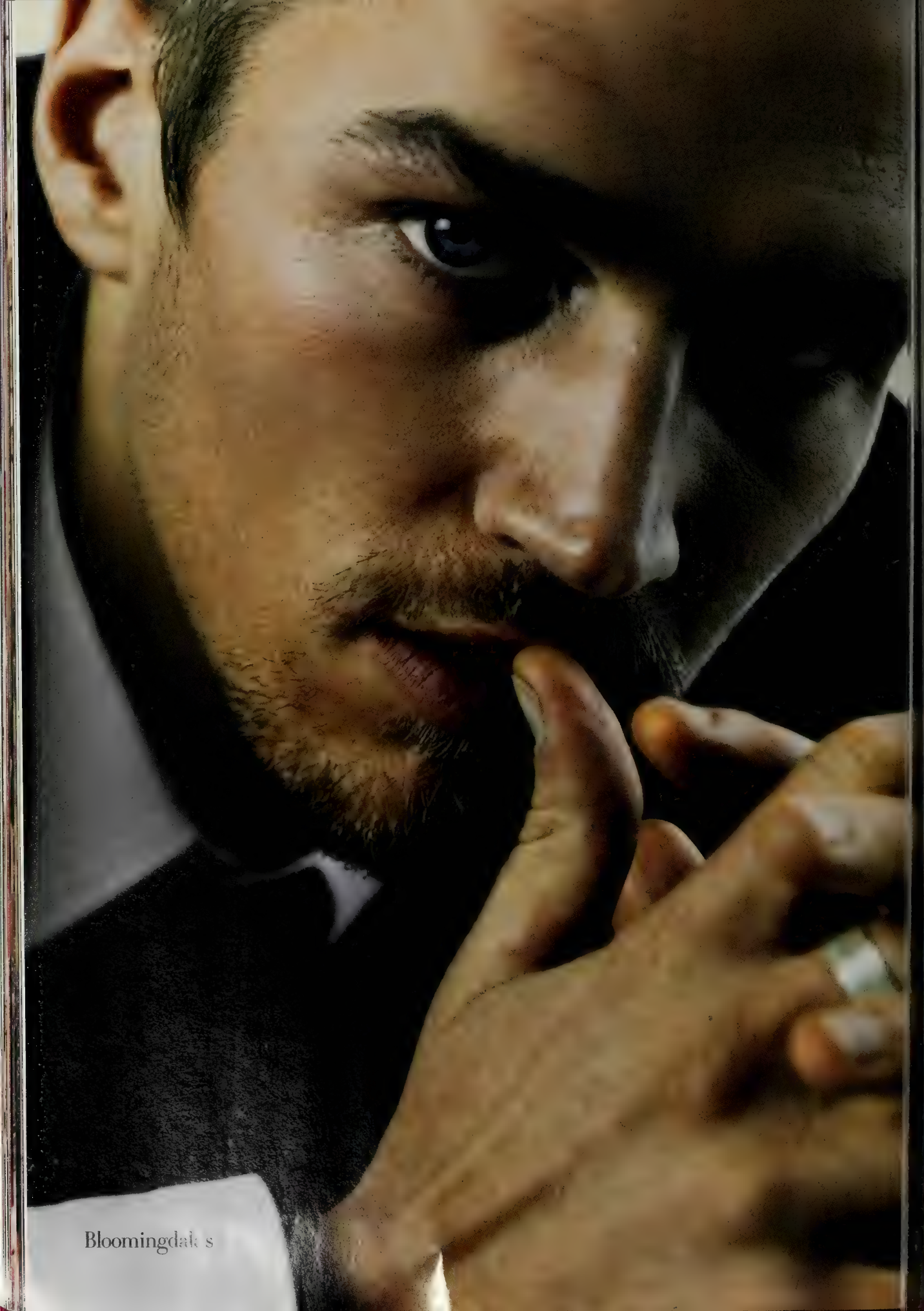
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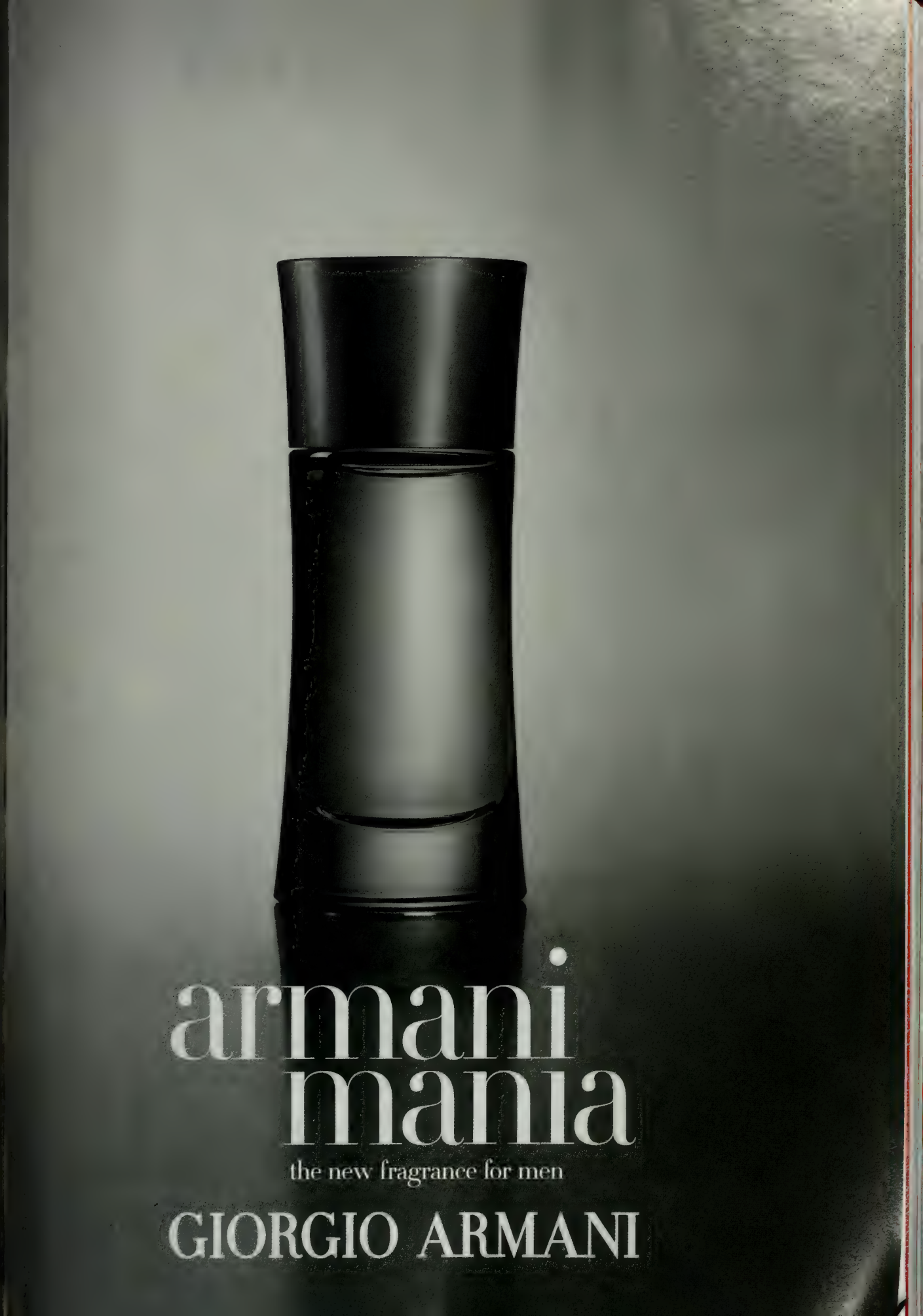
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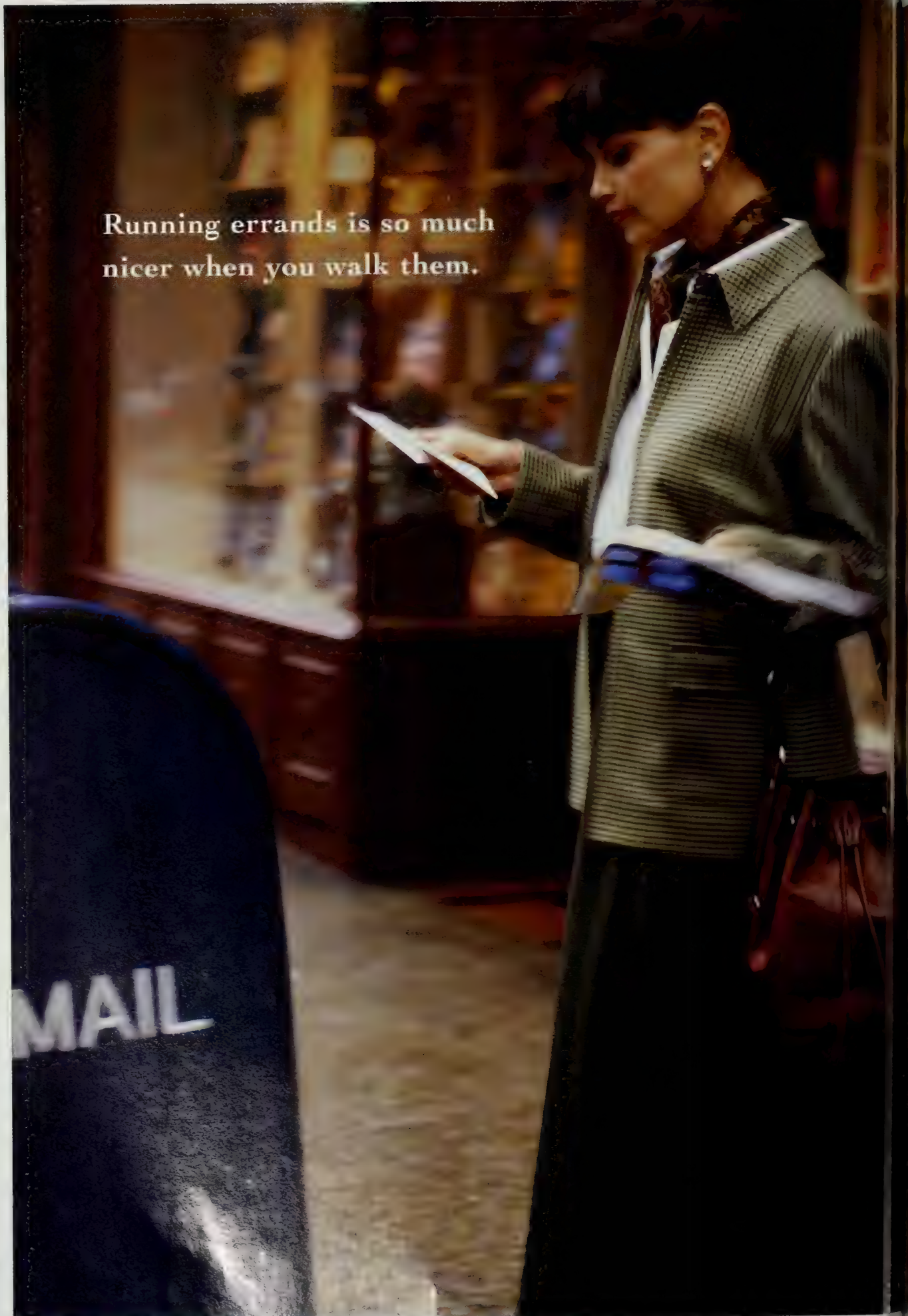
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VANITY FAIR

September 2002 No. 5



Bikini Killer
HALLE BERRY IN *DIE ANOTHER DAY* ... 342

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GIRLS, UNINTERRUPTED Cake's monthly New York party for young upscale women is part orgy, part networking opportunity; its Web site gives 25,000 members tips on female sexual empowerment, and its hip, ambitious founders hope it will become a Playboy-esque empire. Accepting an invitation to join the club, Nancy Jo Sales watches nice girls get in touch with their inner lap dancer 25

SEPTEMBER WIDOWS Nearly 50 people from the Middletown, New Jersey, area, just 25 miles south of Manhattan, died in the World Trade Center catastrophe. Witnessing the journey of three widows through a spiral of grief, anger, paranoia, and retaliation, Gail Sheehy explores their despair and the strength that drives them forward. Photographs by Harry Benson 26

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ROBERTSON'S BOULEVARD Richard Rushfield and Adam Leff's Intelligence Report: Crunch Gym, Hollywood. Ed Coaster's not-quite-triumphant return. George Wayne tools around with Travis Fimmel. Henry Alford breaks down borders; Out & In: Le Car, Le Pen, and tap shoes 28

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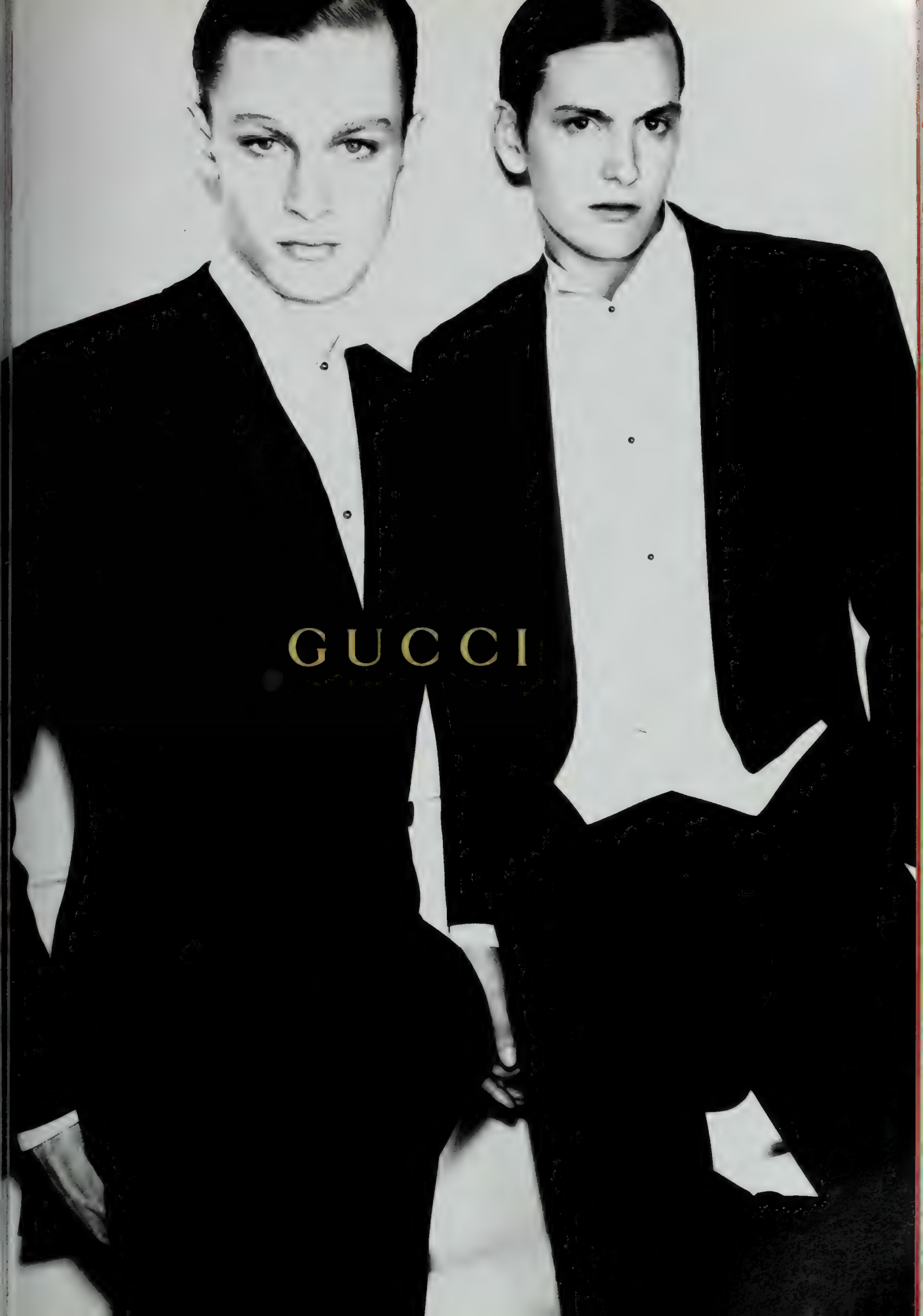
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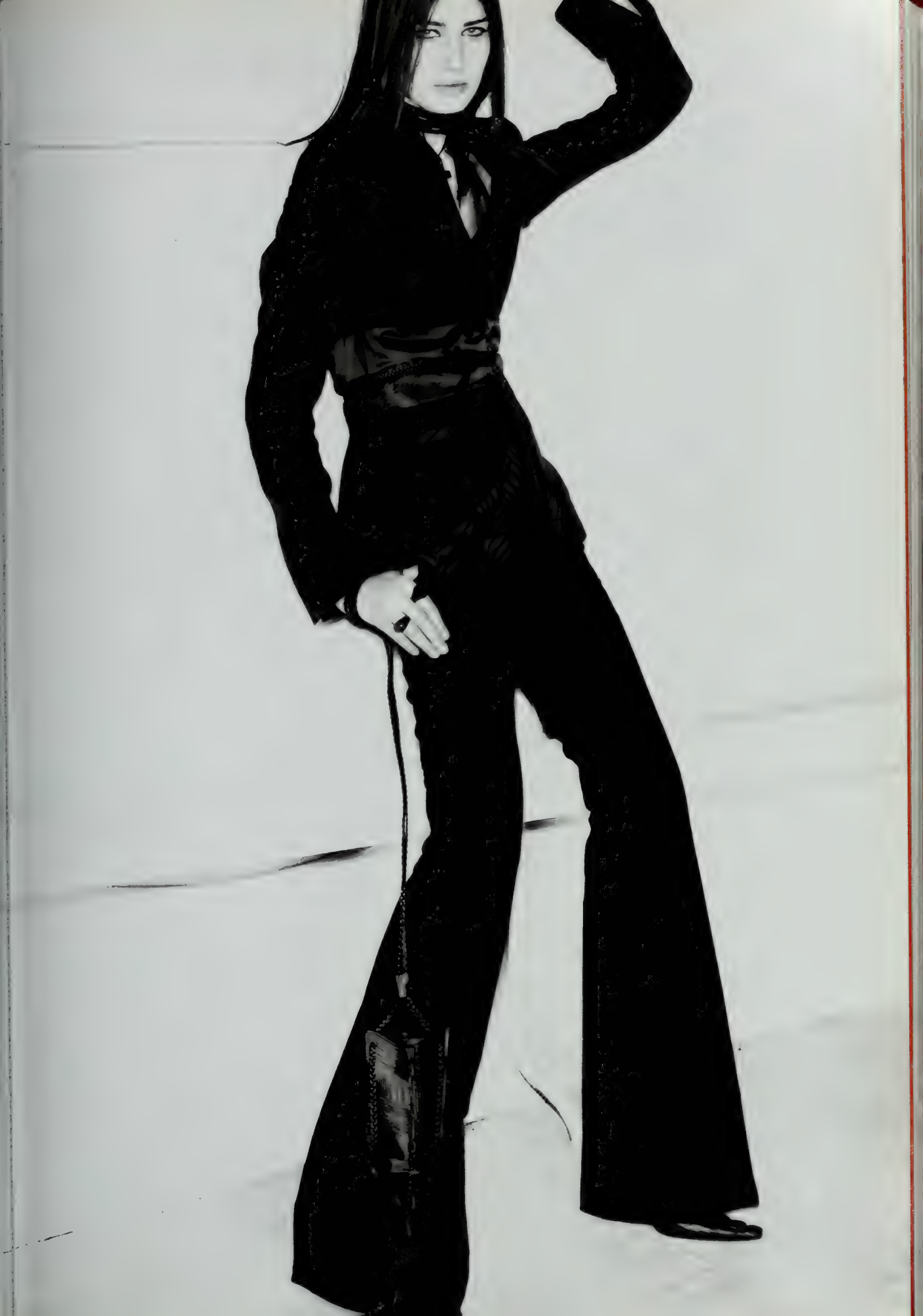
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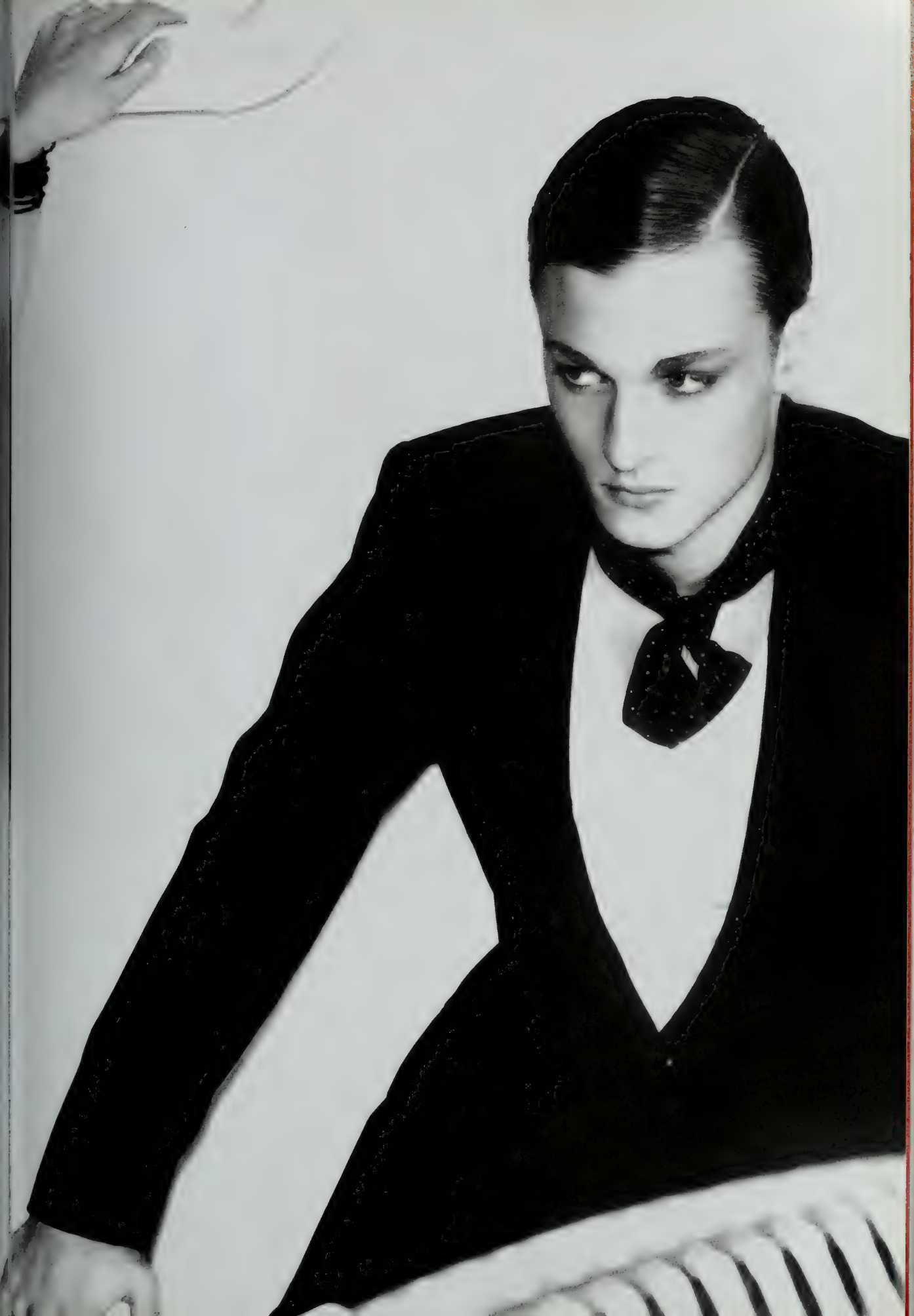
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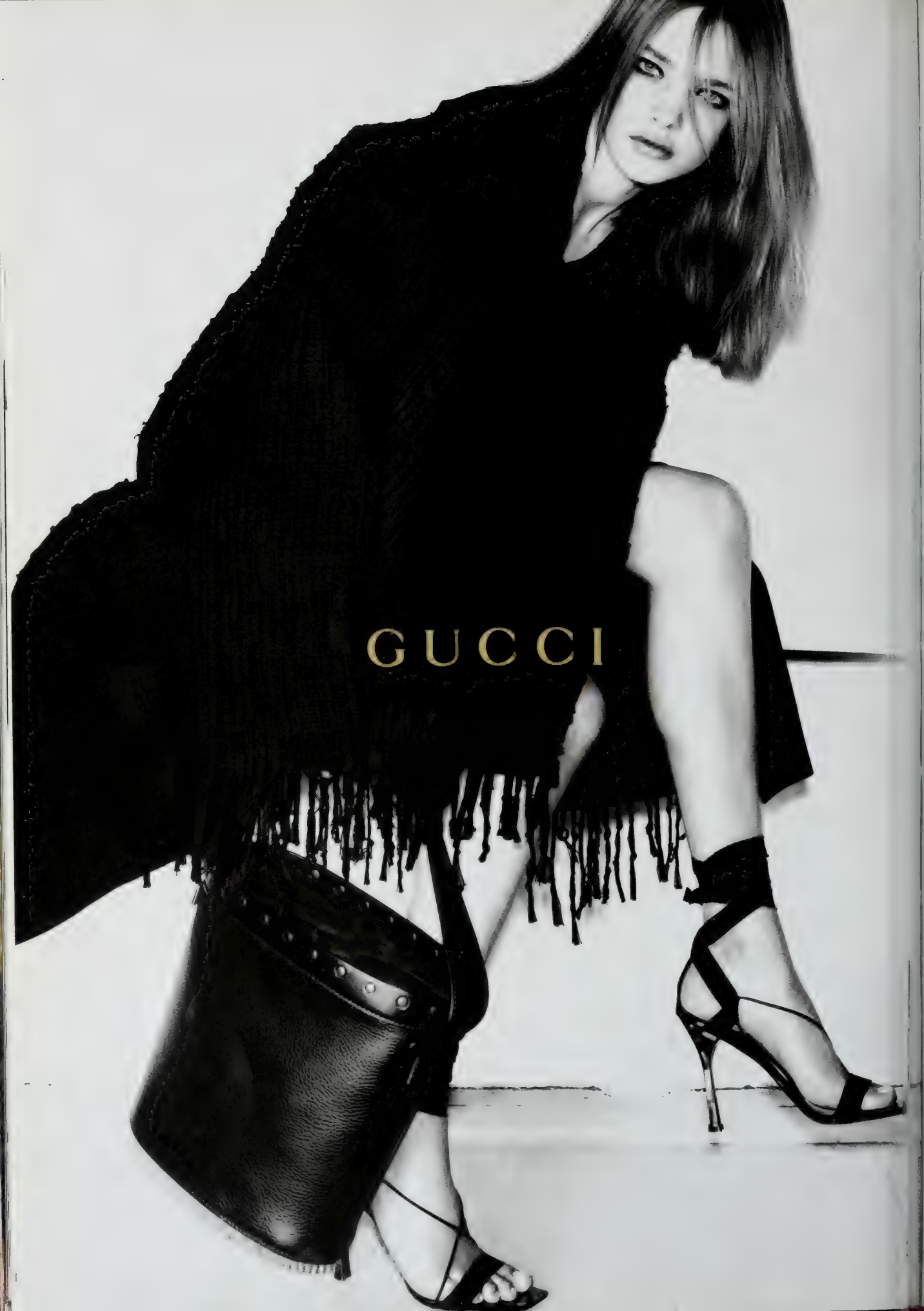











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Clockwise, from top left: Tracey Ross, Kaye Popofsky, Liz Heller, and Paola Palazzo.

THE *VANITY FAIR* CONCERT SERIES

This fall, *Vanity Fair* will host the first-ever *Vanity Fair* Concert Series with a star-studded concert in Los Angeles at the historical Wiltern Theatre, preceded by a fabulous V.I.P. party, as well as concerts and parties in Chicago and New York City.

All proceeds from series events will benefit Step Up Women's Network, a nonprofit membership organization committed to advancing philanthropy and volunteerism in the entertainment and media industries to affect social change for women and girls. Step Up offers community outreach and mentoring opportunities, professional development programs, and fund-raising activities that ultimately support women's health issues and advocacy organizations. Past beneficiaries include the Revlon/U.C.L.A. Breast Center, St. Vincent Community Mammography Program, VDAY, the Breast Examination Center of Harlem, Girls Inc., the U.S.C./Norris Cancer Center, and the Young Women's Leadership School.

Chaired by Kaye Popofsky, president and founder of Step Up, and CAA music agent Paola Palazzo, the concert series advisory board is led by Sharon Osbourne, Amanda Sheer Demme, Liz Heller, and Tracey Ross. For more information on the *Vanity Fair* Concert Series and the Step Up Women's Network, log on to www.stepupwomensnetwork.org.

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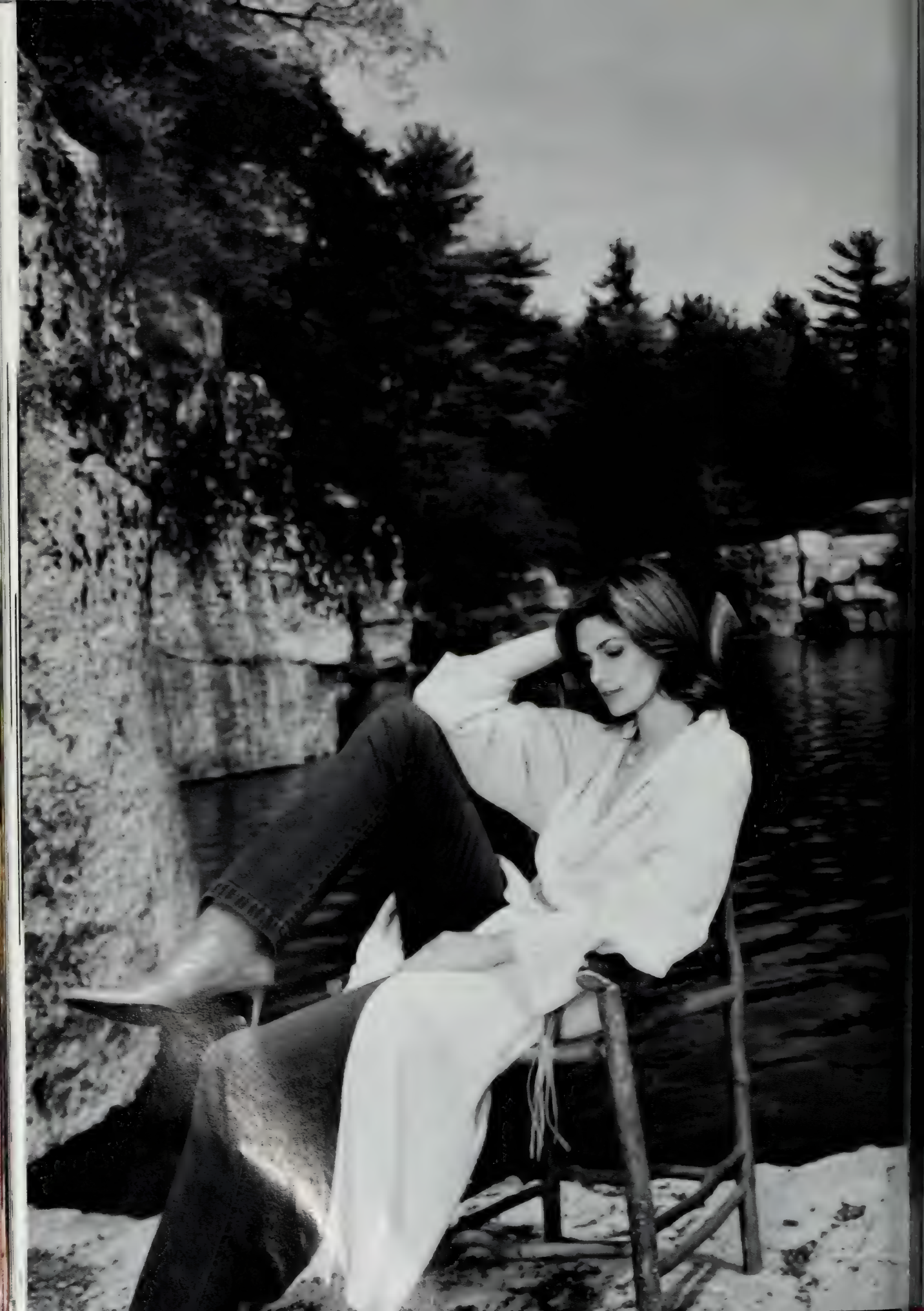
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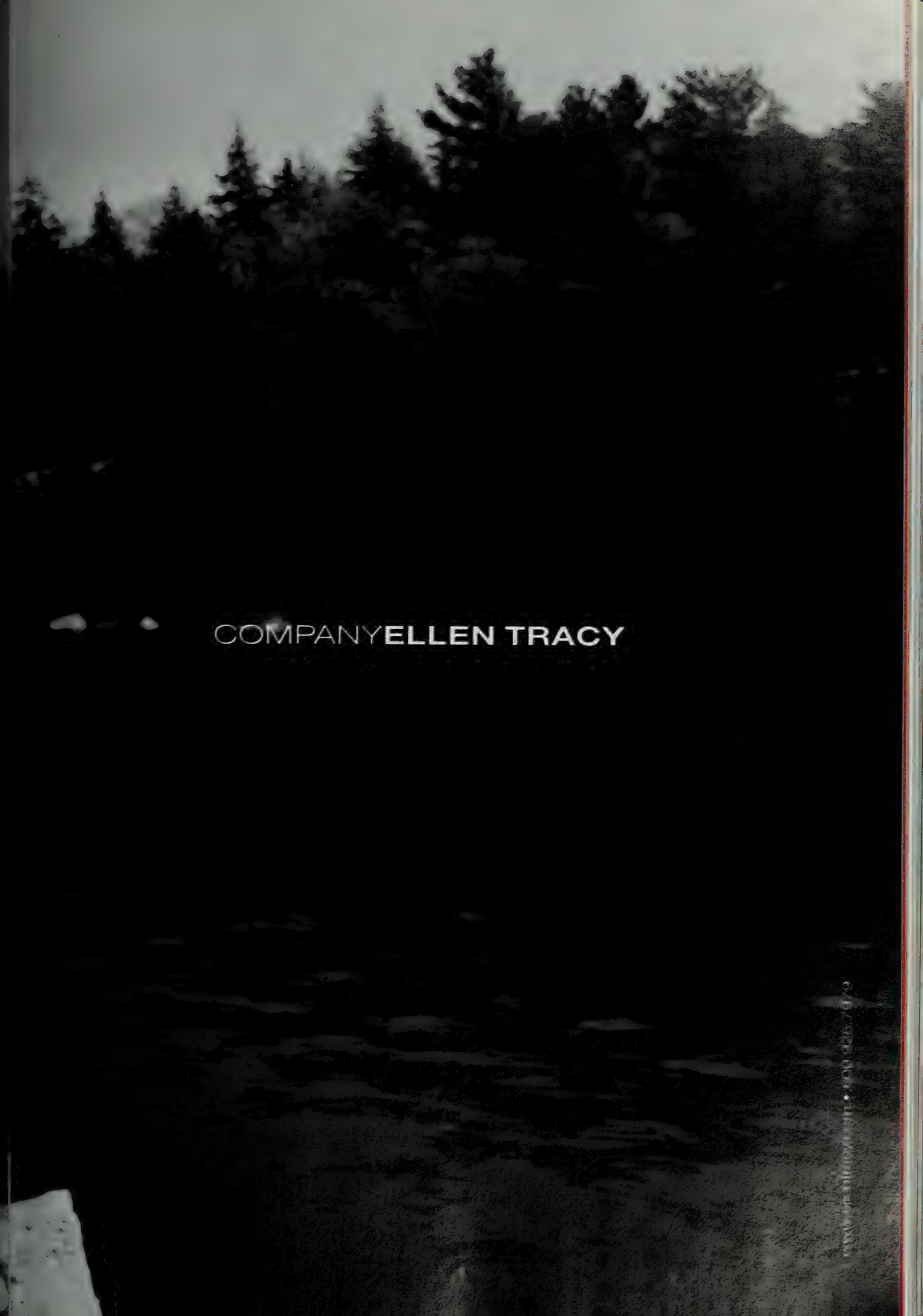
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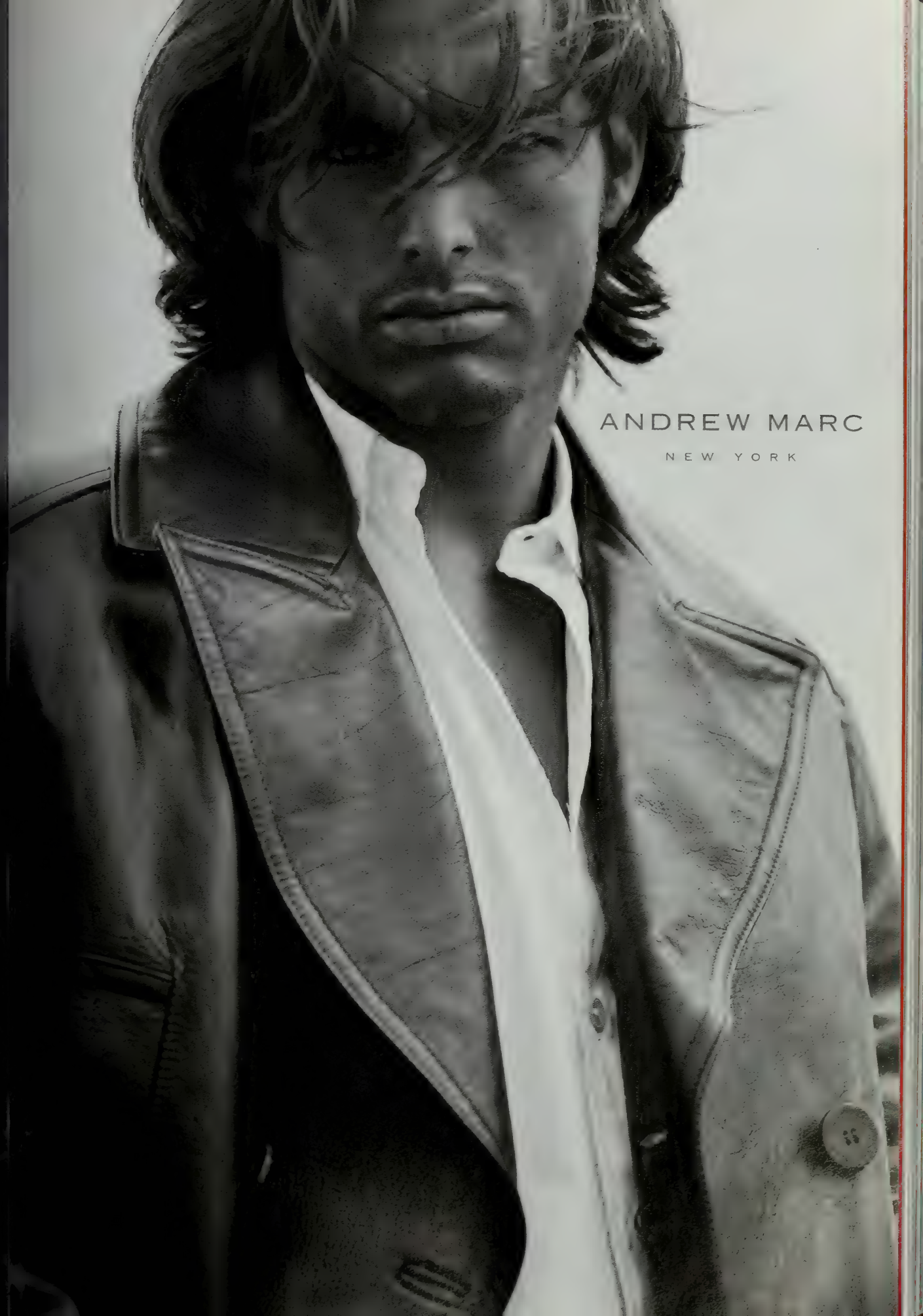


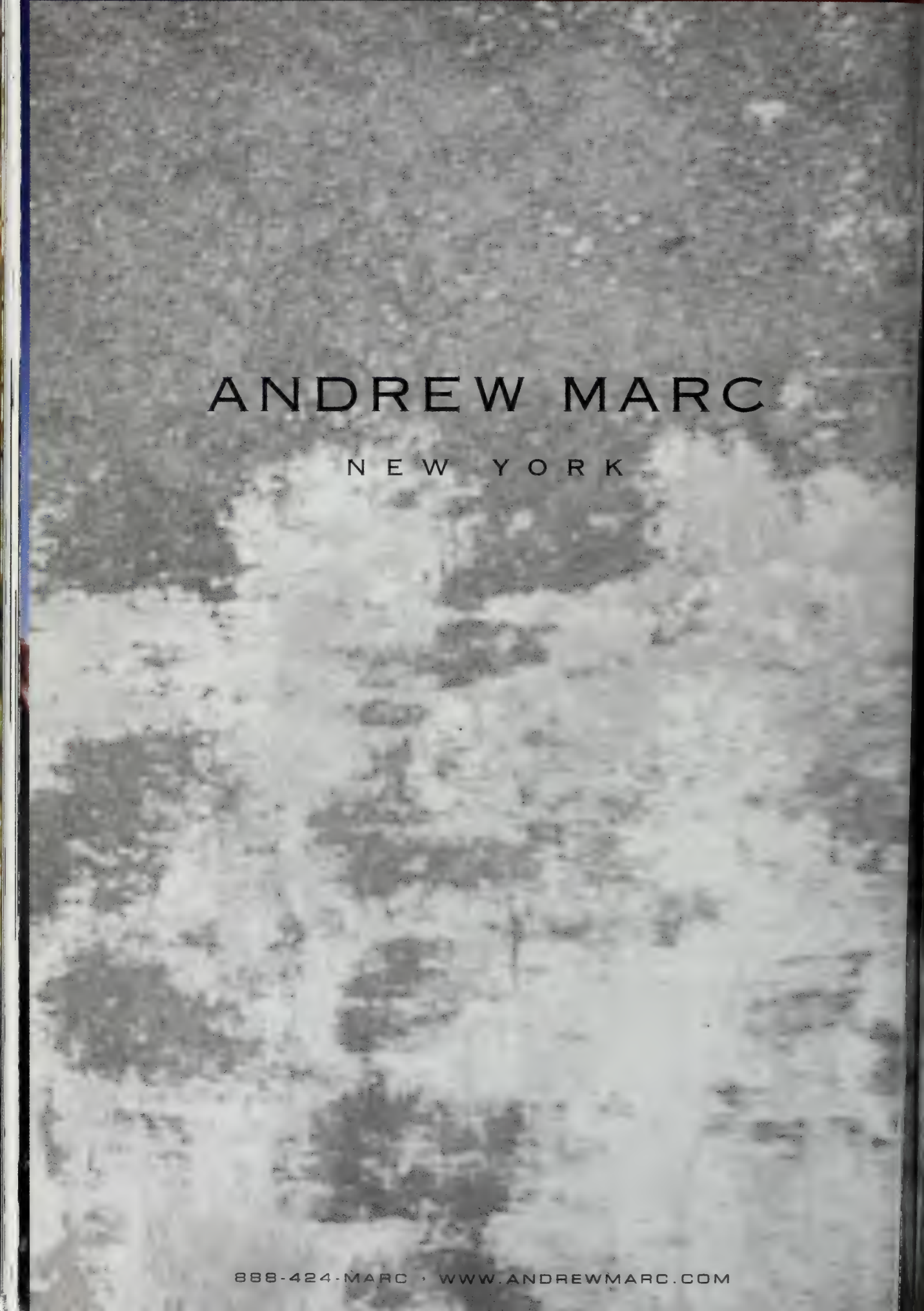
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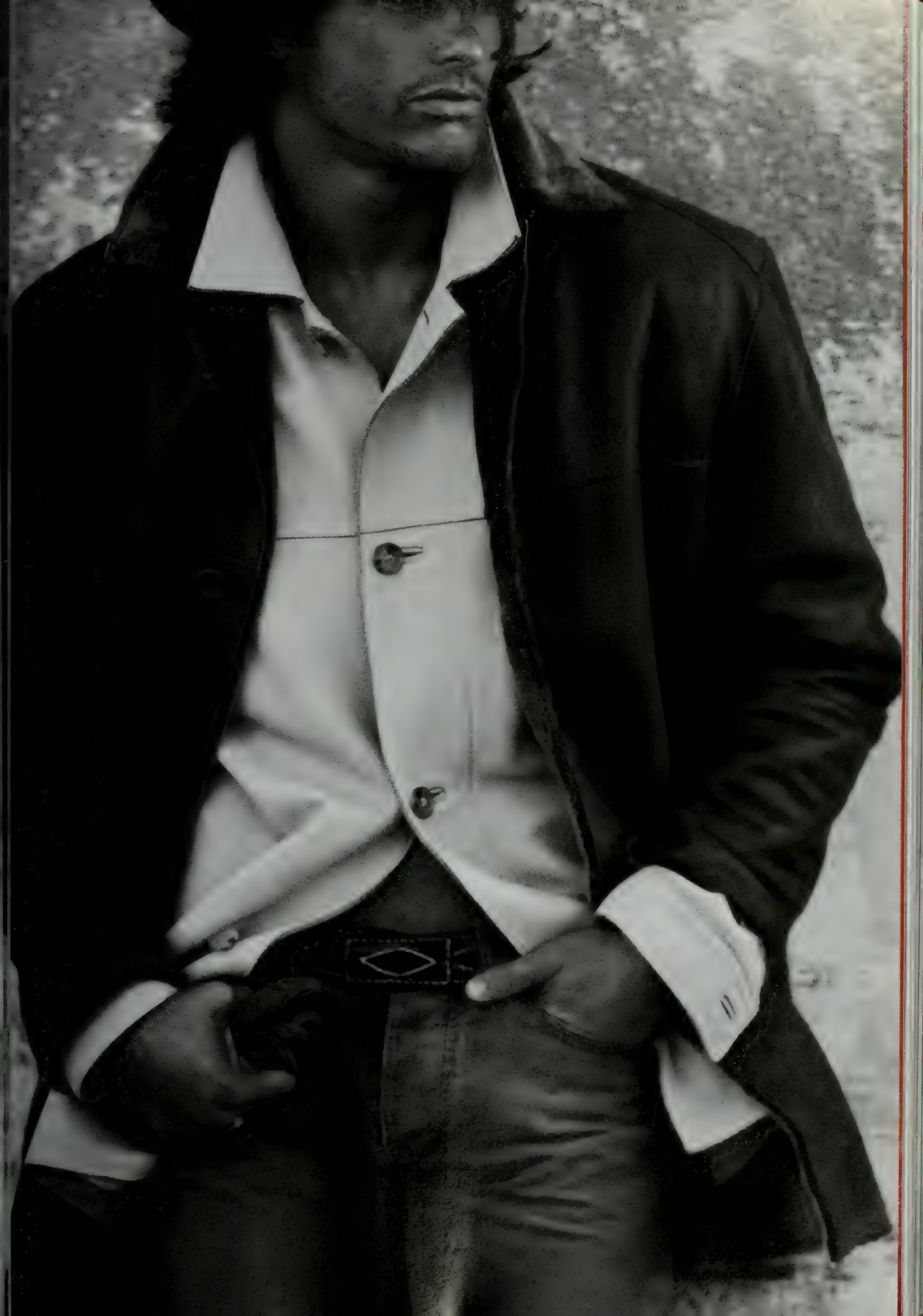



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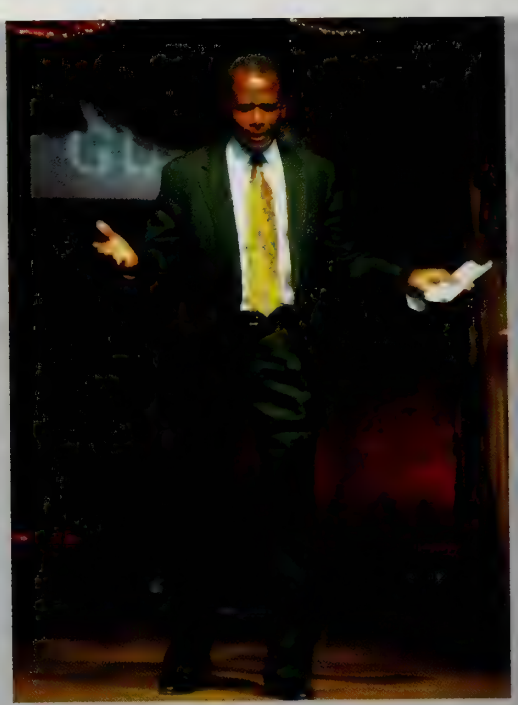
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Above, from left: GUESS? co-founders and brothers Maurice, Paul, and Armand Marciano enjoy the festivities at the 20th-Anniverary Party for GUESS?; *above right:* The evening's host, Sidney Poitier.

20TH-ANNIVERSARY PARTY FOR GUESS?

On May 9, a host of celebrities including Sidney Poitier, Dyan Cannon, Owen Wilson, Tara Reid, and Billy Zane, joined *Vanity Fair* in toasting GUESS? founders Maurice Marciano, Paul Marciano, and Armand Marciano at the GUESS? 20th-Anniversary Party in Los Angeles. The event featured a spectacular GUESS? image retrospective, a fashion show, and new music spun by D.J. A.M. Additionally, the event launched an eBay auction of GUESS? memorabilia. All proceeds from the event and the auction benefited TeamWorks in care of the Entertainment Industry Foundation. TeamWorks's mission is to guide middle-school students growing up in challenging urban environments to recognize and reach their full potential as members of our community.



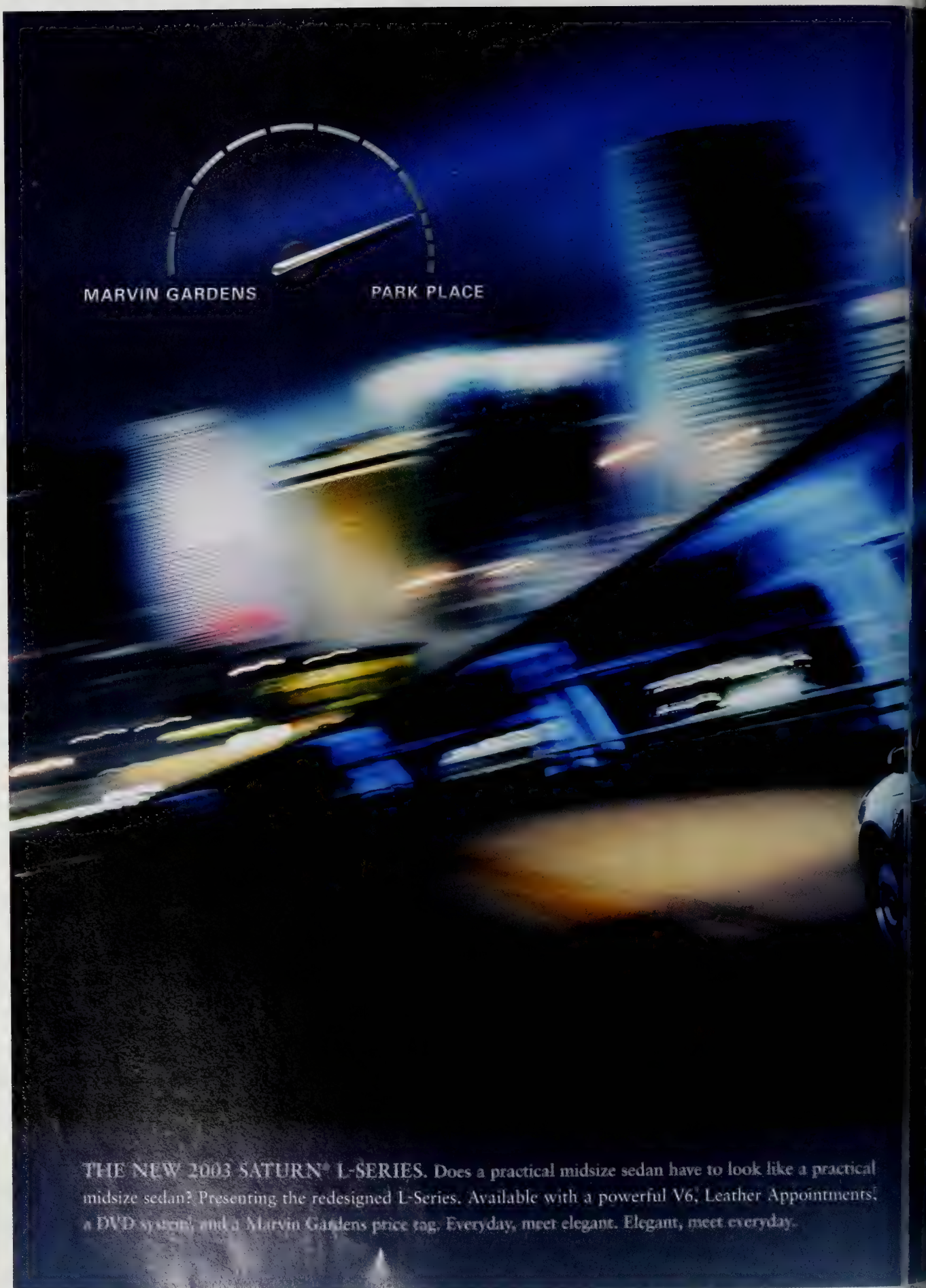
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The photograph below was taken from a vantage strikingly similar to the one where I saw the second plane arc around the tip of Manhattan and then explode into the southern World Trade Center tower on that exquisitely beautiful New York morning last September. No breaking-news event in history has been more photographed, with most of the pictures of the disaster shot from the ground or from other buildings. Over the past year, *V.F.* creative-development editor David Friend has been assembling a portfolio of photographs of September 11 that in all but two instances have never been published before. Included among this collection ("Two Towers, One Year Later," on page 326) are photos shot from the air and the water, and one taken from 26th Street in which the photographer employed an old view camera and a daguerreotype plate—the sort used by Mathew Brady to capture the Civil War.

As it was on that morning a year ago, it's still all about planes. America began traveling again, but with more than the usual trepidation. Two months after the World Trade Center attacks, the nation was rattled when American Airlines Flight 587, bound for the Dominican Republic, crashed into the middle-class beach neighborhood of Belle Harbor in Queens, killing all 260 on board.

Within hours of the crash, the National Transportation Safety Board made a snap announcement: that the incident was likely a result not of terrorism but of pilot error. This presumably is what Washington's leaders believed America wanted to hear during those jittery days. And they were probably correct. There is something more comfortingly singular about individual human failure in comparison with a concentrated campaign of terror. Or, for that matter, a design flaw in a widely used pla in this case the Airbus A300-600

Nearly a year on, it may be tim take a closer look. Which is what tributing editor David Rose has dor "Pilot Terror," beginning on page Rose, an investigative reporter who duced the definitive report on the 2 Concorde crash at Charles de Ga airport outside Paris, offers a com ling argument that the tragedy of F 587 was not the result of its pilots compensating for wake turbulence created by a plane flying out al of it, as the N.T.S.B. suggested. Rather, he makes a very strong that the crash might have been the result of an electronic prob endemic to the A300-600 that caused uncommanded rudder m ments so violent that the tail of the plane literally snapped off

Airbus, a name only a European consortium could com with, is one that much too accurately describes the experience travel these days. It evokes Bruce McCall–ish images of vast f rigs with mess halls, airless steerage pens, and little in the wa comfort, let alone luxury. And now there is the question of sa One reason airlines use Airbuses (in 2001, the company sold planes than Boeing, capturing more than 60 percent of the ma is that they weigh less than similar craft, which makes them cl er to operate. And one reason they weigh less—this certainly as a shock to me—is that their bodies are not made complete metal, but, in part, of carbon-fiber composites whose properti perts say, are not fully understood. Such reservations, however, not stopped Airbus from using more and more composites i wings and other key areas of its newer models.

There are, by the way, close to 800 Airbus A300-600s in lation worldwide, 34 of them used by American Airlines.

—GRAYDON CAR



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Above left: The breathtaking backdrop of the Telluride Film Festival; *above right:* Hundreds of fans show their appreciation for film.

THE TELLURIDE FILM FESTIVAL

Roger Ebert calls it "one of the best experiences a film-lover can have." John Waters says, "Good parties, a wonderful selection of films—a summer camp for lunatics!" The Telluride Film Festival is a world-renowned celebration of cinema embracing all aspects of the art of film, from gems of the past to the cutting-edge movies of today.

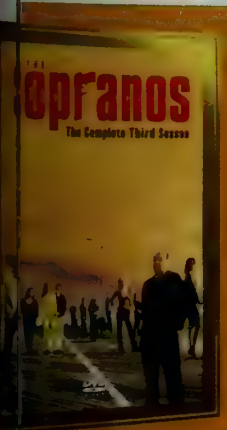
Amélie, *No Man's Land*, *Lantana*, *Crouching Tiger Hidden Dragon*, and *The Devil's Backbone*—among the most critically acclaimed films of the past few years—all had their World or North American premieres at the Telluride Film Festival. The festival program—kept under wraps until opening day—exhibits premieres, new features, remarkable re-discoveries, tributes, documentaries, shorts, and much more, in a casual atmosphere with a breathtaking mountain backdrop.

Sponsors of the 2002 Telluride Film Festival include Polo Ralph Lauren (Presenting Sponsor), Volkswagen, *Vanity Fair*, Starz Encore Entertainment, Turner Classic Movies, Jack Daniels, Neutrogena, Sterling Vineyards, Kodak, Warner Bros., Polo Jeans, Dolby Digital, Kathy Kennedy and Frank Marshall, Ken Burns, and Tom Cruise.

For information on the festival, August 30 through September 2, please visit www.telluridefilmfestival.org, or call 603-433-9202.



Above: Willem Dafoe enjoys the festivities.



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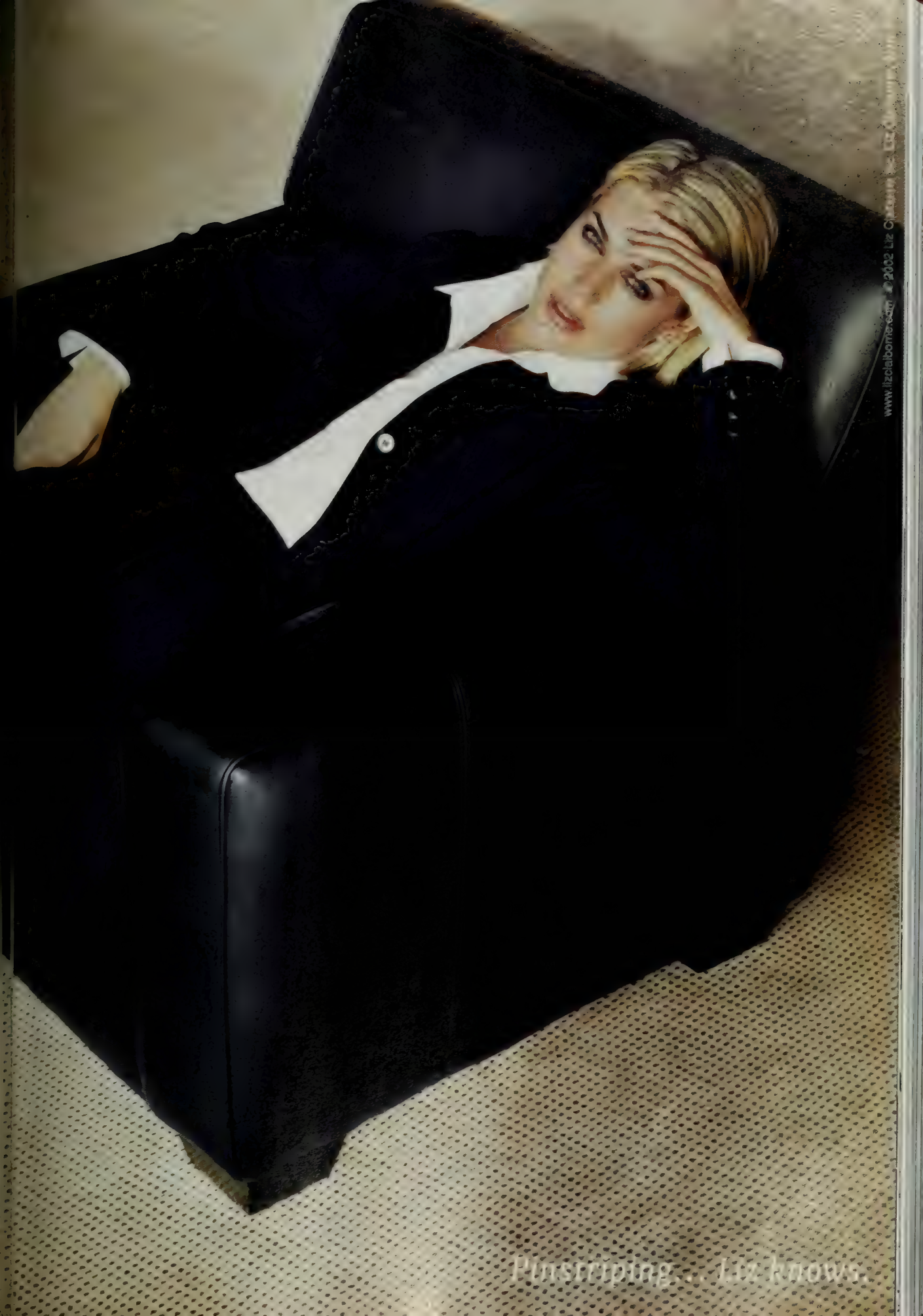
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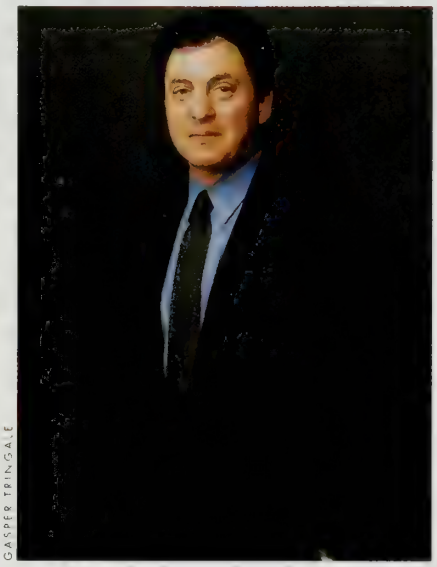
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Pinstriping... Liz knows.



GASPER TRINGALE

Vanity Fair's editor of creative development, **David Friend,** has edited a good deal of the magazine's September 11 coverage. Not surprising, given that Friend, as a *Life* correspondent in the 80s, reported on conflicts in Afghanistan and Lebanon, filed stories from Kuwait, Oman, Tunisia, and the West Bank, and once tailed the Jerusalem bomb squad. On page 326, he writes about photography's pivotal role during and after the World Trade Center assaults. "I first saw the attacks in photographs," he recalls, "in eerie triplicate on three large video screens in Times Square." Friend and *V.F.* editor Graydon Carter were executive producers of the film *9/11*—nominated for five Emmys—which will air this month on CBS and be broadcast to some 120 countries.

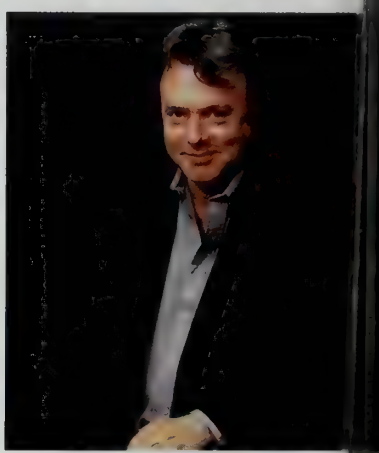


Vicki Goldberg first encountered Richard Avedon's work when she was "a teenager looking at fashion magazi but it was his portrait show at New Yo Marlborough Gallery in 1975 that sta with her. "It's fascinating to me that i almost 30 years ago and I still remem certain things about that show quite vi says Goldberg, whose article on Aved begins on page 346. Goldberg, who h written about Walker Evans, Ansel Ad and Brassaï for *V.F.*, also writes abou photography for *The New York Times* the author of *The Power of Photograp*

Special correspondent **Amy Fine Collins** has the ultimate compliment to pay architect-decorator Robert Couturier, whom she has known for 12 years. "Robert is an original thinker—a poet of color and philosopher of space," says Collins. "His work hasn't been taken seriously enough before because he doesn't take himself seriously—and that is part of his charm." Couturier's client list includes a sophisticated, international mix of people, such as newspaper heiress Anne Hearst and writer Andrew Solomon. His collaboration with the late financier Sir James Goldsmith produced Cuixmala, Goldsmith's exotic compound in a remote part of Mexico. "It's really Robert's moment," says Collins, whose article on Couturier begins on page 236. "He's at the pinnacle of his career."



HOLLISTER LOWE



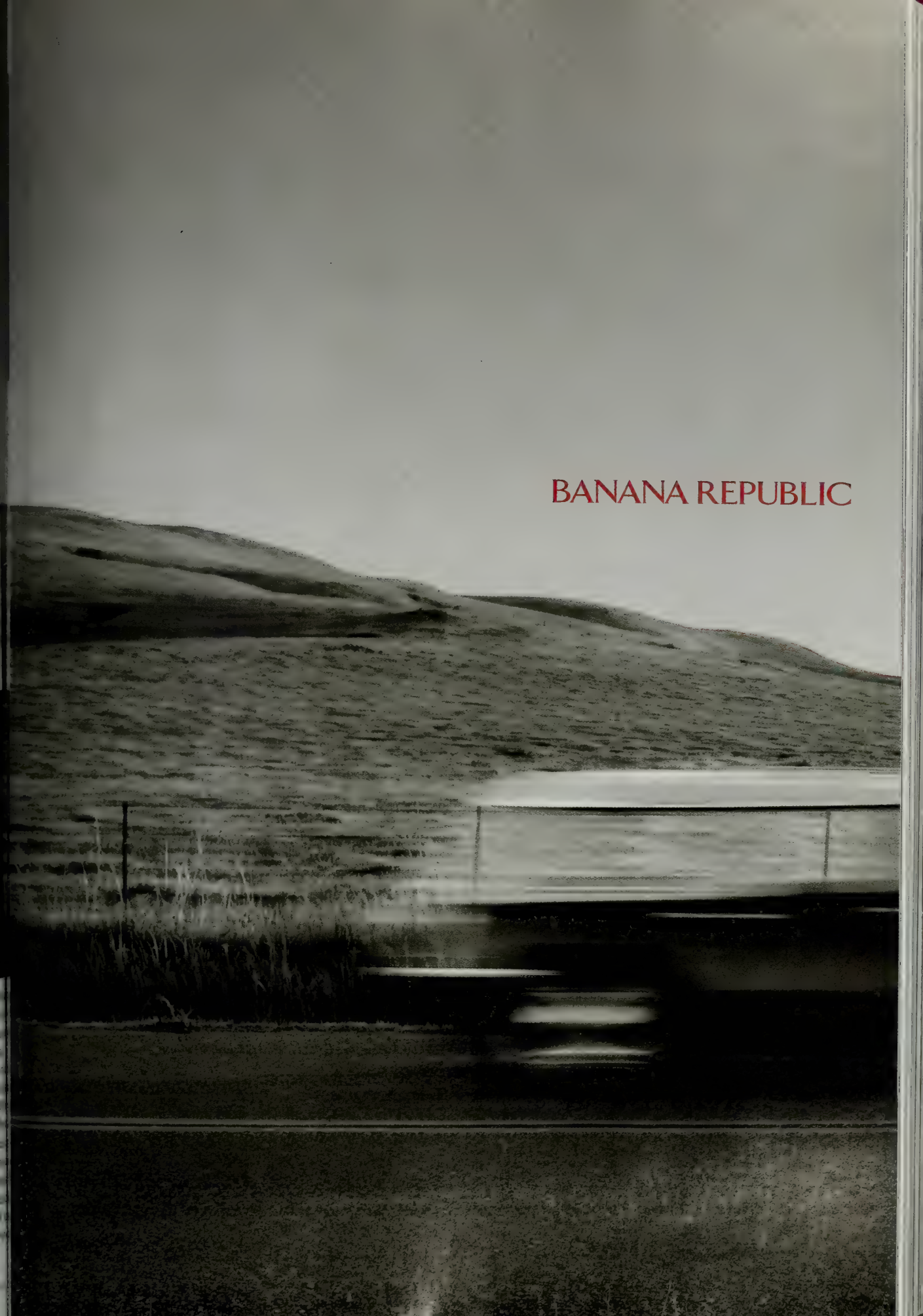
George Orwell once advised a frier never to write anything about Israeli Jewish questions, because the chan making enemies was just too high. **Christopher Hitchens,** who wri month about Israel and anti-Semiti publishing a new book this fall, *W Orwell Matters* (Basic Books). "Or didn't take his own advice: he was foe of anti-Semitism and had serio doubts about the wisdom of Zioni since I have enough enemies alrea thought I'd look at the origins of argument that now involves everyt

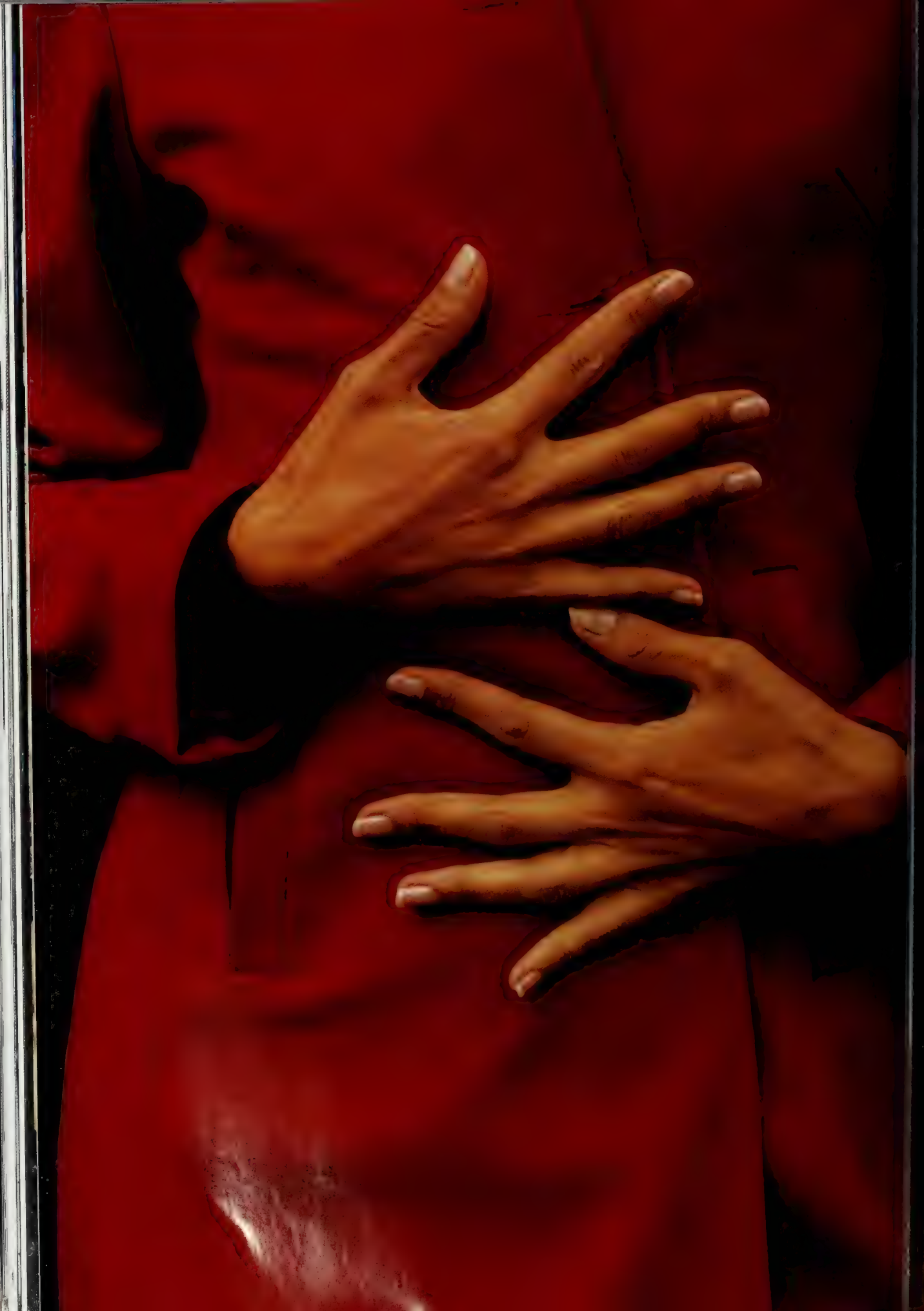
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FRANK VERONSKY

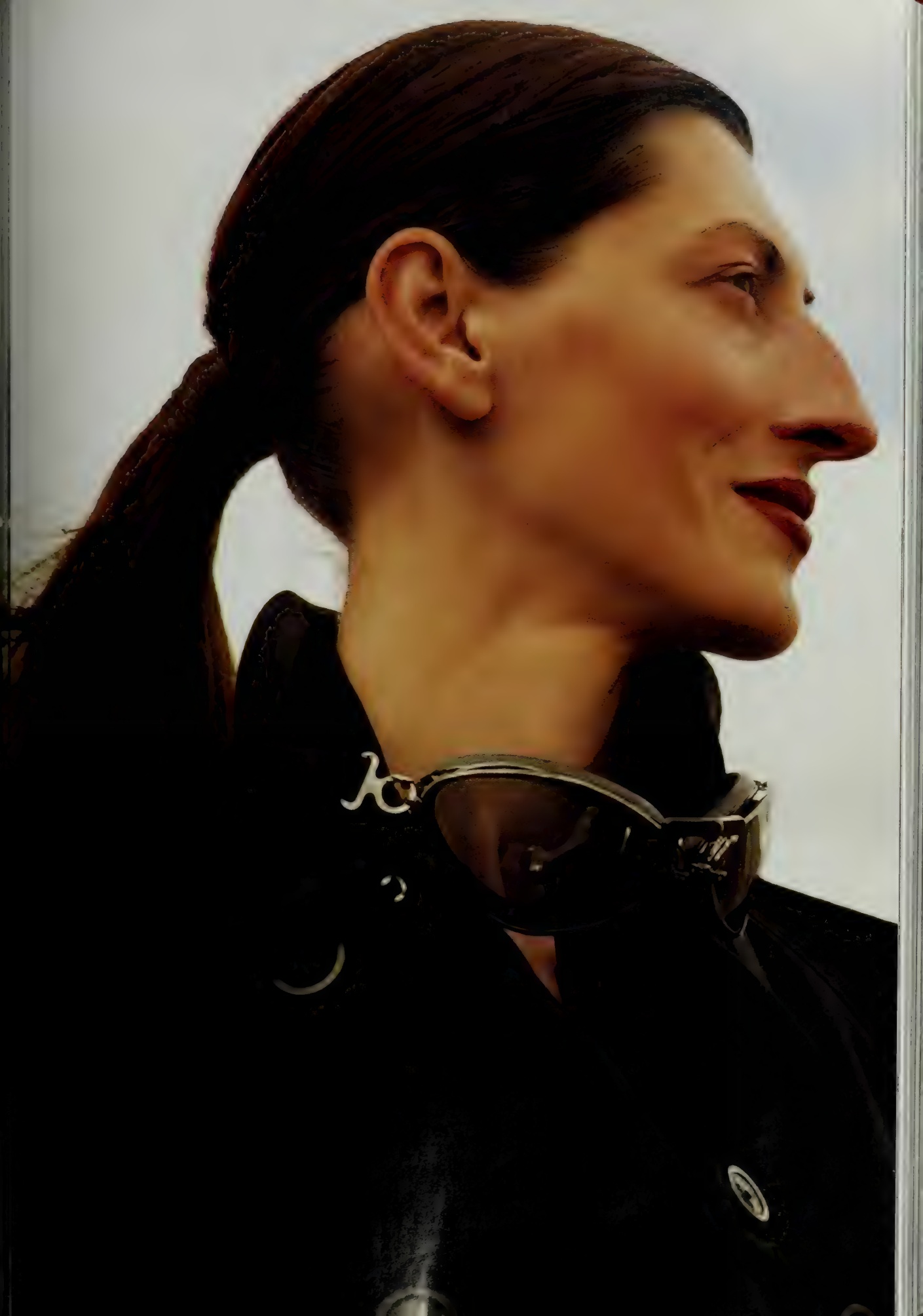
This fall marks the publication of *Live from New York,* an oral history of *Saturday Night Live,* by **James Andrew Miller** and **Tom Shales,** excerpted on page 356. Culling the uncensored memories of cast members, writers, and crew seemed to take forever. "We pulled out of Vietnam faster," says Miller (far left), author of *Running in Place: Inside the Senate* (1986). "It was painstaking but, ultimately, incredibly rewarding." Shales, the Pulitzer Prize–winning television critic at *The Washington Post,* agrees. "It's a study of people with talent," he says. "And people with talent have special demons, which is, to me, very moving. With cases like Chris Farley, John Belushi, and Gilda Radner, it was a lot more dramatic than I thought it would be. I thought it'd be a million laughs, but it was a million tears too."


BANANA REPUBLIC










BANANA REPUBLIC

NUED FROM PAGE 122



This month, contributing editor **Nancy Jo Sales** visits Midtown's hippest hotel, the W, for an evening of dirty dancing, striptease, and sexual pursuit, mainly girl-on-girl. It's called a Cake party, and it's the latest hedonistic phenomenon to hit mainstream Manhattan. To get invited, the girls must "embrace a cultural mind-set of 'Girls Rule,' girls being on top," says Sales, whose wild subjects have ranged from the Hilton sisters to Hugh Hefner's Bunnies to London's hottest tabloid sensation, the 3 A.M. girls. "Basically, these parties allow women to flaunt their independence. Their icon is Madonna. She set the tone for this entire generation of women, which is: 'I can be it all. Have it all. Do it all. And in terms of my sexuality, I define myself however I want.'"

ast November, when contributing
r **David Rose** learned about the
f American Airlines Flight 587 in
le Harbor, Queens, he knew there
bigger story to uncover. "I heard
ne putting it down to an accident
a point when I couldn't see how
could possibly tell," he says. Rose
s unsettled by what he discovered
ne model that crashed, the Airbus
0-600. "I'd be reluctant to board
particular plane," says Rose, who
stigated the 2000 Concorde crash
in Paris for the London *Observer*.
ne of the American Airlines pilots
who do fly it have been trying to
nsfer to other aircraft. I'm going to
take my lead from them."



CAROLYN HOYLE



On September 11, nearly 50 residents of the Middletown, New Jersey, area were killed in the attacks on the World Trade Center. Contributing editor **Gail Sheehy** has spent much of the last year in the community, where she conducted more than 500 interviews in order to "trace the town's tortured journey of recovery." Sheehy explains that, "even though New York City was the site of the physical destruction, the emotional center of devastation was in the suburbs." Her portrait of the wounded town, which begins on page 260, focuses on the experiences of three widows. The article will be expanded into a book to be published in spring 2003 by Random House.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 130



Above: Iman poses with the CLK500 in the FTBC shirt.

BE A DRIVING FORCE FOR CHANGE

Mercedes-Benz USA is teaming up with Saks Fifth Avenue to support the Council of Fashion Designers of America's charitable initiative, *Fashion Targets Breast Cancer* (FTBC), with a nationwide shopping weekend (September 18-21). Throughout the event, a percentage of sales made in all of Saks Fifth Avenue's 61 stores across the country will benefit local and national breast cancer charities.

Shoppers will also have the opportunity to see the Special Edition 2003 Mercedes-Benz CLK500 Coupe, designed exclusively for Saks Fifth Avenue. This Special Edition model will be displayed at 61 Saks stores during the shopping weekend and will be sold through participating Mercedes-Benz dealerships. Available with an exclusive color combination of a "Saks Fifth Avenue" blue exterior and stone leather interior, each CLK500 includes a customized limited-edition cashmere blanket, sterling silver key ring, leather notepad and wallet, all designed by Baldessarini for Hugo Boss. Mercedes-Benz will make a donation directly to FTBC for each Special Edition CLK500 sold.

Since Saks Fifth Avenue began this annual shopping weekend to benefit *Fashion Targets Breast Cancer*, more than $6 million has been raised for local and national breast cancer organizations across the country. For more information, please visit MBUSA.com or fashiontargetsbreastcancer.com, or call toll-free 1-888-771-2323.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 129

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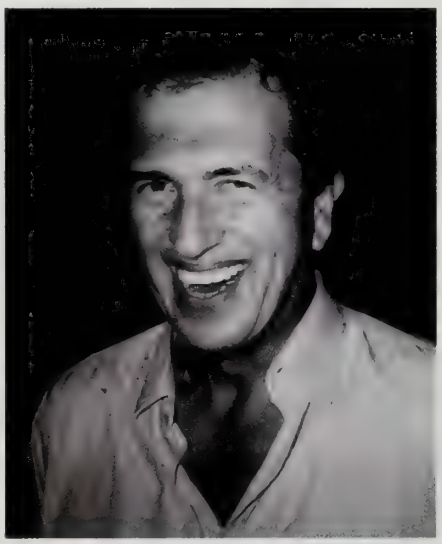
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Lord Snowdon, one of Britain's leading photographers, chose his 1830s London home as the setting to shoot the cast of "The Forsyte Saga," a BBC period mini-series coming to the States in October, because, he says, "it was the right date." "I never go into a sitting with a pre-judged idea," says Snowdon, who began his career by taking pictures of people in the theater at the encouragement of stage designer Oliver Messel, his uncle. "Don't forget, photographers are very unimportant," he says. "The subject is what's important." His have included just about every notable British actor, writer, designer, and royal from the last 50 years.



ALEXI LUBOMIRSKY

This month, Jennifer Connelly joins the pantheon of gorgeous women, including Princess Diana, Julia Rober Madonna, and Gwyneth Paltrow, who have had the honor of being photographed by **Mario Testino.** "She is simply beautiful," says the Peruvian-born Testino, who prefers pictures to do the explaining. "I particularly like the shot with the dc It is soft and Jennifer looks *so* beauti The author of five books, including 2001's *Alive* (Bulfinch), Testino is nc at work on a collection of photogra taken by children, the proceeds of which will go to charity.



Writing about *Vanity Fair*'s attention-grabbing, icon-making covers gave contributing editor **James Wolcott** a chance to dig into the archives and examine the illustrated fronts of the magazine's original incarnation. "I was struck by how much more cluttered all magazine covers are now," he says. "In the past, you never had '54 Things You Must Do for Financial Security' or '36 Ways to Firm Your Butt.'" Of course, *V.F.* now has plenty of cover lines, too, but that hasn't stopped Wolcott from enjoying the more recent covers. "I especially like the foldout Music Issue covers, because you want to put thought balloons over everybody's heads. I mean, what is Keith Richards thinking? What is *Macy Gray* thinking?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

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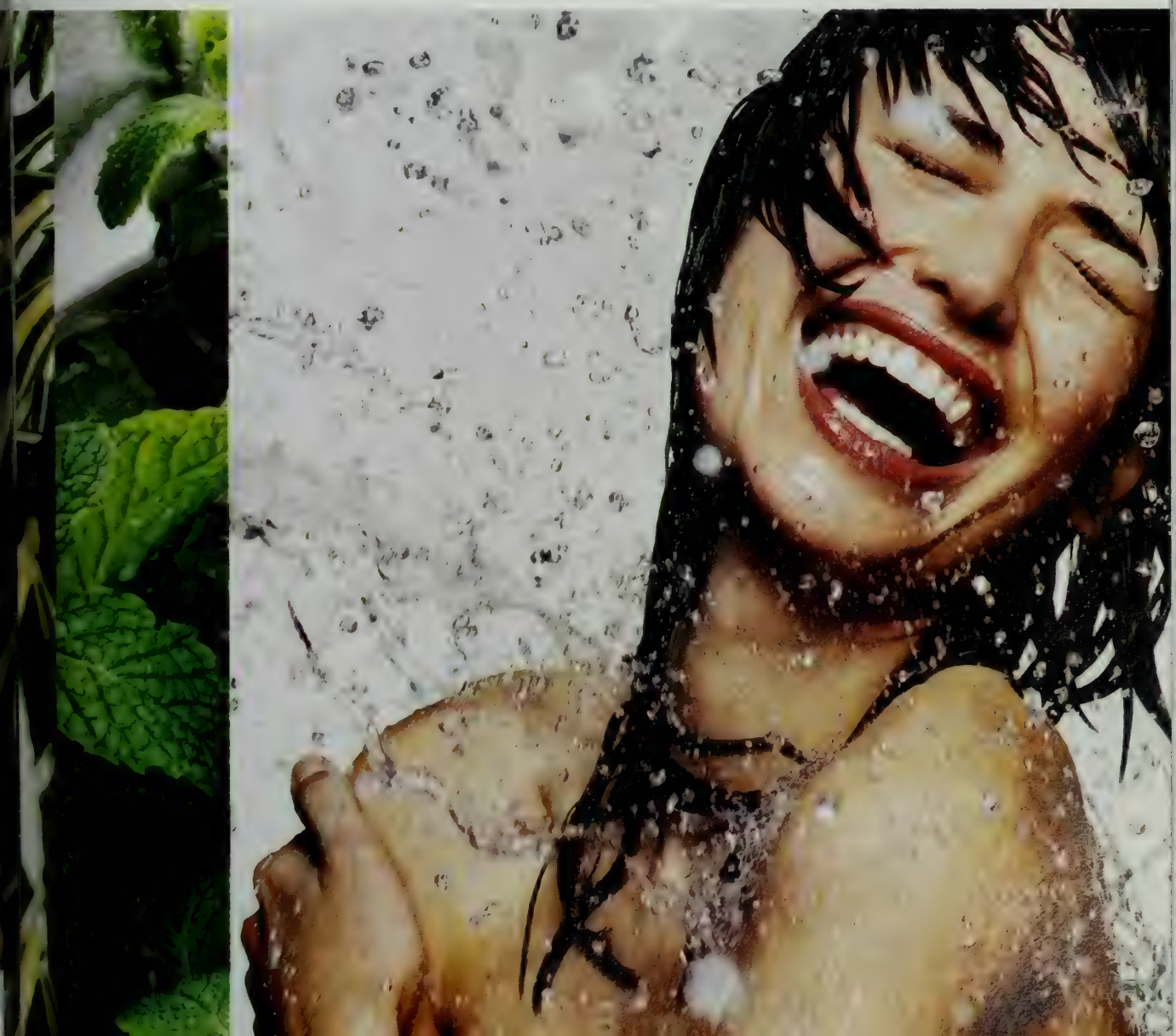
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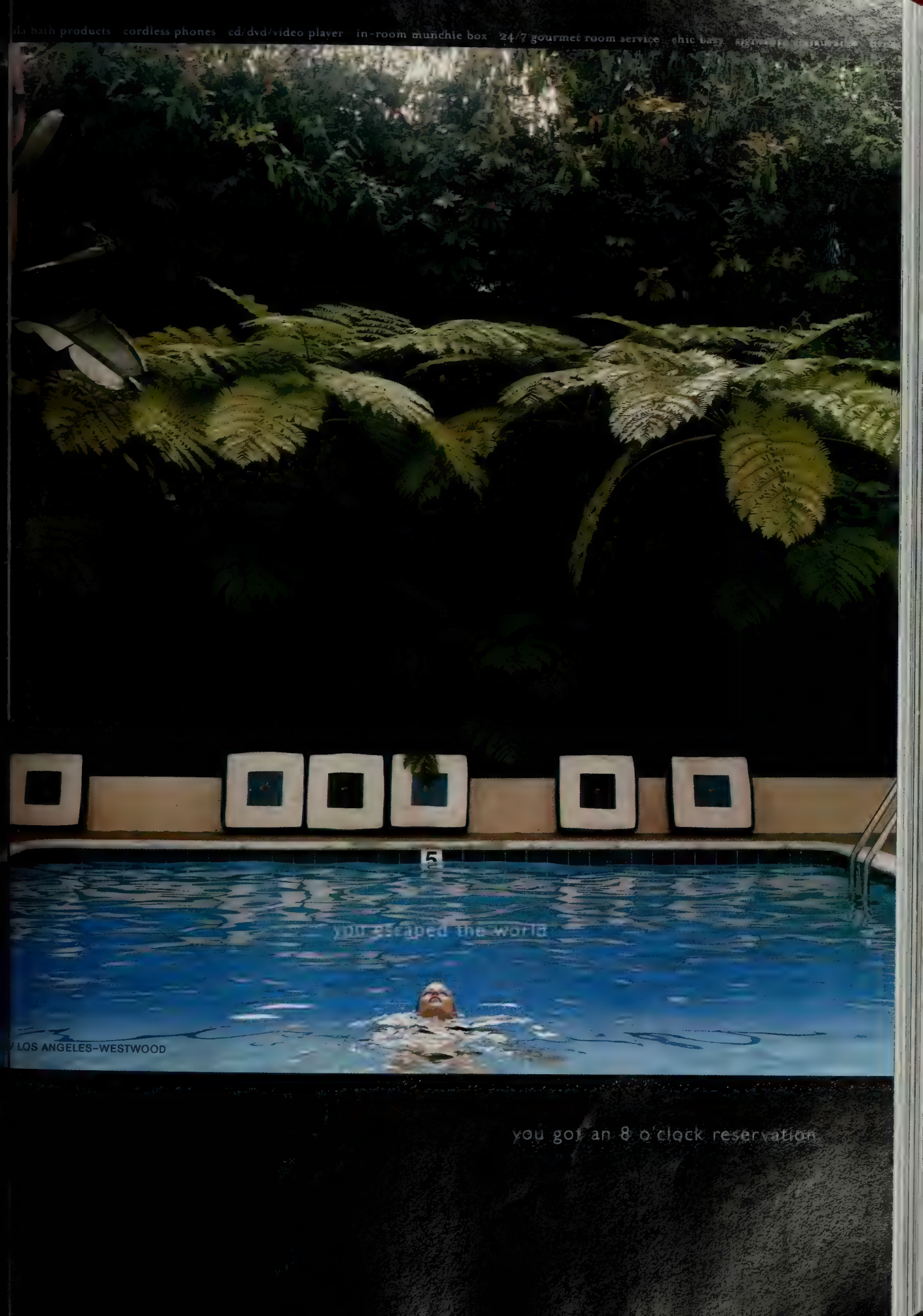


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pillow top mattress and goose down featherbed
goose down duvet and pillows
what if
you found true love
open now
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W CHICAGO–CITY CENTER
W CHICAGO–LAKESHORE
W HONOLULU
W LOS ANGELES–WESTWOOD
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5
you escaped the world
LOS ANGELES–WESTWOOD
you got an 8 o'clock reservation



Above, from left: Jonas Karlsson with Iris Lahrs and Louis Vuitton president Claus-Dieterich Lahrs.

LOUIS VUITTON IN SOHO

On April 25, *Vanity Fair* and Louis Vuitton co-hosted an exclusive event in New York City. More than 400 guests gathered at the Louis Vuitton SoHo store to view *Vanity Fair* contributing photographer Jonas Karlsson's portfolio of the world's greatest living explorers from the May 2002 issue. Guests enjoyed wine and hors d'oeuvres as Karlsson gave a behind-the-scenes glimpse of his photo shoot.



Above, from left: Louis Vuitton's Stephanie Jungbluth and Susan Tennant presenting Dominick Dunne with a Louis Vuitton gift.

LOUIS VUITTON UPTOWN

Farther uptown, on May 14, the Fifth Avenue store played host to more than 200 guests in celebration of best-selling author and *Vanity Fair* special correspondent Dominick Dunne. Guests, including Ivana Trump and Muffie Potter Aston, enjoyed hors d'oeuvres and Domaine Chandon Etoile Rosé and Chardonnay as they listened to Mr. Dunne speak about his experiences at the Michael Skakel trial. Mr. Dunne signed copies of his latest book, [illegible] for all those in attendance.

CONTRIBUTORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

In 1998, **Punch Hutton,** a Los Angeles native, moved to Manhattan, her heart set on the magazine business. Within a month (and after being screened by 13 people), Hutton landed one of *V.F.*'s most pivotal roles: assistant to the editor, Graydon Carter. She works in tandem with editorial associate **Matt Trainor.** Together they juggle story lineups, help coordinate day-to-day operations, and write for different sections of the magazine. Their closeness is what keeps the office upbeat and running smoothly. As for their boss, "He's a friend, a mentor, and he's a great editor," says Hutton, who serves as the magazine's disarmingly distinct voice (a sexy rasp) to Carter's parade of phone calls. "Actually, sometimes he's *too* good an editor. He edits everything I do, from my writing to my love life."





ERIC MCNATT

This month, contributing editor **Henry Alford** reviews Jeffrey Eugenides's latest novel, *Middlesex.* "When I hear 'teenage hermaphrodi coming of age in Grosse Pointe in th 70s,'" Alford says, "I think *Vanity Fair*'s Fanfair section." Alford found Eugenides's first novel, *The Virgin Suicides,* hypnotic. "*Middlesex* has a gentler effect on the reader, and you can definitely operate heavy machine while reading it." Alford, who writes the Fanfair calendar each month, als wrote "Opening the Borders," a hum piece based on the Doctors Without Borders organization. "These people so hard-core," he says. "They make th Peace Corps look like heavy nappe

Award-winning journalist and *V.F.* contributor **Robert I. Friedman** died in July at the age of 51 from a rare blood disease he contracted in 1995 while reporting from Bombay. Having built his reputation as a Middle East reporter, Friedman wrote two books about the region, including *The False Prophet* (1990), a biography of Jewish Defense League founder Meir Kahane. In addition, he was one of the world's foremost authorities on the Russian Mob's infiltration of America. He wrote *Red Mafiya: How the Russian Mob Has Invaded America* (2000), despite F.B.I. reports that a Russian organized-crime figure had taken out a $100,000 contract on his life. "He was a pioneer when nobody else was out there," said former F.B.I. agent Robert Levinson. "I packed a sidearm for 28 years. Robbie had only his notebook and pen."




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COLIN F*ING FARRELL**
The unprogrammed star of *Minority Report*, photographed in Las Vegas on March 14, 2002.

IRISH AND DANGEROUS

The *mouth* on that boy!; the peacekeepers and the sex slaves; the meaning of Cornel West; apologies for the bitchy words, Elaine Kaufman; AOL Time Warner—can anyone save this marriage?; and more

Thank you for the refreshing article on Colin Farrell ["The Rogue's Progress," by Ned Zeman, July]. It's a nice change to read about an actor who's not afraid to speak for himself, who realizes that acting isn't brain surgery, and who seems to appreciate the perks that go with his job, rather than expect them.

Please tell Colin that anytime he's in Brampton we'd love to have him over for a gargle!

ANDE MARSI
Brampton, Ontario

AS AN IRISH PERSON, I was embarrassed and ashamed upon reading your article about Colin Farrell, and wish to disassociate myself from the sentiments expressed therein. With his foul language and bragging about beer drinking, he manages to reinforce almost every negative stereotype about the Irish. A word to the wise: not all Irish people greet one another as "fucking cunts," contrary to what the article would have us believe.

DEARBHLA KELLY
Chicago, Illinois

NORMALLY WHEN I READ an article and the f-word is involved more than once, I turn the page and simply never finish it. But as an insomnia sufferer I found myself engrossed in this article at three A.M. and unable to put it down. This guy loves, I mean *loves,* his mother, loves women, loves beer, loves cigarettes, has the same friends as before he became a $5 million actor, and I don't know what it is that makes him tick. But tick he does and so does the brilliant interviewer Ned Zeman, who deserves a Pulitzer Prize and a medal for bravery for facing this guy.

TOMMY LIGHTFOOT M. GARRETT
New Canton, Virginia

THIS ISN'T THE POLITE, gracious, *nice* young man I had the pleasure of working with briefly during the filming in Washington, D.C., of *The Recruit,* starring Al Pacino.

I'm a white-haired senior citizen who is also an actor. My brief scene with Mr. Farrell involved my walking a dog, a moment crucial to the plot. When the assistant director introduced me to Mr. Farrell prior to our scene, he was charming, talkative, and *void of foul language,* and he certainly did not behave as the outrageous individual Mr. Zeman has pictured.

BARBARA STEVEN
Falls Church, Virginia

OF HUMAN BONDAGE

SEBASTIAN JUNGER'S article "Slaves of the Brothel" [July] was an incredible look into the seedy underworld that has grown overnight in postwar Kosovo. The most shocking thing I learned is that these establishments where women are working against their will CONTINUED ON PAGE





Above left: Filmmakers enjoy Turning Leaf wine at the opening-night gala; *above right, from left:* Deb Virgin, Cathy Katz, Brooke DeVos, and Greg LaMontagne from Grey Goose.

THE NEWPORT INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

From Tuesday, June 4, through Sunday, June 9, in Newport, Rhode Island, nearly 13,000 film fans attended the fifth annual Newport International Film Festival. Each night, parties in celebration of the festival were hosted at Newport-area mansions, homes, and restaurants. The festival featured a slate of highly anticipated films, including *Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood,* starring Ashley Judd and Sandra Bullock, Jodie Foster's *The Dangerous Lives of Altar Boys,* and *Tadpole* with Sigourney Weaver. Special thanks to Grey Goose and Turning Leaf Vineyards, whose vodkas and wines were served at the nightly filmmaker parties.

BANANA REPUBLIC'S CELEBRITY-AUTOGRAPHED SHIRT AUCTION

On Tuesday, August 13, *Vanity Fair* readers and other shoppers who visit www.BananaRepublic.com will be able to purchase classic white shirts autographed by Hollywood stars including Tom Cruise, Tom Hanks, and Kevin Spacey, with all of the proceeds benefiting the Entertainment Industry Foundation. Additionally, for every classic white shirt sold at www.BananaRepublic.com during the two-week period of July 29 through August 12, the company will donate 10 percent of its proceeds to the foundation. E.I.F. has distributed millions of dollars and provided countless volunteer hours to support charitable initiatives that address some of the most critical issues facing our society.

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RFK

FX Networks presents a major original-movie event, revealing Robert F. Kennedy's struggle to step out of the shadow of a legacy and create his own. This startling glimpse into R.F.K.'s remarkable life premieres Sunday, August 25, at 8 P.M. E.S.T./P.S.T. on FX.

FX





TOD'S

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136 are being frequented by U.S. and U.N. servicemen. Isn't it possible for the commanders of the units to prevent their men from going to such places? If the demand were less, perhaps the need for supply would wane as well. Surely I can't be the only one horrified by the conditions that these women are working under, and by the fact that they are being used by the very forces that have been sent over to restore law and order to Kosovo.

PATRICIA WIMMER
Little Compton, England

WHILE I COMMEND Sebastian Junger's courage and willingness to expose the very real problem of the trafficking in women that is rampant in post-conflict Kosovo, I would like to correct a repeated misstatement made in the article.

As a lead-in to his piece, Mr. Junger refers to a July 2001 raid on the Miami Beach Club, an infamous Priština brothel, by members of the United Nations police force. The article discusses the brief detention of club owner Miliam Maraj during the raid, and describes as prophetic Mr. Maraj's boast that "there is no problem. You will see." Mr. Junger complains that no arrests were made as a result of the entry, and cites this fact as "typical of the [U.N.] failure to combat forced prostitution, which has spiraled out of control."

What Mr. Junger fails to mention is that just days after the raid Mr. Maraj and Irina Khomenko, his ethnically Russian bar manager/madam, *were* arrested based on evidence initially uncovered during the entry by U.N. police. Shortly thereafter the pair were charged with trafficking in human beings under United Nations Mission in Kosovo Regulation 2001/4. After the arrest 10 women who, according to the article, "just flirted with the police officers and then waved good-bye prettily when the officers trooped back out the door" testified before Investigating Judge Imrane Kajtazi in Priština District Court. In fact, as the U.N. international prosecutor in Priština at the time, I examined each one of the women regarding their activities inside the club, including the fact that they had been lured to Kosovo under false pretenses and forced to engage in prostitution. After their testimony the women were repatriated to their countries of origin.

Approximately five months later, on January 29, 2002, the two defendants were convicted by a panel of three international justices employed by the United Nations. As a result of the convictions, Mr. Maraj was sent to prison, and Ms. Khomenko received a probationary grant with a host of restrictions.

While the present-day problem of trafficking in women is every bit as horrendous as Mr. Junger so ably describes in his narrative, and while I congratulate him on bringing the subject matter into the light of your readers' day, I would ask that the men and women fighting this plague under the auspices of the United Nations be given credit where it is due.

PHILIP J. KEARNEY, ESQ.
International prosecutor (retired)
United Nations Mission in Kosovo



DANCER IN THE DARK
A dancer from the Apaci strip club in Gnjilane, Kosovo, is questioned as to whether she had been trafficked from Moldova.

HEWLETT-PACKARD'S CULTURE WAR

VICKY WARD'S ARTICLE on the Hewlett-Packard/Compaq merger ["The Battle for Hewlett-Packard," June] should be required reading for all M.B.A. candidates.

FRED HARVEY
Woodland, California

IT NEVER FAILS to amaze me how sports franchises and major companies such as Hewlett-Packard can find themselves saddled with a person, such as Carly Fiorina, so utterly incompatible with their established operating philosophy or long-term goals.

ANTHONY IACOBONI
Valencia, Spain

IN YOUR QUEST to paint a negative portrait of H-P chairwoman and C.E.O. Carly Fiorina, you resort to the ubiquitous "a woman employee" as one of your hot sources.

This "woman employee" says with mind-boggling incredulity that she doesn't like Fiorina because she is "someone who fixes their hair when nothing is wrong with it." Imagine that! My stars, what on earth is happening to us when we allow people who fix their hair when nothing is wrong with it to be placed in such lofty positions of responsibility?

STEVE SMITH
San Gabriel, California

EVELYN Y. DAVIS HAS THE FLOOR

IN "THE C.E.O.'S WORST NIGHTMARE" [July], Leslie Bennetts writes, "Some knowledgeable observers also raise troubling questions about Davis's modus operandi. 'She's an extortionist,' says one prominent industry analyst. 'She goes to these companies and says, "If you buy a subscription to my publication, I will not come to you annual meeting."'" *Can this person substantiate that with even one example?* Nothing is further from the truth. As a matter of fact, of some 30 annual meetings I have attended this year so far, only four of the companies are nonsubscribers! To accuse me of the crime of extortion is libel per se.

EVELYN Y. DAVIS
Washington, D.C.

A SEASON IN REDEMPTION

I APPLAUD DOMINICK DUNNE for having the guts to write *A Season in Purgatory,* which got things started. If it had not been for Mr. Dunne's persistence in pursuing the Moxley CONTINUED ON PAGE

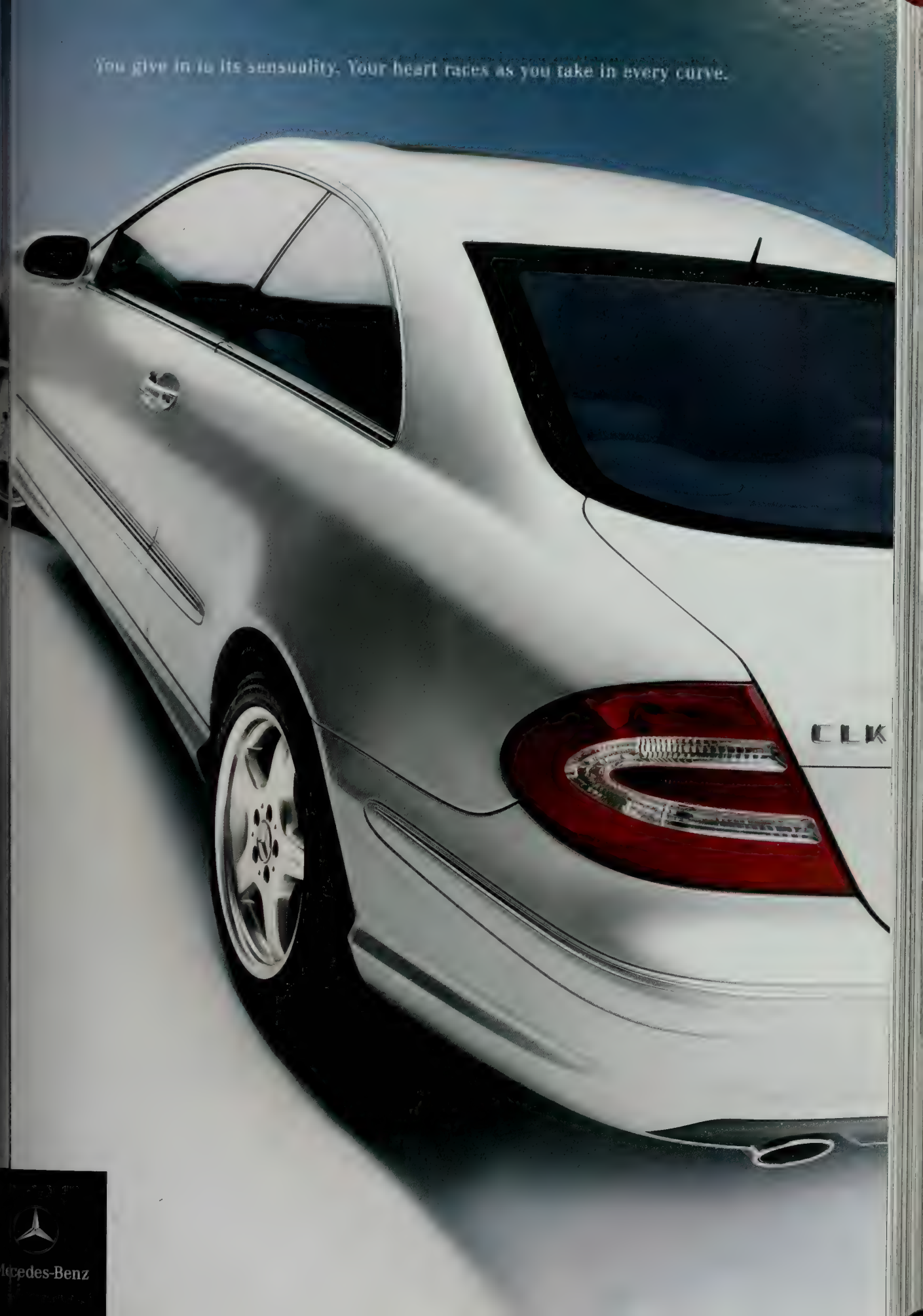


ee it is to see yourself. You're overcome by its distinction. Individuality that mirrors your own.



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You give in to its sensuality. Your heart races as you take in every curve.
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gives way to devotion as you unleash its inner power. Sheer strength tempered by pure refinement.





You're drawn to its uncompromising boldness. A confidence that emanates from within.



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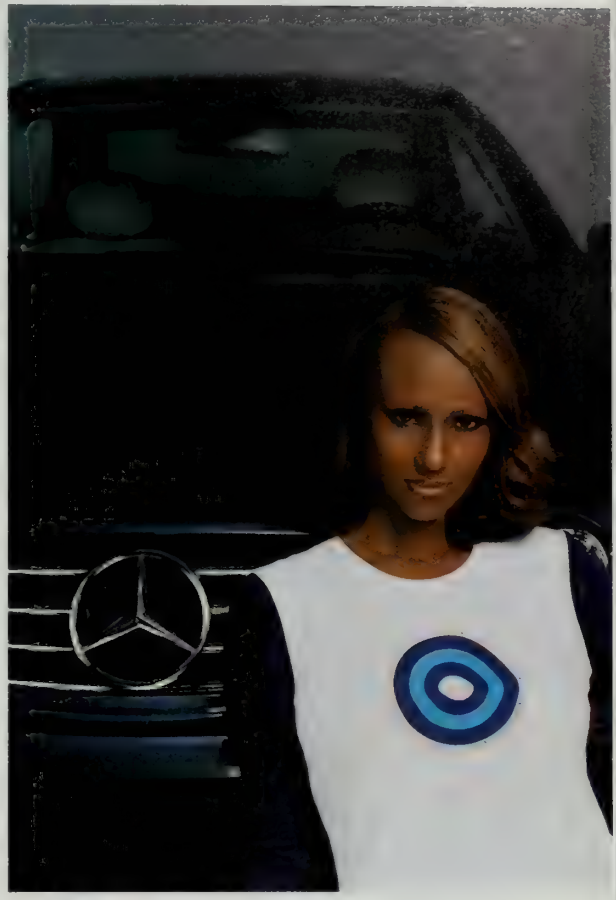

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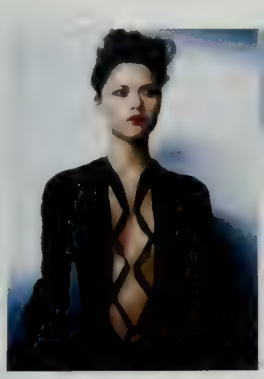
pers will also have the opportunity to see the Special Edition 2003 edes-Benz CLK500 Coupe, designed exclusively for Saks Fifth Avenue. Special Edition model will be displayed at 61 Saks stores during the ping weekend and will be sold through participating Mercedes-Benz deal-s. Available with an exclusive color combination of a "Saks Fifth Avenue" exterior and stone leather interior, each CLK500 includes a customized d-edition cashmere blanket, sterling silver key ring, leather notepad and , all designed by Baldessarini for Hugo Boss. Mercedes-Benz will make a ion directly to FTBC for each Special Edition CLK500 sold.

Saks Fifth Avenue began this annual shopping weekend to benefit *on Targets Breast Cancer*, more than $6 million has been raised for local ational breast cancer organizations across the country. For more nation, please visit MBUSA.com or fashiontargetsbreastcancer.com, l toll-free 1-888-771-2323.

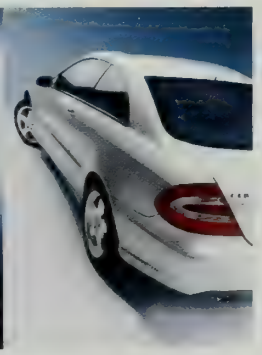




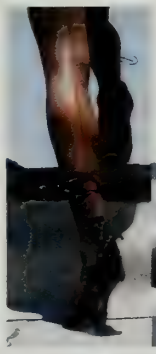
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Page 1: Pinstripe suit, white shirt and black tie, Dolce and Gabbana
Page 2: Silk georgette lace-up blouse with puff sleeves, Tom Ford for Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche
Page 4: Lace-up high-heeled shoes, Sergio Rossi; tights, Wolford
Page 6-7: Chiffon jeweled tunic dress, Diane Von Furstenberg
Page 8: Jeweled bracelet, Swarovski; red sweater, Michael Kors

All designers available at Saks Fifth Avenue.



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THE ARTISTS RIGHTS FOUNDATION

Founded in 1991 by the Directors Guild of America, the Artists Rights Foundation brings together some of the industry's foremost creative leaders to protect and preserve film heritage. Through a variety of approaches including grassroots educational programs, international partnerships, legal efforts, and special events, the Artists Rights Foundation seeks to safeguard the rights of film artists, protect film works from alteration, and ensure that an artist's vision remains intact for future generations to enjoy. For more information, please contact the Artists Rights Foundation office at 323-436-5060 or visit www.artistsrights.org.

THE SILVER LINING SILVER LAKE FOUNDATION

The Silver Lining Silver Lake Foundation is a nonprofit fundraising organization that was created to bring together artists and musicians in events that inspire benevolence and goodwill in communities across the country. From its wildly successful annual music festival—which last year featured Elton John, Sting, and The Red Hot Chili Peppers—to its silent auctions of works by such artistic luminaries as Jeff Koons and Bruce Weber, the Foundation provides valuable awareness and funds for organizations in need. For information, visit www.silverliningsilverlake.com.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142 murder, Michael Skakel would have been just another O.J., rich enough to buy his way out of prison.

JIM STRAUS
Chicago, Illinois

A COLLECTIVE FIGHT

IN HIS SKETCH of Cornel West and the controversy with Harvard president Lawrence Summers that led to Cornel's departure for Princeton ["The Ivy League's Angry Star," June], Sam Tanenhaus ascribed to me, and then misinterpreted, a comment made at a private dinner for Cornel. Tanenhaus did not speak to me to confirm the content or verify the context in which these comments were made. It is true, as Tanenhaus reports, that I invoked the names of W. E. B. Du Bois and Paul Robeson during the postdinner conversation. However, it is not true that I invoked the names or experiences of Du Bois and Robeson (and Langston Hughes, for that matter) in order to compare Cornel's ordeal to the persecution of those with "outspoken Communist affiliations." Nor did I seek to "exaggerate" Cornel's tribulations through "self-aggrandizing 'victim politics'" in order to "dignify a hurt."

At the dinner, I talked about the example of Hughes, Robeson, and Du Bois. These were people whose integrity and very humanity were tested over the course of their lives. Their struggles conveyed to me (through the advice of my mother and the experience of my father, who knew all three men) an important lesson, which I wanted to share with Cornel. That lesson, the very antithesis of the interpretation Tanenhaus drew from the third-party source, was how crucial it was *not* to internalize external criticism, how essential it was *not* to emphasize the personal nature of these attacks or to get captured by the perspective of an individual victim, but to fight back collectively (with allies) and constructively in the name of a cause larger than one's individual self or reputation. I was speaking generically about strong black men who challenged the status quo of their day, and not particularly about people with a distinctive ideology.

Although these two mistakes are minor, they are compounded by the omission of a portentous interpretation of the controversy that has gotten lost in the larger story and that could provide valuable context for the comments at issue. Cornel West's tribulations are important not because they make him a victim but because of their potential to make all outspoken academics vulnerable, especially those of us who write and think critically about race.

My greatest fear is that Cornel was the messenger, not the victim. And if that turns out to be the case, his experience sends the message that academics can be legitimate only to the extent they remain cloistered in the ivy tower and speak in languages and tomes accessible only to other scholars. What is absent from such a status-conscious message is an understanding of the complex relationship between a scholar of race and his or her subject, both substantively and politically. What is also missing is respect for the moral obligations many of us feel to use our intellectual platform to help alter an unjust status quo and not just to benefit individually from it. Of course, this does not excuse scholars from fulfilling our obligations to our academic institutions and to our students. But it also does not excuse those who run such institutions to the extent they use their position to undermine our ability to function as public citizens and public intellectuals.

LANI GUINIER
Bennett Boskey Professor of Law
Harvard Law School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

SAM TANENHAUS RESPONDS: Lani Guinier is right: I should have asked her about her remark, particularly since I spoke with her in the course of reporting the story on Cornel West. Instead, I quoted the version recollected to me by Professor Henry Louis Gates Jr., who was also present at the dinner in question. In any event, as Professor Guinier states in her letter, the remark was reported accurately.

She's quite mistaken, however, about the emphases and inferences in my article. The piece makes it very clear that "victim politics" played no part in last winter's controversy, though at the time many assumed it did. As for ascribing "victim politics" to Professor Guinier's comparison of Professor West's ordeal to those of Paul Robeson and W. E. B. Du Bois, I raised that point only to dismiss it.

The other questions raised by Professor Guinier are addressed directly in my piece and in terms compatible, it seems to me, with her own.

ELAINE REDEEMED

REGARDING "QUEEN OF THE NIGHT" [July], I am very distressed that my admittedly mean-spirited sentiments about Elaine Kaufman, albeit meant to be humorous, uttered to an interviewer in the mid-80s, were culled by A. E. Hotchner ["She said something awful, unrepeatable to me, and Bruce defended her. That was the final nick in the marriage. Elaine is funny, smart, terrific for men that were never toilet-trained properly."] Back then I felt betrayed and abandoned, but I don't excuse myself for making such ill-considered statements. When it was announced in the paper that a play I had written was being



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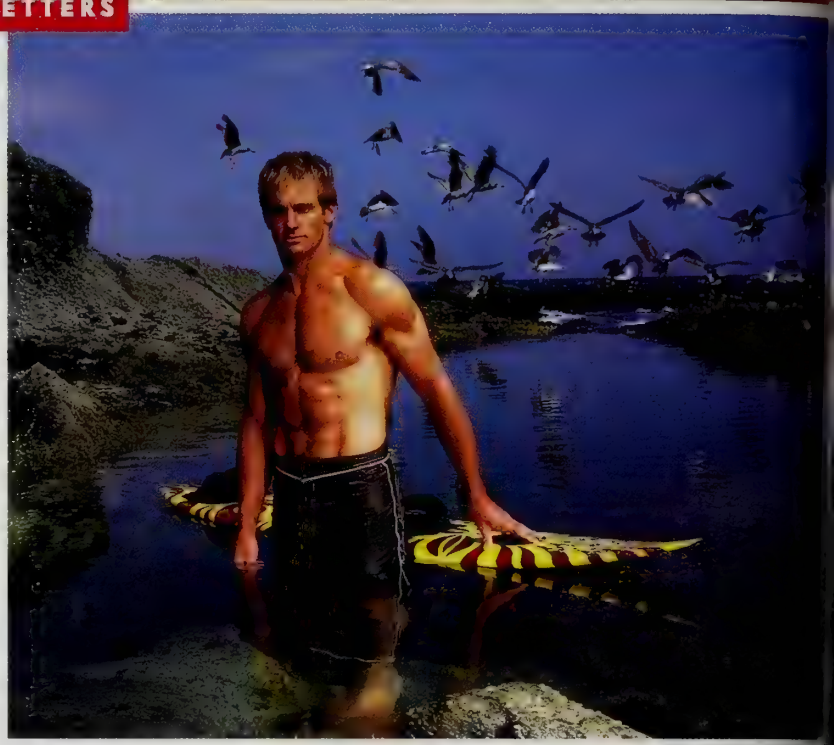
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MAN O' WATER
Big-wave surfer and "tow-in" pioneer Laird Hamilton, photographed at Laguna Beach, California, April 2002.

optioned by a Broadway producer, Elaine brought a bottle of champagne to our table for me and congratulated me. That is how I remember and think of her.

GINGER HOWARD FRIEDMAN
Toronto, Ontario

THE BIG-WAVE BOYS

HATS OFF to Evgenia Peretz for wading into the murky waters of the outcasts, misfits, and deviants known as big-wave surfers ["Big Blue," July]. Wait a minute—that's how we were viewed 30 years ago, when I started surfing at age 12. Now the very same mayhem we engaged in has become mainstream. She has nailed the spirit of the sport's modern mavericks. Nobody could mentally prepare for the full-frontal attack of Santa Cruz's "west-side crew." The commitment it takes to paddle or tow in to surf in the 30-to-50-foot range is of Olympic levels. Applying the same approach, most of those characters would dominate in the business world. Now we share the same pages with the Manhattan intelligentsia at Elaine's. Classic!

GARTH SEAGRAVE
San Anselmo, California

A HISTORY OF BAD MARRIAGES

NINA MUNK WAS astute in invoking the similarities between the strange takeover of Time Warner by AOL and the previous merger of Time Inc. and Warner Communications ["Power Failure," July]. But the resonances go back even further. How about the "merger" in 1969 in which a parking-lot, office-cleaning, and funeral-parlor business called Kinney took over Warner–Seven Arts? That's how Steve Ross, Warner's visionary leader for more than two decades (and son-in-law of the funeral director), got started on his way to running the world's biggest media conglomerate.

Or go back to 1966, when Jack Warner, having fended off one takeover bid after another, suddenly decided he'd sell to the next bidder. The phone rang and it was Seven Arts, a packager of old movies to television, so he sold everything to them for $32 million. It was like the Oklahoma Coca-Cola distributor taking over Coke. Less than three years later, Kinney bought it for several hundred million dollars.

Warner's takeover of David Geffen's Asylum Records had Geffen fuming over the plunging value of the stock he sold the company for. Geffen got $5 million in paper, which proceeded to lose 80 percent of its value within six months. So history repeats itself in the bizarre trail of wacky Warner takeovers and misguided mergers.

JOE BOYD
London, England

I WAS ON LOCATION in the Tennessee mountains shooting *Southern Living Presents* for Ted Turner's new regional network Turner South, when the director of photography announced that we'd been acquired by AOL. I knew that Ted and the networks h


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ilt from nothing were in trouble. AOL uldn't even manage one business well, d yet somehow, magically, with AOL at e helm, this mega-corporation would be le to be all things to all people.

As soon as the shotgun marriage took ace, employees were force-fed long, cir-itous lectures on synergy, convergence, erage, and branding at every company wwow. As if repeating the spiel often ough would make it all come true, the brass crowed about cross-promotion of ir logo soup as if they'd invented capi-ism itself. None of it rang true. No one lly wants to watch movies on a comput-and certainly no one I knew was willing pay more for the privilege. But employ-s were expected to toe the line even ough most were fearing the worst from emperors with their new clothes and egos.

I left the company when I saw how Ted rner, a real visionary and leader, was shed to the side. He sounded increas-gly defeated, company morale suffered, d I knew it was time to leave. Soon after departure, Turner was officially and graciously ousted. It was truly the end of era, and I am grateful to have been a part what was an empire built not on sheer but with purpose and determination.

GIANNA MESSINA
Decatur, Georgia

ALIAN DREAMING

MUND WHITE'S LOVELY "Tuscan nctuary" [July] reminded me of a two-ek holiday at Colle di Val d'Elsa's Villa Collalto, in Tuscany, last August. It ought back many nuances and feelings m that trip, in which every inch of ad, footpath, hill, and landscape had a iet yet profound effect on my senses. e can imagine how Santa Maddalena s's passion and inspiration in the souls its guests.

JOAN LAZATIN-BOHLMANN
Redondo Beach, California

E PEGGY LEE RECORD

AS PEGGY LEE'S lawyer for the last 10 rs. There were a number of errors in r article on her ["The Ballad of Peggy e," April] by James Gavin that should be rrected.

The article refers to "a frivolous $22 mil-n lawsuit" by Miss Lee. The suit was far m frivolous. It accused Miss Lee's for-r secretary of stealing money from my ent and forging her name on checks.

The article also stated that my client entually received a settlement of $2.3 million" from Disney. The Walt Disney Company never *settled* the case. It fought her all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court. Miss Lee won a trial, and won every appeal. Disney paid a *judgment*. Furthermore, her relationship with Disney ended up being quite respectful.

I have spoken to both Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller about the recording session of "Is That All There Is?" It is true that there were 36 takes, and the engineer was inept in failing to record the next-to-last, and best, take. Everybody was mad, including Leiber and Stoller, who were the producers of the record. However, Miss Lee did not "refuse to do another take," as Gavin wrote. In fact, at Jerry's request, she did another take. Then she went out to dinner with everyone at the Windjammer. Leiber and Stoller decided to reconstruct the vocal track from the earlier recordings. They were not forced to do so by an uncooperative Miss Lee. Jerry commented to me that virtually every interpretation and vocal inflection was created by Peggy.

Miss Lee is regarded by some respected critics as the best singer of the 20th century. While she was a perfectionist, and she had eccentricities, it's too bad you chose to ignore the good to paint a false picture.

CYRUS V. GODFREY
Beverly Hills, California

JAMES GAVIN REPLIES: The "false picture" Mr. Godfrey accuses me of painting was created through the input of Miss Lee's family members, musicians, and closest friends. Her lawsuit against her former secretary took place 15 years before Miss Lee and Mr. Godfrey began their association, and it went nowhere. The episode involving "Is That All There Is?" was depicted in my article exactly as the song's authors related it to me in lengthy phone interviews.

ONE EVENING WITH ED

PLEASE DON'T CAN Ed Coaster. I had the pleasure of having coffee with Ed one evening in 1997 and can say in all honesty that he is a fantastic human being. Plus, he's really hot! (Please don't tell my husband I said that.)

PAULINE MERRIWEATHER
Passaic, New Jersey

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FANFAIR

September 2002

30 Days in the Life of the Culture



All in the Family

Rupert Graves, Damian Lewis, and Gina McKee, the stars of "The Forsyte Saga," a mini-series based on the novels by John Galsworthy, which premieres on PBS's *ExxonMobil Masterpiece Theatre* on October 6. Photographed in London on June 11, 2002. See story on page 188.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SNOWDON


Joan Miró's *Femme Assise et Enfant (Seated Woman and Child)*, 1967.

September

PICASSO AND MATISSE GET TOGETHER, PETER JENNINGS SEARCHES FOR AMERICA, AND 100 YEARS OF WILLIAM WYLER

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
1 Labor Day weekend. Summer love comes to abrupt halt; summer lovers return indoors, commence sobbing.		**3** Peter Jennings's *In Search of America*, on ABC, looks at connections between the U.S.A. of the Founding Fathers and the U.S.A. today. (Then: powdered wigs, powdered munitions. Now: powdered doughnuts.)	**4** Eleventh annual San Francisco Fringe Festival. (One suspects "fringe" refers to theater, not decorative edging.)		**6** N.Y.C.'s Mary Boone Gallery Uptown displays 35 of Toland Grinnell's trunks in "A Mobile Home & Other Necessities." This is the *other* kind of trunk show.	**7** *Turandot*, at the San Francisco Opera. (Renaming it *Turandot.com* might have put more Bay Area fannies in seats.)
8 The Hollywood Bowl: the "Beat of Brazil" concert, featuring Mônica Salmaso, who, *The New York Times* said, "suffuses each liquid note with languid secrets." ("Liquid," "languid"—what, no "limpid"?!)	**9** The rarely seen visual work of Harry Smith (whose *Anthology of American Folk Music* is often characterized by that staple of rock criticism, "seminal") on display at N.Y.C.'s James Cohan Gallery tomorrow.	**10** First-ever exhibition of drawings by French painter Jean-Baptiste Greuze (1725–1805), at L.A.'s Getty Museum. Diderot called Greuze's work "morality in paint" (in other words, *fun, fun, fun*).	**11**	**12** Andrew Masullo—imagine if Pucci had been a painter—at N.Y.C.'s Washburn Gallery.	**13** Centennial celebration of director William Wyler (*Ben-Hur, Mrs. Miniver, The Best Years of Our Lives*) at N.Y.C.'s Film Forum. (The Wyler oeuvre: dependable, tasteful, sturdy. Notable exception: the lush *The Letter*, with Bette Davis.)	**14** Juan Muñoz—he the eerie, almost human sculptures the Art Institute of Chicago.
15 The 1944–96 sculptures and works on paper of Elizabeth Catlett, a darling of Howard University's art program, at the Cleveland Museum of Art.	**16** A retrospective of the painterly, ruminative photos of Thomas Struth at L.A.'s Museum of Contemporary Art.		**18** New York Fashion Week begins. Anxiety, small dogs in handbags.	**19** The Cleveland Orchestra debut of conductor Franz Welser-Möst (who is conducting, appropriately enough, Haydn's *The Creation*).	**20** The Rolling Stones' 40th anniversary is celebrated in a photo show at Washington, D.C.'s Govinda Gallery. Expected leitmotifs: rooster-strutting, microphone as phallus.	**21** "The Shape of Co Joan Miró's Painte Sculpture" at Washington, D.C. Corcoran Gal "Form for never ab Miró onc (His Rors test respons must have stunning.)
22 Prime-time Emmy Awards televised. Heartbreak, cleavage.	**23** Opening night at N.Y.C.'s Metropolitan Opera. It'll be D.D.&O. (doyennes and dandies in overdrive).	**24** Frankfurt, Germany's Schirn Kunsthalle opens an exhibition about the last century of shopping and consumer activity. 10:03 A.M.: Gift-shop staff launches into festival of auto-kvelling.	**25** The Grand Palais in Paris opens its "Matisse Picasso" show this week. He's our favorite artist after Rembrandt Vermeer.		**27** The *New Yorker* magazine's festival of events and readings will not, alas, include cartoonist Roz Chast dressed up as Regency dandy and *New Yorker* mascot Eustace Tilley.	**28** *The Comedy of* at Minneapolis' Guthrie Thea Twin sons be named Antipholus? Servants both named Dromio Shakespeare w have loved Mary-Kate and Ashley.
30 Last day of September. Disc jockeys across country prepare for Rocktober by shutting office doors and creating a towering wall of sound.						

Thomas Struth's *San Zaccaria, Venice*, 1995.

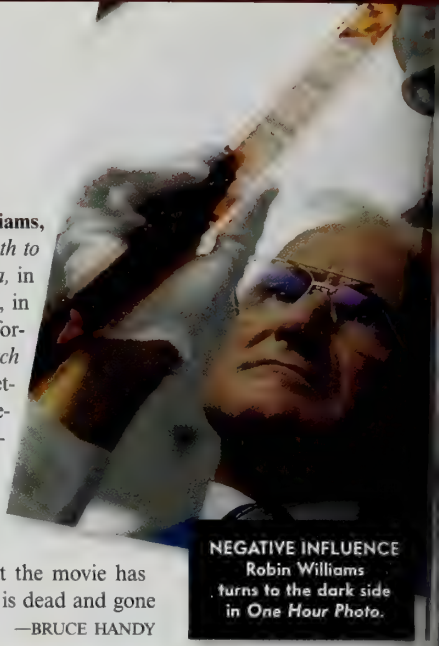
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Stalking Shop

ROBIN WILLIAMS'S DARK REBIRTH IN *ONE HOUR PHOTO*

Is ickiness the flip side of elfin sanctimony? That would seem to be the case with **Robin Williams,** who has been beavering away on-screen this year re-inventing himself as a creep, first with *Death to Smoochy,* in which he played a homicidal children's-TV host, then with the overrated *Insomnia,* in which he played a homicidal novelist, and now in *One Hour Photo,* the winner of the bunch, in which he plays a potentially homicidal Photomat guy. The trick of this beautifully controlled performance—has Williams been accused of *that* before?—is in the way he lets all that life-affirming, *Patch Adams*–y goodness curdle before our eyes. The script posits him as a lonely but untalented Geppetto who, unable to whittle his own little boy, instead becomes an apple-cheeked stalker, his prey being a seemingly perfect upper-middle-class family that's granted him unwitting access to all its banal, yet terribly revealing, Kodak moments. **Mark Romanek,** who made his name shooting videos for Nine Inch Nails, wrote and directed *One Hour Photo*—and how come no one thought of this wonderfully unsettling premise before, which will likely do for snapshots what *Psycho* did for showers? When you see a knife-wielding Williams order a woman to put her boyfriend's "thing" in her mouth, you may think that the movie has gone a bit off its rocker, but you'll also know the merry old Robin is dead and gone to hell. How nice to be cringing *with* him. **(Rating: ★★★½)** —BRUCE HANDY



NEGATIVE INFLUENCE Robin Williams turns to the dark side in *One Hour Photo.*

HOT REELS

Poetic Justice

NEIL LABUTE'S LITERARY DRAMA, *POSSESSION*



COUPLETS IN LOVE Aaron Eckhart and Gwyneth Paltrow as literary sleuths in *Possession.* *Inset,* Jennifer Ehle and Jeremy Northam.



Gwyneth Paltrow is playing a Limey again, dressed in turtlenecks and high collars and with her hair in a big tight bun that's just begging to be undone. **Aaron Eckhart,** a little gaunter and hawkier of cheekbone than we remember him, is the designated bun loosener. Both play 21st-century academics pursuing a literary mystery involving a couple of 19th-century poet-windbags (**Jeremy Northam** and the ravishing **Jennifer Ehle,** who looks like **Meryl Streep** plus sex). The picture is *Possession,* based on the **A. S. Byatt** novel. **Neil LaBute** directs, splitting the difference between the anticness of *Nurse Betty* and the emotional savagery of his first two films, *In the Company of Men* and *Your Friends & Neighbors.* Here, with academics depicted as literal grave robbers, the savagery is purely metaphorical. Witty and smart. **(Rating: ★★★)** —B.H.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Trailer of the month: *The Banger Sisters.* **Directed by:** Bob Dolman. **Starring:** Susan Sarandon, Goldie Hawn. **Coming to a theater near you:** September 20. **Midlife cowgirls:** It's Thelma and Louise on estrogen patches as slatternly, aging ex-groupie (Hawn) tracks down her former partner in backstage excess (Sarandon) and drags her away from home and family for one last sleazy road-trip fling. **She smokes, therefore she's bad:** Judging by her teased peroxided hair, mall-bunny lip gloss, and Marlboro snarl, Hawn is getting plenty of hard-core action but could sorely use a hug. **She cooks, therefore she's bored:** Judging by her spotless modern appliances, stuffy hubby, and stay-press earth-tone wardrobe, Sarandon is getting plenty of hugs but could sorely use some hard-core action. **The moral:** Women who screwed rock stars in their youth are capable of much wisdom in middle age, provided that they neither deny their past nor continue abusing drugs and alcohol. So, enjoy your late 50s—you've come a long way, babies! **(Rating: ★★★½)** —WALTER KIRN



Susan Sarandon and Goldie Hawn relive the bad old days in *The Banger Sisters.*

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HOT TYPE

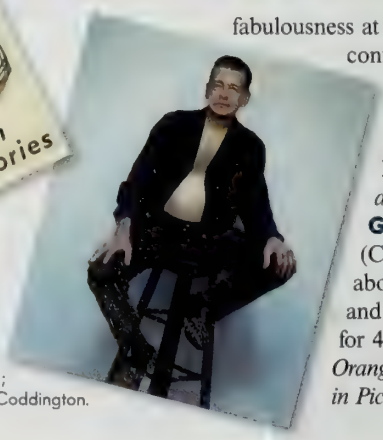
ELISSA SCHAPPELL

In the middle of my life I found myself in a dark wood . . . The fiendishly talented *V.F.* contributor **Nick Tosches's** thrilling novel *In the Hand of Dante* (Little, Brown) concerns a manuscript of *The Divine Comedy* and its theft by the man summoned to authenticate it, a writer named Nick Tosches.

Also this month: Wear a mask and handle with rubber gloves as *V.F.* contributing editor **Michael Shnayerson** and **Mark Plotkin** reveal the deadly rise of smart, drug-resistant bacteria in *The Killers Within* (Little, Brown). Napalm, enemy capture, sex, and death—the fearless women reporters who covered Vietnam swap hard-core in-the-line-of-duty stories in *War Torn* (Random House). Beset by fears of failure and desperate to redeem himself, a father drags his family to Elba in search of fortune in **Joanna Scott's** *Tourmaline* (Little, Brown). **LL Cool J** crosses over to deliver his literary rap in his debut children's novel, *And the Winner Is . . .* (Scholastic). Ace provocateur and *V.F.* contributor **A. M. Homes's** new story collection is full of *Things You Should Know* (HarperCollins). In *A Reader's Manifesto* (Melville House), polemicist **B. R. Myers** stomps up and down on the American literary hierarchy, denouncing writers such as DeLillo and Proulx as pretentious twaddlers. In *To Reach the Clouds* (North Point Press), artiste of the air **Philippe Petit** tells how he defied law and logic when he fantastically traversed a high wire suspended between the Twin Towers in 1974. Photographer **Andrew Moore** goes *Inside Havana* (Chronicle) to capture historic architecture and unlikely landmarks. In *Cuba Confidential* (Random House) **Ann Louise Bardach** chronicles the high-noon standoff between Miami and Havana. **Stephen Fried** follows a Main Line Philadelphia temple's search for *The New Rabbi* (Bantam). Souvenir hunters uncover a suspicious unmarked grave in **Jim Lehrer's** murder mystery *No Certain Rest* (Random House). In *Grace* (Edition 7L), **Michael Roberts** and **Grace Coddington** follow Coddington's swinging career and her 30-year pursuit of fashion fabulousness at *Vogue*. The complete archives of photographer and Norma Jean confidant **André de Dienes** are resurrected in the extraordinary posthumous photo-memoir *Marilyn* (Taschen). Hurrah, it's not fruit or razorblades—it's **Jerry Seinfeld's** *Halloween* (Little, Brown). **Tony Hawk,** skateboarding legend and prince of the half-pipe, keeps a diary of life on the road, often literally, in *Between Boardslides and Burnout* (ReganBooks). Take a roll down memory lane with **Gideon Bosker** and **Bianca Lenček-Bosker's** striking *Bowled Over* (Chronicle). In *The Conversations* (Knopf) **Michael Ondaatje** talks about the art of editing film with Academy Award–winning film and sound editor Walter Murch. Painter **Christiane Kubrick,** married for 42 years to the notoriously private director of *Lolita* and *A Clockwork Orange,* shares all but the bearskin-rug shots in *Stanley Kubrick: A Life in Pictures* (Bulfinch). Now, that's hell on earth.







Clockwise from right: Nick Tosches; bowling fashions of the 1950s; office of the Logia Masónica in Havana, Cuba; Marilyn Monroe on the beach, circa 1950; a photo shoot styled by Grace Coddington.

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9/11 Remembered

ONE DAY, ONE YEAR, MORE THAN A HUNDRED BOOKS



PEOPLE, WATCHING
Observers at the World Trade Center disaster site, September 29, 2001, from *Eleven: Witnessing the World Trade Center 1974–2001*, published this month by Universe Publishing.

With the publication of nearly 150 books related to September 11, last year's news begins passing into history. Before you know it there will be 9/11 buffs. *On Top of the World: Cantor Fitzgerald and 9/11* (HarperCollins) takes you into the storm, chronicling the tragedy of a firm that was located on the top floors of the World Trade Center's north tower. The book was written by company chairman **Howard Lutnick** and reporter-novelist **Tom Barbash. William Langewiesche's** *American Ground: Unbuilding the World Trade Center* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux) delves into the makeshift community that formed in the rubble of Lower Manhattan. Langewiesche, a pilot turned ace *Atlantic Monthly* reporter, worked alongside his subjects for five months. In *Father Mike* (Thomas Dunne Books), New York *Daily News* columnist **Michael Daly** focuses on one man: **Mychal Judge,** a priest who lived and worked among countless New York Fire Department families—and who died doing his job at Ground Zero. Long before al-Qaeda paid its visit, **Terry Golway,** a *New York Observer* writer who comes from a family of firefighters, was hard at work on *So Others Might Live: A History of New York's Bravest—The FDNY from 1700 to the Present* (Basic Books). Sadly, September 11 gave the F.D.N.Y. its most heroic moment, which Golway captures perfectly. This is a book that sits nicely on the shelf alongside **David Halberstam's** *Firehouse* (Hyperion). Syndicated columnist **George Will** has decided it's time for the seventh collection of his columns, *With a Happy Eye, but . . . America and the World, 1997–2002* (Free Press). And **Alan Dershowitz** leaps back into the fray eight years after O.J. with *Why Terrorism Works* (Yale). Think he might plug it on cable?

—JIM WINDOLF

WORLD BEAT

Karaoke has yet to hit **London,** but those crazy Brits like to sing along to Elvis tunes at Graceland's Palace (88 Old Kent Road). . . . Modern cuisine and minimalist design have landed in **Rome,** at the sleek new restaurant Campo (Piazza del Cancelleria). . . . The place to be on Sunday nights in **Paris** is the Monkey Club (67 Rue Pierre Charon), but only via the Cercle Elite entrance.

Highbrow *Middlesex*

HERMAPHRODITES, GREEKS, AND FLAMES FILL JEFFREY EUGENIDES'S NEW NOVEL

Consider his oeuvre. **Jeffrey Eugenides's** first novel, *The Virgin Suicides,* introduced us to five self-terminating sisters and the eroticism and angst that their lemming-like deaths engendered in a group of neighborhood boys; his new novel, *Middlesex,* out from Farrar, Straus and Giroux this month, is about a teenage hermaphrodite named Calliope Stephanides and the history of the strange genetic mutation (a recessive gene on the fifth chromosome) that turned Callie into Cal. Clearly, Eugenides's gift is to take subject matter that could easily devolve into tabloid fodder and instead mine it for delightfully weird, dark-hued comedy and highly original plotting. *Middlesex,* which falls more into the genre of family saga than *The Virgin Suicides'* gothfest, takes us back two generations in Callie's complex Greek family, to a small village in Asia Minor in 1922; along the way, Eugenides offers up a passel of memorable characters, two cities in flames (a sacked Smyrna, a race-rioted Detroit), and some lovely lapidary prose ("Emotions, in my experience, aren't covered by single words. . . . I'd like to have at my disposal complicated hybrid emotions, Germanic traincar constructions like . . . 'the sadness inspired by failing restaurants'"). We must forgive the author his punny title and his occasional longueurs (532 pages!): the almost-10-year-long gap between books has bought him this.

—HENRY ALFORD



WORTH WAITI
Jeffrey Eu
photogr
Berlin, Jun

GEOFFREY BEENE

HERRINGBONE SATEEN



East Side Story

NEW YORK'S GROOVERS' PARADISE, THE LOWER EAST SIDE

If you thought the Lower East Side was a New York neighborhood immune to revitalization, you would be mistaken; the armies of fashion and lifestyle recognize few limitations when it comes to occupied lands, and the area—bordered by Houston Street to the north, Canal to the south, Bowery to the west, and Pitt to the east—has lately been transformed into a groovers' paradise. The much-storied neighborhood—once the first stop after Ellis Island for millions of European immigrants embarking on the American adventure—is now the first stop for international culture-vultures looking, so to speak, to get an edge on the edge. By day, the L.E.S. is a self-contained playground of shopping opportunities. Storefronts are often disguised in order to support the current conceit of shopping—that no one wants to feel victimized by overt marketing. But within these obscured emporiums (Recon, 7, Marmalade, Vō, A Life, to name a few) is a world of highly specialized thrift stores, young designers, makeup boutiques, and sneaker shops with all the hushed importance of art galleries. In contrast, the art galleries that have sprung up here, such as **Mirabelle Marden** and **Melissa Bent's** Rivington Arms gallery, have the frisky aspect of speakeasies. At night, when town cars unload their uptown cargo, and students and jailbait arrive, the L.E.S. is transformed again. Clinton Street, until recently the province of tricked-out Buick Grand Nationals, mothers pushing baby carriages, and the smell of *chicharrones de pollo,* is now a boulevard of designer restaurants—**Wylie Dufresne,** founding chef of 71 Clinton Fresh Food, will open WD50 in a former bodega this fall. Around the corner, **Moby** recently installed a tea shop, Teany, and other neighborhood jewels include Alias, Suba, and 1492. But, for all the changes, the L.E.S. has retained much of its original appeal. The shooting galleries are gone, and the platoons of giant rats that patrolled Orchard Street have partially disbanded, but the history of the area is still much in evidence: Katz's Delicatessen, on Houston, still serves improbably vast helpings of kosher food; the Lansky Lounge, once a speakeasy, named after the infamous mobster **Meyer Lansky,** has evolved into a supper club; and the Sunshine Cinema, formerly the Houston Hippodrome and a Yiddish vaudeville theater, is now a plush art house complete with a Japanese garden. Next stop, Chinatown.

—EDWARD HELMORE

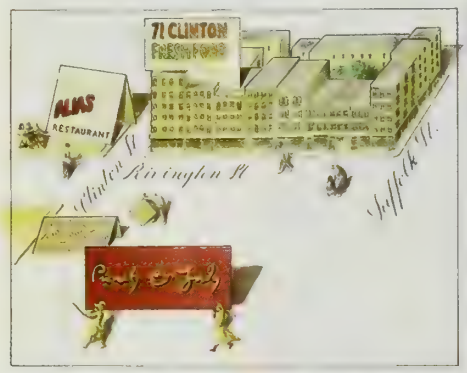




ILLUSTRATION BY RODICA PRATO











ckwise from above:
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A; Beckenstein Men's
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es at Suba; a street
front of Marcoart;
Katz's Delicatessen.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BROOKE SLEZAK

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East Side Story

NEW YORK'S GROOVERS' PARADISE, THE LOWER EAST SIDE

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—EDWARD HELMORE

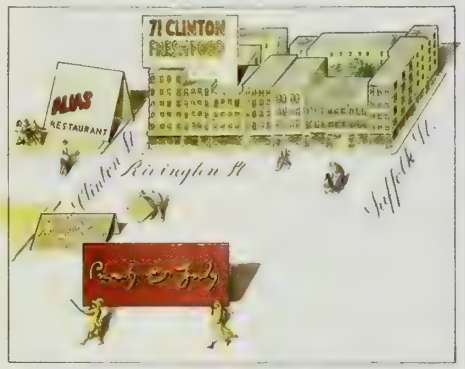




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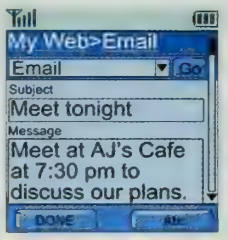
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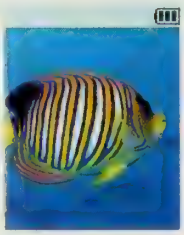
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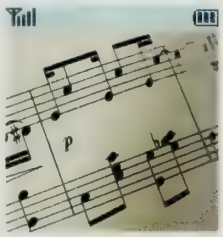
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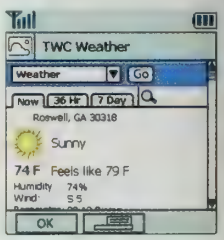
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HOT TRACKS

LISA ROBINSON

Up nightly downloading? File swapping frustrating? Herewith, a service provider: a handy guide to new source material for your next MP3 playlist.

Beck's *Sea Change* is a breathtaking group of songs reminiscent of early Neil Young and Gram Parsons. In *The Last DJ,* **Tom Petty** makes wry observations about the dire state of today's music business. **Shivaree** lead singer Ambrosia Parsley sounds like a goddess from a faraway land on *Rough Dreams.* **Mudhoney** (the best Seattle band still standing) seems ever more influenced by the Stooges and MC5 on *Since We've Become Translucent.* **The Blind Boys of Alabama's** *Higher Ground* is inspirational, as is *Gospel Train,* a re-release from the late, great **Sister Rosetta Tharpe.**

Megabytes: **Bon Jovi** will always make a beautiful dollar in this business; they're back with their fist-pumping, stadium rock on *Bounce.* If an early listen is any indication, **Whitney Houston** will blow you away with that voice on her as-yet-unfinished, untitled CD, which contains a clever cover surprise. The first solo album from Soul Asylum leader and Winona Ryder's old flame **Dave Pirner** is *Faces & Names.* **Coldplay** fine-tunes the art of Britpop lite on *A Rush of Blood to the Head.* **Bob Geldof,** who knows whereof he speaks, seethes about love and betrayal on *Sex, Age & Death.* **Pulp's** *We Love Life* contains their usual sweeping, grand musical statements. Guaranteed to make you cry are the standards on *Sings Some Ol' Songs* from the wondrous **Victoria Williams.**

Convergence: Lou Reed, Aimee Mann, John Doe, and Dar Williams join **Dan Zanes and Friends** on *Night Time!,* an all-ages delight. *Kissin Time,* from the divine chanteuse **Marianne Faithfull,** features collaborations with Beck, Billy Corgan, and Blur, as well as a nifty Herman's Hermits cover. **Richard Ashcroft** has guest Brian Wilson and lush orchestrations on *Human Conditions.* Some elite musicians (Joe Henry, Rhett Miller) contribute to **John Doe's** elegant, emotional *Dim Stars, Bright Sky.* **The Roots** have gained guests Nelly Furtado and Jill Scott and lost none of their edge on *Phrenology.* A highlight of **Beth Orton's** *Daybreaker* is the extraordinary song "This One's Gonna Bruise," penned by Winona Ryder's former beau Ryan Adams. **The Reindeer Section,** a loose conglomerate of members of Mogwai, Teenage Fanclub, Belle and Sebastian, and others, releases the terrific *Son of Evil Reindeer.*

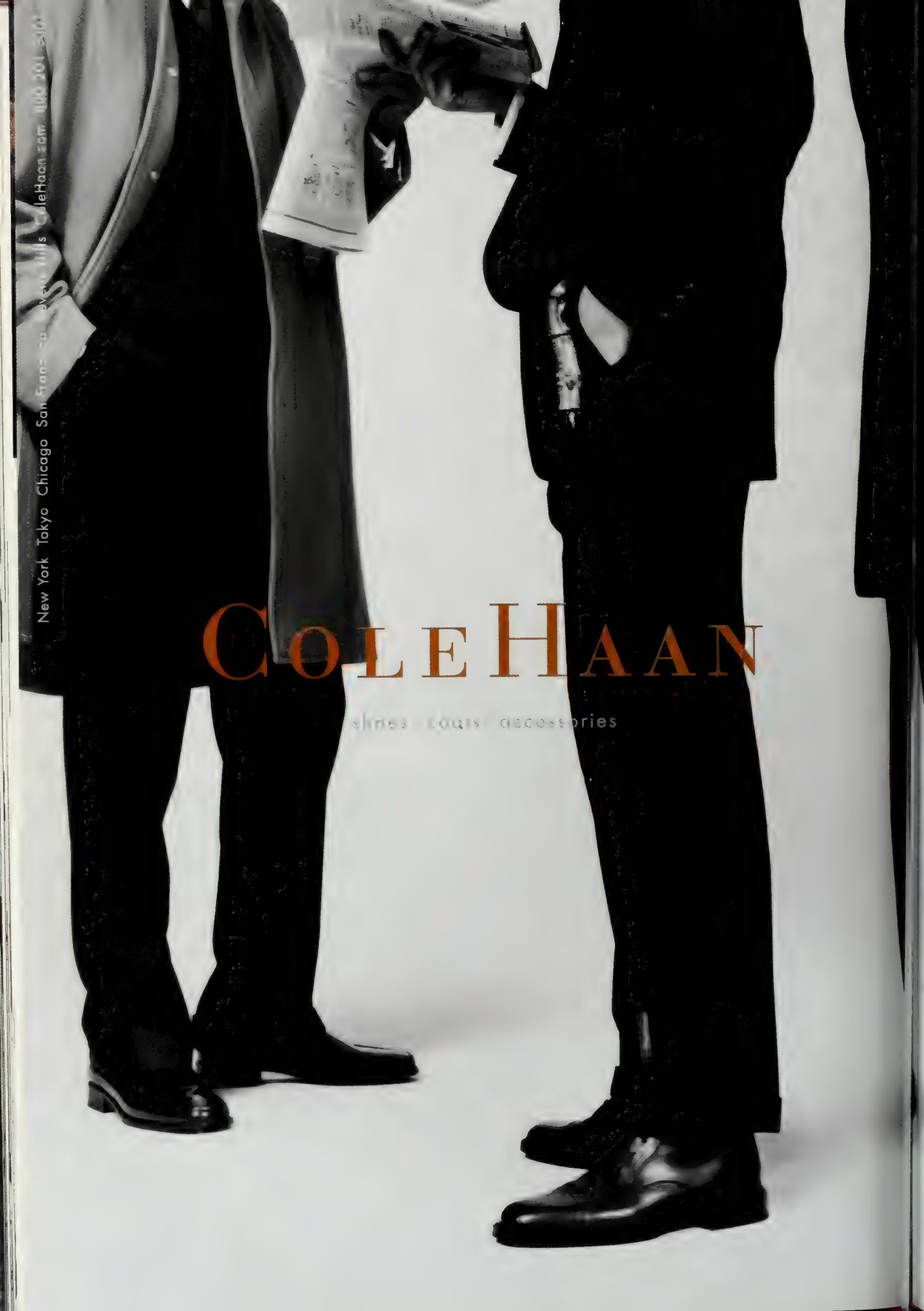
Broadband: **Queens of the Stone Age** achieve total heaviosity on *Songs for the Deaf.* The demise of the English language continues with the spelling of song titles ("U Deserve," "Down Whateva") on **Monica's** bound-to-be-a-smash CD (*All Eyez on Me*) of Nu-style R&B. Former Arrested Development leader **Speech** rails against "living in a commercial break" on *Spiritual People.* **Bad Brains** recorded dub versions of their classics plus some new gems on *I & I Survived.* Catchy new pop from **Duncan Sheik** marks *Daylight.* Lead singer Tatiana von Furstenberg charms on **Playdate's** self-titled debut. Winona Ryder's rumored ex-boyfriend **Jimmy Fallon** amuses on his debut, *The Bathroom Wall.*

Gigabytes: **The Black Crowes'** live, two-CD set proves that the band's recent breakup (for whatever reason) ended what was a proud performing career. **Furry Lewis, Huddie Ledbetter, Meade Lux Lewis,** and other pioneers shine on *When the Sun Goes Down* while **Paul Robeson, Odetta, Joan Baez, Sandy Bull,** and other folkies are on the fantastic three-CD set *Vanguard: Roots of Folk.* British blues guitarist **John Mayall** releases *Stories.* Also due: **the Rolling Stones, Junior Kimbrough, Julee Cruise, Green Day, Sinéad O'Connor, Clifford Brown** and **Max Roach,** and a **Ramones** tribute album featuring Garbage, Tom Waits, and U2 . . . Joey, Dee Dee, R.I.P.



Clockwise from top: Beck, photographed in Los Angeles; Shivaree singer Ambrosia Parsley; Marianne Faithfull; gospel trio the Blind Boys of Alabama.


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Currin Affairs

JOHN CURRIN'S CANVASES SHOW SOME SKIN

It is about paint, sensual and luminous, about making the paint become flesh, lustful and low, and then making the flesh become something entirely other, ironic, kitschy, and earnestly sympathetic.

John Currin's paintings and drawings are a wry amalgam of pop culture and old-master techniques bridging the crevasse between who we are at our core (deeply old-fashioned) and who we want to be (oh so modern).

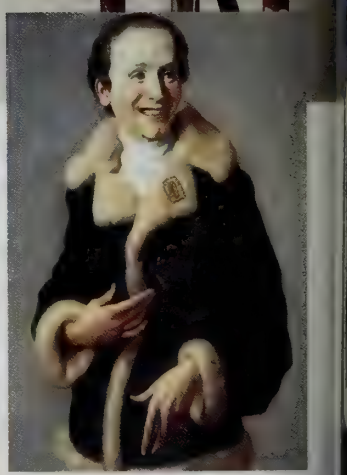
This fall Currin's work will be featured in "Drawing Now: Eight Propositions," opening at New York's Museum of Modern Art. Abrams will publish a monograph on his paintings, and the Taka Ishii Gallery will release a book of his drawings. A major exhibition of the artist's work opens next spring at Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art.

Currin's fleshy, figurative canvases nerdishly quote art history while lifting imagery from the Sears catalogue and back issues of *Playboy*. The work is formal in composition, stressing technical virtuosity. But in the end it is the paint itself over which the artist obsesses. "I paint because I think paint is a magical substance and it's totally fascinating to me," Currin says. "A painting is almost like a naked lady. You can go up and look at her as much as you want, and you notice that people are just walking past. They're not looking—are they crazy? Am I weird to be looking so closely and enjoying this so much?"

—A. M. HOMES







FLESH AND PAINT

Clockwise from top: John Currin in his studio; untitled, 2002; untitled, 2002.

Brush with Destiny

FABIAN MARCACCIO LAYS THE PAINT ON THICK

Opening this fall at New York's Gorney Bravin & Lee gallery, **Fabian Marcaccio's** exhibition "Janeila's Five Moves" tells a tangled multi-media story using abstract-painting panels, digital animation, and a robotic painting machine that shoots paintballs, trapping the viewer in the crossfire. "It will make a kind of sniper fire creating beauty, action, and uncertainty at the same time," says Marcaccio. "It is about a sense of marking and how we think about gestures, how dangerous gestures can be." It is an eruption of plenty, a heavy-metal hybrid of elements voluptuous, baroque, fertile.

"I think of him as a kind of philosopher who is using the visual medium of art to say what he wants to say," says art dealer **John Post Lee.**

Within his mixed-media maps of social, political, and sexual images Marcaccio is concerned with the atomization of perception, our everyday bombardment by experience, as well as exploring or exploding painting's formal elements—the literal structure of the painting, the stretcher bar, brushstroke, drip, splatter.

A native of Argentina married to architect **Galia Solomonoff,** Marcaccio, 38, is obsessive, enthusiastic, optimistic, and deeply interested in the dark side of things. "Moments of crisis can be good moments for thinking," he says energetically. "Making art is like constantly teaching yourself how to understand what you have in front of you."

—A.M.



OVER THE RAINBOW

Environmental Paintant, **by Fabian Marcaccio, 1997–98.**



Distilled five times, VOX is the ultimate expression of Vodka.

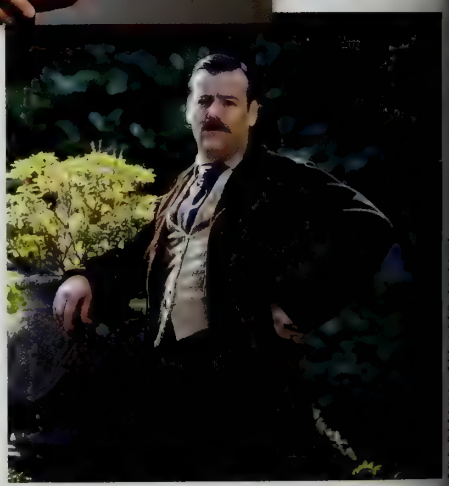
Family Drama

PBS BRINGS BACK "THE FORSYTE SAGA"

In 1969 a 26-part BBC series aired in America to surprised acclaim, a show unlike anything we'd seen before. It was called "The Forsyte Saga." Not only did it bring a new audience to the Nobel Prize–winning author, **John Galsworthy,** it inspired WGBH Boston to launch *Masterpiece Theatre,* a Sunday-night flight into literary history that has been a church of culture for the last 30 years. This October the family that started it all is back: "The Forsyte Saga" comes to PBS in a new, eight-hour series that is stunning any way you look at it.

The production values are peerless, fitting for a story that goes right to the twist in Victorian society—its sensual materialism and reach for beauty so at odds with stern moral (and legal) accounting. Directors **Christopher Menaul** and **David Moore** capture the delirious nap of velvets, the satins like clotted cream, the bluish cast through pored-glass windowpanes. **Geoffrey Burgon's** music, variations on an old English love song, rises to a *Brideshead Revisited* level of sustained concentration. And the acting. With talent such as **Corin Redgrave, Rupert Graves,** and **Amanda Root,** family scenes are thickets of quickening virtuosity, eyes and ears missing nothing. **Gina McKee** (the crippled wife in *Notting Hill*) steps out of a Pre-Raphaelite painting to play the elusive Irene, a woman who "never belonged to her surroundings." And as the wife of possessive Soames Forsyte, she has pound sterling to play against. He is, as his uncle gibes, a "man of property," and if there is a villain in the story it is Soames. But played by **Damian Lewis,** the actor who was **Steve McQueen**–steely in *Band of Brothers,* he is impossible to hate. In this unlovable man we feel the ache of a poet, a poet who has no words. The power he brings to the final minutes of this amazing series is a breakthrough of blossoming—a masterpiece. —LAURA JACOBS





PICTURE-PERFECT
Gina McKee, *left,* and Rupert Graves, *below,* photographed by Snowdon in London, June 2002.

FOR DETAILS, SEE SOURCES, PAGE

Caddy Oh!

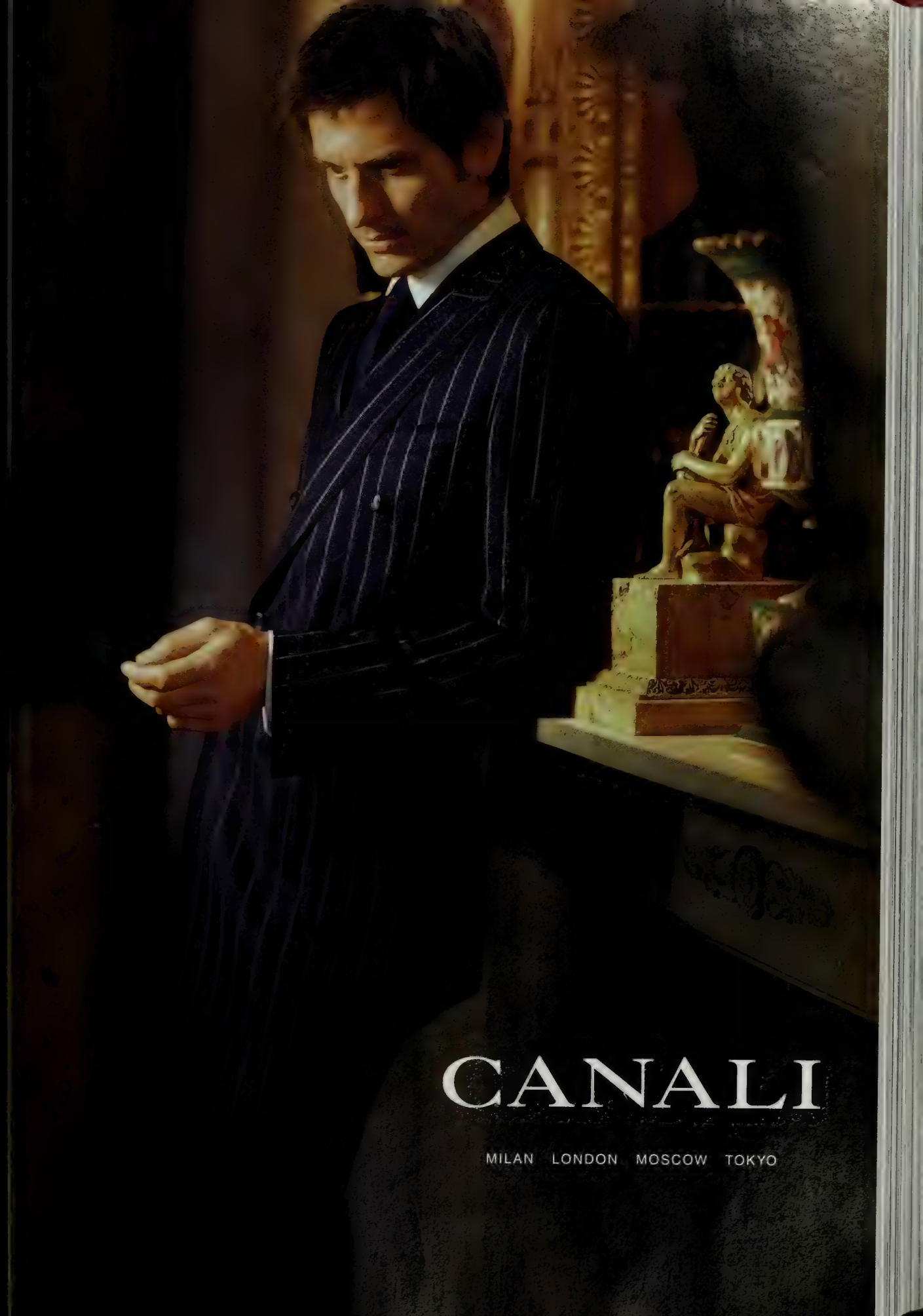
CADILLAC REVEALS ITS HIP SIDE WITH THE XLR ROADSTER

At age 100, Cadillac, the venerable showboat of the General Motors fleet—for which until recently the word "boat" may have been a little too apt—is turning out a showstopper. The XLR Roadster, to be precise. Head designer **Tom Peters** called the XLR "a bow and arrow being drawn back, creating tension and direction," but a better description might be "smokin'." The two-seat, retractable-hardtop convertible, with wood trim and slick Bulgari dials inside, just begs the description "not your grandfather's Cadillac." The world will get a glimpse this August, when the car is shown at the annual Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance, but production doesn't start until 2003. Which should leave just enough time to save up the estimated $70,000 starting price.

—ANNE FULENWIDER



COOL INJECTION
Right, Cadillac's XLR Roadster. *Above,* the XLR's interior and Bulgari gauges.


CANALI
MILAN LONDON MOSCOW TOKYO



Manchester United

MICHAEL WINTERBOTTOM CELEBRATES MANCHESTER MUSIC LEGEND TONY WILSON

The finest rock film of recent memory, **Michael Winterbottom's** *24 Hour Party People,* applies a teeming *Boogie Nights* treatment to bygone music scenes from the northern English city of Manchester. Any other film about Manchester music would likely have focused on icons such as **Ian Curtis,** the possessed—and ultimately suicidal—singer of sonic futurists Joy Division, or **Shaun Ryder,** the opiated poet savant who fronted the Happy Mondays. While both are represented in *24 Hour Party People,* Winterbottom decided to keep them firmly in the margins and center his digital-video maelstrom on **Tony Wilson,** the man who signed Curtis and Ryder to his Factory Records label. "Tony should be the villain; he should be the guy who's in it for the money," says Winterbottom. "And in fact that's far from the case." As portrayed by the revered British comic **Steve Coogan,** Wilson is the holy fool of *24 Hour Party People*—think **Leslie Nielsen** with a doctorate and a chiffon neckerchief.







FACTORY MEN
Scenes from *24 Hour Party People, clockwise from above:* Ralf Little as New Order's Peter Hook; the Happy Mondays; the poster for the Sex Pistols' 1976 Manchester gig; the Hacienda Club; Lennie James as Alan Erasmus, Shirley Henderson as Lindsay Wilson, and Steve Coogan as Tony Wilson.



Tony Wilson admits that Coogan has accurately captured his persona—up to a point. "I'm portrayed slightly more egotistical and stupid than I really am," says Wilson. "I'm also portrayed slightly more heroic than I really am."

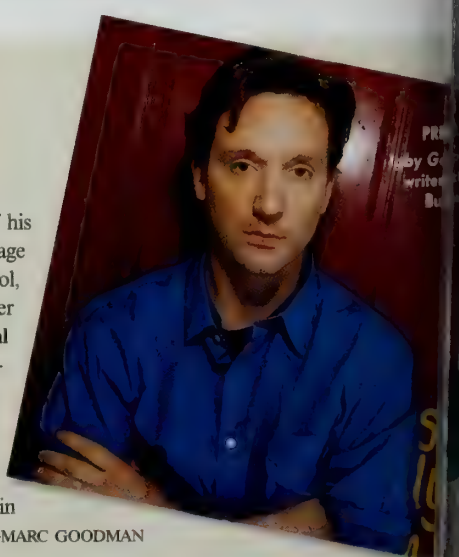
When the 1976 Sex Pistols cast their seditious spell over 42 Manchester initiates at a seminal gig, audience member Wilson was sullying his Cambridge education as a local TV newscaster. Despite torrents of punky abuse, the defiantly foppish Wilson was inspired to live a double life that galvanized a stoically provincial music scene toward global renown. Correctly viewing punk as a clearinghouse of ideas, Wilson championed its practitioners on his late-night arts show, opened a punk club, and founded Factory Records.

Punk rock faded, and Joy Division became New Order, a lucrative dance-rock hybrid that bankrolled Factory's Hacienda Club, an industrial-designed Manchester venue that helped introduce into the nation's bloodstream the irresistible combination of ecstasy and house music. Eternal outsider Wilson then acquired for Factory the Happy Mondays, a group of lowborn atavists who he avers, "reclaimed rock 'n' roll for the working classes."

One of *24 Hour Party People*'s funniest scenes depicts the Mondays' junkie singer Shaun Ryder spilling a month's supply of methadone in an airport departure lounge, en route to a recording date in heroin-free Barbados. Since that tropical island has no shortage of crack cocaine, Wilson never got his album, and Factory went broke. The movie ends with a re-creation of the Hacienda's hedonistic swan song—when the real Tony Wilson stopped the music to introduce Coogan's farewell speech, he was roundly booed by the Manchester extras. —STEVEN DA

All About Igby

BURR STEERS'S TREATISE ON WASP DYSFUNCTION, *IGBY GOES DOWN*



The world of brittle Wasp dysfunction is limned with the skill of a true betrayer of his class in writer-director **Burr Steers's** first feature, *Igby Goes Down.* The coming-of-age black comedy, about a preppy rebel who's whip-smart but unable to stay in school, has parallels in Steers's life: he was kicked out of Hotchkiss and military school, and later dropped out of New York University to act in Los Angeles. Steers, nephew of **Gore Vidal** and relative of **Jackie Onassis** and various Auchinclosses, turned to writing as a way of dealing with the 1995 death of his older brother, a painter. His script soon attracted stars such as **Susan Sarandon** and **Ryan Phillippe** (whose Locust Valley lockjaw, honed in *Cruel Intentions,* is here burnished to a fine sheen), with the lead going to the latest Culkin brother, **Kieran.** *Igby Goes Down* is a bittersweet backward glance at the American aristocracy for Steers, whose next project is a big-budget Paramount rewrite. "It's dying out," he sighs in his own distinctly northeastern tones. "It's so isolated up there on the Upper East Side." —MARC GOODMAN

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MY STUFF

SHARON OSBOURNE

Last spring America fell in love with the Osbournes. This fall is the second honeymoon as the show returns to MTV, and Sharon Osbourne proves there is no part of her private life she is unwilling to share—even her treatment for cancer. This month she reveals to us the contents of her medicine cabinet, linen closet, and the family garage.

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MINNIE AND M
Sharon Osbour
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Minnie in New Yo
June 200



HOT LOOKS

This fall, **Chanel,** betting that luck is a lady, launches Chance, a fragrance for women.... **Calvin Klein's** new scent, Crave, is intended for men, but, then again, no one's looking, ladies.... **Estée Lauder's** new foundation is so technically sophisticated, they named it So Ingenious.... **Givenchy's** relaunch of the perfume L'Interdit is inspired by Audrey Hepburn (but who isn't?).... Cozy up in **Donna Karan's** sweet-smelling Black Cashmere.... **Christian Dior** is re-introducing all the old favorites: Miss Dior, Diorissimo, Diorella, Dioressence ... It's just too, too Diorvine!

Motel Fix

HOTEL BATHROOMS ARE THE NEW MINI-BARS

Why is it impossible, even in the self-acclaimed cells of tranquillity lining the corridors of all those new boutique hotels, to relax in a hotel room? Invariably, one arrives in No. 222 only to find oneself, minutes later, prostrate on the bed in acute sugar shock from polishing off the mini-bar. Well, breathe: boutique owners are getting wise to this injustice in one regard, at least, and are stocking up on luxurious merchandise in the bathroom instead of the fridge. A few old-school charmers (the Hôtel Costes and the Ritz in Paris, the Beverly Hills Hotel and both Standards in L.A.) carry custom-made products. The pristine baths at London's newest hotel, Sanderson, are chockablock with items from Agua, the in-house spa. All the W Hotels (where serenity might as well be on the room-service menu) and L.A.'s L'Ermitage stock heady products by Aveda, which practically invented aromatherapy. Across town, the Chateau Marmont offers lotions, bath gel, etc. from Aromapharmacy—the name says it all. In Miami Beach, guests stay squeaky-clean: only Neutrogena products at the Raleigh Hotel. The Townhouse's pampering kit includes a condom. In New York they know how to spell relief: l-u-x-e. Whose heart rate wouldn't slow at the sight of the Kiehl's products in the bathroom of her (or his) mini-suite at the Carlyle? Meanwhile, the posh City Club offers bath products from Hermès, 60 Thompson stocks Philosophy, the Mercer provides products from its SoHo neighbor Face Stockholm, and the Inn at Irving Place provides deliciously Brit stuff from Penhaligon's. Think of it as aromatherapy for the stuck-up nose.

—DAVID COLMAN





GOODY BATHS

Clockwise from left: th W Hotel in New York; the Beverly Hills Hotel's bathroom bounty fror left to right the Chatec Marmont, the Beverly Hills Hotel, Mercer, L'Ermitage in Paris: Hermès soap from L'Hôtel, custom L'Arti perfume from the Rit custom shampoo fror Hôtel Costes.



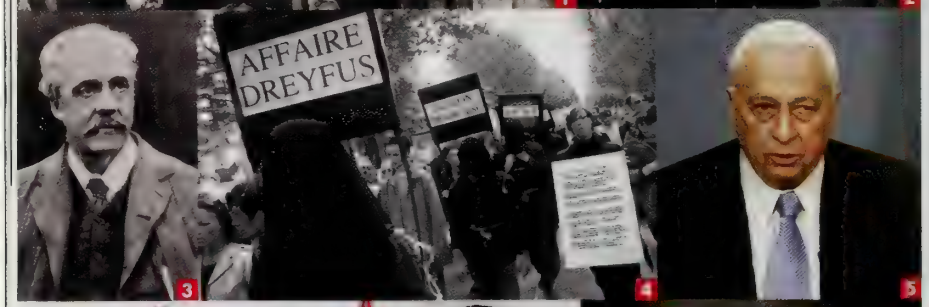

DANA BUCHMAN
NEW YORK MANHASSET

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

JEWISH POWER, JEWISH PERIL

With synagogues being burned in Europe, ancient anti-Semitic lies finding new currency in the Arab and Muslim worlds, and even American Jews feeling distinctly unnerved, the author explores the ironies behind Israel's founding–and the seemingly ineradicable hatred of his "tribe"















FACE THE NATION
(1) Immigrants at Ellis Island, circa 1906. (2) Israel's first prime minister, David Ben-Gurion, 1948. (3) Anti-Semitic British M.P. Arthur Balfour, 1900. (4) Protests against anti-Semitic presidential candidate Jean-Marie Le Pen, May 1, 2002. (5) Israeli prime minister Ariel Sharon. (6) Hasidic Jews join pro-Palestinian protesters, Washington, D.C., April 20, 2002. (7) Theodor Herzl, founder of Zionism. (8) The burned entrance of La Duchère synagogue, Lyons, France, March 30, 2002. (9) Former Israeli prime minister Benjamin Netanyahu. (10) Portraits of Herzl on a Tel Aviv street, 1948. (11) Émile Zola addresses the Dreyfus Affair in the newspaper *L'Aurore*, 1898. (12) French citizens take down a Nazi flag, in Paris, 1944. (13) Chaim Weizmann, Israel's first president. (14) Alfred Dreyfus, of the eponymous scandal, leaving a courthouse. (15) Protesters outside the American Israel Public Affairs Committee meeting, Washington, D.C., April 22, 2002. (16) Orthodox Jews demonstrating in Montreal on the 54th anniversary of Israel, 2002. (17) Edwin Montagu, a Jewish minister who opposed the creation of Israel, in 1917.

Two old Jewish men are sitting on a park bench in Berlin in the early 1930s. Things are not yet so bad, but that doesn't mean they won't get worse. One of the two is solemnly reading a Jewish newspaper. The other is scanning a Nazi paper, and laughing out loud. Finally, the first man stops reading and says, "It's bad enough that you read that pro-Hitler rag. But to laugh at it!" The second responds with a shrug. "What if I read your paper? It tells me about Jewish windows being broken, Jewish shops boycotted, Jewish children beaten up in school. So . . . if I read the Hitler paper it tells me that we Jews control the whole world."

Like all jokes on this subject, the above story involves a dangerous flirtation with bad taste, with tragedy, and with irony. Irony has been an essential constituent of Jewish life ever since Maimonides wrote that, while the Messiah will one day come, "he may tarry." That shrug—half hopeful and half pessimistic—is present in Woody Allen and in Lenny Bruce. And the tragic element is so raw and so recent that there isn't any need to go over it. American Jews may be the most successful minority in American history, which is as much as to say that they are the most successful minority ever. But no other ethnicity has ever had to witness the physical destruction of perhaps one-third of its entire membership, carried out by a highly civilized European country that had been the model for assimilation and involving the deliberate state murder


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children. Still, no other American minority can also claim a stake in a local superstate of its very own, at the other end of the Mediterranean, where for the first time in history Jews can debate whether it would be proper to employ nuclear weapons on the Sabbath.

As I began to write this article, synagogues had been firebombed in several French towns and in one north London suburb, and a suicide assassin had massacred Jews who just minutes earlier had arrived from synagogues for a Passover dinner in the Israeli coastal town of Netanya. In response, American Jews in California had taken out an advertisement urging Woody Allen and others to boycott the Cannes Film Festival, on the grounds that the days of Vichy were back. Similar themes were being stressed by many Jewish and Israeli writers, who spoke darkly of the imminence of another Holocaust. Very often recently, this "Never Again" note has been struck by liberal and even radical Jews who seem to regret their former softness. Nat Hentoff, civil libertarian and longtime friend of the civil-rights movement, told *New York* magazine that "if a loudspeaker goes off and a voice says, 'All Jews gather in Times Square,' it could never surprise me."

I have to say that if such a voice were ever raised or broadcast, I would be much more than surprised, and very much more than shocked. I also think I could count on a very large number of Jews failing to report to Times Square, and an even larger number of non-Jews willing to support this refusal. Perhaps I should say here that I am related on my mother's side to this ancient argument and that, according to the Law of Moses, the Israeli Law of Return, and the Nuremberg laws, I can be counted as a member of the ancient tribe. This isn't much use, either to the tribe or to myself, since I don't believe there is a single word of truth in either Exodus or Genesis, would never consider asking a Palestinian to move out and make room for me, and do not believe that the human species is subdivided into races. I maintain that I have the best evidence of Darwin and DNA on my side, as well as many recent anti-Biblical and anti-mythical discoveries made by Israeli archeologists. Ze'ev Herzog, professor of archaeology at Tel Aviv University, has concluded that "the Israelites were never in Egypt, did not wander in the desert, did not conquer the land in a military campaign, and did not pass it on to the Twelve Tribes of Israel. Furthermore, the united monarchy of David and Solomon, which is described by the Bible as a regional power, was at most a small tribal kingdom." (Archaeological myths are often the most toxic. The legend of Masada involves believing as a positive and noble aspect of the story that Jewish resistance to Rome culminated in a suicide-murder.) Nonetheless, I like to think that I would be despised or hated by any movement defining itself as anti-Semitic. And on my shelf is an American Nazi pamphlet, denouncing the "Zionist Occupation Government" (or "ZOG") that covertly rules these United States. This illiterate screed isn't just a joke: it comes from the same swamp as those who murdered the Jewish radio host Alan Berg in Denver in 1984, and ultimately from the same mind-set that produced the atrocity in Oklahoma City. In these hate-clotted pages, I am—for the first and only time in my life—listed with both Henry Kissinger and Norman Podhoretz as a member of the international Jewish/Zionist conspiracy. As in the case of the tale with which I began: who knew I had such secret power?

No other ethnicity has ever had to witness the physical destruction of perhaps one-third of its entire membership.

Nativist and Christian though that 1989 pamphlet is, it was written partly in praise of the Ayatollah Khomeini. And the most horrifying recent development on the international scene is the emergence, in the Arab and Muslim world, of the debauched myths and falsifications of medieval Christianity. Saudi Arabian and Egyptian and Palestinian sources, some of them official, have been circulating *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion,* and reviving the accusation that no Passover meal is complete without the blood of a non-Jewish child to thicken the dough for the matzos. It is degrading even to argue with this kind of thing: the Protocols have been repeatedly and conclusively shown to be a crass forgery, originating in the witch trials of the Middle Ages and updated for the modern world via the reactionary secret police of the Russian czars and the publishers of *Mein Kampf.* (In neither circle, incidentally, were Arabs or Muslims regarded very highly.) Here again we find a version of the same sick joke: the Jews are supposed to be diabolical and clever enough to plot a secret world rule, and stupid enough to write the whole plan down. But please don't let the title fool you. The hideous cunning of the whole thing is that, in the secret book of their private deliberations, the "Elders" never mention Zionism or Palestine at all. The Jews' plan is that, from being the most dispersed and reviled minority in history, they go straight to a worldwide takeover and supreme power. Just like that. (The scary plot is hatched, according to this hoax, at midnight in the Jewish cemetery in Prague, near the later resting-place of Franz Kafka.)

Confronted with the re-appearance of this filthy libel, even Jews who inhabit global and regional superpowers, such as the United States and Israel, can be pardoned for feeling edgy. Anti-Semitism is not like other prejudices. Many white people do not like other people with supposedly African genes, but they don't accuse them, or even suspect them, of taking over Wall Street as a prelude to world domination. Nor do they accuse them of murdering Jesus Christ (one of the emptier accusations against the Jews, I have always thought, since if Christ hadn't been killed there would be no Christianity, and presumably the Christians think that god had some say in the decision to offer his only son). Some Protestants think that Catholics form a secret society. Some Catholics think that Freemasons form an invisible government. Many secular crackpots believe that the Illuminati or the Trilateralists or the Knights Templar are really running the world. But anti-Semitism is a kind of venomous distillation of all this conspiracy mania, and it is directed at a group which, when it can't be attacked as a race, can be indicted as a religion. Or when it can't be attacked as a capitalist plutocracy, can be arraigned as the evil genius behind Communism. Or, and in each case, both. The Nazis portrayed Jews both as bloated profiteers and as gaunt, sinister Bolsheviks. This infection occurs in almost all societies, and breaks out at the oddest times, and is derived from paranoia. It is completely evidence-proof. (The Protocols were endorsed by *The Times* of London in 1920 and later reprinted and distributed all over the United States by Henry Ford, though no increase in missing children at Passover-time had ever been reported.) Jew-hatred has a special appeal to the quasi-educated and the pseudo-intellectual, a

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JAEGER-LECOULTRE

well as to the ignorant who fear modernity and the big city. It is more like a form of mental disorder, or collective hallucination, than a form of racism. Though there are societies, such as India, where it has never been a problem, and the United States has seemingly been successfully inoculated against it, there are grounds for thinking that it is somehow ineradicable. Certainly this is what the Zionist movement believes.

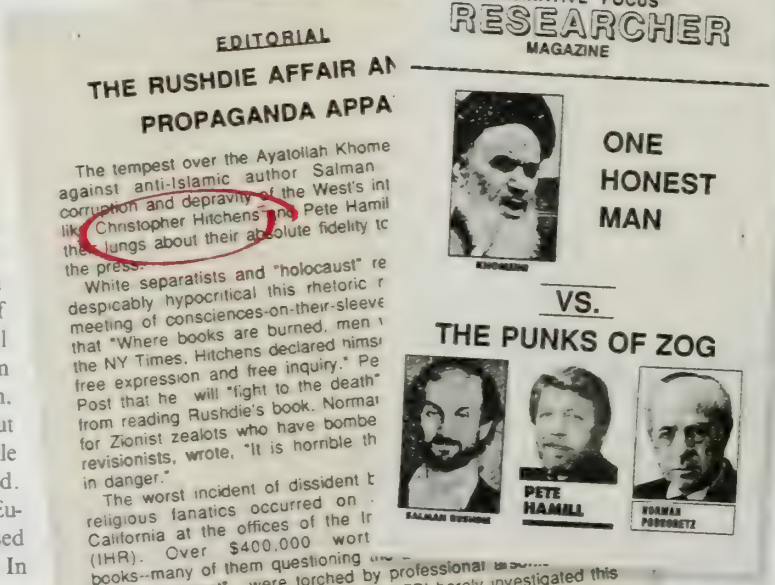
To many others, also, it now seems self-evident that the presence of this sort of toxin is proof enough by itself that the state of Israel needs an unqualified defense. Most of the anxious propaganda about anti-Semitism earlier this summer was mobilized in favor of General Ariel Sharon, or by the supporters of Benjamin Netanyahu, who thinks that Sharon is a sissy. But how obvious is this connection when you come to examine it?

The Protocols were fabricated by hired anti-Jewish reactionaries in Paris, almost certainly in 1897 or 1898, according to *Warrant for Genocide*, Professor Norman Cohn's magisterial 1966 study of the subject, and certainly between 1894 and 1899. What else was happening at that precise moment in history? France was being convulsed by the case of Captain Alfred Dreyfus, a Jewish army officer who had been framed for treason. In this, the mother of all French scandals, the issue of justice for a single Jew had split the army, the church, the press, the parliament, and the whole society. A Viennese Jewish journalist named Theodor Herzl, covering the trial, was so appalled by French mobs yelling against the Jews that he decided to call for all Europe's Jews to abandon the sick continent and seek their own national home. He founded the movement known as Zionism in 1897. His slogan was that "a land without a people" should be a national home for "a people without a land." In other words, he made the serious mistake of asserting that Palestine was effectively uninhabited.

This huge miscalculation was overlooked by some Jews because of the terrible pogroms in the late 1880s, which had driven millions of refugees out of czarist Russia. A handful of the religious among them wanted to go to Jerusalem, where Jews were scarce, but the majority opted for exile in the "Christian" world. Not everybody in Western Europe or America was pleased to see these new arrivals. In Britain, for example, in the first years of the 20th century, a Conservative politician named Arthur Balfour made a political reputation by opposing "alien" Jewish immigration. Meanwhile, in 1899, Dreyfus had been pardoned, which meant that for the first time a Christian European nation had decided that the right of a single Jew under the law was worth a national climb-down. But Herzl's petitioning and campaigning continued, through the energy of his disciple (and Israel's first president), Chaim Weizmann, and extended itself through the First World War. In 1917 it culminated in the anti-Semite Balfour issuing "the Balfour Declaration," which is the effective founding document of the state of Israel. Balfour was not the first or last anti-Semite to urge Jews, in effect, to clear off to Palestine or to Uganda or Cyprus or Madagascar or other remote or isolated places briefly considered by Herzl himself as alternative "homelands." An old slogan of anti-Zionist and leftist Jews was that, "when Jew-baiters say 'Jews get out,' the Zionists offer to be the travel agents." And this does not exhaust the irony. The British Cabinet at that time contained only one Jewish member, Edwin Montagu, and he was passionately opposed to the declaration on the grounds that (a) it was a capitulation to anti-Semitic bigotry, with its suggestion that Palestine was the natural destination of the Jews, and that (b) it would be a grave cause of alarm to the Muslim world. Balfour's wording had included the proviso that "nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine," but not even the most committed Zionist will claim that that part of the promise has been kept. The fact must be faced: even if the Protocols had never been confected, and even if the settlers in Palestine were Dutch or British, there would still be an Arab nationalist resistance to the loss of their land.

PAGES OF HATE

Right, Michael A. Hoffman II's *Researcher* magazine, an American Nazi pamphlet opposed to the "Zionist Occupation Government"; *left*, a page from the pamphlet, which decries both Christopher Hitchens and his arch-enemy, Henry Kissinger.



Much of this history has been forgotten, because of the unimaginable disaster which later overwhelmed European civilization and very nearly annihilated European Jewry. However, a respect for truth requires one to remember that for the first three decades of the argument the only serious anti-Zionists were Jewish. There were leftist Jews who thought that the Arabs of Palestine were being done an injustice. There were Orthodox Jews who thought that Zionism was a blasphemy, because no return to Jerusalem was possible before the arrival of the Messiah. And there were liberal assimilationist Jews who thought that the future of the Jewish people lay in the Diaspora throughout the Western world, the scene of all its triumphs from Spinoza to Einstein. (Those Jews who today boycott *The New York Times* for being bleeding-heart about the Palestinians would smack their brows if they could see how Arthur Hays Sulzberger kept the whole American Zionist movement at arm's length before and even during the Second World War.) Between about 1942 and 1948, the American Council for Judaism enjoyed wide support for its anti-Zionist arguments (it is still worth reading Thomas Kolsky's 1990 scholarly history of the period, *Jews Against Zionism*). Be serious and ask which is more likely: that Nat Hentoff is right and America will intern and exterminate its Jewish population, or that Israel will succeed forever in governing resentful Arabs? The first outcome is to the very highest imaginable degree improbable. The second is simply impossible.

In a recent essay for the Jewish weekly *Forward* in New York, for which I ought to say I have been an occasional book reviewer, the liberal

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pro-Israeli critic Paul Berman detected a certain coarsening among those who take the Palestinian side. He was able to cite some disgusting examples of euphemism, concerning the vile tactic of suicide-murder, among Western intellectuals who were ready to explain the murder of children as a symptom of "despair." He even detected concessions to anti-Semitism in the pages of *The New York Review of Books*—which might be described as a flagship of secular liberal Judaism—particularly in the anti-Sharon essays it had published from Professor Tony Judt of New York University. Yet when it came to it, Berman was unable to cite any explicitly anti-Jewish propaganda in such sources. "It is the unintended inferences," he concluded somewhat lamely, "that seem to me the most frightening of all." Well, let's agree by all means that there are reasons enough for hypersensitivity. I, for example, always think I can tell something from the mere way that a person pronounces the word "Jew." (The longer he takes to pronounce it, the more on guard one should be.) Harold Abrahams in *Chariots of Fire* says memorably of prejudice that you "catch it on the edge of a remark."

Nonetheless, there is a danger in overprescribing, as well as in underdiagnosing. If everything is anti-Semitic, then the term loses its vital distinction. In a recent debate with a rabbi from the Simon Wiesenthal Center, I ridiculed the idea that Vichy and Kristallnacht have resurfaced in France. First, it's provably not true. But second, and hardly less important—what would there be left to say if these horrible phenomena really *did* recur? I care enough about this issue to keep my hatred pure, and to reserve it for those who truly merit it.

In April there was a huge demonstration in Washington, D.C., in favor of the Palestinians. To the astonishment of many bystanders, in the front rank of this demonstration stood a phalanx of bearded and hatted ultra-Orthodox Jews. They carried the flag of the P.L.O. and waved placards denouncing Zionism root and branch. They were not for a two-state solution: they were for a Palestinian state from the Jordan to the Mediterranean. These are the members of Neturei Karta. For them, the Messiah will indeed tarry, in fact won't even bother to call in advance, until the bogus atheist state of Israel has disappeared. (You can read about anti-Zionist Hasidim in Chaim Potok's 1967 novel *The Chosen,* or view them in the movie of the same name.) I have seen these people before, in Brooklyn and in the Mea Shearim quarter of Jerusalem, where they spit on the Israeli flag. I hung around with them at the demonstration for a while, collected some of their arcane literature, and noticed the more usual contingents of left and liberal and secular Jews who oppose the occupation, some of them wincing as hoarse and furious young Arabs shouted "*takbir!*," invoking Islam and jihad. I realized again why this long story has no neat or tidy resolution: maybe no resolution at all.

If the insane sickness of Fascism were to strike the "Christian" world again, and all the Jews had to flee—the six million or so American Jews, the 600,000 in France, the large populations in Argentina, Russia, Canada, Ukraine, and Britain—there would not be room in Palestine unless the state of Israel were to approximately double its size as well as to evict many if not all of the three million Muslim and Christian Palestinians. (A repellent option, with whose advocates Sharon himself has flirted.) One could hardly expect this to be tolerated even by the most moderate Arabs, who are in enough of a rage as it is (and not entirely because of the circulation of the Protocols, either). This would not be the only assimilation problem: Israeli writer David Grossman points out that, as it is, more Israeli Arabs speak Hebrew than American Jews. If, on the other hand, there were to be a peace agreement which led to the dismantling of the settlements, and the settlers had to be "assimilated" within a smaller Israel, an even more Zionist movement would spring up among the former colonists, who would start to dream—and not just to dream—of a "return" to the lost West Bank homeland of Hebron and Nablus. This would be the perfect counterpart to the scheme in Philip Roth's 1993 novel, *Operation Shylock,* where Israeli-born Jews dream of liberation and escape by rejoining the Diaspora.

Even if the settlers in Palestine were Dutch or British, there would still be an Arab nationalist resistance to the loss of their land.

Meanwhile, having promised safety to the Jews by means of a state in Palestine, the Israeli government issues almost daily warnings of the imminent destruction of the whole community. Having proposed Zionism as a means of declaring proud independence from fluctuations in Gentile goodwill, Israel has become utterly reliant upon foreign aid—especially an annual American subsidy of $3 billion—in its endless battle with its neighbors. And, having proposed Zionism as a cure for anti-Semitism, Israel recruits the support of anti-Semitic fundamentalists such as Pat Robertson and Billy Graham, who see the Jewish state as a prelude to the conversion of the Jews, to be followed happily enough by Armageddon and the consigning of the nonconverts to hell. Some of these ironies are in Israel's favor: the kids who burned those French synagogues this past spring were lumpen Arab immigrants trying to make a crude and violent point about Palestine, and at least France's leading anti-Semite, Jean-Marie Le Pen, has promised to deport all of *them.* But some of the ironies are not helpful: there is no decent way to compare destitute Arab refugees in Gaza to the members of the SS, as Menachem Begin used to do. One sign of modern anti-Semitism is the obsessive, nasty need of some people to compare Israel to Nazi Germany. It would actually be good if all sides dropped this outrageous analogy, which is designed to cheapen something, namely the Shoah, or Final Solution, the memory of which must not be abused.

The survival of the Jewish people has for centuries been a means of taking the moral temperature of a society. Those who take that temperature are quite rightly conditioned to notice even a slight elevation. It is sometimes said that all Jews must have a bag mentally packed, ready to flee. To the extent that this is true it will, alas, always be true. The creation of a Jewish state, it can now be argued, merely re-states an old dilemma in fresh terms. Neither Israel nor messianism can cure the irrational. Myself, even as a wretchedly heretic and bastard member of the tribe, I perhaps conceitedly think that there may be something to the cliché about Jews' being inherently and intuitively smart. Smart enough to see that if ethno-religious nationalism isn't good for other people, it may not even be good for the Jews. Smart enough to doubt the divinity of antique man-made scrolls. Smart enough even to see that the Promised Land may be a secular multi-ethnic democracy, none the worse for being a second home to many other wanderers and victims, too. America, in a word. The best hope and, yes, perhaps the last one. □

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OUT AND ABOUT
The diarist with his trusty notebook, photographed outside the '21' Club in New York City.

Vanished Fortunes

Even as Michael Skakel's siblings beg for money to finance an appeal, the author helps corner an accused Palm Beach murderer with his Court TV debut, then retraces his steps on the Chandra Levy case, weekends in ImClone-scandalized Southampton, and honors Nancy Reagan at the White House

As I write this, we're in the sitting-out stage of the Skakel-Moxley story, waiting for the day of sentencing and the appeals that are already being prepared. There have been a few interesting developments. The sentencing date has been postponed three weeks, and Mickey Sherman, while he hasn't exactly been replaced as Michael Skakel's lead attorney, has definitely been backseated since the guilty verdict came down on June 7. The verdict stunned Sherman completely; it apparently never occurred to him that he would not win. Afterward, I happen to know, Sherman arranged for Julie Skakel and two of her brothers, Stephen and David, to appear on *20/20* for an interview with Barbara Walters, as a prelude to the appeal process. Walters flew home from a weekend party at Chatsworth, the grand country house of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire in England, only to find the

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the interview had been canceled. Whoever is calling the shots for the Skakel family these days has hired two lawyers from Hartford, Hope Seeley and Hubert Santos, to handle the appeal. Seeley was co-counsel for Alex Kelly, the Darien, Connecticut, high-school rapist who hid out in Europe for eight years, supported by his parents, until he voluntarily returned to this country and was tried and found guilty. Seeley would not tell Lindsey Faber of *Greenwich Time* if it was she who had canceled the interview with Barbara Walters. Sherman was quoted in Faber's article as saying, "We're all on the same team here, but I'm not leading the appeals. I'm like the general manager now, I guess you could say." He was the substitute host for one show of *The Abrams Report* on MSNBC when Dan Abrams was on vacation, but he did not discuss the Skakel trial. Meanwhile, his client Michael Skakel remains at the Garner Correctional Institution in Newtown, Connecticut.





TRYING TIMES *Above,* David Skakel, attorney Emanuel Margolis, and Thomas Skakel at Michael Skakel's trial. *Right,* James Sullivan in the Palm Beach County Courthouse in 1993, before he fled the country.

Having observed the very rich Skakels from afar for many years, I'm astonished that their great fortune, which was once said to exceed that of the Kennedys, seems to have evaporated. Or perhaps someone in the family just doesn't want to cough up any more money for Michael's defense. How else can you explain why Michael Skakel's youngest brother, Stephen, who was a very young boy at the time of the murder—too young to go with the rest of the family to the Belle Haven Club for drinks and dinner and more drinks that terrible night—has sent out a private letter to sympathetic friends asking for money to finance the appeal? The letter, which was anonymously turned over to the Associated Press by one of the recipients, is rather embarrassing to read. "Michael's financial resources for appeal are nonexistent at this time," Stephen writes, and he asks people to make checks out to the Never Give Up Fund and send them to the home of Julie Skakel in Darien, Connecticut. Julie is the second-oldest of the seven Skakel children, and the only girl. The letter also requests that people send letters to Judge John Kavanewsky Jr. asking for leniency, and gives suggestions for ways to phrase it, such as "He helped me get sober." Stephen advises, "Do not say anything negative about the judge or the system."

"Michael's resources for appeal are nonexistent," his brother writes.

I don't think the guilty verdict will be overturned. Should it be, however, I believe that the second trial will be more encompassing than the first, and will possibly involve Michael's brother Tommy, who was the chief suspect for many years but who was never called to the stand by either side. Prosecutor Jonathan Benedict was clearly sending out some kind of message when he said to reporters after the verdict, "Someone had to have helped Michael clean up. There was a lot of blood."

In writing about the rich and powerful in criminal situations, I've noticed that wealthy people with knowledge of a given crime don't like to come forward with their information for fear of being cross-examined on the stand by an unfriendly defense attorney who might pry secrets out of them, as well as for fear of having their names and pictures in the papers and on the nightly news. Since the Skakel verdict, I've learned a lot of things that didn't come up at the trial. One guy who says he was part of the rich-kid group that grew up around the Skakels wrote me, "Tommy and Michael used to mimic Johnny Carson and Ed McMahon's habit of swinging imaginary golf clubs and then laugh. They joked about Martha Moxley's death." Another guy wrote me about how he had nearly had his eye gouged out by Michael during a schoolyard fight when they were both in the seventh grade at the Brunswick Country Day School in Greenwich. "Michael put his thumb over my right eye and started pressing. . . . It's hard to describe the frenzied intensity he had. But I had the unmistakable sense that he was enjoying himself. There was pleasure for him in inflicting the pain." One new piece of information came to me from an unimpeachable source: a pair of laundered pants belonging to Michael that was found in the Skakel trash after the murder was later discovered missing from the evidence room at the Greenwich Police Station. I'd like to get to the bottom of *that* story.

I'm the host of a new series on Court TV called *Power, Privilege and Justice.* I started my career in television in the early 50s, as the stage manager of *The Howdy Doody Show,* and now I'm back, acting as if my name were Alistair Hitchcock. The first show was about a semi-rich Palm Beach heel named James Sullivan, who had been on the lam for 15 years, after having been accused of hiring hit men to shoot his African-American wife, Lita—who was an impediment to his social climbing—on the day she was to go to court, sue him for divorce, and demand alimony payments that would have stunted his fancy lifestyle. Two weeks after the show aired, Sullivan was found and arrested in Thailand, where he was living in a condominium outside Bangkok with his girlfriend. John Walsh of *America's Most Wanted* is claiming credit, and he has indeed been reporting on the Sullivan case for years, but no one will convince me that my show, which aired just two weeks before the bust, didn't play a part in tracking the louse down. Sullivan told a reporter in Thailand that he wants to return to the United States and prove his innocence.

This month I paid my first visit to the White House. I don't care how sophisticated you are, or how many swell places you've been to, attending a private ceremony in the White House is an awesome experience. It has nothing to do with which political party you belong to; it's about being a proud American. Nancy Reagan has been a friend of mine for about 45 years, going back to when she was an actress, quite a few years before Ronald Reagan became governor of California. She and a small, distinguished group were receiving the Presidential Medal of Freedom,

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the highest civilian award our government can give, from George W. Bush. It was thrilling to be in that beautiful house, where the Marine Band, in splendid red uniforms, played as we walked through the marble halls looking at portraits of our country's presidents. I talked to Colin Powell and his wife, Alma, and to Condoleezza Rice. I shook hands with the president, and Laura Bush, looking wonderful in a lavender dress, stopped to talk with me. Nancy Reagan had spent the night before in the Lincoln Bedroom, and had had dinner with the president and First Lady—just the three of them. She told me that all the old staff from her time who were still on duty came by to see her. "So many hugs," she said.

The one thing that bothered me was the realization that I could have gotten into the White House with a bomb or a gun in my pocket. I arrived in a chauffeur-driven car with Mrs. Abraham Ribicoff, the widow of the senator, and Peter Brown, whose New York public-relations firm's clients include Prince Charles and Andrew Lloyd Weber. We were all guests of Nancy Reagan's. After entering the grounds of the mansion, we were stopped twice by security men with guest lists. We all had photo identification and a card that had come with the invitation to present at the door of the White House. The guest lists the guards had were just loose sheets of paper, not even on a clipboard, and the names did not appear to be in alphabetical order. Neither guard could find Casey Ribicoff's name, and they didn't even ask Peter Brown or me who we were. They just waved us through. By contrast, we were given a full security search at Reagan National Airport, where we later went to get the shuttle back to New York: shoes, feet, bags, body—the works. Frankly, I could have done with a little less of that thoroughness at the airport and a little more of it at the White House.







MILESTONES
From top: Nancy Reagan receives the Presidential Medal of Freedom from George W. Bush; ImClone-scandal principals Sam Waksal and Martha Stewart; Lizzie Grubman in tears at a hearing in July.

Two weeks after my show, James Sullivan was arrested in Thailand.

The Fourth of July weekend is the one time each summer that I spend in the fabled Hamptons, opting for the quiet life of the Connecticut countryside the rest of the season. But Southampton was fun—lunches, dinners, beach clubs, white trousers, blue blazers, Gucci loafers, no socks. *Hi, darling, kiss, kiss. No, I'm not going to Lally's, but I'll see you at Felix and Liz's.* Just a year ago, Sam Waksal, of ImClone fame, was the hottest weekend guest out there, appearing at all the right parties, being besieged in the way the new rich often are. Waksal was much talked about this year, too, but in a very different way. His company's down the toilet, and so's he. He'll never again be in the position of importance he held so briefly last summer. He's also done great damage to my friends Martha Stewart and Peter Bacanovic, Stewart's broker. The other headliner of last year's Fourth of July weekend was Lizzie Grubman, who backed up her father's S.U.V. into 16 people. She was just lucky that she didn't kill one of them. I sensed a real resentment that a year has gone by and there is still no date for Grubman's trial. The feeling is that important people are trying to work out a plea bargain for her, and that there will be a universal outcry from both locals and summer folk if she gets special handling.

On July 5, I spoke at Fridays at Five, a lecture series arranged by the Hampton Library in Bridgehampton. It's a wonderfully handled event, in a pretty outdoor setting with white folding chairs, and it draws a large audience eager to buy the guest writer's books. I talked primarily about the Skakel case. During the question-and-answer period after my talk, a young woman kneeling on the grass asked me when I had shifted my suspicion from Tommy Skakel to Michael Skakel. Later, as I was signing books, she came up behind the table where I was sitting and put her hand in the pocket of my blazer. I looked up at her, and she said, "I know everything about that night. I know what happened." She said she had put her telephone number in my pocket. I said, "How do you know?" She said, "I am Robert Kennedy's daughter." I said, "Which one?" She said, "Call that number and I'll tell you." The area code was in another state. I waited until I was back in New York to call her. The message said she had lent her phone for the weekend to someone named Kimberley. I left my name and New York number. She returned my call when I was not at home, using a name that did not fit any of Robert Kennedy's daughters, and told my machine that she had decided to stay in East Hampton and would call me the following week. So far, nothing.

Because of space, I wasn't able last month to mention Liza Minnelli's dazzling comeback engagement at the Beacon Theater on Broadway. There she was, in all her glitter and glamour, putting on a show that did her proud, produced by her new husband, David Gest. There's been a lot of dish in showbiz circles about their marriage, but the fact is they turned up in each other's life at just the right time. She needed him to get back her confidence and deal with her problems, and he needed her to exalt himself. Watching them together is fascinating. On opening night, Gest sat in the center seat of the first row. For every second of Liza's performance,



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PILOT TERROR

A terrorism-rocked public was relieved by the official explanation—turbulence and crew error—for the November 12 crash of American Airlines Flight 587 into New York's Rockaway Peninsula. But aviation experts and many pilots see danger lurking in the Airbus A300-600: possible flaws in the electronic control system and in the tail that may have created a high-tech time bomb

BY DAVID ROSE



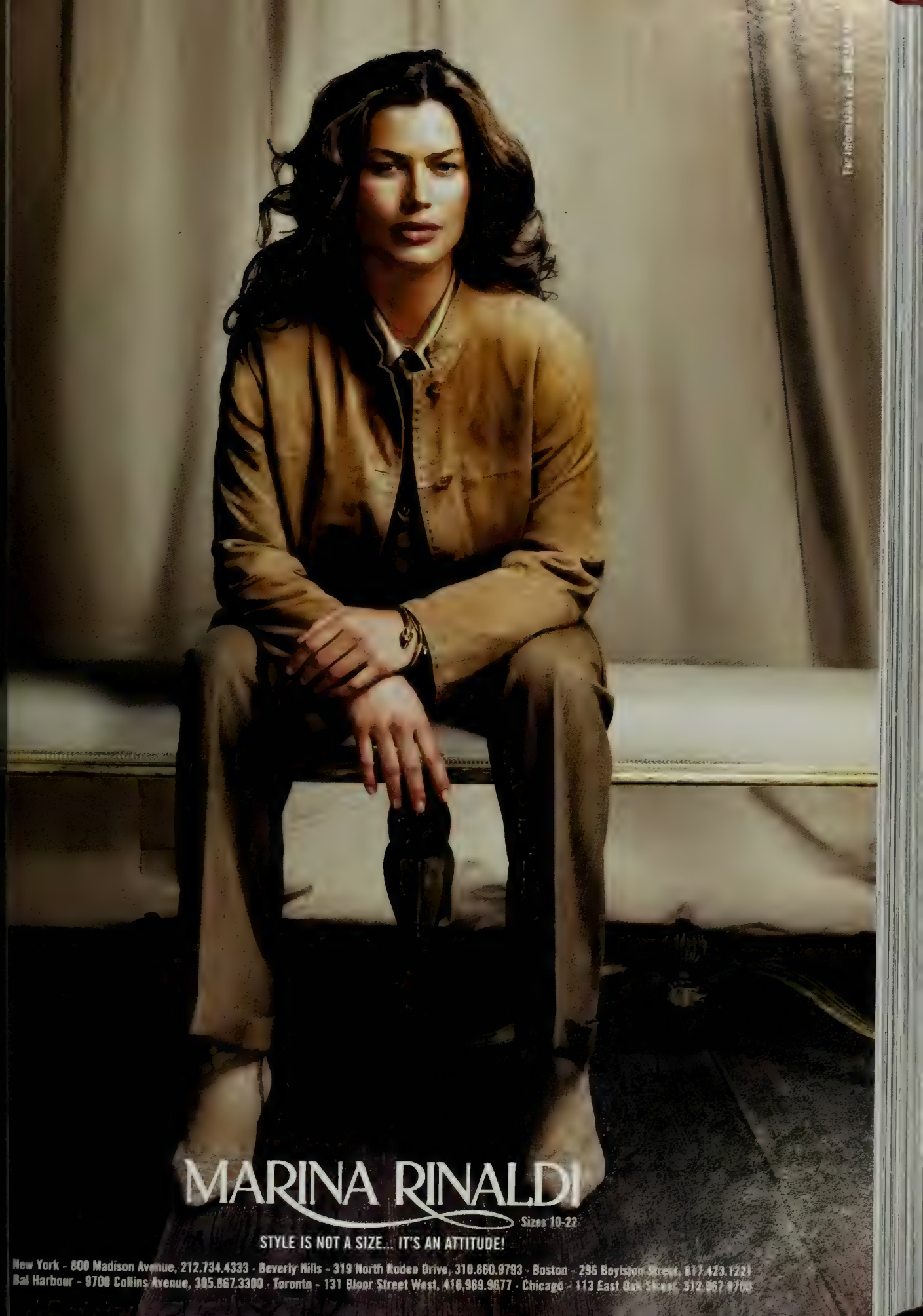
RIPPED APART The tail was hauled out of Jamaica Bay on the day of the crash. *Inset,* the November 13 edition of *The New York Times.*

For a few nervous hours last November 12, it looked as if America's enemies were attacking once again. Sixty-two days after 9/11, an American Airlines passenger jet had fallen from an azure morning sky to devastate a New York City neighborhood—not the Manhattan financial district, but unpretentious Belle Harbor on the Rockaway Peninsula in Queens. As President Bush conferred with the director of homeland security, Tom Ridge, New York's airports, bridges, and tunnels were closed.

Then Marion C. Blakey, the newly appointed chair of the National Transportation Safety Board (N.T.S.B.), issued a statement: "All information we have currently is that this is an accident." The disaster took the lives of all 260 passengers and crew and another five people on the ground. But as *The New York Times* commented the next day, in the context of the fall of 2001, the fact that it hadn't been caused by terrorism meant the news came "as somewhat of a relief."

Flight 587 to Santo Domingo, capital of the Dominican Republic, took off 75 minutes late from John F. Kennedy International Airport, at 34 seconds after 9:14 A.M. An A300-600—a twin-engine, wide-body jet made by the European manufacturer Airbus Industrie—it climbed to more than 2,000 feet, then turned left across the lagoon of Jamaica Bay, heading south toward the open sea. In the cockpit were two men with thousands of hours' experience at flying jet airliners, Captain Edward States, aged 42, and First Officer Sten Molin, 34.

At 9:16, a minute and 26 seconds after


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takeoff, one of them spoke to air-traffic control. On the tapes made that morning, the sound is distorted, as if coming from the bottom of a deep well, but the words can be made out as "Mayday, losing control." Less than five seconds later, first the rudder and then the massive tail fin were ripped from the rest of the aircraft. The next words on the tape were spoken from another airplane near J.F.K. that morning: "Tower, look out to the south, there's an aircraft crashing.... An aircraft just crashed to the south of the field." "American 587, I'm not receiving your transponder," one controller said. "American 587, [this is] New York." By now other pilots in the air were speaking of a "fireball" in Rockaway, and a huge plume of smoke. Impact was at 17 seconds after 9:16.



FATHER AND SON Veteran pilot Stan Molin, father of Flight 587 co-pilot Sten Molin, at Westchester County Airport, in White Plains, New York. *Inset,* Sten Molin.



"I just knew from my experience of 30 years as an airline pilot that they were going to take a shot at my son."

Within a few days, the safety board was advancing a theory that seemed to explain the disaster. Blakey told reporters that Flight 587 had encountered turbulence caused by the plane in front. Other board sources suggested that one of the crash's main factors appeared to be pilot error: it seemed the crew had overreacted to the turbulence by making a series of violent movements with their rudder. These had imposed huge side loads on the tail and snapped it off.

Some of those who fly the Airbus A300-600 do not find this story plausible. To have responded to turbulence in the manner suggested would have been to disregard everything a pilot learns in training, they say. They have logged a lengthy dossier of other incidents in which Airbus planes have flown out of control—not through pilot error, they say, but through malfunctions in their computerized control systems, which are the most advanced in the industry. In addition, they say, the inspection regime Airbus recommends for the revolutionary "composite" material used to build the A300-600's tail is inadequate and could allow dangerous flaws to remain undetected.

The investigation into the crash of Flight 587 "has literally shaken the foundations upon which we define what is, or is not, safe," said a group of eight American Airlines A300-600 pilots in a letter to Blakey and Jane Garvey, head of the Federal Aviation Administration. "Some of the issues being analyzed suggest that there are areas of concern which transcend AA 587, and have the potential to impact the future of commercial aviation in a manner never anticipated."

An investigation by *Vanity Fair,* based on confirmed official data, analysis by aviation experts, and dozens of interviews with pilots, scientists, and witnesses to the crash, casts further doubt on the "pilot error" explanation. This aircraft fell out of the sky on a beautiful morning after a routine takeoff when its tail fin and rudder were hurled into Jamaica Bay. In the 80-year history of civil aviation, this event was unprecedented.

Anyone who travels much by airplane, writes Tom Wolfe in his classic book about pilots and the space program, *The Right Stuff,* soon gets to know the voice of the pilot on the intercom. He speaks "with a particular drawl, a particular folksiness, a particular down-home calmness that is so exaggerated it begins to parody itself ... the voice that tells you, as the airliner is caught in thunderheads and goes bolting up and down a thousand feet at a single gulp, to check your seatbelts because 'it might get a little choppy.'" Wolfe, who attributed the voice's origins to the test pilot Chuck Yeager, was writing 23 years ago, but this is one aspect of aviation which hasn't changed.

You don't have to spend much time with pilots to realize that this sense of calmness, of deliberation, in everything they do isn't put on. Airline pilots take off and land a dozen, a hundred, a thousand times, and nothing untoward happens. But on the next flight they find themselves confronting an unexpected crisis, which they and their plane will survive only through the application of complex technical procedures. If one maneuver doesn't work, they must go on to try something else, even as they continue to plummet out of the sky. "I've thought about that Yeager thing," says Stan Molin, still a flight instructor at the age of 70, a retired jet captain who flew with Eastern Airlines for 25 years. "My feeling is, if you can't be like that naturally, you're going to find the job emotionally very difficult."

It was Stan's son Sten who was at the controls of Flight 587. Three days after the crash, Stan Molin traveled from his home in Greenwich, Connecticut, to Rockaway. He stood facing the ocean, and at that mo-

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ment his grief was augmented by a new and bitter torment. "I told myself, 'He was at the controls, and the tail fell off.' I've read enough N.T.S.B. reports to know that at the very least they're likely to say, 'Contributing factor, pilot overcontrol.' I just knew from my experience of 30 years as an airline pilot that they were going to take a shot at my son."

The shot was not long in coming. Within days of the disaster, the safety board began to sketch its preliminary account of what had gone wrong. At 15 minutes and 39 seconds past nine A.M., 65 seconds after takeoff, according to the N.T.S.B., the plane apparently hit an instance of "wake vortex" caused by a Japan Airlines Boeing 747, which had taken off from the same runway at J.F.K. 105 seconds before Flight 587. Wake vortex is the turbulence an airplane makes as it passes through the air. It trails behind the wingtips in the form of two spiraling, tornado-like cones, and in certain circumstances it can be very dangerous—although it tends to affect light aircraft much more seriously than a wide-body behemoth like an A300-600.

On the tapes made that morning, the sound is distorted, but the words can be made out as "Mayday, losing control."

According to the safety board, eight seconds after this alleged encounter, one of the crew was heard on the cockpit voice recorder suggesting that the plane had hit wake vortex. (The full cockpit transcripts have not been released.) As the board says, however, the bump caused by this alleged turbulence was mild. On the plane, it would have been felt as a sideways jolt with just a tenth of the force of gravity—the kind of deflection that experienced fliers, passengers and crew alike, would have found of little concern.

Twenty seconds after the supposed first vortex bump, the safety board claimed, came a second, which was no more severe. Then all hell broke loose. The flight-data recorder, the plane's "black box" containing electronic details of what happened during the flight, showed a series of five violent side-to-side rudder movements, which tossed the plane around in the sky like a cork in a stormy sea. Five and a half seconds after the alleged second vortex encounter, the rudder data on the flight recorder became "unreliable." That was probably the moment when the rudder split into three jagged segments and was ripped from its hinges, followed almost immediately by the rest of the tail being torn off the fuselage. With the plane now beyond all possibility of controllable flight, there were just 12½ nightmare seconds to go before impact in Rockaway.

The N.T.S.B.'s official release of information was coupled with briefings to reporters that blamed the disaster on the crew. "The pilots might unintentionally have magnified a relatively minor problem," concluded *Time* magazine. In January, *The New York Times* added: "Investigators . . . are now focusing on the performance of the pilots, who they believe triggered the airplane's wild rolling and yawing in the seconds before it went down."

On February 8, Blakey issued a statement. "We have calculated that certain rudder movement inputs by pilots could cause a catastrophic failure of an airliner's vertical tail fin," she said at a Washington, D.C., press conference. She was careful to state that Flight 587's rudder may not have been moved by the crew at all, but through some kind of malfunction. Nevertheless, the board was issuing an immediate, industrywide recommendation. It said that many pilots had not been informed that moving a rudder from side to side might be dangerous, and that they lacked awareness that on some planes, including the A300-600, it would take only a small force on the control pedals to move the rudder to its maximum angle. Airlines should devise new "pilot training programs," the N.T.S.B. said.

Stan Molin had taught Sten to fly at Bridgeport, Connecticut, while he was still a teenager, then watched as he pursued aviation as a career. Sten passed all the tests for his full jet license when he was only 22. With thousands of hours of flying time already behind him, he joined American Airlines when he was just 24—about a decade younger than average. Those who worked with him describe him as an unusually gifted flier—in pilots' slang, he was always "ahead of the plane."

Flight 587's captain, Ed States, was a former air-force pilot who joined American Airlines in 1986. "He was always very in tune with the fact that he was the captain," says his widow, Mary Alden, now left alone with the couple's two boys, aged 9 and 11. "After 9/11, he'd do security briefings with all the crew before each flight. He'd make jokes, but he was serious too. He had an incredibly even temperament." Deeply involved with youth sports teams and his local church, States used to re-arrange his flight schedule so as not to miss a Cub Scout committee meeting. "He was almost too good to be true," says his former roommate and fellow A300-600 pilot, Captain Paul Csibrik.

What many of States's and Molin's fellow pilots find hard to accept is the claim that on the day they died they forgot everything they had ever learned and responded to a trivial case of turbulence by wildly pumping the rudder pedals. "I can't emphasize enough how contrary to our training it would be to mash the rudder," says American Airlines first officer Jason Goldberg. "Our instincts would specifically be not to get on the rudder."

Captain Csibrik tried to reproduce the rudder movements in a flight simulator, a computerized replica of an A300-600 cockpit on hydraulic legs which mimics how it would feel on board a real plane in any given conditions. "I made the first three movements on the pedals, but after that I had to stop, because the simulator felt so out of control I couldn't physically do it anymore. It was just nauseating. I don't believe anyone in their right mind could have gone on and done all five movements."

"If he did do it—if he did make those rudder movements—I can only assume they were in response to something he saw or felt, something extreme," Stan Molin says. "He must have been desperately fighting some situation that threatened the plane's survival. I just don't believe he overreacted in the way it's been suggested."

By this late stage after an air crash, those outside the magic circle of the safety board would usually have access to a key source of hard information: the printouts from the main black box, the flight-data recorder. Flight 587 is different. The safety-board spokesman, Ted Lopatkiewicz, says the data records will not be published until the board holds public hearings into the disaster, sometime in October.

The resultant shortage of technical information makes any attempt to check the claims made to date about Flight 587 quite difficult. Not, however, impossible.

Victor Trombettas, aged 38, is a family man with a goatee from Middle Village, Queens who makes a living managing a nationwide computer network for a not-for-profit organization in Manhattan. Since the day of the crash, he has done what he can to scrutinize the safety board's activities, using the Internet to build up a network of aviation experts, former crash investigators, pilots, and engineers. Trombettas and his buddies conduct on-line brainstorming sessions far into the night, and when they come up with something, he posts it on his Web site—www.usread.com. Trombettas became skeptical on the day of the crash when Marion Blakey CONTINUED ON PAGE


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THE CAPTAIN'S FAMILY Mary Alden, widow of Captain Ed States, with their son Dan at her Plainsboro, New Jersey, home. *Inset,* States with their son Brad a month before the crash.



"After 9/11, he'd do security briefings with all the crew before each flight.... He had an incredibly even temperament."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 216 suggested that it was likely an accident. At that time she was still in Washington and her "go team" had not reached the crash site: she was in no position to know. "As time has gone it's just gnawed at me," Trombettas says. "I guess you could say I'm obsessed."

His work has won respect from many of those with an interest in the crash investigation, including Stan Molin and several current A300-600 pilots. Another admirer is Vernon Grose, a former safety-board member and seasoned crash investigator, now the chairman of the Omega Systems Group, a risk-management company in Arlington, Virginia. "We've never had a Victor before," Grose says. "But, for good reasons now, people have doubts about what the N.T.S.B. is doing. Unfortunately, I'm among them."

Wake vortex, the supposed trigger of the crash, is a phenomenon that can be hard to predict. For example, it always dissipates over time, thus ceasing to pose a danger, but it's often hard to say how fast this will happen. But wake vortex does not ignore the laws of physics. For a plane to be affected by the wake from an aircraft in front, it has to be in the wrong place at the wrong time: it has to fly through the mass of air containing the vortex. In the simplest scenario, this might happen if two planes followed the same flight path on a day when the air was still. But the air around J.F.K. on the morning of November 12, 2001, was not still, and Flight 587 did not follow the same flight path as the Japanese 747. It climbed more slowly and turned left over Jamaica Bay in a markedly tighter arc.

Victor Trombettas looked at the weather data from J.F.K. It showed the wind at ground level was blowing at nine knots out of the northwest, on a heading of 300 degrees. At 2,779 feet—about 300 feet above the maximum altitude reached by Flight 587—it was blowing at a speed of 19 knots. There were no localized gusts.

The N.T.S.B. has not yet released the records from the ground radar at air-traffic control that tracked the two planes in and around J.F.K., which ought to show where they were at 4.6-second intervals. Trombettas obtained this information from the Megadata Corporation's PASSUR system—widely acknowledged as the world's most accurate source of flight-path data. He drew up a chart and did the math. At the two points where the board says Flight 587 hit the 747's wake vortex, the courses of the two aircraft were more than three-quarters of a mile apart. This, it seemed, was too far away for the wind to have blown the vortex across Flight 587's path.

The second time this was supposed to have happened—the crucial wake-vortex encounter that allegedly triggered the wild rudder movements and caused the crash—appeared especially improbable. Trombettas's calculations suggest that, to have gotten as far as Flight 587, the vortex would have had to have been blown at 39 knots—more than twice the wind's actual speed. If the vortex traveled at only 19 knots, as the J.F.K. reports suggest, when Flight 587 reached the place where the second encounter is said to have happened, the vortex would still have been half a mile away.

Experiments by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration cast further doubt on the wake-vortex theory. Tests using Boeing 727, 757, and 767 aircraft indicated that wake vortex vanished less quickly when the winds were light—stronger winds "smoothed out" the turbulence and hastened its decay. In a 10-knot wind, a vortex might last as long as a minute; to persist as long as 85 seconds, the wind would have to be at 5 knots or less. To repeat: at the altitude Flight 587 supposedly hit the vortex from the 747, the wind was about 19 knots, and the two planes were about 100 seconds apart.

I traveled to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge to see R. John Hansman Jr., professor of aeronautics and astronautics and director of M.I.T.'s International Center for Air Transportation. A pilot with more than 4,200 flying hours, Hansman is an internationally acknowledged expert in flight safety and atmospheric conditions. The wind conditions, he says, make the safety board's version of events highly questionable.

"It really does look as if it's stretching it to say it's wake the second time if the wind has to be 39 knots," he says. "If they think the second wake-vortex encounter was a cause of the crash, they need to understand how this could have happened. You have to ask them if there is an explanation. And if there isn't, you have to keep digging."

As yet, the board can't provide this explanation. It asked NASA to produce a computer model showing how the vortex may have affected Flight 587. As of July 2002, this work had barely started.

As the sun sets one late-spring evening, Victor Trombettas, Stan Molin, and I stir our coffee in the Rockaway Sunset Diner, 15 blocks from the crash site. Two big pieces of the aircraft landed on the roof above where we sit. Trombettas opens his laptop and clicks on a sound file—a copy of recordings made on November 12 by air-traffic control. It's not a complete record of what was said in the cockpit, only comments the crew made while a radio-transmission microphone was open. Out of the chatter comes a clear male voice. It utters a short quizzical phrase, its intonation rising: "Try escape?" Molin's tanned face turns pale. "That sounds like my son." He listens again. This time, he's certain.

"I felt this kick—like someone had just moved the plane to the right," says a pilot, describing an experience with an Airbus A300-600.

When the F.A.A. released the transcripts of this recording, it claimed the words used were "nice game"—a phrase that would have been meaningless. But "Try escape" isn't meaningless at all. It relates to a set procedure American Airlines teaches its A300-600 pilots at its flight school in Dallas. I interviewed nine Airbus pilots for this article: not one had ever used it, nor knew anyone who had. "Escape" is a so-called red-box procedure in the airline's training manual—meaning it has to be learned by heart and practiced regularly in a flight simulator. "It's basically a maneuver you use when the plane's out of control and in danger of smashing into the ground," says Captain Pete Bruder. His colleague Captain Bob Tamburini adds, "It's used when you're in an extreme situation, like trying not to crash into a mountain. Sten obviously sensed that's what he was dealing with."

In an escape maneuver, the crew tries to bring the plane's nose up by at least 15 degrees, and then they do something very unusual. They switch off the "limiter" that normally stops the engines from reaching maximum power, and move the engine controls to full throttle. (In an ordinary takeoff, a pilot might typically use about 80 percent of the engines' thrust.) Pilots are taught never to use the escape maneuver except in emergencies, because this may cause expensive damage and shorten the engines' life. In the words of another pilot, "Going to max power means, 'Fuck the engines, I want power!'" Ted Lopatkiewicz, the safety board's spokesman, insists there is "no evidence" that the "Try escape" radio message came from Flight 587: the words are not on the cockpit voice recorder. Glen Schulze, an air-crash data specialist who has worked with NASA and the C.I.A., has analyzed the message tapes and says there is a "high probability" that these words were spoken on the doomed plane. In any event, what isn't in doubt is that the crew was trying the escape maneuver. Months ago, the board disclosed that one of the pilots' voices was clearly recorded saying two words: "Max power." There's only one reason he would have done so in this case—he was trying the "escape."

In any crash investigation, among the first things investigators try to do is build a timeline. Sifting myriad data to hunt for cause and effect is futile unless one knows the order in which things happened. "Normally you'd get that readout within hours of receiving the black boxes," former N.T.S.B. member Vernon Grose says. "It's almost Step One." More than six months after the crash of Flight 587, the board's chair, Marion Blakey, claimed that no unified timeline had yet been produced and that the information from different sources—the flight-data and voice recorders and the ground radars—had yet to be matched. "That's a complicated process," she told reporters. "All of that will be provided for the docket [the reports to be released at the public hearings in October 2002] when we have it, but we don't have it now." Grose finds this hard to believe. "Don't tell me they haven't done that," he growls. "And if not, why not?"

Once again, it is Trombettas and his on-line advisers who are attempting to fill the void. With much of the data still withheld, Trombettas's timeline isn't complete. But he has been able to match the air-traffic-control recordings—which are precisely timed—with the PASSUR radar data. He correlated this with the times of key events from the flight-data and voice recorders released by the safety board last year. (Questioned by *Vanity Fair,* spokesman Lopatkiewicz warned against drawing conclusions from these timings, saying they were "preliminary.")

Matching all this data casts doubt on the official story so far disseminated.

The crucial moment comes when either Molin or States revealed that the plane was in deep trouble by calling for "Max power"—15 minutes and 58 seconds after nine A.M. This was about a second before Flight 587 is supposed to have hit the 747's wake vortex for the second time; about a second before the wild rudder movements began. The disputed "Try escape" call came another six seconds earlier. Even if Molin didn't say these words, the pilots would not have called for maximum power without careful thought, and they wouldn't have reacted instantaneously to a crisis. One of the board's nuggets of information provides another clue. Four seconds before the "Max power" call, the N.T.S.B. has said, the cockpit recorder picked up some "airframe rattling" noises. It seems an inescapable conclusion that the pilots feared they were losing their plane well before the board says anything went wrong. An American Airlines official—who asked to remain anonymous—says, "Something was going drastically wrong. And it's clear the crew didn't know what it was."

The final clue comes from the ground radars. Every 4.6 seconds, the transponder inside every airliner sends out a packet of electronic data, sometimes known as a "squawk," which identifies the aircraft and states its altitude. It has to be reliable. As American Airlines first officer Todd Wissing says, if it weren't, air-traffic control wouldn't know where planes are, and the risk of midair collisions would be considerable. He has, he says, heard of occasions when aircraft transponders malfunction, "but I've never heard of that happening with an A300-600."

Flight 587's transponder was malfunctioning—long before the rudder movements and the ripping off of its tail. According to the PASSUR radar data obtained by Trombettas, it sent out an unreadable, "corrupt" squawk very early in the flight—just 51 seconds after takeoff, 14 seconds before the first alleged wake-vortex encounter. It did so again a second before the "Max power" call. Finally, when the pilots said they were "losing control," the transponder said the plane was flying at 3,019 feet. In fact, says Lopatkiewicz, it never got above 2,500 feet. The transponder was sending out "erroneous data."

Was this radar fault merely a coinci-



COULD THIS BE THE WORK OF THE DEVIL? IT LOOKS INNOCENT ENOUGH. NATURAL EARTHY COLOR, WARM, FRIENDLY GREETING. DON'T BE FOOLED, FRIENDS. THE WELCOME MAT IS THE SWISS CHEESE ON THE MOUSETRAP THAT IS MODERN URBANIZED CULTURE. KNOWINGLY SUCKING YOU INTO THE EVIL VOID OF "IN." A PLACE WHERE THE AIR IS REFINED AND RECYCLED AND FORMICA SERVES AS FLORA. WORRY NOT, HOWEVER, THERE ARE OTHER FORCES AT WORK HERE. FORCES THAT REALIZE "OUT" IS DECIDEDLY, UNDENIABLY BETTER THAN "IN." FORCES THAT BELIEVE THE SOUL-CLEANSING, LIFE-AFFIRMING PRESENCE OF AN EVERGREEN CANNOT BE SIMULATED BY AN AIR-FRESHENER. IT IS THESE FORCES THAT HAVE PUT TOGETHER A LINE OF OUTDOOR GEAR AIMED AT HELPING YOU VENTURE WELL BEYOND THE FOUR STAGNANT WALLS OF "IN." FAR INTO THE SWEET ABYSS OF "OUT." SHOES, BOOTS, CLOTHING MADE WITH THAT SINGLE, NOBLE GOAL IN MIND. ALL WE ASK FOR IN RETURN IS ONE SIMPLE ACT. TURN ALL THOSE WELCOME MATS AROUND TO FACE THE GREAT OUTDOORS. AND USE THOSE SWEET SEDUCTIVE POWERS FOR GOOD INSTEAD OF EVIL. TIMBERLAND. SEEK OUT

dence, unconnected to the crash? Or may it be evidence of some general electronic failure? In any event, it now seems clear that the rudder movements came near the end, not the beginning, of Flight 587's path to disaster.

June 27, 2000: a calm, sunny day over the green patchwork of Gloucestershire, England. Captain Pete Bruder was in command of an American Airlines A300-600 on its way from London's Heathrow airport to New York. At 22,000 feet, he says, "it just went, Bang! It was like someone pushed the whole plane. It went left, right, left, and back to where we started. We got slammed." In the main cabin, a flight attendant was thrown into a passenger's lap as the plane lurched from side to side. "Everyone in back was terrified," Bruder says. Unwilling to risk an Atlantic crossing, he returned to Heathrow.

The Air Accidents Investigation Branch, the British N.T.S.B., held an investigation. There was nothing on the flight-data recorder that indicated what might have happened, and no evidence of a fault. The weather was stable. Minutes ahead of the A300-600 had been a Boeing 777. The investigators could not be certain, but reported that "it is most probable that the reason" for the Airbus's experience was the 777's wake vortex. Bruder—who at the time had 10,500 hours' flight experience—is unimpressed. "When you hit wake vortex, the plane rolls: up one side, then down again when you get through it. This was different. Something made an input on the rudder on that plane, and you'll never convince me it didn't."

American is the only U.S. passenger carrier that uses the Airbus A300-600—mainly on its routes from New York and Miami to Latin America and the Caribbean. Dozens of other airlines in the rest of the world fly this plane, including Lufthansa, Thai Airways, Emirates, Olympic, and Korean Air. At American Airlines' New York station, the people most concerned about Flight 587 are some of the pilots still flying the 34 A300-600s the airline has left. Like Victor Trombettas, they have used the months since the crash to carry out their own research. Among their troubling findings are records from 21 incidents in which A300-600s appear to have undergone "uncommanded rudder inputs" of the kind Bruder describes.

One of the first came in the summer of 1989, says Dan Carey, now a 777 captain who flew the A300-600 for nine years. He recalls taking off from the Caribbean island of Aruba. "As we started getting faster, I saw the left rudder pedal moving. The faster we're going, the more the pedal is going in. And I see the pilot's right leg is starting to shake because he's putting so much pressure on to keep the plane straight." At a speed of 108 knots (about 120 m.p.h.), the pilot aborted the takeoff, slamming on the brakes and raising the spoilers. "The airplane was kind of hopping across the surface," Carey says. "It took me a while to tell the tower what had happened. I had the shakes, and I couldn't pick up the microphone."

In June 1999, American Airlines gave official recognition to the issue. In a "pink bulletin" circular to all its A300-600 captains and first officers, it cited a flight the previous month from Bogotá, Colombia, to Miami, when the pilots had found themselves unable to stop multiple rudder movements which had caused the plane to lurch from side to side. It later emerged that ground engineers had miswired the controls. The pink bulletin had strong advice, printed in capitals, for pilots who experienced anything similar: LAND AS SOON AS PRACTICAL.

Less than a fortnight after the crash of Flight 587, an American Airlines A300-600 fishtailed in the sky after leaving Lima, Peru. In January 2002 another A300-600 reportedly experienced an uncommanded "rudder jolt" on its way from San Juan, Puerto Rico, to Newark, New Jersey. Afterward, Captain Glenn Schafer flew it across the Hudson for maintenance at J.F.K. Just 50 feet above the runway during takeoff, he says, "I felt

"As time has gone it's just gnawed at me," says Trombettas of the crash of Flight 587. "I guess you could say I'm obsessed."



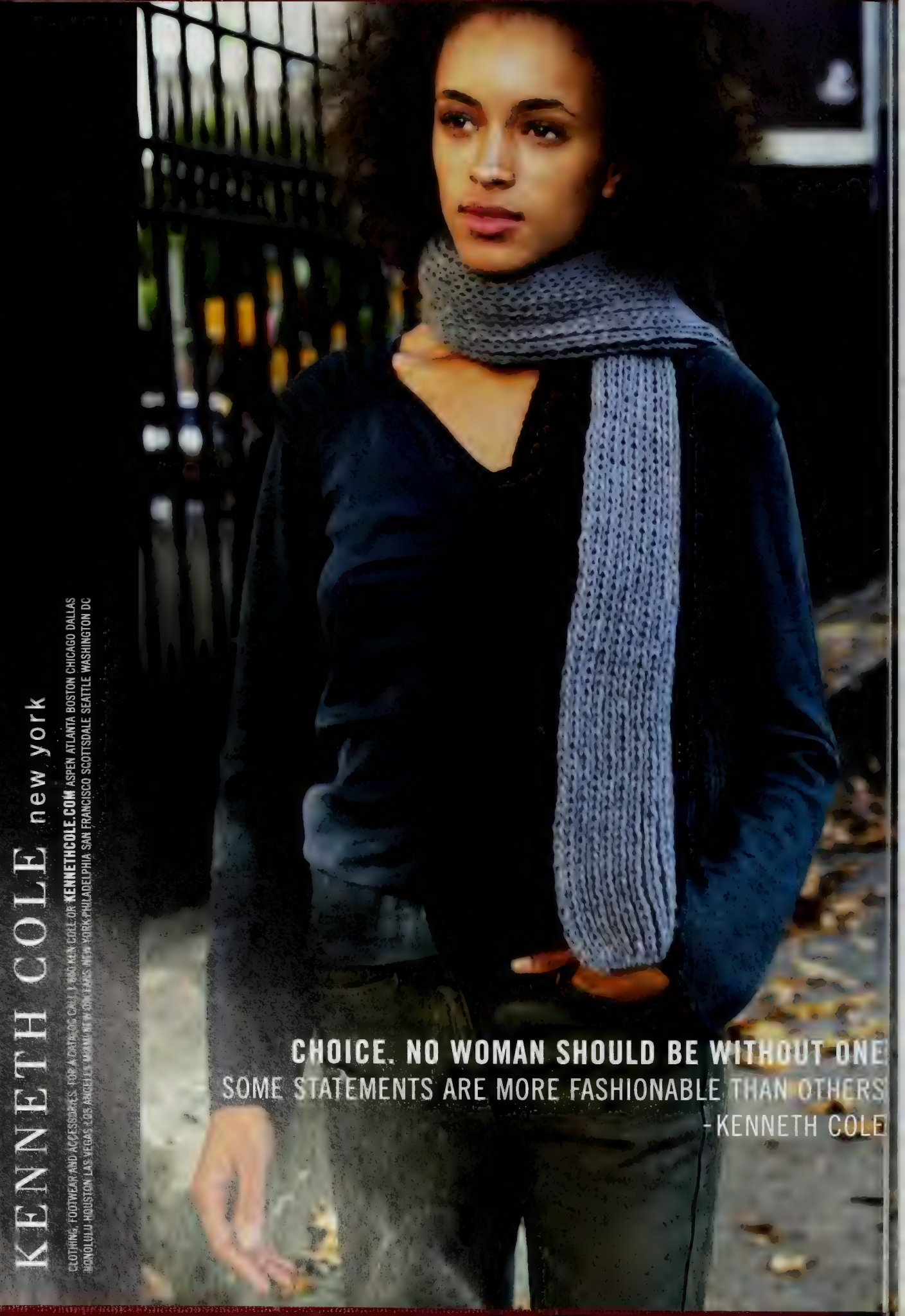


THE SKEPTIC Aviation buff Victor Trombettas in Rockaway, New York. *Inset*, F.B.I. agents examine a section of a Flight 587 engine.


NOT VOTING IS SO LAST SEASON.
SOME STATEMENTS ARE MORE FASHIONABLE THAN OTHERS.
-KENNETH COLE




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SOME STATEMENTS ARE MORE FASHIONABLE THAN OTHERS
-KENNETH COLE

this kick—like someone had just moved the plane to the right. I've never felt anything like that before." The same month, an A300-600 had climbed to 10,000 feet from takeoff in Miami when it underwent several minutes of "uncommanded yawing" that caused the plane's doors to "buckle and pop," says a crew member. The pilots turned around and made an emergency landing, but, after electronic parts governing the rudder were replaced overnight, another crew experienced further "uncommanded rudder inputs" the next day.

At the end of March, Schafer, Bruder, Wissing, and five of their colleagues submitted a 73-page dossier to Marion Blakey, chair of the N.T.S.B., and Jane Garvey, head of the F.A.A. They said the "flight control malfunctions" so frequently experienced on A300-600 planes "in many cases defy reasonable explanations." In a letter responding to the pilots' dossier, the F.A.A.'s director of aircraft-certification service, John J. Hickey, wrote: "To date, no information has come to my attention that would warrant grounding of the A300-600 fleet." In a separate letter, the N.T.S.B. agreed with that assessment.

Alain du Piech, a spokesman for Airbus in Toulouse, France, declines to discuss the pilots' claims about uncommanded rudder movements in the A300-600. An American Airlines spokesman says the airline "does not believe there is any pattern" to these incidents, and that they may have several different causes, including miswiring and overreaction by the plane's computers to imbalances in engine power.

Aviation experts say the common factor is likely to lie somewhere in the plane's electronic control system. The A300-600 was the first in a series of Airbus models that took aircraft computerization to ever higher levels in an effort to eliminate the possibility of pilot error once and for all. Unfortunately, the growth of technology has brought new problems. John Hansman, the M.I.T. aeronautics professor, says: "When you create electronic control systems, you create the potential for uncommanded inputs."

One such system has apparently affected the Airbus A320, a single-aisle aircraft built to rival Boeing's 727 and 737. In 1994 an A320 crashed when it overshot the end of a runway on landing in Warsaw. It emerged that an A320's computer would allow the plane to brake after touching down only if its sensors said the wheels on both sides were running along the tarmac and bearing the weight of the plane. In certain wind conditions, pilots would try to stop, but the computer would disable the brakes, and the controls would not respond.

That fault was fixed, but there has been at least one other clash between pilots and the A320. On March 17, 2001, Northwest Airlines Flight 985 was taking off from Detroit. At a speed of 110 knots—much too slow for sustainable flight—the nose began to lift. The pilot tried to lower it, using the flaps, but, as the official report says, "the airplane was unresponsive. The airplane became airborne and climbed to an altitude of 20 to 30 feet above the runway." The only way to avoid a crash was to cut the engine power. At last the plane "settled to the runway," its tail end striking the tarmac. It plowed off the end and continued for another 700 feet before coming to a stop in mud. The aircraft was badly damaged, but no one was seriously hurt.

If the rudder movements on Flight 587 were uncommanded, there is a possible suspect. An A300-600's rudder can be moved not only by the control pedals but also by an electronic system known as the "yaw damper." Its purpose is to provide a smooth and even flight; it responds to winds, turbulence, or movements of the plane by making small adjustments to the rudder. The concerned Airbus pilots suspect faulty yaw-damper systems in several of the other incidents.

"It just went, Bang! It was like someone pushed the whole plane. It went left, right, left, and back to where we started."

What we do know is that in Flight 587's pre-flight checks the crew discovered that the computer system controlling the backup autopilot command to the yaw damper was malfunctioning. They had to ask the ground engineers to fix it. Establishing whether this was a cause of the crash will not be easy.

In his office at M.I.T., James H. Williams Jr. hands me a smooth, black panel of carbon-fiber composite. The length and width of a paperback, it's about one-eighth of an inch thick. It seems to weigh almost nothing, but stressed from end to end, along the grain of the fibers, it might easily support a weight of 10 tons. Inadvertently, I flex it a little sideways. The panel cracks audibly. With a little more pressure, Williams confirms, I would have snapped it in half.

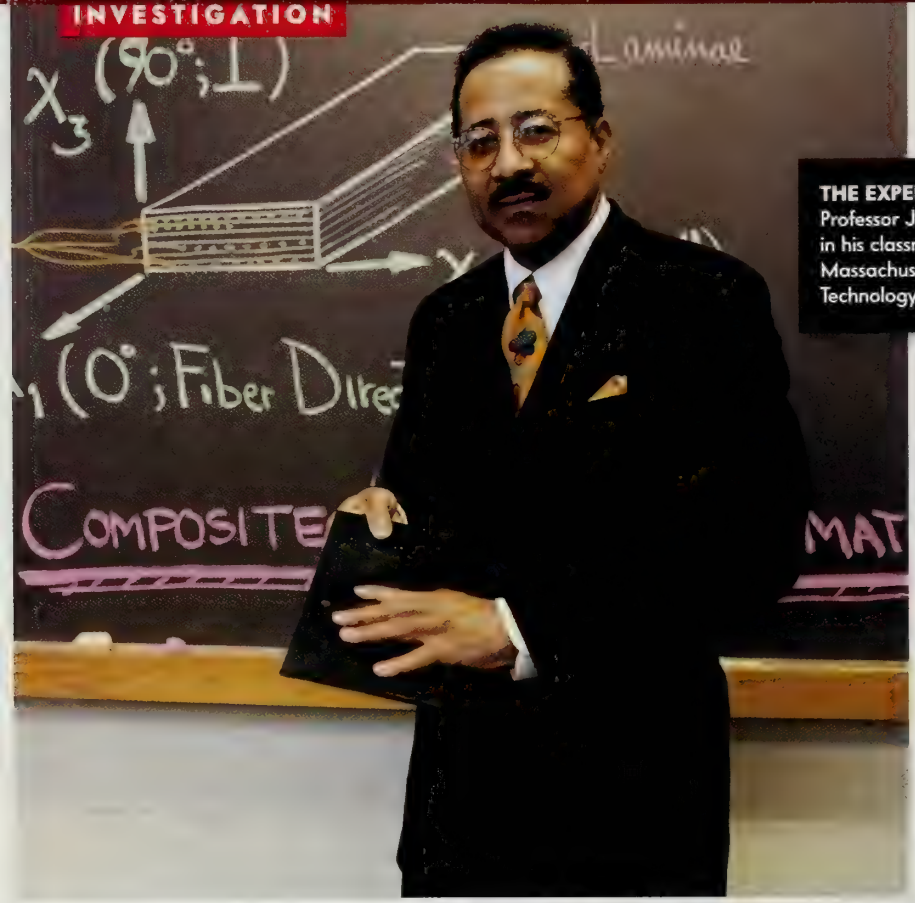
Williams, M.I.T. School of Engineering Professor of Teaching Excellence, is one of the world's leading authorities on the use of this material in aircraft. A longtime adviser to the U.S. government, he has consulted on some of the West's most advanced military aircraft. The response to the crash of Flight 587 from Airbus, American Airlines, and the federal authorities worries him deeply.

Flight 587's chances for survival ended when two composite components—first the rudder, then the vertical tail fin, a huge structure 28 feet high—became detached from the fuselage. This was unprecedented, but Williams's fear is that, without significant changes to the way some composite aircraft parts are designed, repaired, and inspected, it may turn out not to be unique. "Composites are wonderful materials, but there's a lot about them we do not understand," Williams says. "The safety and comfort of our families, friends, and the dedicated crews who serve us demand that these issues be addressed. And out of respect for those directly affected by Flight 587, the sooner the better."

Reduced to essentials, a composite of the kind found in an A300-600's tail is nothing more than hundreds of sheets like those in Williams's panel stuck together with epoxy glue—the carbon-fiber equivalent of plywood. However, actually making a composite durable enough to endure the stresses of tens of thousands of flying hours is a lot less simple than the idea. Because each layer is only strong in one direction, along the fiber grain, the engineers need to work out from which directions loads will come, and then lay the sheets in a complex, crisscross pattern. If they get this wrong, a big or unexpected load might cause an airplane part to fail as easily as I almost snapped the panel.

It's also vital there be no kinks or folds as the layers are laid, and no gaps in their coating of glue. Williams illustrates what would happen if the epoxy bond between the layers was less than perfect by handing me a pair of thin carbon-fiber rulers, with a strip of foam sandwiched between them. I can flex them with little effort. He hands me a second sandwich made of identical materials, but with the three layers bonded to one another. It feels completely rigid. The simple fact that one layer can't move against another has increased its stiffness many times. By the same token, if the layers inside an aircraft part start to separate, to delaminate, much of the stiffness will be lost. Once delamination starts, it is likely to get worse. "One tiny flaw may cause the stress to become concentrated at that spot, so the delamination may spread."

Aircraft travel repeatedly from tropical temperatures on the ground to the minus-50s Fahrenheit at 30,000 feet. That causes



THE EXPERT
Professor James Williams in his classroom at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge.

condensation: a typical aircraft composite, even in perfect condition, can absorb water to about 3 percent of its weight. But water inside a gap between carbon-fiber layers will freeze and expand. Like a pothole in a roadway in winter, Williams says, the gap may grow.

Until Airbus began to develop the A300-600, around 1980, civilian-aircraft makers had employed composites only for peripheral items, such as wing flaps or passenger-compartment paneling. But composites are much lighter than steel and aluminum, and Airbus knew that using more of these lighter materials would enable airlines to cut their fuel costs. The A300-600 became the world's first airliner to use composites in a vital, load-bearing structure—its tail. In its sales literature, Airbus describes the A300-600 as "the regional profit machine." By the end of April 2002, 768 had been delivered worldwide, with 61 new orders in 2001 alone. This aircraft was the start of the stunning tide of success that has given Airbus primacy over Boeing, with 61 percent of world airliner sales.

Airbus recognized that its composite parts would need regular inspection. But the regime its engineers recommended, which the Federal Aviation Administration promptly approved, was far from rigorous, in Williams's opinion. All the F.A.A. required was a visual check every five years. According to Airbus, any damage or delamination within the composite tail that was serious enough to cause structural weakness would be visible on the surface. Even since Flight 587 smashed into Rockaway, both Airbus and the F.A.A. have maintained this position.

"Composites are wonderful materials, but there's a lot about them we do not understand," says Williams of the material in the A300-600 tail.

Professor Williams does not find this adequate. "In essence, Airbus's policy for its A300-600 composite vertical stabilizer is that damage that cannot be seen with the unaided eye will not compromise its structural integrity," he says. "This is a lamentably naïve policy. It is analogous to assessing whether a woman has breast cancer by simply looking at her family portrait."

In his view, long before some composite flaws show up on the surface, the material can become dangerously weak. He says the only safe way to determine whether a composite aircraft part is starting to soften through cracks or delamination is to subject it to "modern nondestructive testing," employing technological methods of "seeing" beneath its skin. One common method is ultrasound, using a giant version of the machine an obstetrician employs to examine a fetus in utero. Another is thermography—a technique based on the principle that holes inside a piece of composite will conduct heat at a different rate from that of a solidly bonded, undamaged region. These approaches—thanks in part to Williams's research—have been accepted by the military for several years. Jet fighters that use composites in their tails are frequently inspected with ultrasound.

Airbus and American Airlines insist that nondestructive testing of A300-600 tail fins that have experienced only normal flight is unnecessary and dangerous. The tails are fixed to the fuselage with bolts inserted through six huge composite lugs, which in turn slot inside six metal brackets—entirely hidden from view. That means that to submit the composites, lugs included, to ultrasound inspection, the tails have to be removed—a difficult and cumbersome process requiring a special lifting rig. This, claims the airline, risks damaging the lugs.

Williams has carried out research into the way composites decay and lose their strength and stiffness, even when there are no cracks or delamination. He has found that, like steel, composites may suffer fatigue. They tend to have a fixed life span, with a finite number of times they can bear loads before they lose a significant fraction of their strength. But this period, he says, can be shortened drastically. "If the plane suffers a humongous bump, the fatigue process is accelerated, even though there may not appear to be any damage. If that happens, you've used up a lot of the material's life."

The plane that crashed in Rockaway, Serial Number 053, had undergone just such a bump. In 1994 it ran into some nasty clear-air turbulence on a flight from Miami to San Juan. Captain Dan Carey was asked to ferry it back. "The hand-baggage bins had come away from the ceiling. Someone had been in the center toilet when they hit the turbulence. There the whole ceiling had gone—the passenger's head had simply smashed through it. I'd never seen a plane in such a state before. It was a wreck." He flew the plane back at 8,000 feet, 24,000 feet below normal cruising altitude, following a course from island to island, with the landing gear down.

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tion—and injured 47 people aboard—must have been immense. In accordance with the Airbus policy, no one ever did more than "visually inspect" the tail.

There was something else in Plane 053's history that may have weakened it. It should have been the first of American Airlines' 35 A300-600s to enter service. In fact, it was the seventh. The reason for the delay was a manufacturing error discovered before the plane was delivered. In one of the lugs, a layer of composite had been allowed to kink, instead of lying flat against the layers on either side. In effect, here was serious delamination before the first flight. To fix the problem, Airbus attached an extra slab of composite, riveted to the original lug.

It may not be coincidence that this is one of the places where Flight 587's tail ripped from the fuselage. "Repairs may be quite unreliable," Williams says. His tests have shown that, depending on how it's done, riveting a patch to a weakened section, as Airbus did with Plane 053, will result in a part with anywhere from 20 to 90 percent of its original design strength. Williams says, "If you have a repair method, you need to have a way of checking how strong it is. The only way to do that safely is through destructive testing: to have a good technician fabricate a repair scheme and have it loaded to destruction many times."

"Given the number of unanswered questions right now, I just don't feel comfortable flying the A300-600," says pilot Jason Goldberg.

The safety board has said that Flight 587's tail bears the signs of extensive delamination—but the board adds that it is unclear "whether this occurred before impact or as a result of impact." After the crash, American Airlines used ultrasound to test the lugs from a second A300-600, which came close to crashing near West Palm Beach, Florida, in 1997. The test of this particular tail revealed considerable delamination prompting American to order a new tail for this plane. Visual inspections had not found any sign of this damage in either of these aircraft.

In Professor Williams's view, designers of passenger jets must make it easier for any vital parts made of composites to be inspected safely with ultrasound. He isn't alone in that view. In an official NASA report on composites, engineers Charles Harris and Mark Shuart agree that nondestructive inspectability" is essential.

[illegible] thing is that the F.A.A. has stipulated that the composite tails of later Airbus models do require regular ultrasound testing. On March 11, 2002, the F.A.A. ordered A320 operators to examine their tails with ultrasound every 1,100 flights. The designs of A320 and A300-600 tails are very similar.

With each successive new model, Airbus is relying more and more on composites. In its A380 superjumbo, a huge, double-decker plane now being built, which will have a capacity of 555 passengers, not just the tail but large parts of the wings and engines, and most of the fuselage, will be made of composites. I asked Airbus whether an ability to undergo ultrasound testing was part of its design. Du Piech, the Airbus spokesman, said he could not answer this question, and promised to arrange an interview with a design engineer. He failed to do so. He continues to maintain that the Airbus A300-600 tail is made so strong that such testing is unnecessary, adding that the only important question is why Flight 587 was flown in a manner that imposed loads beyond the plane's design limits. (In fact, as Lopatkiewicz of the N.T.S.B. confirms, the safety board has not yet established whether the tail did snap off beyond those limits—establishing that is the "$64,000 question," he says.) But why did the F.A.A. approve the visual-inspection regime? Spokesman Les Dorr says, "You're talking about an aircraft that was originally certified in France—by the certification authority of a major manufacturing country. They gave us the data and we accepted it. You really need to go back to the French."

For the time being, the crash of Flight 587 remains a mystery. Where was the start of the catastrophic chain? While the N.T.S.B. continues to guard the full flight-data record, there are few clues.

Some may come from eyewitnesses. In Rockaway, those who saw the crash say the N.T.S.B. has largely ignored them. As former board member Vernon Grose says, crash investigators need to be cautious with this kind of testimony. At the same time, "the automatic rejection of eyewitness accounts is unwise. If 40 people are saying roughly the same thing, you can't conclude they have no validity."

In and around Rockaway, 180 people are saying much the same thing—that they saw a thick smoke trail or, in most cases, livid fire coming from Flight 587 sometime before it crashed. One is John Power, who was walking with his wife in a nature preserve on the north side of Jamaica Bay, and who says he observed the plane for 25 to 30 seconds before it crashed. He saw a thick trail of smoke coming from the right-hand side. The plane seemed to be "skidding," its nose out of alignment with the direction of flight. Finally, he says, he saw the jet, with its tail still intact, perform a series of rolls, spins, and other gyrations.

Michael Benjamin, who works in Albany for the New York State Assembly, was driving south toward Jamaica Bay with his family. "My daughter screams, 'Dad! Look up!' There was a huge, roaring fire coming out of the plane on the right side by the wing. We started screaming because it was the most horrific thing. I was hoarse for two days." James Conrad, a newly retired police lieutenant, saw the plane from the Rockaway end of the Marine Parkway Bridge. He saw what looked like "an explosion, orange flame.... The plane was fully enveloped." Some of the witnesses who say they saw the plane smoking or burning in the air have worked as professional firefighters. One is Tom Lynch, also a former air-force mechanic. Another is Peter Hayden—a deputy fire chief with the New York City Fire Department.

If the plane was on fire, it raises further questions. What started it? Was it the primary or a secondary cause of the crash? Meanwhile, the board has released data suggesting that before any of the rudder movements the cockpit voice recorder picked up two periods of "airframe rattling" noises. Were these the sounds of a plane starting to shake itself apart, already refusing to respond to its controls? For now, the only certainty is loss: a widow and two sons in Plainsboro, New Jersey; a family in Greenwich; dozens of Dominican families in America and Santo Domingo.

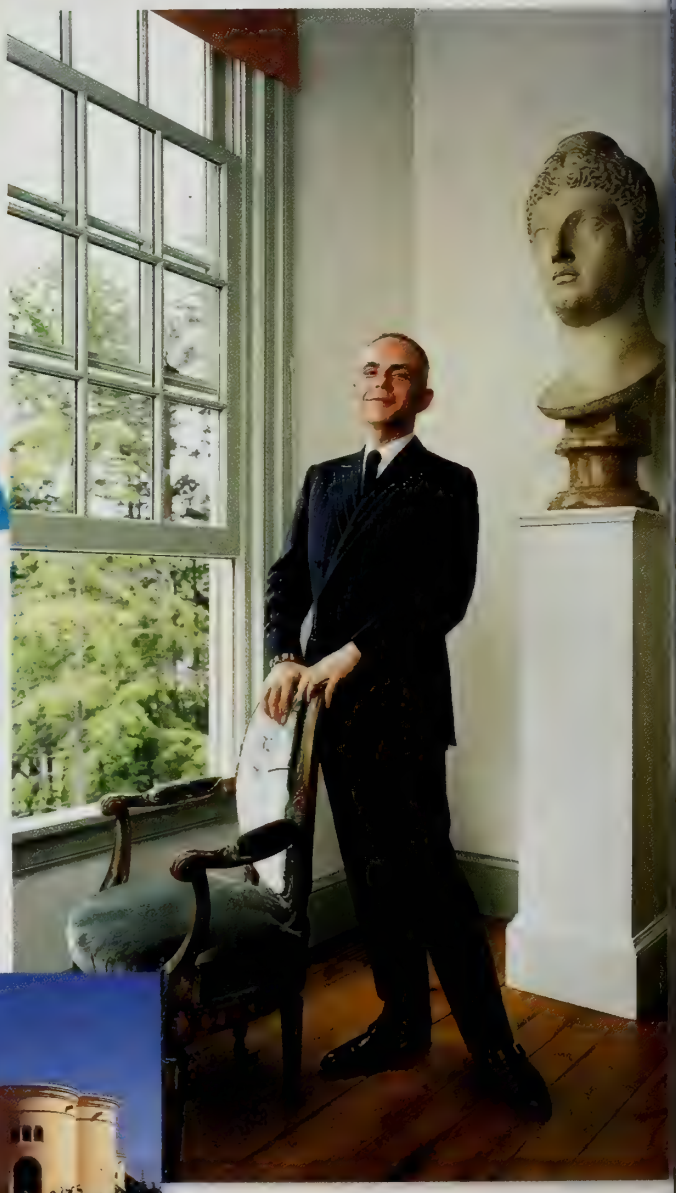
Some American Airlines A300-600 pilots are voting with their feet. Captain Tamburini has already managed to get himself transferred to Boeing 767s. Others are hoping to follow.

Jason Goldberg has started the 767 training course. The Boeing is a smaller plane, and the move means a 7 percent pay cut. Retraining is a huge inconvenience: he has a son aged five, and spending six weeks at flight school in Dallas means child-care arrangements of some complexity. "Given the number of unanswered questions right now, I just don't feel comfortable flying the A300-600," he says. "I had thought I'd be flying the Airbus for the rest of my career, but there you are. I don't want to sound dramatic, but it's just how I feel." □


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TO SIR WITH LOVE
From top: Sir James Goldsmith in 1987; Robert Couturier in his Connecticut living room with a 4th-century A.D. Roman bust of Faustina, Marcus Aurelius's mother-in-law, and an 18th-century Turino chair, May 30, 2002; Goldsmith's castle in Cuixmala, Mexico, designed by Couturier.



The Titan and the Architect

At 26, architect-decorator Robert Couturier met Sir James Goldsmith, the client who would make him famous, beginning 15 breakneck years of work on the late billionaire's mansions, his private 757, and his famously luxurious castle complex in Mexico. Now, at last, Couturier is building a life, and a home, for himself

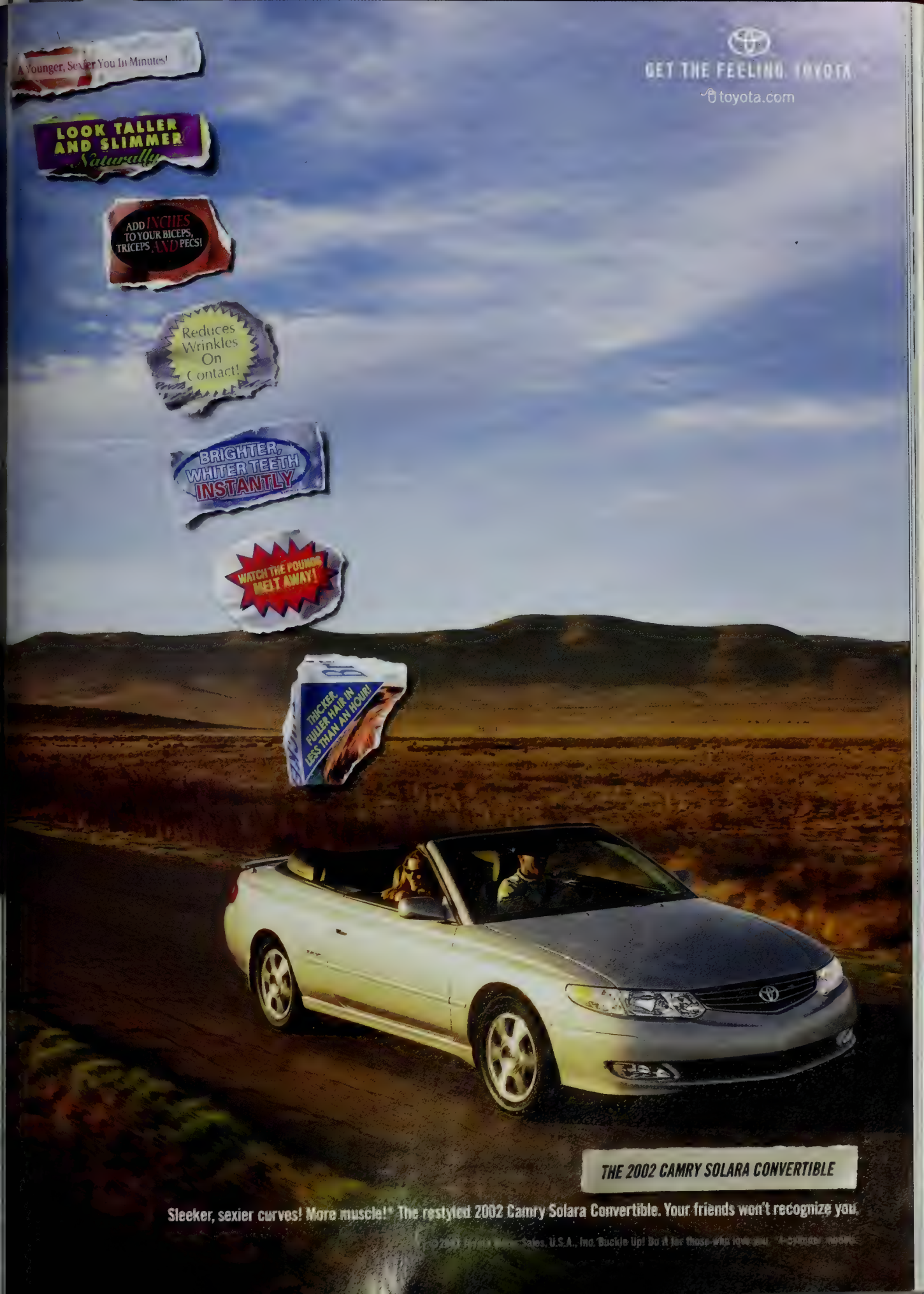
BY AMY FINE COLLINS



No lapse of taste, no fault of historical accuracy, no revealing detail of social history escapes the vigilant eye of the Paris-born, New York–based [illegible]-old architect-decorator Robert Couturier, [illegible]s sweeping through the Metropolitan [illegible] of Art. "This is approaching perfec-[illegible] Couturier says in front of the Wrights-[illegible] 1780 Hôtel de Crillon room. "But the candlestick on the desk would have been gold. Not silver." Navigating next to a gallery of 18th-century French sculpture, he dashes over to a marble portrait bust by Guillaume Coustou—which, for Couturier, could just as well be a flesh-and-blood acquaintance at a party. "That's the most powerful banker in Louis XIV's France, Samuel Bernard—the precursor to Jimmy Goldsmith," he says, referring to his most famous client, the late Anglo-French financier. Gravitating to a 1718 bedroom from the Palazzo Sagredo in Venice, he sighs, "All for pleasure, for joy." His eyes lift skyward to the clustered buttocks of the stucco putti, suspended like foam from the ceiling. "So sexy!" he exclaims. "You can almost hear the canal water splashing outside. I don't know where this idea came from that the French make good lovers. French love is a mental game, only about how you get there. And why not? Afterward it is just another porn movie anyway."

Finally, he arrives at the goal of today's pilgrimage, the exhibition "Tapestry in the Renaissance: Art and Magnificence,"

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where he lingers, enthralled, for the next two hours. Before a spectacularly gory circa-1500 woven evocation of the Trojan War—a decapitated corpse spews blood in the lower left corner, a cheek is sliced off on the far right—Couturier reflects wistfully, "What confidence they had in their time—to dress these warriors in the clothing of their own day. Why now do we copy the past? One must not regret the past, one must learn from it!"

Couturier—who would probably be more in character in white tie and a monocle than in his museum outfit of Prada coat and Gucci suit—has, like Penelope, spent the last two decades unraveling and relooming his own history. The son of a family enriched by a world monopoly on photographic gelatin, Couturier grew up in a Hector Guimard–designed *hôtel particulier* in the posh 16th Arrondissement. He saw his parents so infrequently that whenever his father entered the room, he says, out of fear, "I peed in my pants." The novelist and publisher Cécile David-Weill, who was raised in a similar milieu, says, "Robert was brought up to be an old man—polite, well dressed, and miserable. He has spent his adulthood learning to become young." Couturier recalls, "I escaped by building castles and farms out of Legos—ideal homes for ideal families."

In spite of his family's conviction that he was condemning himself to entering friends' houses through service doors, he enrolled, after boarding school, in Paris's École Camondo to study architecture and decoration. "Robert was an aesthete, an artist, a *personnage* of Proust," Cécile David-Weill remembers. "All day long he was drawing—façades, friezes, furniture, the details of the houses he went to."

And Couturier was admitted at all the best houses. Béatrice Stern, Cécile's sister (both are daughters of Lazard chairman Michel David-Weill), says, "It was the era of the *rallyes*"—the debutante parties that, in the 1970s, still structured the social lives of patrician Parisians between ages 16 and 20. "Robert was the most cultured boy, and the best dancer." Adds screenwriter Natalie Merveilleux du Vignaux, a third David-Weill sister, "At 18 he had already read the great books and had a fully digested knowledge of music, art, history. It gave him something different—a point of view about life."

> "We are Eurotrash," Couturier proclaimed to *People* in 1983. "We are spoiled. We are brats."



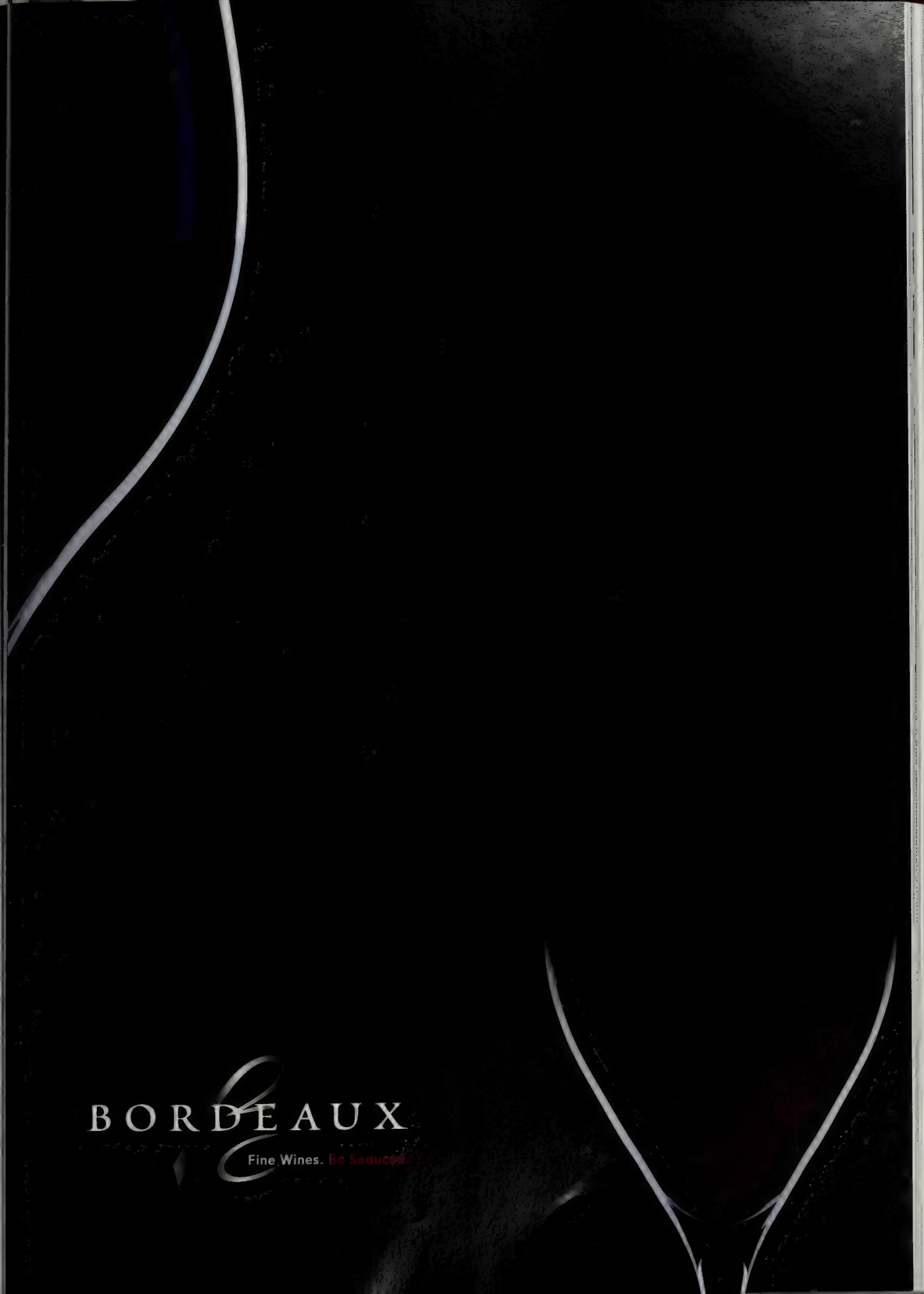
This viewpoint led him on a direct path out of France to Manhattan, where he moved permanently in 1981. In need of a job—his family's fortune had by now evaporated—Couturier showed his drawings to the restaurant designer Adam Tihany, who immediately took him on. As part of Tihany's office, Couturier worked on a country house in Pawling, New York, for film producer Dino De Laurentiis and actress Silvana Mangano. With Tihany he also designed the junior-jet-set nightspots Club A and La Coupole. He experienced a spark of fame in January 1983 after *People* interviewed him for a story entitled "The New Immigrants," about the Mitterrand-era flotsam of young Continentals who had just washed up on the Eastern Seaboard. "We are Eurotrash," he proclaimed, bringing the recently coined New York term to a wider public. "We are obnoxious. We are spoiled. We are brats. You name it. But we are not only that. We can also work a lot and prove that we have something to say. We are the beautiful people of the future."

About a year and a half earlier, at the New York apartment of Prince Michael of Greece, Couturier had met Laure Boulay de la Meurthe, a 28-year-old journalist and equestrienne whose exalted position in French society derived in part from her kinship with the Comte de Paris, the pretender to the French throne. De la Meurthe's other conspicuous advantage in life was her role, since 1976, as official mistress to Sir James Goldsmith.

Almost a year after they met, de la Meurthe (later the editorial director of the French society glossy *Point de Vue,* which Goldsmith had bought for her) solicited Couturier's opinion of the couple's new, double-width town house at 116 East 80th Street. "It was an old and gloomy house which still smelled of the previous owner, who had died there," de la Meurthe recalls. Couturier says he had "no hope of Jimmy hiring me. So, not having slept, I showed up for the meeting with Jimmy. I'd been up all night drinking, doing cocaine—everything. I had nothing to lose, so I felt completely at liberty to tell him exactly what I thought. 'Break through the ceiling and open up a big central courtyard to the sky,' I said. 'You need air!' I think I was the one who needed air, because I was so hung over! To my surprise, Jimmy said, 'Great! Finish it in three months.'" De la Meurthe says, "It was a stroke of genius.... This great idea gave birth to our long collaboration.... We were happy, very happy, during the time we spent there, and the architect is partly responsible." An immediate consequence of this auspicious encounter with Goldsmith was that "I had to sober up," Couturier says. "Jimmy saved me."

By 1986 the French architect had set up his own practice, on East 86th Street. His first clients in the new office were Marina Galesi ("born Princess Wolkonsky; her ancestor was the model for Prince Andrei Bolkonsky in *War*

20 QUESTIONS
A 20-year-old Robert Couturier hanging out at Castel, the Paris nightclub, in a Valentino suit, 1975.


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and Peace," Couturier says) and her businessman husband, Francesco, for their Manhattan apartment in River House. His next commission came from an old acquaintance, Philippe de Nicolay, Marie-Hélène de Rothschild's son from her first marriage, for a London town house. "It was sumptuous, luxurious," says Couturier nostalgically. "The kind of house I had known all my life, a perfect 19th-century house in the *style Rothschild.*"

In 1987, Goldsmith asked Couturier to return to work on the Manhattan mansion. But then, abruptly switching plans, the financier sold the property for a reported $17 million. Goldsmith, an ardent environmentalist, had meanwhile envisioned a far more kingly outpost for himself in the New World.

The preceding year, the billionaire had purchased from hundreds of disparate owners approximately 20,000 acres of remote, godforsaken land—encompassing an entire dry rain forest—on the Pacific Coast of Mexico, near Careyes. "It was unbelievably, staggeringly gorgeous," Couturier says, "the way the world might have looked after Creation." Goldsmith engaged a Mexico City architect to build an enormous house on a steep bluff overlooking the sea, on a spot called Cuixmala, spanning the states of Colima and Jalisco. "Cuixmala" means "'soul haven,' 'soul rest,'" de la Meurthe says, "and maybe, who knows, that was what we needed!"

One Sunday morning in June 1987, de la Meurthe phoned Couturier from Paris. "*Le Sieur* would like to speak to you," she announced, passing the instrument to Goldsmith, who informed Couturier, "You must come to Mexico and explain to this architect what I want. You are the only one who understands." De la Meurthe says, "The other architects we tried to work with were sad, their drawings were somber, unhappy." Goldsmith flew Couturier to Careyes for a July 10 meeting. What the Mexican architect had suggested for Cuixmala "was a football stadium," Couturier says. "To me it was very clear that what Jimmy wanted was a palace, a good, old-fashioned castle with everything that implies—land, guesthouses, dwellings for dependents. I cannot blame the Mexican for not understanding. How can any normal person imagine such a thing?"

Goldsmith and de la Meurthe gave the 32-year-old Couturier until September 1987 to reconceive Cuixmala. On schedule, he arrived in Paris (where the couple lived in Cole Porter's former Left Bank house) prepared to show 20 large sheets of drawings. "But first we attended the Féerie Ball of Marie-Hélène de Rothschild," Couturier remembers. "Then Jimmy decided he wanted to go to Istanbul!" Finally, floating in a hired boat on the Bosporus, Couturier unfurled his drawings. Couturier says he summoned up "out of nowhere, but in a way out of all civilizations," something "very fanciful. I had in mind a castle in the sun, something that the Crusaders might have built in the 12th century. It could not be an indigenous Mexican style—in that part of the world there had been temples, not palaces. And it could not look like the castles of Europe, created for cold, damp climates," Couturier explains. "The inspiration had to be Moorish, North African, Moghul Indian. Jimmy had never really read a plan before. After one minute looking at the first drawing he could read a plan better than most professionals. He was that brilliant, that quick about everything."

On January 21, 1988, ground was broken at Cuixmala. "It was exhilarating," Couturier says. The architect was embarking on this formidable, herculean enterprise with a staff of just four, but a labor force of 2,000 and a budget of "dozens of millions." Goldsmith's Fitzcarraldo-like undertaking encompassed far more than the construction of a majestic monument in the hinterlands—a looming beacon that the billionaire decreed must be "impressive but not overwhelming." Couturier and his crew were, in fact, wresting out of the raw terrain an entire, self-sufficient, Goldsmith-ruled cosmos. For its center—a resplendent sun among satellites—Couturier had charted out a vaulted, 60,000-square-foot concrete-and-steel main house, crowned by a vividly hued dome—a commanding cliff-top sanctuary for Goldsmith, de la Meurthe, and their two children. At a site 15 minutes toward the sea, he mapped out a subsidiary, 25,000-square-foot villa for Ginette Lery, Goldsmith's second wife and former secretary (his first wife, Isabel, had died during childbirth in 1954). Among the other dwellings fanning out across the land were six circular, 1,000-square-foot guest pavilions with views of lakes, rivers, mountains, and a dormant volcano; a seventh, larger guesthouse of similar plan; up the hill, a 15,000-square-foot guest dormitory; on a ridge, two houses for Ginette's son and daughter, Manes and Alix; numerous, gargantuan, thatched palapas, where most of the living and dining would actually take place; and stables. To house Goldsmith's biologist, pilots, secretaries, estate manager, and tutors, Couturier contrived a hill community with its own medical center, airstrip, and pool. And then there was Couturier's tour de force, the great double helix of a staircase linking the main house to the Pacific in a ziggurat-like, rhythmic cascade of 200 steps.

Goldsmith's first child, Isabel, and his third and last wife, Lady Annabel, were not components of the original arrangement. "Annabel had her house in Spain," Couturier says. (Residences for Annabel's children Jemima and Zacharias were nonetheless considered for a future date, as was, eventually, a house for their mother.) This unconventional constellation of wife, ex-wife, mistress, and their offspring cohered because "every second number got along," a Goldsmith insider says. "Annabel took Jimmy from Ginette, and Laure evened the score by taking

> Couturier explains, "We led a very courtly life [at Cuixmala]. It was an incestuous group, composed of family members, extremely powerful men, intellectuals. You'd have Marchioness of Dufferin, Jacob Rothschild, John Aspinall, Johnny Pigozzi, Lord Thomas, various Zilkhas, Nixon, Kissinger."



him from Annabel." Couturier says, "Jimmy represents a male fantasy. He did what other men never did, couldn't do, never allowed themselves to do."

The colossal proportions of the main house—its arched wooden doors, carved in India, stand 15 feet high—were, Couturier calculates, commensurate with its six-foot-three owner. "Jimmy lived bigger than most, was larger than life. His passions were huge. Even his rages were grand! Jimmy understood that a castle is a reflection of power, not wealth. The house is masculine, dominating, a lion on a rock." In contrast, Ginette's sinuous Italianate abode, which undulates near the sea, "is feminine, soft, curvy, yielding to the landscape."

Cuixmala, Couturier explains, "was a court. And we led a very courtly life there. It was an incestuous group, composed of family members, extremely powerful men, intellectuals. You'd have Marchioness of Dufferin, Jacob Rothschild, John Aspinall, Johnny Pigozzi, Lord Thomas, various Zilkhas, Nixon, Kissinger." From December to May, when Goldsmith was in residence, his visitors and their infinite surroundings were attended by a retinue of 400, including gardeners, cooks, security guards (recruited from the Mexican police force), and, says a frequent visitor, "two full-time cushion sewers" to keep in good repair the 1,300 vibrant Indian-silk pillows strewn across the enormous built-in sofas and armchairs. "Jimmy was the source of the whole region's economy," Couturier says.

The architect's role at court was defined by "his alliance with Laure," one Cuixmala habitué says. "She absolutely adored him and he was her court spy. The two of them would lie on adjacent deck chairs at the pool, or sit together at dinner, giggling while Jimmy talked to his male friends." Couturier says, "Jimmy



REX-MEX

From top: a guest bungalow overlooking the Pacific at the Cuixmala compound; Laure Boulay de la Meurthe and Goldsmith at a ball given by Count Giovanni Volpi, Venice, 1991; the 200-step double staircase leading to a swimming pool; the seaside villa of Ginette Lery, Goldsmith's second wife.





The architect's role at court was defined by "his alliance with Laure," says one Cuixmala habitué.

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PALACE IN WONDERLAND
The concrete-and-steel façade and tiled dome of the 60,000-square-foot cliff-top house, La Loma, seat of Goldsmith's fiefdom. The front door is 20 feet high.

"I had in mind a castle in the sun, something that the Crusaders might have built in the 12th century."

was truly possessive of Laure, and a little jealous of our intimacy." Yet, says Béatrice Stern, "Robert was a member of the family. Laure and Jimmy's two children called him 'Uncle Robert.'" One Cuixmala regular states, "Jimmy raved about Robert, he raved about the place. Everybody raved about the place. Back in England, you would hear people say, 'Isn't it dreadful, isn't it vulgar?' But those who said that had never visited. Anyone who had ever been to Cuixmala thought it was the most magnificent paradise on earth." So potent, de la Meurthe says, was the "exotic fragrance" permeating Goldsmith's kingdom that "many friends of mine fell in love on the property."

Yet the realm of Cuixmala—built in just two years—was not enough to satisfy Goldsmith's expansionist urges. He annexed onto his Mexican colony a 6,000-acre, 19th-century hacienda, Jabali, a few hours away from Cuixmala in the verdant mountains of Colima. "It was beyond beautiful there, so calm and peaceful," says Couturier, who refurbished the Spanish-colonial-style complex for him in 1994. "The climate was softer and drier, and the elevation more comfortable." Threatening the tranquility of the setting was the fact that the hacienda was nestled beside a volcano—"an active one, of course," a Goldsmith associate says. "The central fact about Jimmy is that he thrived on adversity. He chose to build in Mexico partly out of rivalry with his first in-laws, the Patiños [South American tin moguls]. But its real appeal was the utter danger, the impossibility of the place. The ocean of Cuixmala is unswimmable because it is infested with sharks. The lagoons teem with crocodiles—Jimmy had an inventory done once, and they numbered 800. He stocked the land with beautiful animals—zebras, antelopes, gazelles, and ocelots. But it was also plagued with poisonous lizards, venomous snakes, African killer bees, and, infamously, deadly scorpions."

The scorpions were such a lethal menace that Goldsmith had glazed-tile moats (which the toxic creatures could not traverse) installed along the perimeters of all dwellings and driveways. Even the hundreds of acres of gardens were protected by tiled walls, monitored at night by a lamp-bearing scorpion patrol. But the billionaire's concern about scorpions paled next to his phobia of rubber. "I could not have a rubber band around my drawings," Couturier says. Otherwise, he'd "scream that it should be immediately removed and that I should wash my hands. Nobody around him could have a ponytail tied with a rubber band. He would have the offending 'thing' thrown down the loo."

Couturier completed two other projects for Goldsmith. As costly as Cuixmala (and, by old-world standards, just as grand) was the complete rehabilitation of an immense 1640 château on 6,000 boar-filled acres in Europe, bought by the tycoon for de la Meurthe in 1990. The historic estate became something of a battleground, Couturier says. "Laure wanted to reclaim the aristocratic Eden of her ancestors. Jimmy was not at all interested in stepping into someone else's clothes. It was a split vision—

he wanted an Arab tent, she wanted Versailles." De la Meurthe affirms: "We were not there to innovate," but rather to revive an enchanted Sleeping Beauty castle "according to Art's rules." Inevitably, Couturier says, "Jimmy fired me, because he couldn't fire Laure. But he took me back."

The final, less emotionally fraught task Goldsmith entrusted to Couturier, in 1996, was the interior design of his Boeing 757. "I made him a flying carpet with a motor," the decorator notes. A Goldsmith crony says, "I'll never forget what [A.I.G. Investments co-owner] Bob Rubin said to me: 'I deal with a lot of billionaires, but Jimmy is the only one who spends and lives on the level of his wealth.'" The difference, Couturier states, between Goldsmith and the others was that "Jimmy was an all-around genius, not just a financial one."

Debilitated by pancreatic cancer, Goldsmith died of a heart attack in July 1997, at age 64. In his approximately $2 billion estate he left behind trusts for the maintenance of the hills, forests, lakes, and beaches of his Mexican sultanate. But the individual houses were to be the separate responsibility of each designated owner. Observers have inferred that Ginette Lery may be buying out de la Meurthe, who nonetheless remains hopeful that "the dream will continue, for the benefit of those who are still to come." The hacienda is now a national landmark, leased out to the Amanresorts hotel chain. "It would be a lack of courage for Laure to abandon Mexico," one insider remarks. The big house "was the Goldsmith castle, Jimmy's imprint on earth."

Béatrice Stern says, "There was always an air of unreality about Mexico. It was attached neither to time nor to space. The house could have been anywhere—in Mexico or on the moon," a hallucination or a mirage, a surreal decoration confected for "a ball. To me it would not be surprising if Mexico does not survive Jimmy."

Couturier says, "Laure herself told Jimmy, 'One day, the only thing that will be left of you is what you have built.' After all, every big house is a mausoleum, created for posterity. Who would remember Louis XIV without Versailles? The word 'Cuixmala'—'soul rest'—already suggests a tomb." In that spirit, Goldsmith's ashes were scattered by his firstborn son, Manes, on the sea by Cuixmala while various members of his four families lined up to watch from the beach.

"When Jimmy came into my life it was a privilege, the greatest gift," Couturier reflects. "But it was a bit of an evil present—something for the end of a career, not the beginning. It isolated me from the rest of the world for 15 years. If you have worked for a king, whom do you work for after?"

Couturier's services, in fact, were eagerly sought by many of his friends. He renovated a Beekman Place maisonette for design entrepreneur Cathryn Collins and plastic surgeon Dr. Gerald Imber, who laud Couturier's "spatial eye" and "erudition." For writer Andrew Solomon, author of *The Noonday Demon: An Atlas of Depression,* he transformed an 1848 Greenwich Village brownstone into a sybaritic scholar's lair. And in France he redecorated apartments for his loyal champions the David-Weill sisters—Cécile, Béatrice Stern, and Natalie Merveilleux du Vignaux. He also refurbished the Sterns' small château in Burgundy. "People say, 'How lucky to have found such an old place in such flawless condition,'" Stern says. But in fact, Couturier had demolished and rebuilt every element of the antiquated structure, with the exception of the four exterior walls. "Everything Robert touches," Stern says, "seems to have been born that way."

In spite of these professional exertions, Couturier was in perilous shape fiscally and emotionally. "Robert was too elegant and too generous to say no to anybody," says Philippe Lauro-Baranes, his business partner for several years. "Certain people took advantage of him, because they thought, out of friendship, he should do everything for free." Couturier says, "Of course I could have made more money, but out of love for Jimmy and the others, I worked more and asked for less. I am not mercenary—money has never been an objective."

In 1998, Couturier called Lauro-Baranes, then the agent for muralist Paulain Paris, and announced, "I'm exhausted and broke. Please see if you can sell my business to an architectural firm. I want to be rid of clients. I want to be free to draw, draw, draw." Couturier was desolate over the loss of Goldsmith, his father figure, and he was "celibate," having terminated a five-year relationship. Over dinner one night at Mortimer's in 1997, he had told a friend, "I am going to be alone the rest of my life."

> "Jimmy Goldsmith represents a male fantasy. He did what other men never did, couldn't do, never allowed themselves to do."

The next day he met Jeffrey Morgan, an expert in restoring pre-Revolution Connecticut houses. "Once you accept something," Couturier says, "then life changes." Right away he started spending every weekend with Morgan in his austere timber-frame 1743 cottage in Kent, Connecticut. And with Lauro-Baranes reorganizing his finances, suddenly "the big jobs came back," Couturier says. For Maryann O'Donnell, a founding partner of Earthlink, he decorated a lodge in Colorado and a house in Beverly Hills. He will be fixing up Anne Hearst's beach retreat in Water Mill, Long Island, with furniture handed down from her grandfather, newspaper titan William Randolph Hearst. "Successful, powerful men respect Robert because of the breadth and depth of his knowledge," says another major client, for whom Couturier is assembling a blue-chip collection of 18th-century French furniture and 20th-century paintings. "And they enjoy his company because he is so delightfully funny."

Fashion historian Katell le Bourhis, a friend for 25 years, says, "When Robert started out he was the perfect inheritor of the Grand Tradition—he excelled in French classicism to the point of arrogance. But with the passage of time he has developed personal genius. His work is lush, light, sensual, experimental, and witty. He keeps his clients forever because he takes them along with him in his own evolution."

Says Andrew Solomon—whose brother, David, and father, Howard, C.E.O. of Forest Laboratories, the pharmaceutical concern, are now also Couturier's patrons—"Robert has an understanding of the underlying mathematical issues of architecture. He has a sense of scale and proportion to rival [18th-century British neoclassical architect] Robert Adam's. Robert's work is informed and authentic, not pretentious; he has ideas, not opin-

"When Jimmy came into my life it was a privilege, the greatest gift. But if you have worked for a king, whom do you work for after?"



ions. He is a thinker. Yet he has great humility. The manifest proof of that is the modest scale of the house he's building in Connecticut."

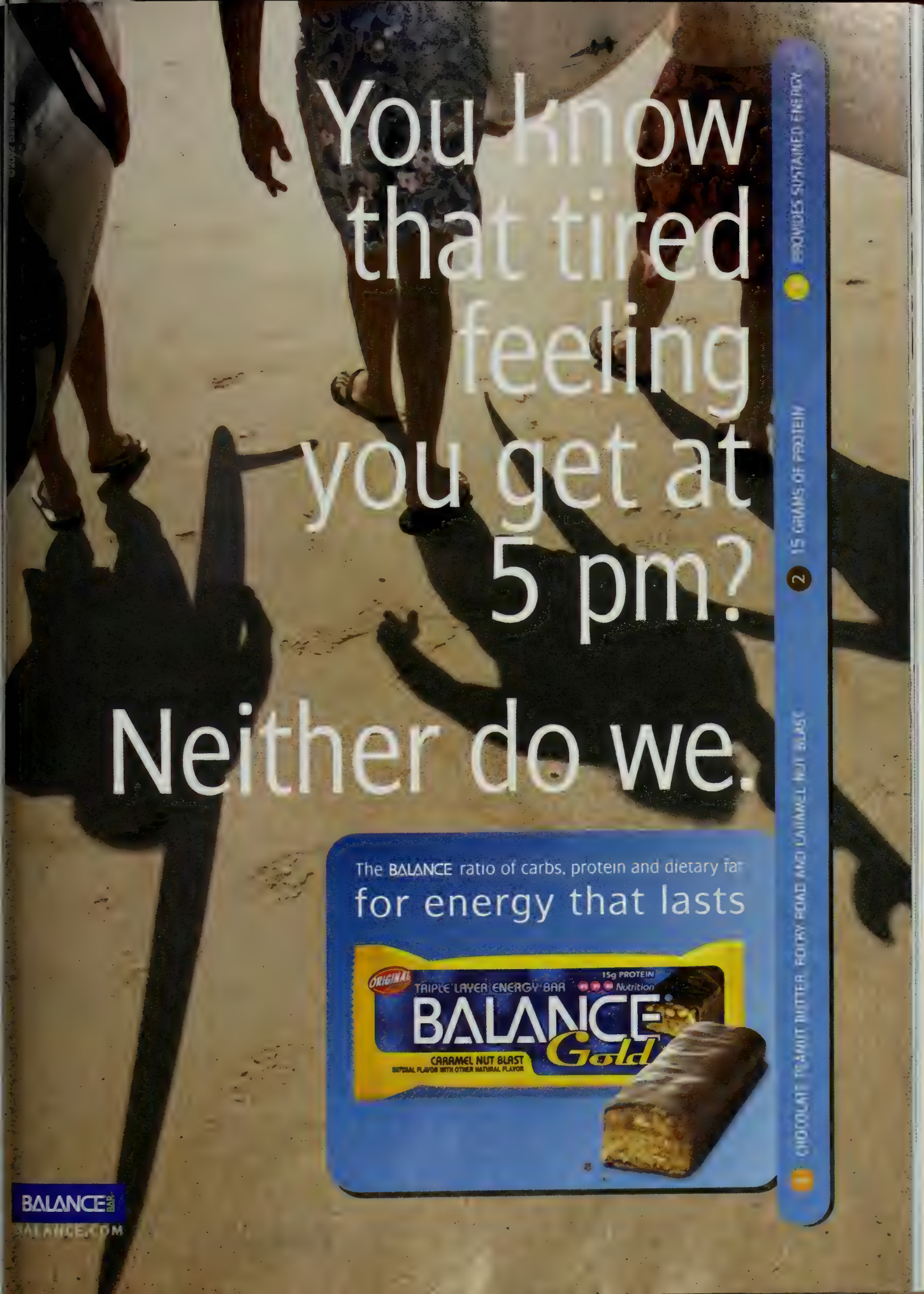
In his custom-made Lobb shoes, Couturier is pacing the muddy hemlock forest around Spectacle Lake, in Kent, where his new house, a harmonious union of American and French 18th-century architectural idioms, is rising—mind over matter—from the earth. Pure, white, and serene, it is the projection of a mentality both capricious and precise—a life-size materialization of one of his exquisitely lucid drawings, or, perhaps, a full-scale embodiment of one of the idealized Lego dwellings of his boyhood. Ecstatic to see the rapid progress at his construction site, he expounds on his plans for the rest of the property. "I'm clearing out some trees to make my park, in the French fashion. Down the hill will go a little ballroom, where we will play Baroque music. Further below, on the other side, we will reassemble a 1730 house from Dover, Connecticut, that Jeffrey salvaged from a farmer!" He casts a final, contented glance at his handiwork, taking special satisfaction in the tall, elegant windows which frame the vistas of the sparkling lake beyond into a series of balanced, vertical pictures. "It is a little universe," he declares. "My nonaggressive, mini Jimmy compound—my own idea of heaven."



Couturier drives back to the house he and Morgan occupy for now, and rounds up his three Shih Tzus—Chuck, Lili, and Henriette—who burst out the door with him for a few minutes of air. When Couturier returns, the animals are subdued, and he is glowing with contentment. "I don't think I've ever been so happy in my life. As you grow older, the quality of your happiness is deeper, because you know it's not forever." He prepares a cup of Lapsang souchong tea and sets it down on the dining room's 1650 oak table. The drink cools; he has begun to draw. A few pen strokes later, a footed terra-cotta Chinese pitcher emerges on his sheet of notebook paper—an illustration of an artifact he saw earlier that week at an exhibition at the Chinese Porcelain Company. "It is from 3000 B.C.—5,000 years ago. It is perfect, universal, and it's priced at $22,000. That comes to just $5 a year! I think I will buy it." He pushes the tea away, picks up the pen again, and sketches the pitcher once more, this time from another angle. "The only thing that makes any sense in the world is art," he says, pleased with his second rendering. "It is the only eternity there is. And the more futile the art is, the better!" □

ROBERT BARON

Top, Couturier before the lakefront façade of his Connecticut house with Shih Tzus Chuck and Henriette, May 30, 2002; *left,* a sitting room with 1940s Sèvres nymph, transitional Louis XV–XVI chair, and 1840s-chestnut floor.


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GIRLS, UNINTERRUPTED

A couple of years ago, Melinda Gallagher and Emily Kramer realized that few of their girlfriends were having orgasms. With Emily's brother, Matthew, they founded Cake, a club with monthly parties at New York nightspots and a 25,000-subscriber Web site devoted to unleashing women's sexuality. Are these Hugh Hefner's heirs?

BY NANCY JO SALES

A girl's dancing on a cube in the middle of the room; she's tall and pale with legs like long gulps of milk. She's wearing a black leather skirt and a red lace bra—she took her shirt off earlier in the night and stashed it in her purse. She runs her hands over her breasts, moving her hips to Prince.

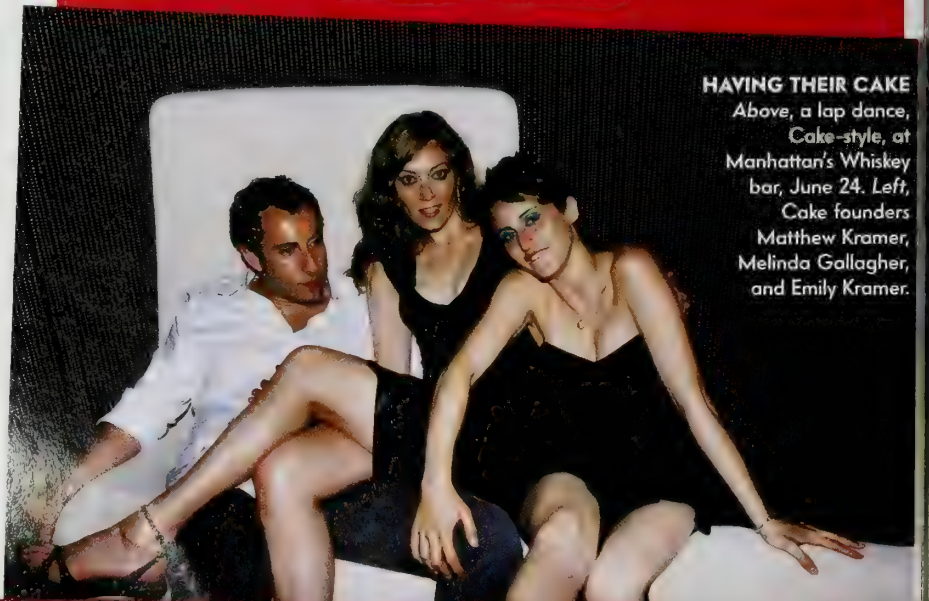
She isn't a stripper. She works at a failing dot-com by day and says she feels lucky not to have been laid off. She went to a good, artsy school, where she majored in graphic design. She had a boyfriend there who later turned out to be gay.

She watches *Sex and the City,* which she says she likes, although it "isn't about sex." At 25, she says she's had enough lovers for a memoir; she could write "one of those books."

She isn't dating anyone now—she says she's met a lot of guys in New York who "all think they have to date models." She's strikingly pretty, but doesn't seem to know it. "You notice I don't show my ass up here," she says.

She started coming to these parties after getting an E-mail asking about her fantasy life. She had to apply for a membership to this club. She wrote an essay about how beautiful she feels when she mastur[illegible]

The f[illegible]
she's not [illegible]



HAVING THEIR CAKE *Above,* a lap dance, Cake-style, at Manhattan's Whiskey bar, June 24. *Left,* Cake founders Matthew Kramer, Melinda Gallagher, and Emily Kramer.


BACARDI LIMÓN Unexpected
BACARDI
LIMÓN
ORIGINAL CITRUS RUM

feel good. She felt like nobody was judging her. She hikes up her skirt.

A woman approaches snapping open a Gucci bag and grabs the girl's mound—rubs it, shakes it, laughing. She stuffs a dollar bill inside the girl's thong.

"You go, girl," she says.

The woman's long nails get caught in the red lace.

This party is called Cake.





It's 11 on a Monday night, and most of New York is sitting in front of air conditioners watching reruns, still recovering from the weekend. But there are already hundreds of girls here.

They stream in through the doors to the Whiskey bar of the W Hotel in Times Square, in groups, in pairs, and even alone. Cake is a traveling party—each month at a different venue—billed as by and for "upscale" women.

They're wearing what women wear now whether going to work or to a sex club—something sexy. Tight jeans, tank tops, bustiers, miniskirts, leather pants, stiletto boots, see-through blouses, fringes, tassels, and, in some cases, almost nothing.

At the entrance they're greeted by Cake's official dancers—wriggling in I LOVE CAKE T-shirts—and handed lollipops and stick-on armbands saying, ASK ME IF I INDULGE IN DIRTY TALK . . . ASK ME IF I INDULGE IN CHAMPAGNE AND ICE CREAM IN BED. Some girls do ask, giggling.

A 30-foot screen is playing a grainy copy of *Emmanuelle*—classic porn for the educated, handpicked for being "female-focused." A woman is seen driving through the hills of Thailand, speeding toward sexual adventure.

Girls are jumping on the stage in front of the screen, peeling their tops off, some bumping and writhing against one another. One girl humps the floor, tossing her hair in an homage to the infamous Madonna performance of "Like a Virgin" on MTV, which first aired when she was in elementary school.

Under a purple spotlight, a gaggle of uptown-looking girls—Botox cheeks, blond straightened hair—exchange [illegible] sucking lollipops and excitedly fishing in their purses.

On an illuminated dance floor a woman large enough to model for Botero quivers sweatily in tight-stretched Pucci.

Nearby, a tiny girl in a gold lamé bikini tap-dances furiously. Her name is Erin Lee Mock and she's a triple major at N.Y.U.—gender studies, literature, and [illegible]. She's 20.

"I'm a feminist, an activist," she says, "but a lot of times activism is really tough, grueling, painful work, and here I can dance while I express my feminist views and it revitalizes me and I can be free and women can be free. . . .

"Does that make sense?" she asks.

Men are ambling through the doors, looking dazed and curious.

Cake—named after a slang word for female genitalia—was founded two years ago by Melinda Gallagher and Emily and Matthew Kramer, three good-looking Manhattanites who describe themselves as "hipsters." Emily and Matthew are sister and brother, and Melinda and Matthew have been dating since high school.

Melinda is 29, Emily, 24, and Matthew, 31. They grew up in Stony Brook, Long Island, together. They eat at a downtown sushi restaurant where they order green-tea flan. Melinda and Emily wear vintage peasant blouses.

"Cake is NOT porn," says their Web site, which has attracted more than 25,000 subscribers worldwide. "Porn is produced by men, with the all too easily achieved goal of getting men off."

At www.cakenyc.com the credo is "an orgasm a day" for women. The site features sexual fantasies sent in by subscribers, which Melinda, Emily, and Matthew are collecting for an upcoming book, *Let Them Eat Cake.* ("Come on girls, tell Cake your deepest, darkest sexual desires.") There are links to Cake-approved sex toys; Melinda, Emily, and Matthew have their own aerodynamic-looking vibrator in the works, which they will put on the market this fall. Subscribers write in answers to Cake's inquiries: "Cake Girls, tell us how you use a vibrator with your partner." "How did your mom affect your sexuality?"

The Cake concept began in the summer of 2000 when Melinda and Emily started confiding in each other about their

"Here I can dance while I express my feminist views. Does that make sense?"



NEW YORK NIGHTS
From top: Cake members frolic at the nightclub Flow in April; a woman in a Cake T-shirt at the June 24 party; revelers at Cake's La Dolce Vita night at the Lot 61 club in July 2001.


HARD ROCK HOTEL LAS VEGAS
A PETER MORTON HOTEL

difficulties having orgasms. When Melinda was 13, her mother, "a classic 50s housewife," had given her a vibrator and said, "Now, go and have an orgasm." From that point on, Melinda found it impossible to have an orgasm without the vibrator. As they discussed their predicament, Melinda and Emily noted that none of the women around them seemed to be having much success, either.

"Like, what *is* that?" Melinda says.

"I felt very frustrated by that," says Emily.

According to their research, they were in the middle of a crisis of John Holmes–ian proportions. Apparently, something happened in the generation that came of age after Plato's Retreat and during AIDS, after *The Joy of Sex* and *Swept Away* and during supermodels, P.C., and Howard Stern. It was something about sex, but not very sexy. Whatever it was, it was making girls very uptight, as Alan Alda might say, and not helping them have orgasms.

The first Cake event was 60 women swapping sex stories in a SoHo loft and watching a demonstration of female ejaculation, the yeti of female sexuality.

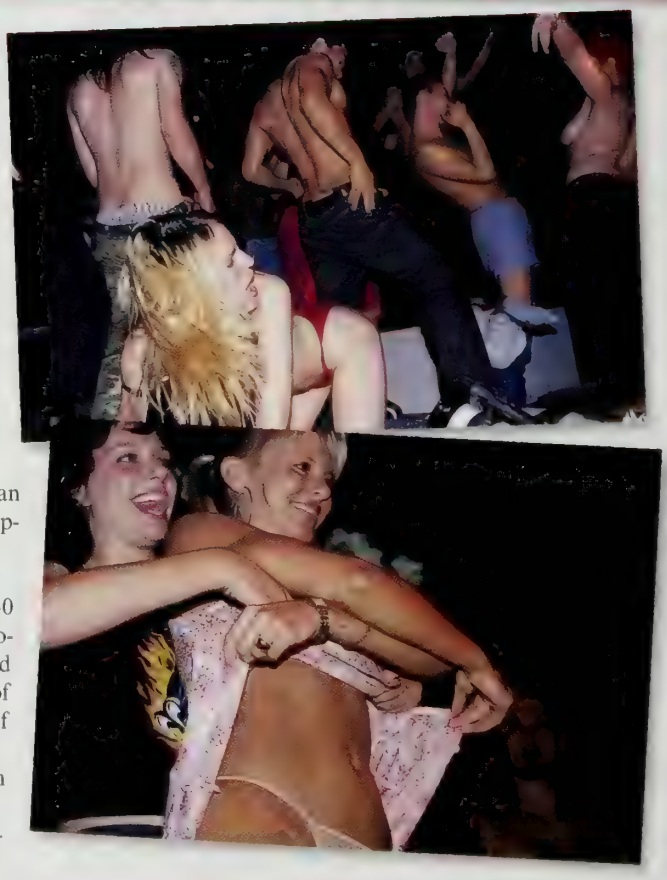
"Everything has been an experiment," says Matthew.

"There was this . . . *explosion,*" says Melinda.

Meaning of interest. The founders set up a Web site and sent out an E-mail to "500 friends" inviting them to a "Porn Party" at a club called Fun, where everyone viewed a four-hour reel of skin flicks deemed by Melinda and Emily to be titillating to females. "The reaction was so amazing," says Emily, "all these girl-next-door professional women sitting on banquettes staring up at a screen with their eyes lit up."

Word spread. The Cake Web site started getting upwards of 5,000 hits a day, with a ratio of about 65 percent women to 35 percent men. "A lot of men" [illegible] men inundated with the frat-boy ethos of *Maxim* magazine. [illegible] curiously, a consultant—"tell us the [illegible] dying for this information," s[illegible] da. Cake markets [illegible]

"It's fun to get your hands on a boy dancer and be sexual with him."



MANHATTAN GIRLS GONE WILD
Top, at Cake's Striptease-a-thon last summer, held at New York's Spa, an enthusiastic amateur gets down on all fours as a man undresses to his boxers in the background. *Above,* a dress comes off that same evening.

and feminist, but not anti-male or lesbian.

To become a full-fledged member, an applicant must submit an on-line application explaining why she qualifies as a Cake Girl. No photo is required, just "the right attitude." A recent successful applicant wrote: "Cake is made for women like me! And no Cake event would be complete without my lusty fun-spirited presence! . . . As a 30-something sexually free and in-touch woman, I know that a community such as Cake is necessary and just adds to the greatness of being a GAL!" A one-year membership is $100.

Meanwhile, the parties have gone on with increasing participation at popular New York nightclubs—Spa, Chaos, the Park. Each has a theme. There have been "Striptease-a-thons" and parties devoted to lap dancing—women on women or men [illegible] women. "The women participating are doing so not to fulfill a male fantasy but to fulfill an empowered vision of themselves not having anything to do with the male paradigm," says Melinda, who received her master's in human sexuality.

Last summer, Cake wound up on the front page of the *New York Post* when a couple at one of its parties started having intercourse in an elevated booth as their image was displayed on a large screen. INSIDE THE FREAK BOX, the headline said.

"There are a lot of gray areas when it comes to public sexuality," says Emily. "We have not been approached by law enforcement in any way." Since Rudolph Giuliani's celebrated cleanup of the New York City porn industry, more than 50 new X-rated bookstores, theaters, and dance clubs have actually opened up. For the party—called "Indulge"—at the Whiskey bar in Times Square, Cake's invitation asked nostalgically: "Remember back in the day when Times Square was the sex capital of the world?"

In Cake, which its founders describe as a "revolution," there is indeed a fair amount of nostalgia—for something men used to have. As Hugh Hefner once appealed to swinging guys who were into sex, clothes, cars, fancy gadgets, and themselves, Cake hopes to reach the 21st century's version of such women. "We're marketing Cake to us," Melinda says. "We feel like we embody a new generation of women and Cake appeals to our aesthetic."

The founders believe they've hit on an idea whose time has come: a sex industry, an "empire," for "upscale" girls. They dream of one day seeing the Cake brand on books, films, perhaps a magazine; a flagship club in New York and more around the world; "love hotels" on the Japanese model with "Ian Schrager–like" touches. They've been meeting with "executive producers" about bringing "sexy and informative entertainment geared toward women" to TV and film.

"Isn't that how you change culture?" Emily asks.

On the night of the party at the W Hotel, four women meet in the Blue Fin bar, upstairs from where the festivities are about to begin. Men ogle them. They are Karen Altenbach, 24, an assistant account executive in advertising;


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Kim Willis, 32, who works in publishing; Lisa Quinn, 31, a teacher in the New York City school system; and Julia Hines, 25, who works at a nonprofit. They are Cake girls.

They are fashionably, if conservatively, dressed—a print dress, a strapless dress, black tapered pants—except for Lisa, the teacher, who, with her sparkly off-the-shoulder tank top, looks a little more wild. She's a big blonde. Their hair is blow-dried and carefully styled. Kim and Julia have been to Cake before; Karen and Lisa have not.

"I'm a Cake virgin," Lisa says with a New York accent.

"I find their core objectives really thought-provoking," says Kim with an Oklahoma twang. "I love to have conversations with them about what they are trying to accomplish—creating an environment where women feel comfortable to express themselves ... even though I wouldn't necessarily get up onstage and expose myself."

Kim and Julia are single. "But I don't know that it's so much about I'm coming to meet someone here," says Kim. "I'm really interested in the social ramifications of it. I have questions. I have contradictions in myself and I'm constantly crossing the lines."

She says she's been to strip clubs and can't understand why the female strippers look so sad while the male strippers are "having the time of their lives."



Karen says, "I think a [illegible] ity is probably the most important empowerment she has. Women can do whatever they want in certain circumstances because they're the rulers of the sexual relationship—"

Lisa interrupts: "Men are extremely misogynistic because of that. Because we're not physically stronger."

Kim looks impatient. "I want a man to change mah oil. I want a man to open my door. I want to be able to go shopping while he goes and plays golf.... I don't think men sit around talking about who's in control, and I think women are so annoying for doing that."

Kim goes on, "I worked in the past at a women's magazine and ... we all got drunk and we made the men do a butt dance. Girls get together and we're just as bad as boys."

Julia says in a small voice, "I would really like it if sex was just sex."

"This is like the mall-ified version of Plato's Retreat. It's all so sanitized."

"As Gloria Steinem says," Lisa says, "the reason you're probably scared—because I'm speaking for myself—is insecurity, because when you see magazine covers and someone is extremely beautiful and airbrushed and you don't look exactly like that ... it's kind of a shame."



IN THEIR SKIVVIES

Top, a Cake member is encouraged to take off more at the party held at Flow. *Above,* a young man in black shoes and white briefs drives the crowd crazy at Joe's Pub, a downtown club, in November 2001.

"Whenever I walk by a newsstand, I'm really amazed at how many half-naked women there are on the covers of magazines," Julia says in a whispery voice; she went to Smith. "I think we're living right now in a very sexually charged culture.... Everyone's naked more and more, and there's nothing wrong with that, but I think we really need to think about that."

"Yet we all say there's nothing wrong with that," says Lisa, "but there's two sides of you. I'm all talk, too.... Why shouldn't I get breast implants?" Lisa says she's happily married.

Karen says her fiancé knew she was coming to Cake tonight, and he didn't mind. "He's very supportive in whatever I do. He wants me to grow as a person.... He wanted to come."

Lisa says the teenage girls she teaches are having sex younger and younger, which bothers her. "It's very scary—the negative side is they're doing it because they know what boys like. Boys like to see two girls together. Boys like to see girls naked. Ninety percent of them are doing it to seek attention, because they wanna be loved and adored. They say, Look at this girl Britney Spears, she's so beautiful, she's being adored by so many people—and that could be me."

They all agree, rather wistfully, that that is nowhere close to being a reality. They disagree—half-and-half—on whether they would hire male prostitutes if they were safe and readily available.

At midnight, the Whiskey bar is packed and loud. The party has drawn around 600 people; the capacity is 400.

There are lots of men here now (they're admitted only if accompanied by an invited girl)—men roaming around slowly like cats in an aviary, dancing, chatting with women. As elsewhere, they aren't trying as hard as the women to look sexy, but they have put gel in their hair.

One man is furtively taking off his socks. He scrambles up on a cube. He's a slim white man in lavender shorts. His name is James; he works on Wall Street and also plays the bass.

"You sexy motherfucker," sings Prince.

"I am pro-Cake. I am pro-sex," James says.

There's a girl with James on the cube. James grabs her from behind, pulling her to him by the thighs. She's beautiful—Sally Bowles–ish—one of the official Cake dancers, much like the motivational dancers at Bar Mitzvahs. Her name is

Jonatha Bates and she's an aspiring model and actress, 24, from Tacoma.

"It's fun to get your hands on a boy dancer and be sexual with him," she says. "I see him in the audience and go, Come and get it, motherfucker, let's go, I know what you want." She gets paid $20 for a lap dance.

A couple of guys are watching—everywhere, men are looking up, like New York tourists. "Someone sent me this E-mail about this party and I wanted to see what it was about," says one of the guys—Dave, 31, in software sales. "It looked a little cheesy to me. It was all about women's liberation."

At the bar, a man is feeling Lisa's—the teacher's—muscles.

Everywhere, guests are drinking Pearls Gone Wild—the official drink of the evening, champagne sprinkled with pearl dust, allegedly an aphrodisiac. Its name is a jovial nod to *Girls Gone Wild*, the video series (millions sold at $19.95 each) in which unpaid and typically inebriated college girls take their tops off for the camera.

A girl with a pillowish belly hanging over a tight pink mini—she's Anygirl—is shaking backward into a lithe young guy with dreads.

"This is awesome," she says.

"A guy comes up to me in the street and says, 'How much?'" a girl can be heard saying—half outraged, half pleased. "Can you believe that? 'How much?' he says."

"What's your No. 1 fantasy for straight women? Other women . . ."





FEMINISM, THE CAKE WAY
Top, empowered women on a Whiskey-bar banquette at the June 24 Cake party. *Above,* another shot from last summer's Cake Striptease-a-thon.

Girls are giving each other head. In the flickering light of the movie screen, a bare-breasted girl is on her knees, her face buried in a pair of naked female legs.

"You see that it's not bothering anybody," says Matthew Kramer, our host, cheerily. "It doesn't bother me at all. As long as everyone looks comfortable."

You can hear the raucous laughter of women.

"Whoa," says Elli Frank, a petite actress, 25. "I'm not [illegible] as much vagina elsewhere. I'm a big fan of my own—my gynecologist says I'm normal—and hey, now I know I'm better."

A Cake dancer comes up and playfully buzzes Elli's crotch with a Cake-approved vibrator.

She jumps. "Where can I get one of those?" She laughs.

Julia, the Smith graduate, is dancing in the center of four slick-haired, big-jeaned boys, each of whom is trying to ignore the others. Julia sticks her lollipop in one of their drinks.

"It's gettin' hot in here, so take off all your clothes," raps Nelly, on the sound system.

It looks like Paris and Nicky Hilton have finally arrived—but it's just two tall, identically platinum-haired girls from Long Beach Island, New Jersey. They seem to have planned their faux Hilton attire; they take pictures of each other with a digital camera.

A male magazine writer is studying them. "This is like the mall-ified version of Plato's Retreat," he whines. "It's all so sanitized, so mediocre . . . "

His friends are leaving.

"Uh, I think I'll stay," he tells them.

At one A.M. the couches are filled with women giving women lap dances. They straddle one another, undulating up and down, playing with one another.

"Women's sexuality is very complicated," says Emily. "What's your No. 1 fantasy for straight women? Other women. But that doesn't make you a lesbian."

Men are watching. One of the men is an older, white-haired guy in a blue blazer; his picture has been in the papers recently. He's the former head of a national corporation under investigation for accounting fraud. He's come here with three bombshells in tow. The girls are fondling one another.

An older woman almost falls climbing up on a cube. She's the type of woman once played by Colleen Dewhurst, lined but proud. She's wearing white bell-bottom jeans and a sequined halter top. She grabs for the girl dancing on the cube—a motorcycle chick in boots—smashing her mouth against the girl's.

The couches along the wall are turning into near orgies. Three, four, and five people together—mostly girls, mostly clothed—squirming in heaps of delight.

The giant screen plays *Insatiable*—Marilyn Chambers is lying on a pool table cowering delightedly before a very erect, naked Italian.

The D.J. plays Jay-Z: "Give it to me, give it to me," says the chorus.

A strange guy in leopard pants says, "Man is at a turning point between good and evil—and evil is winning."

The strange guy says his name is Vox Vox. "There's a very dark force, an invisible hand. They're hitting us very hard right now. They have to give us sexual permissiveness in order to distract us from what's really going on. But it's only temporary.

"I'll be fighting them with my film," he goes on. "It's a future *noir* film about the death of reality. But it's also a love story."

Kim, the Oklahoman, is leaving the party with a man.

"Well," says a guy sitting alone, watching everything, "it's better than a regular bar." □


SKYY
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SEPTEMBER WIDOWS

The lush green commuter enclaves of the Middletown, New Jersey, area lost nearly 50 people, most of them husbands and fathers, in the World Trade Center attack. Since that day, the author has followed three of the town's widows–Kristen Breitweiser, Lisa Luckett, and Pat Wotton–through an uncharted wilderness of grief

BY GAIL SHEEHY

There is no middle in Middletown. Unless you count Route 35, the dizzying four-lane highway that splits the place down the middle and spawns countless copycat shopping centers. Middletown, New Jersey, is composed of 12 different hamlets, spread out like a starfish, each under a dense green roofing of trees, most with their own jealously guarded Zip Codes, post offices, and firehouses, which allows Middletown to boast of the largest all-volunteer fire department in the world.

Most New Yorkers haven't a clue where Middletown is, and they won't find it on most maps. The 41-square-mile township sits on a coastal shelf that bulges out of central New Jersey, putting it about 25 miles due south of the tip of Manhattan. Middletown is a conglomerate of every suburban town in America. In this lush green oasis in the backyard of the big city you'll find rock stars and corporate chiefs who choose to build their fantasy manor houses along Navesink River Road, but also, in the nearby hamlet Atlantic Highlands, rough-bearded fishermen and ferrymen who work with their hands the same way their fathers and grandfathers did.

The assemblages of strangers who live in Middletown's hamlets, or what sociologist Robert Bellah calls "lifestyle enclaves," never had much interest in community-building. Most commuters, who make up a significant part of the population of 66,000, click themselves out of their garages in the dark of early morning, drive or take a ferry over to Manhattan, and click themselves back in after dark without seeing a neighbor for months at a time. They have achieved the ultimate suburban dream: to buy or build one's own domain with enough land to create a moat of privacy and live under the illusion of total self-reliance. And safety. That was before September 11, 2001.

But what happens when tragedy hits? "It's like a bomb dropped right in the middle of our towns," said Rick Korn, a music and film producer from Rumson, a satellite



MOVING FORWARD The New Jersey Transit commuter-train station in Middletown

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY BENSON



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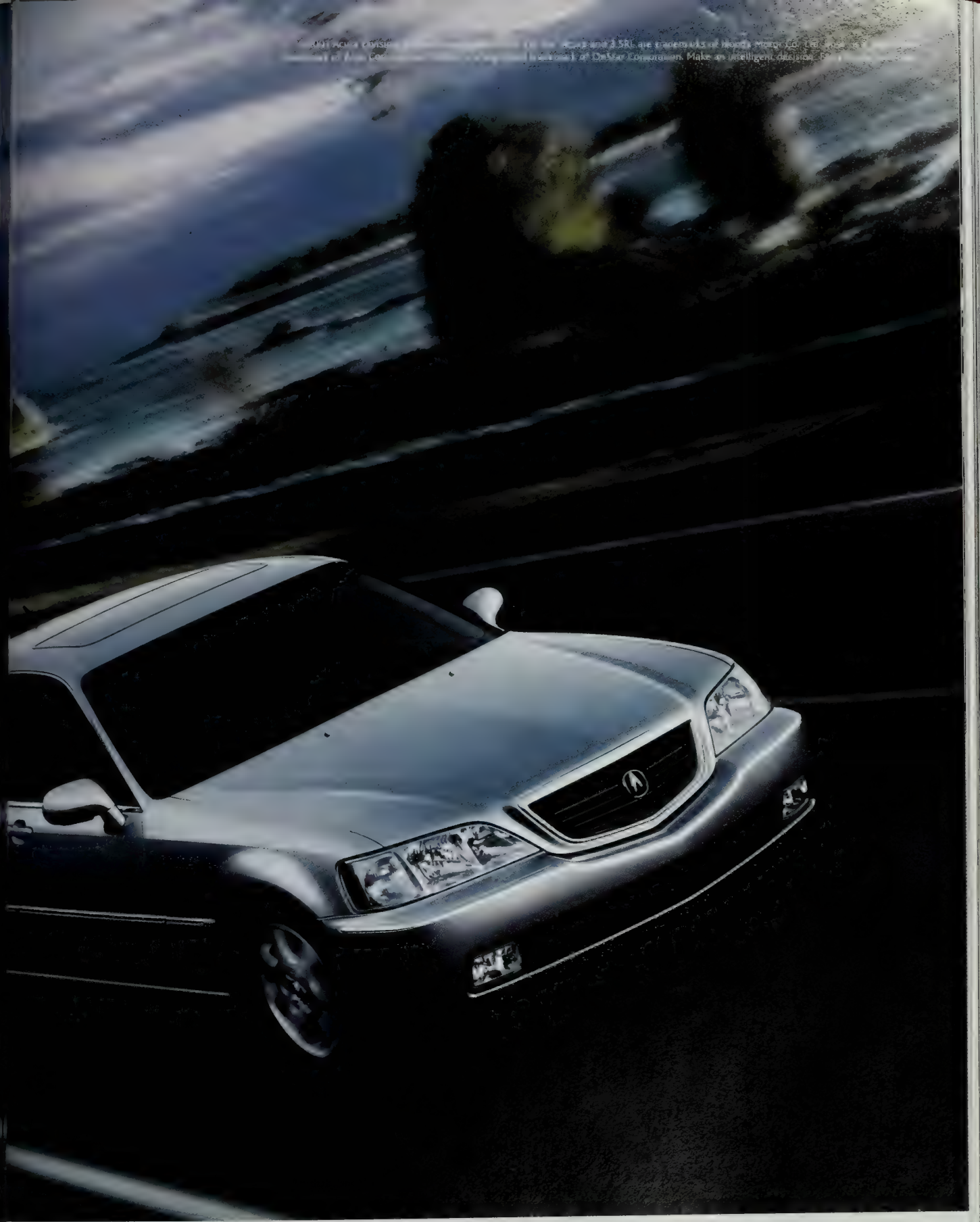
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of Middletown. "I think Bruce [Springsteen] and Bon Jovi and I are the only guys living around here who don't work on Wall Street. It devastated this place."

Among the nearly 50 people who never came home to Middletown and environs after September 11—the largest number of casualties in one township—were young Port Authority police officers, single moms, beloved sports coaches, and a heavy contingent of traders and brokers who came mostly out of nearby small Catholic colleges such as Seton Hall and Villanova or state universities such as Rutgers.

The dream of these upwardly mobile Americans was to celebrate individuality, to enjoy privacy, to know the wife and children were snug and safe while the husband battled in the high-stakes, macho world of Wall Street. The real-estate agents of Middletown were perpetually low on stock. Ever and always—even after 9/11—the place is a magnet for what they call "relocatees," people who want to escape the city.

"It's like a bomb dropped right in the middle of our towns," said music producer Rick Korn. "It devastated this place."

KRISTEN

When the glossy black bird dropped onto the lawn outside her kitchen window last August, Kristen Breitweiser felt a shudder go through her body. She called out to her husband.

"Oh my God, there's a raven."

"So?"

"You don't understand, that's a bad omen. The raven is the harbinger of death."

Kristen clutched her breast. She had a tumor there, waiting for biopsy. It was in the same place her mother had found a tumor at the age of 38. Kristen had lost her mother to cancer a few years earlier. It was a horrible death.

"I'm scared," she told her husband. "I think that's me. I think it's an omen that I'm going to die."

"You're crazy," her husband said. "It's just a crow."

"I don't want that bird in our yard," she said. Kristen was not usually one to worry. Not this surfer girl from the Jersey Shore. She was a tall blonde tomboy who grew up with all guy friends. A natural beauty, she didn't give a thought to taming her flyaway hair or painting makeup on her smooth Swedish skin. She was headstrong to the point that she sometimes got [illegible]. For instance, she had almost missed marrying Ron. Kristen thought she [illegible] to one man. No interest in marriage. Zero. Hated children.

Her first date [illegible] on his birthday. [illegible]

six months later they eloped. "And I wasn't even pregnant!" Kristen likes to say. "But why waste time?"

The Breitweisers settled in Middletown in a house hidden in the woods. The two became inseparable. She had no hobbies and he had no hobbies because their hobbies were each other. They would watch TV together, read books together; if Kristen got up to take a shower, Ron would follow her into the bathroom to keep talking to her. They were crazy about their dog, Sam, a golden retriever, whose discombobulated bulk somehow found its way into their bed every night.

They weren't planning to have children. But when Caroline arrived, in March 1999, they turned the conversation pit of their living room into a playroom just for her. In late August 2001, when Kristen and her husband went to a cocktail party, they joked that it was the first time in two and a half years they had been out alone without their daughter. And it was true. They didn't need a social life. They didn't even see much of their own families. In fact, a huge falling-out separated Ron and his family. They weren't speaking.

Kristen had it good, and she knew it. She had graduated from Seton Hall Law School in 1996 and, as she liked to say, left the law at the top of her game—after practicing all of three days. Hated it. Took a leave of absence to care for her mother, but when that duty was done Kristen showed no enthusiasm for resuming her aborted law career. Her husband told her she didn't have to go back, they had plenty of money. He was a whiz at investing. At 38, he had been hired as a senior vice president by Fiduciary Trust, an investment-management firm for high-net-worth clients. The president, William Yun, had even asked Ron to manage his father's personal money.

But the minute Ron got home from his office in the World Trade Center, he would change into hiking clothes and walk with Kristen and the baby and the dog up the nature trail behind the house. They would gaze across at mountain ridges and muse, "It could be Wyoming." Kristen wasn't a [illegible] person, but, as she told me later, "we'd notice the birds, and we'd notice the deer, and we'd notice the beauty in everything. We knew we were blessed. You almost think that's insurance against bad things happening."

On Saturday, August 25, the first day of Ron's two-week vacation, they were lazing by the living-room window with coffee and the newspaper. "Look, that bird's back," Kristen said. Again her husband dismissed it. She left the room to look through her English-lit books to try to find the Poe poem. When she returned, she saw her husband poring over their Audubon birding book.

"You're right," he said. "It's a raven." The book said the predator was nearly extinct in the Northeast. That made the dumb fear crawl in her stomach. That damn growth in her breast. That damn bird.

Ron was at work on the 94th floor of the south tower when he called her. It was 8:52 A.M. Kristen tucked the kitchen phone under her chin; she was halfway out the door with her hands full, one guiding their toddler daughter while the other tugged on the collar of their golden retriever. She answered brusquely: "Hello?"

"Sweets, I'm fine. I don't want you to worry."

How odd—her husband seldom called at this time of day. Thinking he was concerned about her upcoming biopsy, she said, "Good, fine, I'm feeling O.K. today." He told her he had sat down at his desk and all of a sudden his ear felt very warm. "I looked over and saw this fireball."

"What are you talking about?"

"Don't worry. It's not my building." He sounded so calm.

"Sweets, O.K., I'm glad you're all right. Caroline and I are just rushing to . . . "

"You don't understand. There's people jumping out the windows." Now his voice broke.

"What are you talking about?!"

"Turn on the TV."

She tuned in to NBC just in time to watch the top of his building explode—right where she knew he was. Her insides dissolved into jelly, and she fell, screaming, onto her knees. Her daughter began wailing. Kristen has replayed that scene hundreds, thousands, of times in her mind. "I just pray he didn't see his own death," she told me weeks afterward. She shut her eyes and replaced the image. "I just know he immediately turned to ash and floated up to the sky."

PAT

At any given time, it seemed that half the women of Middletown were pregnant. This was a source of both promise and pain for


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PULLING TOGETHER
Kristen Breitweiser with her three-year-old daughter, Caroline, and their golden retriever, Sam, June 2002.

Pat Wotton. God knows the Wottons had tried for more than one child. They had shopped around Middletown, looking at 65 houses before finding the perfect nest, a ranch in the Oak Hill section. They bought it in 1996 with the idea of having a bunch of kids gamboling over the generous backyard. But Pat's pregnancies came hard. Miscarriages, drugs; one baby dead in utero at six months. She relied on her strong Catholic faith, together with fertility treatments, and finally, on Christmas Eve 1998, when she was in her late 30s, Pat conceived twins. Then she lost one. The survivor had to be extracted surgically, and Pat was in the hospital for five days. Her husband slept in a chair in her hospital room night after night. At last they went home with a healthy baby, a girl, Dorothea.

Pat had grown up feeling gawky and insecure, always searching for some way to make her mark. As an adult she was pretty enough, with waves of coppery hair and delic[illegible] image hadn't mu[illegible] the big. [illegible] lowed the [illegible] to be pleading [illegible] tary at NB[illegible] table position [illegible] search, which m[illegible] least. But afte[illegible] madic single life [illegible]

"Ron and I knew we were blessed. You almost think that's insurance against bad things happening," said Kristen.

glamour of a dead-end career lost all luster. She was 29 when she met her future husband for their first date, in a Bennigan's bar. Rod Wotton, like Pat, was itching to start a family.

With the birth of her first child, Pat was all too happy to "retire." Now she would make her mark as a devoted mother and homemaker. She disconnected completely from that unfulfilled career-girl self, even stopped reading the sports pages. She joined two garden clubs and let herself become more and more dependent on Rod. Truth be told, her husband wished he could be the one to stay [illegible]me with the baby. But since he was [illegible]ng more money than Pat, she said tri[illegible]ntly, "I won."

[illegible]hat there was anything lax about Rod's w[illegible]k ethic. His buddy Mark Eber[illegible]ng him to be smart, ambitious, and a computer whiz, lured Rod to work with him in the technology group at Fiduciary Trust. Fiduciary stretched from the 90th to the 97th floor of the south tower. Rod was awestruck by the lofty views.

When the company offered a four-day workweek as a perk to hold on to its new mothers, Rod took advantage of it—never mind that it might inhibit his rise among the sharp-elbowed competition with other men in their 30s looking to make their fortune on Wall Street before they hit 50 and burned out.

Pat loved to watch Rod give Dorothea sink baths. His big, strong hand could balance the baby in one palm, like a soap bubble. In the summer of 2001, Pat was pregnant again, and, miracle of miracles, she had made it through the eighth month. A cesarean was scheduled for September 19. Pat had never been so nearly completely happy.

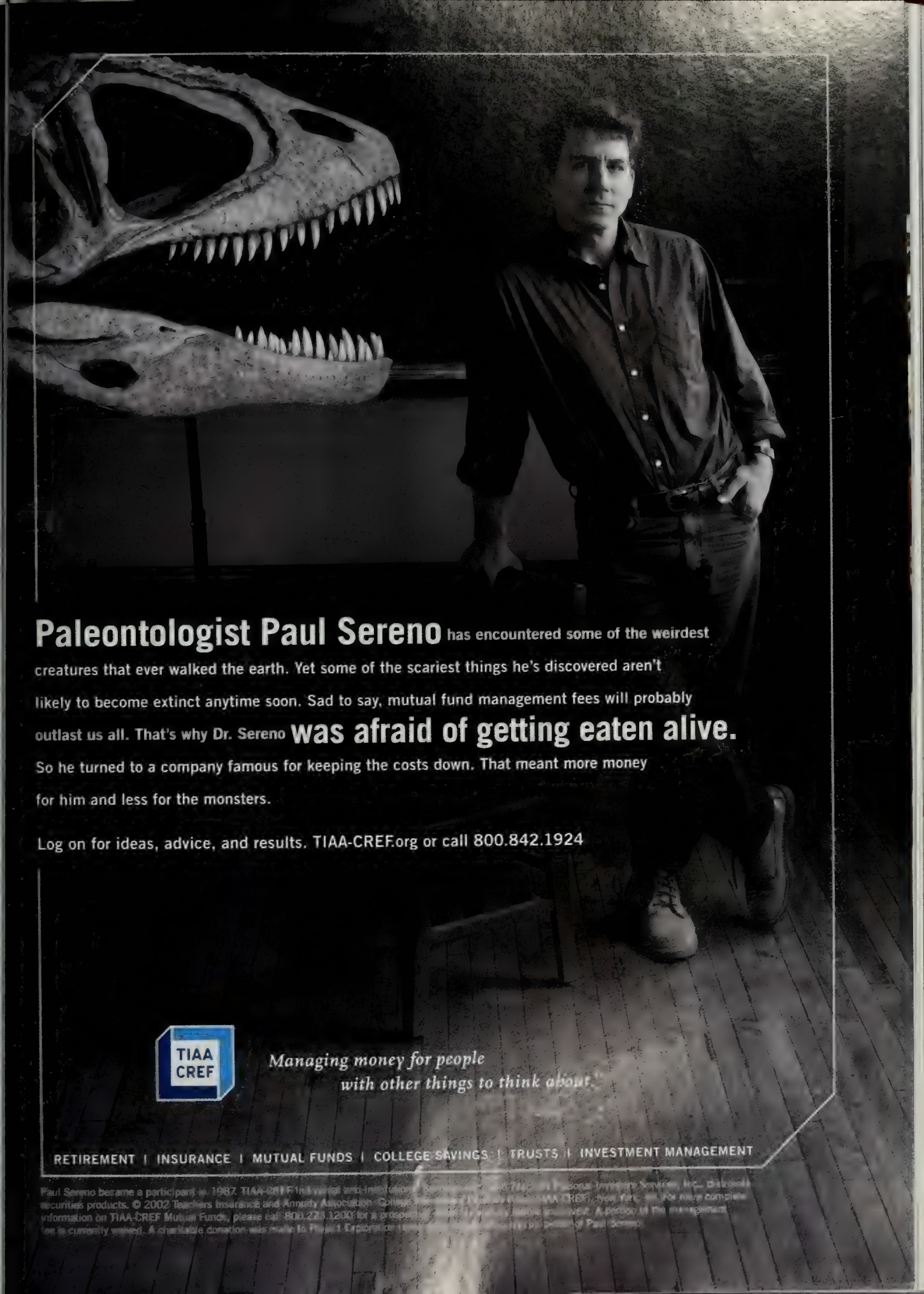
On Tuesday morning the 11th, Rod went in early. Franklin Templeton, a California-based global investment-management company, had recently taken over Fiduciary. Ironically, Fiduciary's technology group had scheduled a meeting that very morning to go over its "disaster recovery plan." Fiduciary lived or died by the silicon brain that held all its data. Since Rod had been newly designated the manager of the Web-services group, he would be a key member of the contingency team charged with backing up that data in the event of a critical incident.

Rod and Mark had been working on a "hot backup solution" in which they could flip a switch and create an electronic carbon copy of the primary financial database. They had done mock recoveries and were confident the technology worked. That was a relief, because they had all been trained in the first rule of any disaster recovery: Get yourself and your staff out of harm's way.

Pat was groggy when her husband left for work, and so very pregnant. She held on to him tight. Many times she had begged him to give up the commuting and find a job in New Jersey. He said he couldn't make as much money in New Jersey.

It was surreal on the 97th floor of the south tower. The noise of the explosion in the north tower felt like TNT bursting in one's ears, followed by streams of paper and smoke. *A ticker-tape parade?* That was Mark Ebersole's first thought. But paper doesn't fly up 97 floors. *What gives?*

Rod and Mark ran over to the windows and looked north toward the Empire State Building, mouths agape. "Holy shit," said



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Rod. From the damage in the north tower, they could see an exit path of something significant. "Let's get the fuck outta here," they said. They both ran back to their desks to grab their bags, and Mark ducked into the men's room. "It's New York, think about it," he would explain later to incredulous people, who didn't know about the lack of public rest rooms in the city. A fateful announcement by the Port Authority, which oversaw the World Trade Center, reportedly came over the P.A. system installed in every office for emergencies: "We have a situation in the north tower. Please do not evacuate the south tower. The south tower is secure."

It was about nine A.M.

"I'm standing there for a split second, but it seemed like an eternity," Ebersole recalls. "The doors to the office open and one of our co-workers, Jason Jacobs, runs out, very agitated. He shouts, 'Ed [McNally] said everybody back inside, we have to do disaster recovery.'" Rod Wotton's boss, Ed McNally, another Middletown-area resident, was known to be a die-hard company man. In the '93 bombing of the World Trade Center, the man had escaped by walking down 97 flights carrying his computer!

"I don't think so, Jason. I'm leaving," Ebersole said.

Jacobs got more agitated. "No! Ed said everybody back inside. We have to meet over at the Financial Center." The existing plan for any disaster was for the technology group to assemble in the Winter Garden of the nearby World Financial Center and await further instructions. The three senior executives invested with the authority to issue that order were all out of the office that day. It had fallen to Rod's boss, Ed McNally, to make the decision.

Ebersole told Jacobs, "I don't think you're going to get to the Financial Center from here." He and Rod had already seen the catastrophic damage. "Oh, yeah, right, I have to go tell Ed," Jacobs said.

When Jacobs opened the office door to re-enter, Ebersole saw Rod. He called to him to come out, but Rod was leaning in to look at something, maybe a computer screen, and he held up an index finger—wait a moment—then the door closed. The doors of the elevator opened. It was empty. Ebersole [illegible] down, holding his breath. [illegible] no sooner opened at street [illegible] terrible sound of TNT [illegible] ears again.

It was Pat Wotton who had to tell her husband that the noise was a big plane which had smashed into his building. Rod started asking lots of questions: Where did the plane hit? What floor? Pat handed the phone to her father, Brendan Greene, who was calmer. Rod went into a long recitation of all the things Pat's parents had done for them, for him, for their daughter, Dorothea, thanking them. Then he asked to speak to Pat once more.

"I'm not going to make it out," he said. His voice was deathly calm: "Pray for me."

"What do you mean? We're going to have a baby next week," Pat wailed. "Who are you with? Can't you take the stairs?"

"I just pray Ron didn't see his own death," Kristen said. "I just know he immediately turned to ash and floated up to the sky."



BETTER DAYS
Ron Breitweiser relaxes on Petit St. Vincent, in the Grenadines, January 1997, the day before he and Kristen married. Kristen turned on NBC just in time to watch the second plane pierce the south tower, where Ron worked on the 94th floor.

"There's no way out," he said. "No one here to help us. Please stop asking me so many questions."

LISA

In the aftermath of the shocking losses, *The New York Times* extolled the victims' most endearing idiosyncrasies, co-workers spoke of them with the hyperbole of guilty survivors, priests and rabbis praised them to the skies. The civilian workers didn't go into work that day to become heroes, [illegible] whether they would have chosen it or [illegible] were now symbolic as well as [illegible] of this atrocity against America. And they were going to be sanctified.

Pictures of them were enshrined in makeshift public memorials, votive candles flickering beneath their beatified faces. Poems and songs were written for them. Wives and husbands laminated their likenesses and put them on cords around their necks. Later, both Kristen and Pat wore their husbands' recovered wedding rings on chains where before they might have worn holy crosses.

Where was the room in all of this reverence for a smidgen of messy human reality? Were there no troubled marriages?

Lisa Luckett was suddenly another Middletown-area widow. But she is also a realist. Lisa has the all-American-girl look, with the golden coloring of homegrown corn. Tall and husky with a big toothy grin, freckly skin, and tassels of natural blond hair, she is full of infectious energy. She meets you head-on with her big, take-charge voice, and you know right away that she is accustomed to controlling her environment.

Right from the start she struggled with her anger at her husband. She had to keep that a secret. Anger at a dead man? Bizarre, irrational, sick, she scolded herself.

Actually, it is quite natural to target the very loved one who has disappeared. Suddenly, one is bereft of a life partner in whom one has invested a great deal. To "be reft" is an old English phrase meaning to be robbed. These women were robbed not only of a husband but also of the father of their children, the breadwinner of their family, the one who did the driving on long road trips, and made the investments, and fixed the things that go bump in the night. These are what the trauma literature calls "secondary losses."

Even after 11 years of marriage, Lisa and Teddy Luckett slept together like two spoons. They had two beautiful children, Jenn, seven, and Billy, four, whose joint oil portrait hung over the fireplace. *So, fine, we're finished,* she had thought, itching to pick up her career again after the long emergency of late motherhood. Then poof! On her 40th birthday she learned she was pregnant again. Sleeping like two spoons wasn't all that romantic when the wife has to go to bed fully clothed in button-down-the-front pajamas and a nursing bra.

Last September, Lisa turned 41, a depressing birthday, given that she was now overweight, lactating, leaking, and juggling sibling jealousies. Four months after the


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birth of her third child, the novelty had given way to the throb of fatigue and flares of postpartum depression. She knew exactly what she was in for and how long it would last. Forty-one was too old to have her sleep interrupted four times a night by a newborn who screamed for her breast, and still wake up fresh enough to feed her other children and drive them to school. It irked Lisa that her husband was not the slightest inconvenienced by their midlife surprise.

Big, tall Teddy. A bear hug of a guy. Life of the party. Hugely popular. Great sense of humor. Troubles rolled off his back. Lisa was the designated worrier. She took care of bills and made sure she knew where all their important documents were. She worried constantly about Teddy's health: "My husband's working on Wall Street, 30 pounds overweight, he's a walking heart attack waiting to happen. What if . . . "

Lisa had sold advertising in the New York radio market for 15 years. Until the new baby came, she had planned to get back into business. "Sidelined." That was how she put it in the vehement confrontation with her husband the night before September 11. "My life is hugely sidelined for at least two years, but you, your life just keeps going forward."

This was not exactly true. Teddy Luckett was just as unsettled as his wife. After a successful 15-year run on Wall Street, he had moved into a volatile new business—eSpeed—recently launched by the bond-and-stock-trading firm Cantor Fitzgerald, and they were going through growing pains as they tried to wean accounts from bullish voice traders onto the cool medium of an electronic trading platform. The night before September 11, Teddy came home depressed. Twenty eSpeed people had been laid off that day.

Ordinarily, when one of the Lucketts was down, the other was up. But that summer, waves of uncertainty had knocked both of them off their feet. Their marriage was caught up in the whirlpool of midlife passage. Only weeks before, Lisa had had a nightmare and woke Teddy in the middle of the night, crying hysterically. "I dreamt you were gone, you didn't love me anymore, you left me, you had someone else." She sniveled, "I'm so sorry if I've been a bitch." Teddy calmed her down until they both could laugh.

On the morning of the 11th, Lisa did not send her husband off to work on the 105th floor of the north tower with the usual bromide, "Have a safe trip to work." She wanted to make things right after giving him a rough night.

"I love you," she told him. "You're my soul mate."

A few hours later, Lisa's house in Fair Haven filled with maybe 40 or 50 people: shaken wives and soggy husbands, who had run for their lives and come off the ferries to be doused by decontamination hoses. They didn't look much like the macho men of Manhattan's money world whom Lisa was used to seeing ride the ferry with her husband. She asked them all, "Have you heard from Teddy?"

By afternoon the ferries were coming back empty. Lisa knew she would never see her husband again.

Fair Haven is part of the Middletown environs, one of three little jewels centered on a luscious green peninsula between the Navesink and Shrewsbury Rivers and surrounded by the sprawl of Middletown. Rumson is the best-known of the three jewels, one of the most affluent suburbs in the country. Little Silver is made up of smaller Victorians with home-sweet-home porches. Fair Haven is the tiniest of these upscale hamlets—only a mile square—filled with bond traders and stock-market executives who either have built their own air-conditioned Colonials or inhabit older homes dating back to the mid-19th century.

It was humiliating to beg for $65 to cover flowers for the box in which all she had to bury were love notes.

By Friday, 11 people from this trio of hamlets—all men and women living similar lives with similar dreams—were among the missing. Their cars still sat in commuter parking lots being dusted with ash and specks of memo paper blown over from the vanished Trade Center.

Still, many Middletown residents clung stubbornly to the vision of themselves as somehow insulated from the horror of the world. The police chief of Fair Haven, Rick Towler, swore at a memorial service, "We'll give up hope when they clear the last bit of rubble. Then it's over. Not before."

But Lisa Luckett was a realist. When the first neighbor walked across her lawn bearing the first tray of food, Lisa thought, "Oh, no, now we're going to have a week-long wake."

Then her natural empathy took over. Her neighbors would need desperately to feel they were doing something. Lisa understood they would have to bring her food and do her laundry and watch her children; it was part of the whole dance around violent death. Lisa would have to let herself be helped. Whether she wanted it or not.

This is what the bereavement counselors call "the honeymoon stage." In the shock of shared trauma, everyone is on their best behavior. This stage is very short.

On the night of October 18, the widows had to be practically dragged out of their houses, some for the very first time, and down to a creaky old vaudeville theater in Red Bank. Rick Korn, the music and film producer, a bushy-browed, boyish-looking father of three, had transformed a concert planned to benefit World Hunger Year into a benefit for the hundreds of grieving family members of Monmouth County. Two hours after it was announced, the concert had sold out.

Before the concert Bruce Springsteen had a private meeting with the widows, hugged them, and signed old LP albums for their kids. The concert was a rousing down-home Jersey night. By the time Springsteen called all the stars onstage for the finale, the audience was dancing and crooning. But, for the widows, the occasion was bittersweet, stirring up memories of better times when they may have danced on the sand with their husbands while Springsteen played pickup with a bar band.

What am I doing here? Lisa Luckett caught herself thinking. *Why am I dancing only weeks after Teddy died?* She told herself it was O.K., there was music that allows you to cry and music that allows you to feel joy. But she wasn't comfortable about feeling good. When would she crash?

A week later Lisa was invited to a lunch group assembled by Korn to brainstorm about how to expand the mission of helping the families—beyond giving them aid from the $750,000 grossed by the concert. The kid-faced Korn had thrown together a network of volunteers who called themselves the Alliance of Neighbors of Monmouth County. Within a couple of days, 72 Middletowners had already volunteered as plumbers, accountants, lawyers, and baby nurses, offering their services free.

Halfway through the meeting Lisa burst into Danny's Steakhouse & Seafood Grille in Red Bank, threw her keys on the table, and began grousing in her husky voice. "I find the people around here are so sad. My friends come over and speak in hushed tones. I go to the store and they speak to me in hushed tones. Everybody's being so careful not to bruise my sensitive feelings. But you know what? I feel much better than I thought I would. Really strong. Maybe I'll crash later on, but right now I feel pretty good, and I . . . "

A spasm of sobs locked up her throat in

mid-sentence. She had glimpsed an image of the Twin Towers being used in the Alliance's press kits. Tears leaked down her face. Lisa was completely unaware of the total disconnect between the verbal and emotional territories of her mind. Composed again, she carried on as if there had been no interruption. "I can't cry. I'm not interested in joining some support group for widows where they sit around holding each other's hands and cry. I want to help others," she said. "What can I do for the Alliance?"

Dan Murphy, the owner of the restaurant, came over with an urgent warning of new terrorist threats. "I talked to the guys at Fort Monmouth. They say stay out of the terminals and off the ferries."

Lisa scoffed, "I don't have that fear anymore, because the worst has already happened." She folded her arms over her still-puffy postpartum waist. "I'm nursing a five-month-old, so nature is protecting me. And my kids are so small, I can slow down the train wreck for them."

But her own words came as fast as a train. In the conversation and body language of the new widows there is often a great hurry. They push the moments. It is a sign of grief, wanting to rush through the day, but then night comes and it's worse.

KRISTEN

People outside of the New York area often ask innocently, "How is grieving after the deaths from this disaster different, say, from the shock of losing a loved one from a sudden heart attack or even in a car crash?" There is special pain for those left behind after sudden violent death. Their world turns to chaos. The worst part is the not knowing.

The first thing one asks after a fatal accident is "What happened?" These families will never know. They make it up—the last 15 or 45 minutes—from clues dropped by survivors, or they let their imaginations conjure the worst. Mary Logan, a Red Bank teacher who lectures on bereavement, says, "People expend so much energy either dwelling on those images or pushing them down, but they keep popping up like a jack-in-the-box. I encourage them to accept the not knowing, decide on a story, and let it go."

A few weeks after the attacks, Kristen, the sturdy surfer girl, was visited by two local police officers. They told her New York had notified them her husband's remains had been found. Later, she learned it was his left hand. With his wedding ring. Unmelted. That ruined the story she had told herself about him turning to ash and floating painlessly up to the sky. She became consumed with the "What if?"s.

"People talk to me about being strong and moving on. And I say, 'I will move forward when I am ready,'" Pat said.

"The bird! When he called me on the 11th, why didn't I remember that damn bird? It just didn't click in my brain until later. Someone, something sent that raven to me as a symbol."

Kristen blamed herself. In the first wave of shock and horror, survivors almost always do. It would be months before Kristen could take in a rational argument: had she told her husband to get out, he probably still would not have left. He was dedicated to his work.

Kristen alternated between despair and rage. When I visited her a few weeks after the atrocity, she said, "Look at my little girl." Caroline, two and a half, sat with her pacifier in her mouth and her blanket, watching Barney on TV. Caroline wasn't speaking much yet; her speech therapist would arrive soon. "She's so happy," said Kristen, morose. "When I was a child, I would look toward the future and picture myself at 30 years old, and it all came true. That's all gone now. It's totally and utterly gone. All of our dreams, our future . . . "

Kristen wept, raking her fingers through her uncombed hair. "No. I can't turn into this miserable depressed person. I'm only 30. And I'm a widow. I went to the library. Where is the book for a 30-year-old woman with a two-and-a-half-year-old child whose husband was killed by terrorists and who witnessed it? Where is the book for that?"

We look at each other in silent futility. The experts would say this was the beginning of stage two of traumatic grief—the disillusionment stage.



AFTER EDEN
Pat Wotton with a photo of her husband, Rod, in her garden, where she has created a memorial to him, June 2002.

In mid-October, when I stopped by Kristen's house again, she was outside in shorts raking leaves. But something was wrong with this autumnal picture. She was wearing heavy rubber gloves and a face mask.

"I went out to get the mail last night," she said. "There was a brown parcel in there from somebody I never heard of in Eatontown, New Jersey. All our mail goes through Eatontown, and they found anthrax in that facility—yesterday."

Was it customary for this outdoorsy woman to be so cautious?

"Never. But I would never have thought my husband would have been killed in his office by a plane flying into his building. If I lived in Montana, I would feel differently. But they are definitely targeting New


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Jersey. They are all over New Jersey." (Months later, a local F.B.I. agent told me 15 of the 19 hijackers had been found to have resided in New Jersey for weeks, months, as long as a year before the attacks.)

The police officer who came to examine the unidentified parcel was so nervous he wouldn't go near it. He called the health department, and two men in HAZMAT suits showed up and bagged it in double plastic and took it away. Kristen apologized for their trouble. "I don't want them to think I'm some kind of psycho-fanatic.... But when you live with fear at your back door, 20 miles away from you, and you can look out from a hill and see the smoke ... "

The pall of that smoke would hang over Middletown for weeks, and worse was the smell. Those at Ground Zero knew when any significant recovery of bodies occurred. They recognized the smell of death.

Kristen was creating a bunker in her basement. Her china cabinet was filled with three-ring binders bulging with all of the paperwork that described her new circumstances. The labels were: "Crash File," "Charity File," "Govt Fund File," "Fiduciary File." She had demanded that her husband's company, Fiduciary, send out a representative to discuss her financial situation. She reminded them that her husband had managed the president's father's personal money. When the representative showed her the compensation package it planned to offer, rage seethed through her whole body.

According to Kristen, the company was promising little beyond the insurance benefit and workmen's compensation that would have kicked in with any death.

"There's little children across America selling lemonade and giving their pennies away for the families of 9/11, and here my husband worked for you," Kristen said. "He died at his desk because he was there at eight in the morning. What you're doing in my opinion is really paltry. It's shameful."

G[illegible]s not linear. It is a spiral. i[illegible] in what it can han[illegible]m to be moving on, then a memory or sensory detail invades, or [illegible] pills can, and one drops back into a trough of despair, from which another active effort is needed to make the next, larger loop forward. For the widows of 9/11, [illegible] in the news and the [illegible] what happened to their h[illegible] the "Why?"s—keep them tu[illegible] ning, hurtled round and round in messy spiral of grief. They no sooner take a few tentative steps forward than they lose their footing, again. And being kept off-balance makes it almost impossible to begin the passage to recovery.

We tend to forget that September 11 was not the first time Americans were intimately devastated by an act of terrorism. The families and survivors of the Oklahoma City bombing have been on their journey of recovery for seven years. It wasn't until I joined those survivors and relatives of victims for their Remembrance Day last April 19 that I began to grasp how long and treacherous is the passage that lies ahead for the families of 9/11. But the Oklahoma atrocity was *out there*, and many of the widows of 9/11 admit guiltily that they had not felt much more than passing shock and sadness at the time. Diane Leonard, an attractive activist who lost her husband on April 19, 1995, when a domestic terrorist blew up the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building, kept shaking her head as she spoke about the newest members of this growing community of grieving:

"They have such a hard time coming, such a hard time."

"I'm not going to make it out," Rod told Pat over the phone. "What do you mean? We're going to have a baby next week," she wailed.



CALL TO PRAYER
Rod Wotton in Cancún, Mexico, December 1998. In their last conversation, he asked Pat to pray for him. She instead prayed that he'd come home.

PAT

[illegible] the pool boy rang Pat Wotton's bell [illegible]ek after 9/11, he came away saying, "She came to the door, man, I never saw such red eyes." Pat's big, sad, pleading Irish eyes had taken over more of her face but found no focus.

On the eighth day after her husband's murder, Pat, still in shock, was taken to Riverview Hospital for a cesarean birth. She had begged to have the date moved up—not wanting this child of misfortune to live inside her deep trauma any longer than necessary—but the doctor didn't want to risk a premature delivery. Pat's spirit was not present for the birth. It was in the smoking pile across the river, searching for her husband.

Once he was extracted, the baby boy's cries sounded to Pat as if he were in agony. The neonatologist said, "They all do that." But even after they cut the cord the baby stayed blue. Before Pat could touch him, he was rushed to a neonatal unit in acute lung distress. She was now in danger of losing the last thing she had together with her husband. She named the newborn Rodney Patrick and hoped. Normally, being a strong Catholic, she would have prayed. But her faith in a just God had gone cold.

The infant's respiratory problems were so severe, he had to be moved to a more specialized hospital. Only after much finagling was Pat permitted to transfer with him to Jersey Shore Hospital. She asked one psychiatrist if she couldn't be in postpartum depression. "No," he told her. "You went right into depression." Once she healed from her cesarean, she was told there was only one way she could remain near her baby. She would have to be admitted to the psychiatric unit. Marie Varley, director of the northern New Jersey offices of Church World Service, who tried to advocate for Pat, interpreted that suggestion as saying, "'Be crazy and you can stay with your baby.' That had a profound effect on Pat." Pat went home empty-handed rather than risk the stigma of a psychiatric record.

At home, Pat felt, like Kristen, that the company their husbands worked for, Fiduciary, was anything but compassionate. When Pat's family had called the hot line the company set up, they were told, they say, that Rod Wotton was "accounted for." After two days of futile phone calls to hospitals, the Wottons called the hot line again and were told the information was "inaccurate." (A Fiduciary spokesperson says that Rod had always been on the "unaccounted for" list.) No condolence letter came for

almost a month, not until Pat's sister Brenda complained. When Pat or Kristen or other families went to the Fiduciary Web site to post questions about their loved ones on the message board, they were confronted with a beautiful view of the Twin Towers and copy boasting of the company's prestigious address:

Our offices on the 90th–97th floors of Two World Trade Center . . . have breathtaking views.

This message and picture remained up until April 2002. Five weeks after the attacks, Fiduciary held a service of remembrance at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in Manhattan. Families were given a memorial book with profiles of the lost employees. Fiduciary's C.E.O., Anne Tatlock, gave a speech in which she instructed families who were still in shock, "It is essential to find a way to move forward." Mark Ebersole felt sick. "There was no mention of the heroic efforts of their workers," says the eyewitness, who remembers clearly what he saw on September 11. "Ed [McNally] was on the phone with Steve Tall [Fiduciary's chief technology officer], who was in his car. Ed was calling people together to delegate roles—who should report where and when—to do recovery in New Jersey." Ebersole contends that McNally was kept on the phone for many minutes—from the time the first plane hit, when he and Rod ran past McNally's desk, at least until the time he left. Those minutes were a matter of life—for those who escaped—and death, for those who stayed to help with "disaster recovery": Rod Wotton and Ed McNally were among the 86 Fiduciary employees who were killed.

"These people died for the company, period," vows the witness, Ebersole.

Pat Wotton couldn't bring herself to attend Fiduciary's "remembrance service," but she spoke to Steve Tall on his cell phone outside the cathedral. "I heard from Rod they were running disaster recovery, and that's why he couldn't leave," she said. Tall told her that wasn't possible, because it was against company policy. Still convinced that her husband was delayed unnecessarily, she could barely speak to the man when Tall showed up at the memorial service for her husband, which was combined with a baptism for their new baby.

Tall, responding recently through the corporate-communications spokeswoman, says that McNally called him at 9:01 A.M. and reported only that a plane had hit the north tower, flames were coming out, and people were leaving the office. Then suddenly, according to Tall, McNally said, "Oh my God, something else has just happened, I've got to go!," and hung up at 9:03. That was when the wing of the second plane sliced through their floor. "No one was asked to stay behind to back up systems," claims Tall. "I kept strictly within our company policy in leading the disaster-recovery efforts . . . which is that everyone is to evacuate the building immediately."

The families were originally told that Franklin Templeton, Fiduciary's new parent, would be terminating their health insurance by the end of October. (That date was later extended to the end of November, then April, and now to the end of 2002.) Pat Wotton was frantic: Who was going to pay for all the support services and emergency interventions that she would need to keep her baby alive? She would have to beg.

One night two strange men appeared at Pat's door, Rick Korn and Jim Wassal, who explained that they were from the Alliance of Neighbors. "Pat was the most outwardly devastated widow of all those I'd visited," Korn recalled. "Her little daughter was running around, acting out. The baby was still in the hospital. Pat was in shock. I realized that people were affected differently depending on their stage of life. Here was a woman not only dealing with the loss of her husband, but the life of her newborn was in jeopardy. I left her house incredibly sad and hoping she could pull it out."

But of all her losses, the one that hit Pat the hardest was the loss of her strong Catholic faith. She just couldn't find it. Several Catholic and Protestant parishes were hit so hard the clerics themselves were reeling from the battering of their faith.

"The money will be a nightmare. Widows are already getting comments about how wealthy they're going to be."

Father Kevin Keelan, a young and popular priest at Holy Cross in Rumson, was among those overwhelmed. "We have 14 families, so Father Hughes and I divided them into 7 each," he told me, embarrassed he couldn't recall all their names.

What Pat and at least half of the widows of Middletown came to rely on were the support groups. Holy Cross started a group offering spiritual guidance; Catholic Charities (funded by 9/11 contributions to United Way) provided groups led by psychiatric social workers. Pat joined both, one led by Maureen Fitzsimmons, a wise and highly professional program director of Catholic Charities in Red Bank. Some of the widows said that the weekly meetings with other young women—wounded noncombatants in America's new war on terrorism—were the only time they felt understood.

After the not knowing, the next-worst thing was not having the body. Holding a memorial and staring at the empty aisle in the Catholic church where the casket always sits for a funeral. But Pat wasn't sure she wanted what the state was offering—an urn full of dust from Ground Zero that mixed her husband's charred flesh with that of terrorists. Come November, she forced herself to go to Liberty State Park anyway. A derelict parking area had been laid with grass, and trailers had been moved in overnight to house a supermarket of disaster services for the New Jersey families.

From the moment families entered the reception area of a grand old ferry terminal, they were greeted by a personal NOVA (National Organization for Victim Assistance) volunteer who would advocate for them throughout the day. The place was mostly a marvel of sensitivity. There was even a debate about whether or not to use the word "death" on the sign where one applied for a death certificate. The chapel ceremony where Pat and other widows were presented with the urn by a cleric of their choosing, and given a flag just as a widow of a member of the armed services would have been, was surprisingly moving.

Making the rounds of the disaster-relief trailers, Pat happened to hit a couple of sticklers. A man from the New York Crime Victims Board refused to reimburse her for her husband's memorial service. On the receipts she had submitted, some had her married name, Wotton, and some were hyphenated with her maiden name, Greene-Wotton. "I cannot have you make this difficult for me," Pat told the stickler, politely. He wouldn't budge. "Sir, I filled out your papers, I submitted the receipts, please . . . " Pat, like most of the Middletown widows, was used to being on the giving end, raising money for good causes. It was humiliating to beg for $65 to cover flowers for the miniature box in which all she had to bury were love notes from family and friends. Finally the NOVA volunteer interceded.

Pat's sister Brenda was running interference, too. She found the Buddhists a model of compassion, requiring only a marriage license and a death certificate before they wrote out a check for $1,000. When Pat and Brenda sat down across from the Red Cross volunteer, it felt more

like a welfare office than disaster relief.

"Whaddya got?" barked the woman.

Pat began pulling out her monthly bills.

"They're gonna tell you your gas bill, phone bill, your mortgage, was already paid in the check you got."

Pat told her that she understood the first check covered only one month's bills.

"You misunderstood," snapped the volunteer. "You're gonna get something more from the Red Cross, in January or February. Say, a month or six weeks later and you still have these other bills, you fill out another form. I helped a girl who asked for $18,000. I told her she probably wouldn't get it. She got $4,000."

She asked if there were any child-care expenses. Pat said a physical therapist was coming to their home every day, to help her baby learn to breathe. Why pay so much? the worker wanted to know. Pat said she had delivered the baby only five weeks ago. For the first time, the Red Cross worker halted in her machine-gun bureaucratese and looked up.

"You delivered the second child after 9/11?"

"Yes."

"O.K., that's good."

This bruising experience continued for an hour. A month later, when Pat checked on the progress, it turned out that the papers had never been filed. (The Red Cross has not yet distributed the close to $300 million in 9/11 contributions it received.)

Then, finally, comes the dreaded high point of the day: the ferry crossing to view Ground Zero. Thirty-five family members have signed up. Some have dropped out. The remainder are given white hard hats, respiratory masks, and plastic glasses. After a sober briefing in the chapel, everybody boards buses. The family members are flanked by Red Cross disaster-relief workers and NOVA companions, and nuzzled by therapy dogs with thick coats ideal for petting.

Pat is well supported by her two sisters and several friends, who lean over their seats to keep up a lively banter. Her lips tremble; she is fighting with herself, trying to be brave but quite terrified at confronting the reality. If it were a dark day the ferry ride across the Hudson might feel like crossing the river Styx. But this day in November is warm and sun[illegible]less. So there [illegible] no sign of destru[illegible] alongside the g[illegible]den, with its [illegible] Giant-jawed excavators move in [illegible] tance like exotic animals in a game pa[illegible]

Pat steps off the ferry crying so ha[illegible] doesn't see the rut. She falls to her knees in the mud. Her companions gasp and grab for her, thinking she has collapsed. She is mortified: *Please, God, don't let me make a spectacle of myself.* She shakes them off. Walking on, lips clenched against her fears, she sails past the HAZMAT workers, who hold their helmets over their hearts, through the columns of firefighters, New York State Police, and National Guardsmen standing at attention, shoulder to shoulder. She passes the Memorial Wall, with its vast inventory of teddy bears, still bearing up.

As we approach the perimeter of Ground Zero, the damaged outer buildings are demurely draped in black safety netting. Underfoot the unsteady planks of a catwalk lead to a metal ramp. Finally, we all come to a set of short, steep steps leading to a platform. It feels like we're ascending the guillotine. Still no wreckage can be seen—nothing but the excavators, which appear more monstrously large and overpowering. Only upon reaching the top step does the reality suddenly strike each family member full in the face and gut—this is a giant amphitheater of death.

"If you get less money than you think you deserve, you'll feel bad," said Lisa. "If you get more, you'll feel guilty."

Pat lets out a shriek of agony. It sends shudders through everybody else. She runs to the railing and screams into the vast gouge of crushed concrete and still-cooking ruins. "Rod, Rod, come back! How could you leave me! Rod, come baaack."

Several E.M.S. workers rush to pull her back from the frail railing, fearing that she might break down completely and leap into the abyss. Pat is sobbing hysterically. As her sisters see her distress, they, too, begin weeping prodigiously and take turns putting her head on their shoulders, repeating, "He's with you, he's in your heart, you'll always have him there." Pat composes herself and peers over at the specks of police and firefighters moving around like toy figures in the vast pit. She asks to have the south tower, where Rod worked, pointed out to her. A single stump of concrete is left standing.

"That's all there is!" Pat cries out. Now a wave of rage comes over her. Only later could she explain it: "I was thinking about the hard time the company is giving me. I thought, They must never have visited this [illegible] to see the devastation, and to realize he died working for the company."

"The money the widows are going to get will be a nightmare," predicted the Oklahoma City–bombing widow Diane Leonard. "They're already getting envious comments from so-called friends about how wealthy they're going to be." The Oklahoma City families and survivors never thought of asking for money from the government. "When I heard the federal government appointed a special master to decide how to compensate [the 9/11 people for their economic losses and their pain and suffering]," Leonard moaned, "I thought, Oh, no, that is going to cause so much pain and anger."

In a heartfelt effort to circumvent the tedious paperwork and overhead that were holding back payments from the big-name charities, a half-dozen of Rumson's most successful men jumped in to join Rick Korn in creating their own ad hoc social agency. Word of mouth spread about the Alliance of Neighbors of Monmouth County. Widows were told simply, "Call Rick. He's cutting checks." Korn would show up at the door, usually in shorts, having just come from coaching lacrosse or the Pop Warner League, and cut a check for $10,000 the very same day. "No questions, no forms—amazing," marveled Kristen Breitweiser when one phone call produced her check. This was the initial reaction to the Alliance. But in the months to come, the money issue turned ugly.

Why weren't all the families getting 10 grand? How long would this Alliance money hold out?—there were hundreds of families in Monmouth County. Why were rich neighbors from Rumson showing up at people's doors and acting like social workers, asking the most personal of questions: "What's your monthly nut?" Who was the Alliance? It was all chiefs, no Indians. Men of action, in such a hurry to play Good Samaritans that they didn't take time to learn how social welfare really works.

"It's very hard to do good to people" was a mantra of my mentor, anthropologist Margaret Mead. And Middletowners had very little experience with doing good to one another. Even before Thanksgiving, the competing interests and egos among chiefs of the Alliance became so intense that its next benefit concert was canceled, and Rick Korn resigned. By December the Alliance wasn't returning phone calls or urgent E-mails. "We were overtaxed, with too few volunteers," admits Ed McKenna, mayor of Red Bank. They were "reorganizing." Some $300,000 to $400,000 of contributions sat in the bank until summer, awaiting the creation of a proper board and a mission.

Janet Dluhi and Allyson Gilbert were moms themselves, with full-time jobs and houses and undone laundry, and they knew what *they* would miss if their husbands were suddenly gone: help with shopping,

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meals, accounting, baby-sitting, buying the kids toys for Christmas . . . They hatched an idea for a grass-roots support network to reach out to the wounded families. They called it Middletown's FAVOR (*F*riends *A*ssisting *V*ictims *o*f Terro*r*).

FAVOR was more modest than the Alliance, more hands-on. It established a board and immediately attracted 40 volunteers (ultimately 90). "All these women are isolated," observed volunteer Adele Fresienhahn of the widows. "They were so happy to open the door in the middle of the day and find somebody there."

A week before Christmas, 30 noisy women squatted hip to hip on the floor of Allyson Gilbert's pocket-size basement to create Christmas baskets. Excitement was high as the volunteers powered off in their S.U.V.'s imagining the happy faces behind the doors that would open for them the next morning. What actually greeted them were extremes of behavior. The first stop was at the home of a woman whose husband had worked on the 95th floor of the south tower. For a bereaved mother of three young children the woman acted oddly upbeat. "Oh yeah, come on upstairs," she chattered. "You can put them in my mother's room. I lost my mother along with my husband. Oh no, I'm fine now. I talk about it all the time. I'm [illegible] on the line, but I'm fine."

Her two-year-old [illegible] the wedding video [illegible] to put it on so she could [illegible] hundredth time. When [illegible] where her mother was [illegible] beautiful white gown with her hand [illegible] father in his tuxedo, the toddler buried face in the cushions and started to sob.

One widower and his 21-year-old daughter were too embarrassed to invite volunteers in. They had both taken to sleeping in the living room until one or two in the afternoon. Other widows made excruciatingly brave attempts to reward the volunteers with cheerful smiles. Pat Wotton, by contrast, showed no emotion. "I was so used to being a giver. I felt an overload of giving from too many people."

So this was where the widows were at the three-month mark: Still in shock. Numb. Unfocused. Preoccupied. Locking the keys in the car, forgetting to pay bills, forgetting best friends' names, forgetting everything but September 11 because for most it was still September 12. One widowed mom drove her child to school in her nightgown and walked like that right into the classroom without noticing.



LIFE-AFFIRMING Lisa Luckett with her then 13-month-old son, Timothy, June 2002. "I'm not going to let our kids have unhappy lives," she says.

"Psychologically, I was blocked," said Lisa. "Totally shut down. I couldn't find the love."

KRISTEN

Kristen was a fighter. She would claim that she'd rather curl up on her couch with Caroline and grieve, but in truth she [illegible] a whole lot better in battle mode. And [illegible]ber the Jersey widows were ready [illegible] Washington.

[illegible]er, a whip-slim, tennis-playing [illegible] three adolescents, took the lead on fighting for tax relief for the 9/11 families. She called members of Congress to warn them that "we're active and organized and you've got to help us get this tax-relief bill through Congress—before Christmas." She went down with all the "girls" from Middletown: Kristen Breitweiser, Patty Casazza, Sheila Martello, Lynn McCabe, Mary Beth Tucker, and others. They would be joined by a crew from North Jersey including the nation's new sweetheart, Lisa Beamer, the widow of Todd Beamer, one of the heroes of United Flight 93.

On December 5 the nation's capital was still on high alert, the streets virtually empty. The Capitol was still closed to the public given the extraordinary security concerns. Some of the widows had scarcely been out of their houses. "For me to get on a train, I'm still scared," Kristen admitted. "You still think it's going to explode. That's what September 11 did to the families." As if the widows weren't paranoid enough, they were greeted at Washington's Union Station by a giant display of bent steel—a tribute to the World Trade Center. They lost it and started to cry.

Democrats and Republicans were sparring over who was first and best in responding to the plight of the victims' families. The big fish was Dennis Hastert, Speaker of the House—a name new to most of the widows. Ginny Bauer was in the lead as the long column of gray-garbed and grim-faced women marched across the marble rotunda of the Capitol, headed for Hastert's well-hidden office. Beginning with Kristen, the widows told their emotional stories. They said their children didn't want them to leave to go to Washington, afraid that Mommy, like Daddy, wouldn't come back. They said they'd had no peace of mind to grieve. Charity moneys were slow in coming; estate benefits took forever to process. They needed help right now to tide them over. Couldn't the Speaker bring to the floor—before Christmas—the legislation that would forgive their taxes for two years?

Hastert listened impassively. They got nothing but formalities: "O.K., well, we appreciate you coming down." Tough cookie, they decided. It hadn't gone well.

Kristen and another widow got lost on the way to see Hillary Clinton. But they came out of that meeting with stars in their eyes. "My husband would turn over—*if* he were in his grave," joked Kristen, whose mate had been a rabid Republican. Gallows humor sometimes helped to keep them going. "But did you notice Hillary's suit—she matched her wallpaper! She looks like a magazine layout."

That was probably the only moment of

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levity on the widows' maiden trip to Washington. Kristen and Sheila Martello stayed over for their first confrontation with Kenneth Feinberg, the special master appointed by the attorney general to administer the Victim Compensation Fund. That night they were overcome by paranoia. The two moms wrote letters to their toddlers.

"Mommy went down to Washington to protect people. She didn't want anything to happen, but if you're reading this . . ." —that kind of letter. Kristen signed off with "I love you and I'll always love you. I'm with Daddy now."

Kristen's first exposure to Feinberg brought her right back up. "Bombastic" doesn't convey the half of him. Feinberg is a tall streak of a man who zooms in and out of his offices in Washington and New York, drops down into a chair, plants one foot up on the conference table, and barks in his heavy Boston accent, "Hey, how're you doin'? Let's talk! Let's do some business!"

Kristen picked up right away that this lawyer, expert in working wrongful-death cases, was not used to dealing with victims. He was used to dealing with other attorneys. Kristen had her new role cut out for her. Over the next six months she would turn herself into the chief thorn in the side of the special master. At most of the meetings Feinberg held with families anywhere in the New York–New Jersey area, Kristen and her crew of six or eight needlers were there, front and center, interrupting his hour-long spiels, in which he both asked and answered the questions.

At first, Feinberg was defensive. "What I don't get is, these same six or eight women that I see over and over again who claim to represent the 4,000, if they really speak for them," he complained to me in January. But in future months he changed his tune. "Kristen is a spitfire," he later told me. She had become indelible in his mind. "I see lots of angry families. But she's an angry *lawyer*." Coming from attorney Feinberg, this was a high honor for a surfer girl with a degree [illegible] Hall and three days of law pr[illegible] had come to respect and [illegible] a worthy opponent. [illegible] would eventually [illegible] in making the [illegible] civilians by findi[illegible] of the benefits going

LISA

Lisa did not have her first d[illegible] the tragedy until January 2002. A[illegible] ing was collapsing, not the Trade C[illegible] but some sort of collegiate building that somebody blocked her from seeing. "Psychologically, I was blocked," she could tell me months later with the benefit of therapy and her own insights. "Totally shut down. The anger I felt helped me with the shock. I couldn't find Teddy. I couldn't find the love. I knew in my heart he was the love of my life, but I couldn't . . . " She wept. "I couldn't feel anything except being left holding the bag."

It was very disturbing to Lisa to be angry with her husband in the first few months after his murder. Logically, she knew that very often people get angry at those they love and lose in order to make the separation easier. But the man was murdered—how could she blame him? It's one of the most troubling reactions to traumatic grief, and totally normal. The way Lisa's personality got around it was with frenzied activity and lashing out at those closest to her. Not at friends, because she desperately needed her friends now, but at family, because family must love you no matter what. The professionals call this ag[illegible] depression.

[illegible] Year did not bring the wid[illegible] regeneration. Buffers were [illegible]wn; family members had [illegible] own domestic exigencies. Married friends in the area were beginning to back off. These young, quite beautiful, and potentially rich women didn't fit in Middletown anymore. They were a primal threat. There were no men in this bedroom town who did not belong to other women.

"[Those] who didn't know me with Teddy don't see the hole. They see me as having a future—an interesting concept."



SOUL MATES
Teddy and Lisa Luckett on their honeymoon in Ravello, Italy, October 1990. On September 11, Lisa did not send Teddy off to work with the usual "Have a safe trip." Instead, she told him, "You are my soul mate."

KRISTEN

Some people choose to hang on to their anger; it serves the purpose of keeping them away from that raw, intense grief. A piece of anger is blaming. It's the fault of the government, the church—whomever we can point a finger at who will present an opportunity for at least verbal retaliation. The Oklahoma City families had a prime target for their anger that kept them focused outwardly. It was the unrepentant bomber Timothy McVeigh, and many survivors followed his trial avidly, testified enthusiastically, and watched his execution with some sense of justice. But it was not coincidental that many traumatized families of Oklahoma City reached the depths of despair not long after McVeigh was sentenced to death, and the shield of their anger slipped to reveal the pain still underneath. This was the kind of emotional crash experienced by Kristen.

Once Kenneth Feinberg decreed in March his Final Rule for the September 11 Victim Compensation Fund of 2001, and sent out his 30-page commentary, Kristen lost her worthy opponent. She had worn out most of the widows who were her lieutenants in the fund fight. Friends were urging her to give it up and get on with her life. It had been so much easier when she was in full battle mode, the portable phone wedged into her shoulder all day long, and night; she wouldn't hit the pillow until three A.M. and she'd be up at five. Suddenly deprived of a target for her anger, she was left for six weeks staggering around in what she jokingly referred to as Ken Feinberg withdrawal.

"I had a huge breakdown a week ago," she told me in mid-April. Her car broke down on Route 35 in the middle of Caroline's having an acute allergic reaction, and Kristen had to run the child's stroller down a four-lane highway to get to a pharmacy, and that night she had to take Caroline to a hospital. What she meant by a "breakdown," though, was feeling the pain. "It was a lot easier to just plug on through and not address the emotional side of it. Now, every once in a while, in



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the back of my brain, it just seeps in that I'm totally alone," she said, barely audibly. "He's not coming back. And it's terrible."

PAT

Out of the 32 missing on Middletown detective sergeant Joseph Capriotti's list, the remains of only 10 had been identified as late as February. He did not look forward to reporting any more "positive identifications." He lamented, "When they begin to accept it and decide how they're going to carry on with the rest of their lives, it bothers me to walk in and give them the news and watch people's lives collapse around them." It was like reporting a Second Death.

Pat Wotton opened the door to Capriotti the week before Valentine's Day. "No!" she cried. "It can't be." The detective sat with her for three hours while she slipped in and out of accepting the reality, the finality of it. She didn't wish to hear what part of his body had been found. For the memorial service in October she had been numb. Now she would have to plan a funeral.

Hoping to ease her despair, I asked Pat to try to remember back to the person she was before she ever met her husband—the career woman who entertained herself and supported herself. She thought about it. A week later she looked at me blankly. "I don't know her. I don't know who I am now. I'm a shell."

Days after Pat laid her husband's remains to rest, she opened an anonymous letter attacking her as a greedy person. A copy of her husband's obituary was clipped to blowups of fake $1,000 bills.

At the critical six-month mark, the dominant emotion among the widows was the desire to escape. Loneliness was gnawing now. The spring basket from FAVOR offered each of them a free vacation, custom-tailored to their preferences, from a weekend in Atlantic City or Disneyland to a week at an exclusive Caribbean resort. At first the widows were excited. Then there were second thoughts. What fun would a vacation be when they'd be up all night, alone, watching TV in a hotel room with the kids asleep next door? They had exhausted the video rentals. Middletown has no singles bars [illegible] the talk around tow[illegible] so much as had [illegible] in public.

LISA

Lisa Luckett did escape, in [illegible] Mexico. She took her first vacation with[illegible] out Teddy, accompanied by her parents and her children and fully expecting it would be a relief to get a break. Instead, grief finally tore the first hole through her resistance. She felt the hole, the hole where Teddy would have been. They had planned this trip together. "It was bittersweet," she said. "Now, vacations always will be."

In late March when I ferried over to Middletown, the sky oozed pellets of thick rain and the bay heaved and spat against giving in to what the calendar designated as the first day of spring. Lisa's home was a warm refuge. She microwaved us instant coffee and kept up her usual cheerful chatter. What was different this time, at the six-month mark, was that Lisa could cry. Every time she talked about "the hole," her lips turned down and her throat closed up. She would dart out of the room and come back blowing her nose, saying, "I really apologize for all this congestion."

Through the tears, though, Lisa was adamant. "I'm not going to let our kids have unhappy lives because they lost their daddy. I cannot let it do that," she vowed. "We'll take him with us in our hearts, always, but we're going to go forward."

She was relentless in going out and about with her children. "This is us; this is our family," she was telling herself and the world. But her old friends saw the hole. She could read it in their faces. "It's very glaring to them that Teddy is missing. The first time, it's probably a slap to people looking at us. It may create discomfort, but we all have to be uncomfortable. It's not going to go away."

When the first neighbor walked across her lawn bearing food, Lisa thought, "Oh, no, now we're going to have a weeklong wake."

What buoyed her spirits were the new people in her life. Like the woman she called her Mrs. Doubtfire, whom she had hired to help with the children. And the therapist she had taken on after interviewing many others. "Why are you interviewing me?" the psychiatrist had asked. "Let's just say I've had a lot of bad dentists," Lisa replied. [illegible] new people perceived her differ[illegible]ly. So did the old people from her [illegible] re-Teddy, the old college class[illegible]es with whom she had reconnected. [illegible] people who didn't know me with [illegible]el empathy," she discerned, "but [illegible]on't see the hole. They see me as [illegible] future." She laughed. "Which is an interesting concept, having a future."

Despite all of Lisa's admirable efforts at moving on, she was still caught up in the anger phase. So was just about everybody else. Kristen's outlet—battling over the inequities of the fund—did not appeal to Lisa. "It's a no-win conversation," she felt. "If you get less money than you think you deserve, you'll feel bad. If you get more, you'll feel guilty." The channel Lisa's anger found was far more personal.

"First, I was angry at Teddy, because he died with unfinished business. After I got through with Teddy, then it was his family. Then it was my family: 'Why don't you know how to help me?!'"

Then, an epiphany: "Your anger doesn't necessarily come out at the terrorists, it comes out at whatever was a problem for you before." Then she realized, "How can they all be wrong? I can either change the way I think, or I can be miserable."

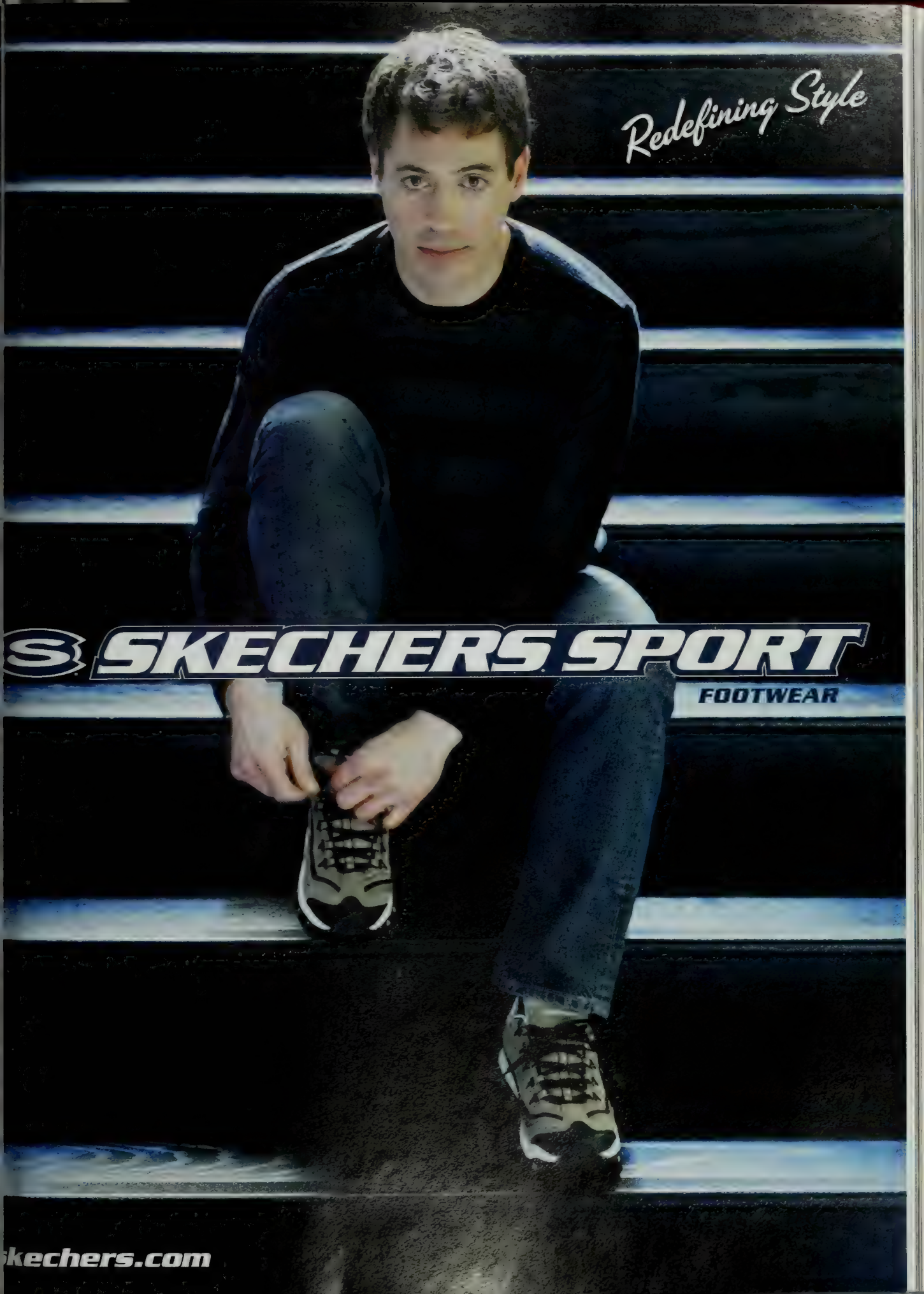
Despite the diagnosis of agitated depression, Lisa had resisted medication, arguing, "I need to be strong enough to handle this myself." Once persuaded to take a short course of antidepressants—as one would take antibiotics for an infection—Lisa found it smoothed out the swells and troughs of her emotions and allowed her the clarity to appreciate something surprising: She was learning so much, so fast, about herself.

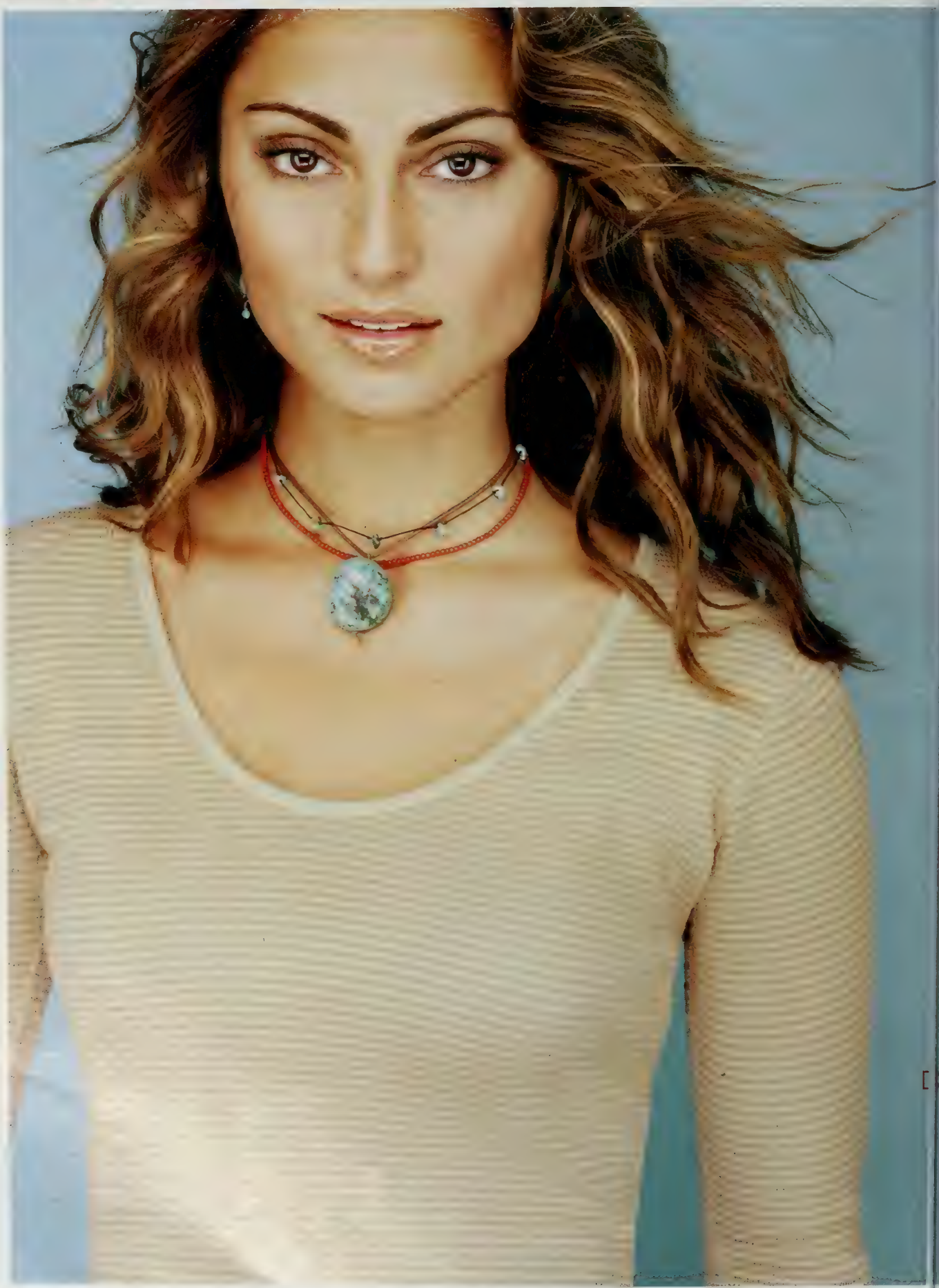
KRISTEN

By mid-April Kristen had connected with new blood—two live-wire widows from the East Brunswick area—to try to pull off a rally on Capitol Hill demanding a full, independent investigation of the failures of 9/11. Kristen was back in full battle mode.

"How could there be such a colossal, systemic, utter failure that morning?" she fumed to me. "Between the F.A.A., the N.S.A. [National Security Agency], the C.I.A., the Secret Service, the F.B.I., I don't understand it. Two things really hang me up. There is no possible way that four planes could be simultaneously hijacked above the United States and no one know about it until they hit the buildings. And I don't understand how George Bush went in and spoke to second-graders when he knew that the first plane had hit the first tower. He was the commander in chief of the United States of America. We were clearly under attack, and he continues to read to second-graders?"

Caroline falls down and cries, the phone rings, the dog drags in roadkill—the usual chaos of domestic life—but Kristen doesn't miss a beat in rehearsing her summation before punching out the press release on her computer and asking the A.P. reporter who calls to put it on the wire. What's the name of the group putting


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Michael Stars

the original tee

on the rally? she is asked by the reporter.

"Just four moms from New Jersey."

She picks up her rant for my benefit. "All planes were supposed to be grounded [after the attacks on the W.T.C.]. So you've got two planes left up in the air that aren't accounted for, and you're telling me the F.A.A. has no idea where they're going and that one is allowed to crash into the Pentagon? Like, I don't understand why normal American citizens don't find this, like, mildly disturbing. We spend billions of dollars on national defense for intelligence."

At least $30 billion, I interject.

"Let me finish. You think I was a thorn with Ken Feinberg? Like, I haven't even begun."

PAT

Pat Wotton had covered her husband's vegetable garden with black plastic and put a black cross on it. She didn't intend to plant it. Gardening was once her most avid interest; her husband had picked up the bug from her. "But I'm so depressed right now that I don't have any interests," she told me in April. "I'm emotionally drained. I try not to think about the future, because the future is even more depressing."

But on Father's Day weekend Pat did prepare Rod's garden. She planted one row, in his memory. She asked the rest of the men in the family each to plant another row. It gave her some small pleasure to see the garden live on—an interest that was hers that had become his. But she wasn't about to push the grieving process to suit anybody's expectations.

"I've had people talk to me about being strong and moving on. And I say, 'This is where I am right now, and I will move forward when I am ready.' I will not be pushed."

"The truth is, you never really get over this," pronounces Diane Leonard, the Oklahoma City widow I had met at their seven-year remembrance ceremony. The most important message she wanted to pass on to the widows of 9/11 was this: They will not recognize that they are making progress, because it happens in such minuscule increments, day by day, week by week. The first time Leonard recognized that she had made any progress at all was when she traveled to New York right after 9/11 to help out at the Family Assistance Center at Pier 94. "In looking at those faces—the shock, the loss, the vacancy, the horror—that's exactly where we were six and a half years before," she said. "I recognized myself and others in their faces. And I could see that we weren't that far back anymore. That gave me the guts to reach out to them and to feel that I had something to offer."

LISA

Lisa Luckett had a similar experience when she went down to Ground Zero on the last night before the recovery effort ended, May 29. With the men of the Port Authority Police Department (P.A.P.D.) recovery team, she shared the mixed emotions of their final shift. These 60 or so men had spent the last nine months digging through the destruction to bring out as many bodies as humanly possible—nine months without a break. Lisa's husband, Teddy, was not one of those found. But neither had the P.A.P.D. men been able to find a third of the 37 officers they had lost. They, too, were faced with the finality of a funeral pyre that was now merely a finely raked construction pit. Listening to their commander address them for the last time, Lisa stood awestruck as she realized what these men had sacrificed on behalf of families like hers.

"So many people think, It's not my problem, it can't happen to me. That's why it's so important to have an independent investigation."

Lieutenant Bill Keegan, a gentle Irishman, saluted his family of volunteers for putting their hearts into this hole, six or seven days a week, 12 hours a day, to do God's work. He described how they would stand at attention the next morning, during the walkout ceremony, as a flag-draped stretcher was carried out of Ground Zero symbolizing the unrecovered. A shudder of emotions spread through his men at the mention of the unrecovered. Virtually all carry the burden of believing they did not do enough. "But we're not quite done," Keegan says. "Once we leave here, we're going home to experience the pain that others have experienced since September 11."

Suddenly, Lisa felt herself standing outside the fishbowl. People were always lavishing attention on the families of 9/11, but what about the mental health of these men? They hadn't had any recognition to speak of, no therapy, not even downtime with their families. They'd had to push the sludge of painful emotions down in order to do a dirty but honorable job. Their journey of recovery was only now about to begin.

Lisa asked to speak to them, her voice trembling. "Hi, guys. My husband, Teddy, worked out there. I'm so sorry . . . I'm so honored to be here. I know what you've given up. I'll tell all the widows I know what I've seen tonight." Her tears overcame her. The men in their overalls shuffled and pulled their noses.

Keegan spoke for them all. "I'm hoping as I start to pull myself back together again that I can pull on these great experiences I had . . . and go into that reservoir of my emotions that I have built up over the last nine months and be able to touch it and pull it together. Maybe that's the challenge from my fellow firefighters who lost their lives. They ran heroically and tried to save people's lives and their challenge to me now is to become a better person . . . and go out and make sure that people outside of me see what I've experienced here. Maybe it'll touch them. And from this evil act we'll be able to build something good."

As this story went to press in mid-July, I asked each of the widows: Has there been a time when you've felt, "Oh, I guess I have made progress"?

KRISTEN

"I don't think I've made progress. I've survived. Slowly it's starting to seep into my brain that he's gone forever. It's just Caroline and I and the dog, alone. You see the apathy on the part of the administration—it's appalling. Until the second wave [of terrorism] hits, it's almost like the AIDS crisis. So many people think, It's not my problem, it can't happen to me. That's why it's so important to have an independent investigation."

PAT

"I've been spending more time in bed and dreading getting up in the morning. Feeling a lot of despair. I remembered recently that in our last conversation, that day, Rod asked me to pray for him—I guess, pray that he'd go to heaven. But I prayed that he'd come home. I didn't do what he asked me to. Is it too late?"

LISA

"One of the first things I thought when Teddy died: Am I ever going to be able to go to the beach again?" In summer, the Lucketts lived at the beach. Their friends are beach friends. And they could see the Twin Towers from the beach. "The turning point was when I went to the beach for the first time, on Memorial Day," says Lisa. Friends kept asking her, "Are you O.K.?" She said, "Not only O.K., I'm so happy to be here. I feel like Teddy is here with me. I know we'll be O.K., because so many people love us."

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VANITIES



KATHLEEN ROBERTSON

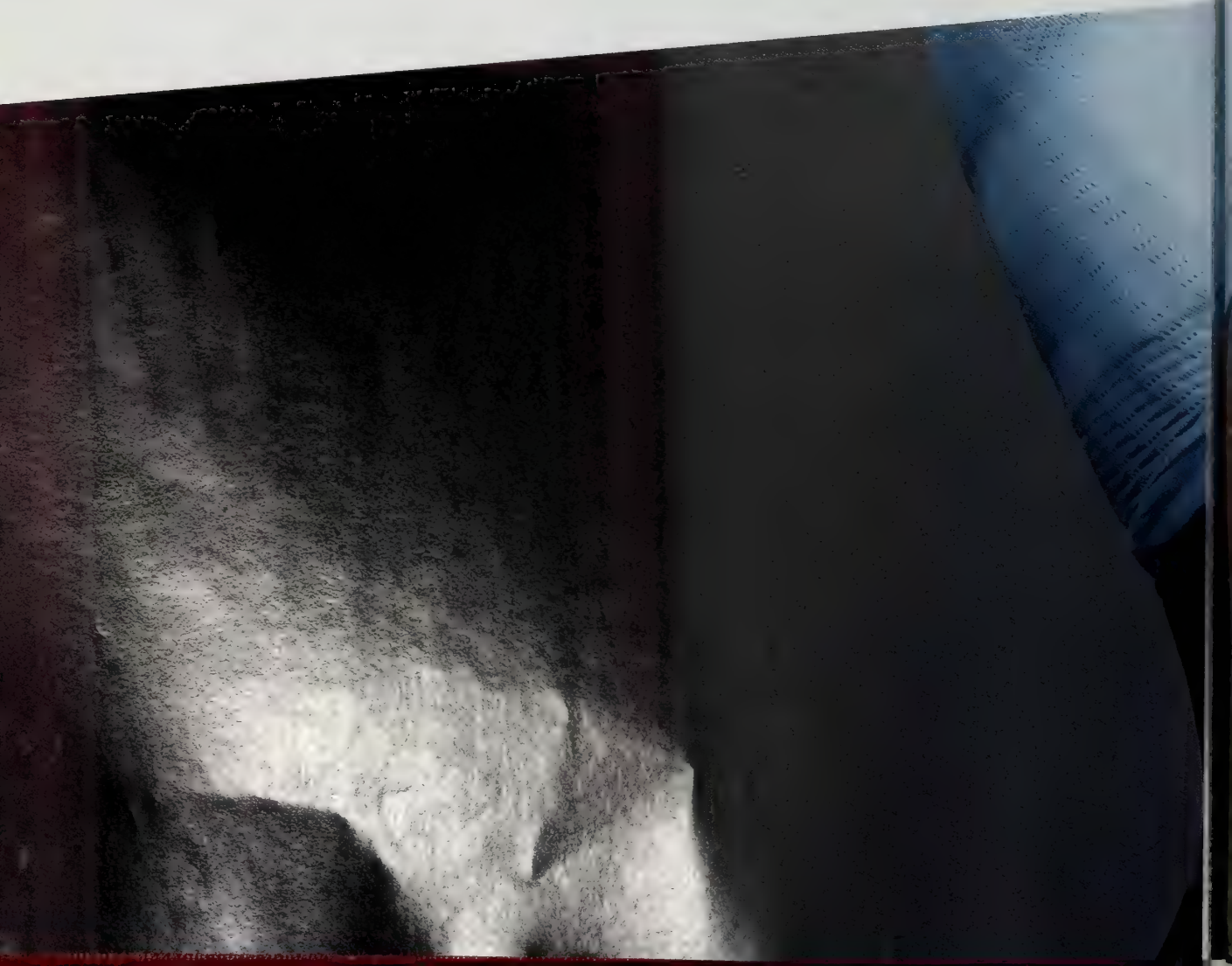
AGE AND OCCUPATION: 27, actor. **PROVENANCE:** Hamilton, Ontario. **THERE'S A LESSON HERE FOR TORI:** Let's get this out of the way—Robertson spent three seasons on *Beverly Hills 90210*. "It was my first American job. I was 18. When I finished, I had to be really careful. I had to pass on stuff that would've been nice to do financially." **THREE'S A CROWD:** Robertson found herself in the middle of a love triangle in Gregg Araki's 1999 dark comedy, *Splendor,* and this winter finds herself on a different side of the triangle in *XX/XY,* with Mark Ruffalo and Maya Stange. "The budget was $700,000, and I made, like, $20, but there's nothing like working on something when everybody is there for the right reason." **NARROW SHOES TO FILL:** This fall Robertson returns to Fox in David E. Kelley's *Girls Club,* the unofficial replacement for *Ally McBeal,* about—what else?—lawyers. "It's centered around these three girls who just graduated from law school." Set in San Francisco, the show also stars Gretchen Mol and Chyler Leigh. **PAGING CHRISTOPHER GUEST:** "The first Canadian thing I did was a show called *Maniac Mansion,* which was basically sketch comedy. It was all the people from *SCTV:* Martin Short, Eugene Levy—all of them. They are true geniuses. And Catherine O'Hara is just so good!" —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTOINE VERGLAS



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SWOOSH

Intelligence Report: GYM CULTURE

SPECIFICALLY, CRUNCH ON SUNSET BOULEVARD



	CELEBRITY	TRAINER	EXOREXIC	MUSCLE BOY	LURKER
DAY JOB	Soap-opera starlet	Developing signature aromatherapy line	Candle-store co-owner ▶	Adult-film star	Producer
FAVORITE CLASS	Power Yoga ▶	Circus Sports	Tread and Shed	Ultimate Jump Rope	The Ride wit Sahara
PRIME TIME	7 A.M.	Noon	11 A.M.	10 P.M.	3 P.M.
MISSION	Balance my Qi	Help my clients become their dreams	Burn 1,400 calories before lunch	Break it down and build it up	Find the nex Gena Lee Nol
LITTLE BUDDY	◀ Pocket dog	Juice-bar girl	13-year-old stepdaughter	Fluffer	Parking-lot ◀ valet
BIG COOL FRIEND	L.A. yoga queen Gurmukh ▶	L.A. weatherman Tony Williams ▶	Husband's screenwriter buddy	Porn director ◀ Chi Chi LaRue	Ian ▶ Ziering
ATTIRE	L.A.S.C. aqua mini-T-shirt	Day-Glo jungle-pattern shorts and cutoff T-shirt	Formfitting Lycra sweatpants and sports bra	Bicycle shorts and black Dolce & Gabbana tank top	Baggy soccer shor and Gilligan hat
WORKOUT ENTERTAINMENT	Watching the room watch her in mirror ▶	Sharpening peppy banter	Talking on phone	*Oprah* ▶	Checking portfolio Netpulse Web stat
PICKUP LINE	"Can you believe I go here?"	"One more hill!"	"Aren't you in my stepdaughter's class at Harvard-Westlake?"	"What do you bench?"	"Aren't you in my Blood and Guts with
POWER SPOT	Hypoxic (reduced oxygen) room	Next to Odwalla Bar display in café	Women's-room ◀ scale	See-through "silhouette" shower stall No. 3	Drinking fountain a from women's locker
POST-GYM HANGOUT	The Coffee House on Sunset ▶	Baja Fresh patio on Sunset	Fred Segal on Melrose	Cultured Class Frozen Yogurt on Santa Monica	The Coffee Bean & Te on Sunset and Fair
NEUROSIS	Blockage of second chakra	Germophobic ▶	Light-sensitive ▶	Back hair ▶	"It's all gc
TERRIFIED OF RUNNING INTO ...	Her sponsor	The guy in the Miata he flipped off on Sunset	Recently fired nanny	His "clients"	A Baldwin broth
DIET	nd diet	Modified Sugar Busters with Zone	Suzanne Somers Diet ▶	The Wrinkle Cure diet	Orange-foc ◀ diet
CAME BECAUSE ...	"I can just be	Help the client's focus on the work	Late-night hours	"It's *so* not a meat market."	"This is wh everyone i
CONVERSATION TOPIC	Toby vs. Leo	[illegible]	Which plastic surgeon: Dr. Steven Hoefflin or Dr. Arnie Klein?	Making the leap to legit features	"I've got some grea at the Firm."

–RICHARD RUSHFIELD and ADAM LEFF

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM SHEAFFER

kate spade
NEW YORK



Visiting Tennessee









shoes handbags reunions



the lawrence family autumn 2002

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The Coaster Correspondence

More of the very expensive words of Edwin John Coaster, contributing editor

THE WYLIE AGENCY
-INCORPORATED-
ANDREW WYLIE

July 8, 2002

Dear Graydon:

We have recently come to represent Ed Coaster, who has filled me in somewhat on the excitements at *Vanity Fair* and the circumstances of his "firing." As both your agent and now his, I'd be grateful if you would put this matter behind you and reinstate Ed as a contributing editor. He's very sorry for his conduct and is going to send you a note of apology. Perhaps you should be aware he has been diagnosed as an anemic depressive and is now taking Ferritinane, the combination antidepressant and iron supplement. Between his contrition and his medication, Ed is now ready to resume being the productive writer he was back when you first met him at Victor Hugo's Father's Day party in 1978. Beyond that, I sense a Coaster revival afoot: his backlist is very active in England, and when I asked Leonardo Mondadori recently what he thought of Ed, by way of example he said, "Donatella Versace thinks he's *molto divertente*."

Finally, we've reviewed Ed's *Vanity Fair* contract, and frankly you don't have a leg to stand on legally in getting rid of him, and I'll be damned if we allow one of your petty power plays to stand in the way of our securing Coaster's backlist and international rights, so if you don't do what we're suggesting, and *fast*, we'll see to it that our clients all stop writing for you.

Love to the kids, and let's have lunch soon!

My very best,

cc: Chris Garrett,
managing editor

EDWIN COASTER

Dear Graydon: July 17, 2002

Mea culpa, man. No. Me a schmuck-a. What can I say? I've been a shit to you, and I realize now, thanks to the ministrations of a perceptive she-psychiatrist dispatched my way by Andrew Wylie, that for five years I have been living in a fog of something called anemic depression. The good news is that I'm now feeling much better, and that there's no proven danger in combining Ferritinane with Blanton's. Even better, there's a helluva book in all this, and I'm calling it Bilge of the Soul: My Journey Through Being Difficult. It's a new voice for me, and it's gonna shock a few people in the firmament. And mark you, it's gonna be big—Bill Styron big. As my make-up gift to you, I'm offering V.F. first dibs on serial rights. Enclosed is the first page of the first chapter, which I wrote just yesterday—betcha you'll be hooked on "the new Ed"!

Yours, contritely,

Ed

BILGE OF THE SOUL: MY JOURNEY THROUGH BEING DIFFICULT
By Edwin John Coaster

Chapter I

It begins, as so many dark journeys of the soul begin, with the father. The father who raised his boy by remote control, forever at a distance, cold to the boy's torment, to the night terrors and the dizzy spells and the tapeworm that daily demanded a week's worth of buttermilk.

The father ... I remember the musk of his earwax, the glint of his billfold. I remember the medicine smell of his bourbon, the thistle of his unshaven Sunday cheek. I remember the caul of nostalgia he wore like a burden as he emerged from the attic, where he listened to night games on the radio. I remember the red of his buttons, the whittaker of his chambers, the alger of his hiss.

His friends called him Ural, for the mountains from whence his people came. I remember reading of the Urals somewhere—in a room where the air was wintry and dark green, as if shot through with the essence of spruce.

I remember remembering all this in 1997 as I stood over his casket on a frigid New England night, a famous man in an anonymous village, my writer's mind surveying the cruelties of time—his once broad ribs sunken and folded like an Old Town canoe's, his skin the color of a Yarmouth clam, his features painted into a cormorant's sneer. It was then that I realized; he was no longer Ural—he was just Dad.

Chris— Since I'm out of town all next week, Ceti disc. When I get back —E.



ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER

GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

Travis Fimmel, in brief

His billboards in London have been known to send motorists nearly off the road. So what is it about actor and Calvin Klein model Travis Fimmel that is so especially distracting? Our columnist goes head-to-head with the farm-raised model, whose in-store appearances attract hundreds of admirers, and asks what he thinks all the fuss is about.

George Wayne: *How did a farm boy from Australia end up being anointed the first 21st-century ideal of male virility?*

Travis Fimmel: I was very lucky, mate. I was in the right place at the right time. I came over to do acting, but I had no money at all and I went into L.A. Models and within a month I was lucky enough to get the campaign.

G.W. *You've always been lucky, though.*

T.F. Oh, I don't know—people make things happen for themselves.

G.W. *But you didn't want to audition for the Calvin Klein campaign.*

T.F. I didn't want to do it at all. I just wanted to get a bit of money to pay for my acting classes, but they sent in my card behind my back. Now I'm very thankful for it. Now I've got a bit of money to pay for my lessons.

G.W. *How do you feel being the object of desire of so many men and women?*

T.F. I don't know. I'm just a normal guy, mate.

G.W. *You're, like, the newest gay pinup. Don't you know that?*

T.F. The new gay icon? Whatever makes people happy, mate. I don't care.

G.W. *And your TV commercials for the new men's fragrance Crave—those are kind of funny.*

T.F. It's cool; it's a bit different. You get to see me dance, which is not a good thing at all.

G.W. *Travis, don't you realize how incredible this is?! You're introducing a new Calvin Klein fragrance. They are building this brand around you! And you seem not at all interested! This is a big deal.*

T.F. It's [illegible] I'm just lucky.

G.W. *Let's [illegible] our heritage. This is a great [illegible] country. When is [illegible]*

T.F. That's a good [illegible] 26th of April?

G.W. *No, Travis, it's the 26th of January. What is Australia's national symbol?*

T.F. The kangaroo? The emu?

G.W. *No, darling, it's you. Your kangaroo has replaced that other kangaroo. Do you know how to blow the didgeridoo?*

T.F. I can a little, but I have a lot of friends who can do it really well. I haven't touched one for 10 years, so now I couldn't do it.

G.W. *Let's talk penis puppetry for a minute. What are your measurements? You're quoted as saying, "When I got the job I felt like the biggest prick of all time." So how big is that prick?*

T.F. It's not very big at all. They must have computer-enhanced it because that's not me. It's not very big, but it has a lot of character.

G.W. *And a delectable foreskin.*

T.F. No, I don't have a foreskin, buddy. I'm circumcised; most Australians are. I'm fucking totally circumcised, buddy. You got any serious questions for me here?

G.W. *These are serious questions, Travis! I'm trying to imagine you with a personality.*

T.F. I don't think that has anything to do with my personality. Where do you get these questions?

G.W. *Isn't this the most unbelievably amazing interview you've ever done in your life? Who inspires you as an actor?*

T.F. I like good-looking guys like me who are not stereotyped. I'm not a stereotype.

G.W. *What do you mean?*

T.F. Like Brad Pitt—he's a great actor. And Mel Gibson. Handsome men who are prepared to look stupid.

G.W. *Do you have beautiful feet?*

T.F. I don't know. I've got normal feet, mate. Can I give you a quote to finish it off?

G.W. *Sure. I demand a money shot, Travis!*

T.F. People who feel live tragic lives. And people who think lead comedic lives.

G.W. *Is that your motto?*

T.F. Yes, that's my motto. I plan to lead a comedic life.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD PHIBBS; FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE


Be even more revealing than what you're wearing.
BE COINTREAUVERSIAL™
COINTREAU
COINTREAU
The spirit of orange inside

Opening the Borders

The world's largest private humanitarian relief organization, Doctors Without Borders (Médecins sans Frontières), provides emergency medical assistance to populations in danger in more than 80 countries. Why should these noble individuals labor alone? HENRY ALFORD explores the possibilities.





EVENT PLANNERS WITHOUT BORDERS
They will pinpoint parties and functions that are "at risk" and airlift to these gatherings fog machines, grass skirts, and volcanoes made out of broccoli.

EVENT PLANNERS WITHOUT BORDERS
(Orchestrateuses sans Frontières)

They will pinpoint parties and functions that are "at risk" and airlift to these gatherings fog machines, grass skirts, and volcanoes made out of broccoli. They will make available, to all in need, a low-cost Denim and Diamonds event. They will erect face-painting booths. They will fuel the idea that rooms can be named after fruits: you are standing in Pineapple, but you're headed straight for Kiwi! They will distribute gift bags to areas in conflict; these gift bags will contain a videotape of a movie you saw on an airplane, a Celine Dion CD, and squeeze packets of a beauty product called either Permanent Upheaval Crème or Plastique: The Lotion.

EX-PRESIDENTS WITHOUT BORDERS
(Présidents d'Hier sans Frontières)

They will selflessly accept the perk of lifetime free postage. They will selflessly agree to speak at the Morgan Stanley Dean Witter conference in Boca for $75,000 and, in a stirring *beau geste,* linger afterward over cocktails. They will publicly bear witness to the plight of the unkissed baby. They will disseminate the horrifying information that, prior to the passing of the Former Presidents Act of 1958, a financially strapped Harry Truman was forced to move in with his mother-in-law. They will allow taxpayers to pay for the staff and upkeep of presidential libraries and museums, regardless of the fact that the Gene Autry Museum gets more visitors than the nearby Ronald Reagan Presidential Library. They will spend vast amounts of time in the field, often accompanied by their caddie. They will offer to cut ribbons at malls that have *already* opened. They will appear, at all times, startlingly lifelike. CONTINUED ON PAGE 300

NIGHT TABLE READING



HENRY J[illegible]
a[illegible]

"I am in mid-read of N[illegible] deeply moving **Savage [illegible]** **The Life of Edna St. Vincent** [Random House], David Levering [illegible] inspiring **W. E. B. Du Bois: The [illegible] for Equality and the American Century** [Henry Holt], and Anthony Cronin's **Samuel Beckett** [HarperCollin[illegible]] I am also about to read Natalie Angier's **Woman** [Anchor]."

JIM LEHRER
executive editor and anchor, The NewsHour with Jim Lehrer, *and author,* No Certain Rest *(Random House)*

The Weather in Berlin, Ward Just (Houghton Mifflin). "This [illegible]her masterwork by a master [illegible]velist. Every word transports, [illegible]uminates—thrills."



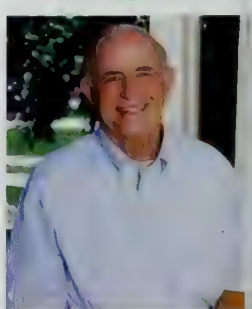


JANICE L. MOORE
artist

The Illuminated Life of Maud Lewis, by Lance Woolaver (Nimbus). "This is the story of a folk artist from a small village in Nova Scotia. She was crippled and lived in a shack, yet her paintings are utterly joyful. Her story reminds me that being happy is always an option."

PETER BOYLE
actor, Everybody Loves Raymor[illegible]

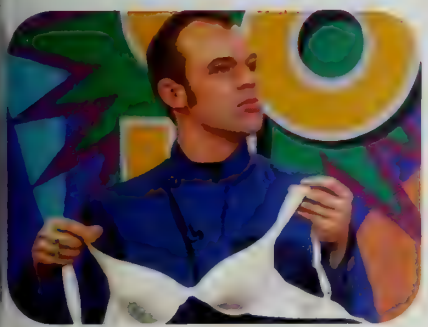
The Charterhouse of Parm[illegible] by Stendhal (Modern Library). "A p[illegible] book for a real ham! An incredible [illegible] of court life and society in 19th-ce[illegible] Italy. Those Italians! *Mamma m*[illegible] This was love and life before Holly[illegible] and the E! channel! I still don't kno[illegible] it's called *Charterhouse of Parm*[illegible] nobody does."



Don't bother calling.

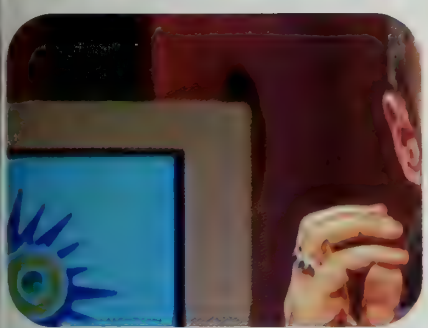














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VANITIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 298

THEATER CRITICS WITHOUT BORDERS
(Critiques du Théâtre sans Frontières)

They will furnish families in remote areas with videotapes of Bravo's *Inside the Actors Studio.* They will resolve all border disputes by designating various sectors of the area in question as being "On," "Off," or "Off Off." They will enter the public-school system and develop programs to distribute pens that light up in the dark. They will fly to rural areas and monitor the agricultural cycle from planting to harvest, opining, "In a word, sluggish." They will liken the interim government to the work of Julie Taymor, calling it "puppety." They will sniff that the Ministry of Culture's taste is "*very* Danskin crotch panel."

SOCIALITES WITHOUT BORDERS
(Mondains sans Frontières)

They will suggest that the best way to replenish the water supply is to buy stock in Pellegrino. They will approach all border disputes by encouraging both parties to rent châteaux in the Loire Valley for the summer. They will counsel an emerging nation to change the colors of its flag to lime and fuchsia. They will refer to meat loaf as "aspirational pâté." They will advise the leader of any developing country who is handed a report of his nation's severe debt crisis simply to emblazon this report with his signature and his room number. They will suggest refugees take some time off and enroll in a photography class. They will advocate that if you really want to make the world a better place, first go on a ski weekend in Gstaad, bringing along with you the Jell-O heiress, your bichon frise, and Paris and Nicky Hilton's number in the Hamptons.

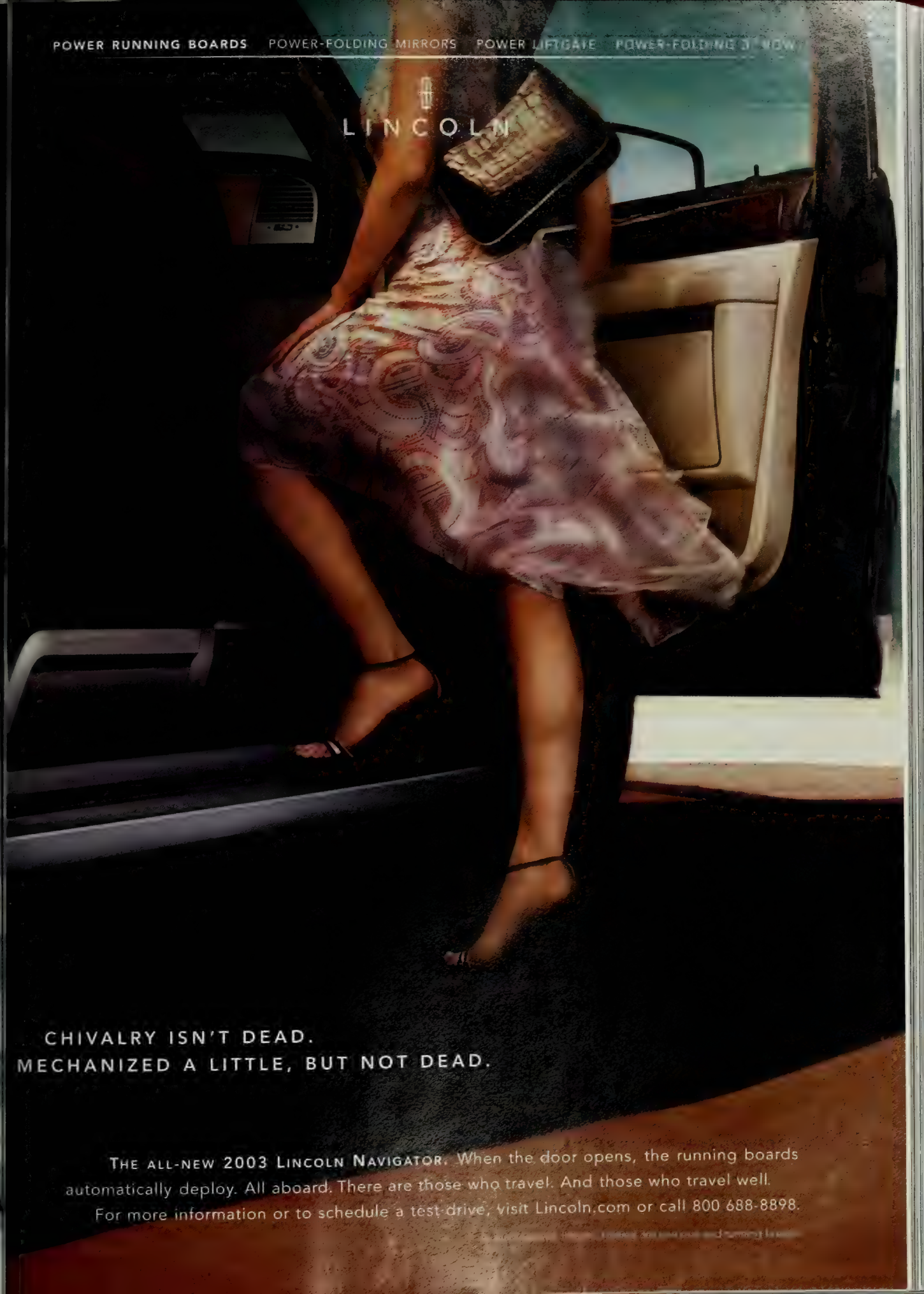
GODS WITHOUT BORDERS
(Dieux sans Frontières)

They will lionize unsung heroes, and shore up any brain space heretofore devoted to thoughts about Meg Ryan. Their relief efforts will include the sudden extinction of fluorescent lighting. They will bring suitable ends to the Ceauşescus, mosquitoes, and the person who designed the packaging of CDs. They will encourage Joyce Carol Oates and Woody Allen to rest more. They will encourage Adam Sandler to look deeper. They will see to it that people who use the expression "Don't go there" are met with uncomprehending stares. They will ease the pain of gender confusion by adding, to any form or questionnaire reading "Male or Female," the third option, "Folksinger." They will halt the process by which the term "coffee" is inexorably becoming interchangeable with "decaf cinnamon-hazelnut." They will remove every single scraggly pubic hair from every single bar of soap in the world. They will help people learn not to exceed their bite-to-chew ratio. They will abolish prejudice, intolerance, PABA. They will rethink cilantro. They will not rest on the seventh day; they will rinse and repeat.





*Earnings Before Interest, Taxes, Depreciation, and Amortizatio
**Nontraditional Revenue.


POWER RUNNING BOARDS
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MECHANIZED A LITTLE, BUT NOT DEAD.
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COVER STORY:



APRIL 1916

The modern-era *Vanity Fair* has had two incarnations: 1914 to 1936, and 1983 to today. Many an early cover featured geometrically suited couples like this vernal pair by L. A. Morris. Last month marked *V.F.*'s 500th edition—though sticklers will note "No. 504" on August's spine. The discrepancy? We began counting issues in 1913, with the debut of *Dress & Vanity Fair*, an ill-fated precursor to the Jazz Age *V.F.*

THE FIRST 500

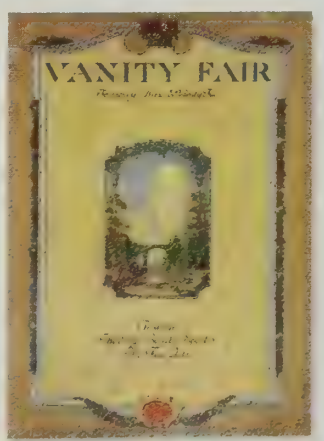
From the Jazz Age to the Depression, and from the go-go 1980s to the edgy start of the 21st century, *Vanity Fair*'s covers have reflected the ideals and icons of their eras, inviting readers to the pleasures inside. As *V.F.* passes the 500-issue mark, here are some favorites among its elegant seductions

BY JAMES WOLCOTT

Magazine covers are mute observers of the present that recede into posters from the past. Like vintage posters, their faded pastels and antique details can tickle easy nostalgia. But the most beautiful, plush, superstylized covers of *Fortune, The New Yorker,* and *Vanity Fair* in their vigorous youth are more than souvenirs of a bygone age; they're emblems of ideals and aspirations that once animated a nation and a culture—signs of a dynamo optimism that would be dashed to bits by brute history. To track the covers of *Vanity Fair* in its first incarnation is to witness a country peeling off the genteel Victorian tradition petticoat layer by petticoat layer until it's lithe, frisky, and ready to dive into the champagne fizz of the Jazz Age. Founded in 1914 by Condé Nast and edited by Frank Crowninshield, a visionary genius disguised as an old-school gentleman, *Vanity Fair* took its name from the title of William Makepeace Thackeray's comic novel and its editorial spirit from the Shakespearean adage that all the world's a stage, its people merely players. The early covers are decked with Pierrots and Harlequins in diamond-patterned tights, diaphanous-gowned nymphs, and jewel-box lovers, tableaux reflecting a commedia dell'arte approach to the follies of the age. Some of these cover scenes had a gaslight glow. Others seemed illuminated by the bright lights of Broadway and the vaudeville circuit.

Visually, *Vanity Fair* was multicultural long before the word was manufactured. Fabulous illustrators such as Mexican-born Miguel Covarrubias, renowned for his portraits of Babe Ruth as pin-striped colossus and Greta Garbo drooping under the weary weight of her eyelashes, and Italian-born Paolo Garretto, who made Hitler's mustache an evil smudge; photographers such as Cecil Beaton, Horst, Baron de Meyer, Edward Steichen, Man Ray, and Nickolas Muray; and art director Dr. Mehemed Fehmy Agha introduced an energy, motion, theatrical brio, and courtly sophistication to American magazines, and elevated *Vanity Fair* into an elegant fun house for the best-dressed minds around. As the Great Depression deepened in the early 30s and Fascism reared its skull, the cover images took a more severe tilt, reflecting a world knocked off its axis. The "July 4" cover of 1933 shows Uncle Sam brooding like Rodin's thinker on the state of the planet, his head ceilinged by dark, troubling clouds. Inside, however, the contents of *Vanity Fair* played dumb to the psychological devastation of the Depression—it tried to whistle past the graveyard until prosperity returned—and this myopic denial, coupled with financial deterioration, lowered the curtain on the magazine in 1936. In the epilogue to the 1960 coffee-table anthology of *Vanity Fair* articles and pictures, I. S. V. Patcévitch, then president of Condé Nast, described the decision to fold the magazine as "heartbreaking" and wrote, "Ever since, for all the senior members of the Condé Nast publishing organization—including myself—the revival of *Vanity Fair* has remained an unrealized dream."

It took two more decades for the dream to be realized. In retrospect, the 80s proved the perfect opportunity. Ronald Reagan's morning in America was a rooster-crowing dawn of restored confidence and money creation. Only the long boom and conspicuous consumption of the Reagan era could fuel and sustain an expensive relaunch of a general-interest title in a magazine field that had splintered into a thousand niches. However, the lavish and glossy promotional buildup for *Vanity Fair* provoked inevitable grumbling from the peanut gallery, and by the time the first thick, keenly anticipated, all-star-contributors issue appeared, dated March 1983, journalists were juggling rocks in their hands, eager to converge like the villagers in Shirley Jackson's "The Lottery." The public stoning by the press nearly killed the reborn magazine in its cradle. Conforming to tradition, the first few issues of the new *Vanity Fair* featured illustrated covers. A rapid change of editors brought a change in cover policy, as Irving Penn portraits of authors and performers now loomed in dark, tight, all-pores close-ups. This, too, proved a stopgap. Italo Calvino may have been a wizard of a novelist, but a newsstand draw he wasn't. This profiles-in-excellence experiment was abandoned, and the magazine lurched through an identity crisis for its first (and, some thought, last) year of publication.



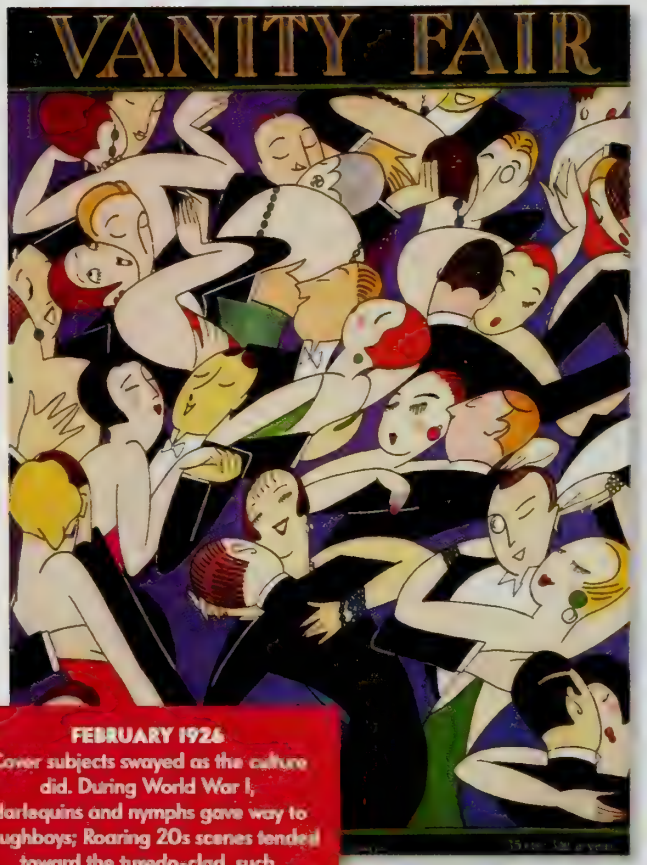
JANUARY 1914
Inaugural issue

The cover of the April 1984 issue marks the true modern (postmodern?) christening of *Vanity Fair* reborn. *Vanity Fair* would be breathlessly contemporary but fulfill the mission and purpose of the original—to cover, in the words of Crowninshield, "the things people talk about . . . parties, the arts, sports, theatre, humor, and so forth." Some of the covers made news. Harry Benson's romantic capture of Ronald and Nancy Reagan holding each other as if preparing to whirl like Arthur Murray dancers CONTINUED ON PAGE 311

COLLECTION, HANDBAGS, LEATHER OUTERWEAR P



JONES NEW YORK
WWW.JONESNEWYORK.COM



FEBRUARY 1926
Cover subjects swayed as the culture did. During World War I, Harlequins and nymphs gave way to doughboys; Roaring 20s scenes tended toward the tuxedo-clad, such as this satirical take on dance-floor intimacy (by the illustrator Fish).

Visually, *Vanity Fair* was multicultural long before the word was manufactured . . . an elegant fun house for the best-dressed minds around.



DECEMBER 1914
By Fish



AUGUST 1915
By George W. Plank



MAY 1920
By Fish



APRIL 1921
By John Held Jr.



MARCH 1927
By Eduardo Benito

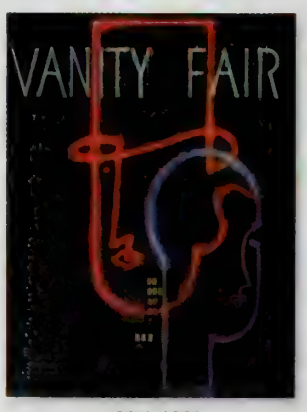


AUGUST 1927
By Fish

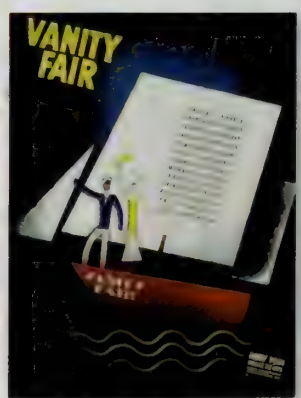


JULY 1930
By F. Depero





APRIL 1931
By Jean Carlu



MAY 1931
By Jean Carlu



FEBRUARY 1916
By Fish



MAY 1918
By Ethel Plummer



DECEMBER 1918
By John Held Jr.



JANUARY 1919
By Ethel Rundquist



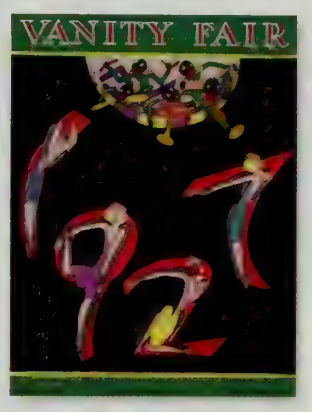
NOVEMBER 1922
By George H. Clisbee



MAY 1923
By Rockwell Kent



SEPTEMBER 1925
By William Bolin



JANUARY 1927
By Fish



JANUARY 1928
By William Bolin



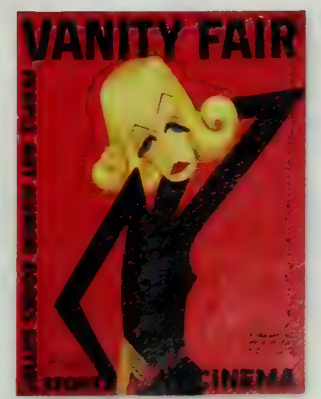
DECEMBER 1929
Illustrator unknown



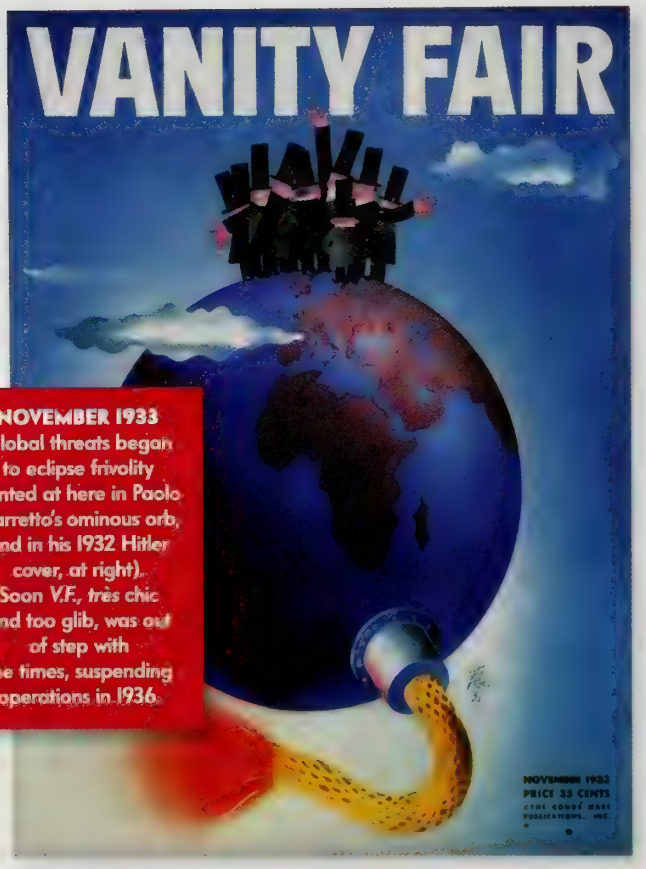
AUGUST 1929
On the Depression's eve, Eduardo Benito's freshly rendered beach couple epitomized art's new edge. *Vanity Fair*, in fact, was a virtual showcase for modernism.



JULY 1931
By Lieber



FEBRUARY 1932
By Miguel Covarrubias



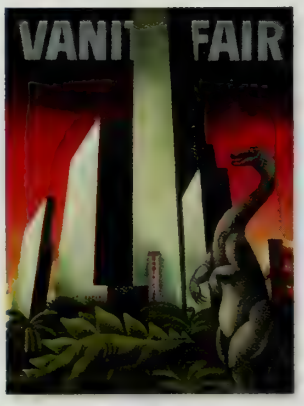
NOVEMBER 1933
Global threats began to eclipse frivolity (hinted at here in Paolo Garretto's ominous orb, and in his 1932 Hitler cover, at right). Soon *V.F.*, très chic and too glib, was out of step with the times, suspending operations in 1936.



AUGUST 1932
By Miguel Covarrubias



NOVEMBER 1932
By Paolo Garretto



APRIL 1933
By Miguel Covarrubias



JULY 1933
By Paolo Garretto



OCTOBER 1933
Illustrator unknown



FEBRUARY 1934
By Leon Carlin



APRIL 1934
By William Cotton



JULY 1934
By A. Bruehl and F. Bourges



FEBRUARY 1935
By Paolo Garretto





JANUARY 1936
By Deyneka

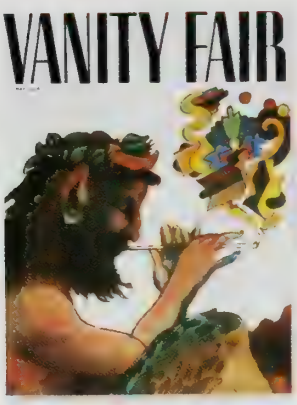


FEBRUARY 1936
By Miguel Covarrubias



JONES NEW YORK

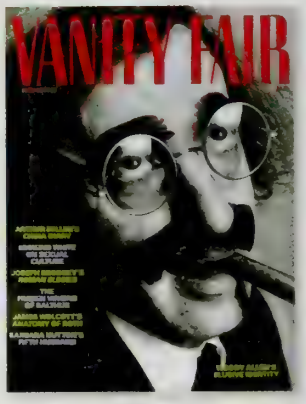
INTRODUCING SCARVES



MARCH 1983
By Milton Glaser



JUNE 1983
By David Hockney

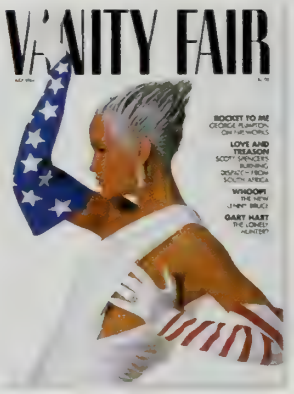


DECEMBER 1983
By Irving Penn

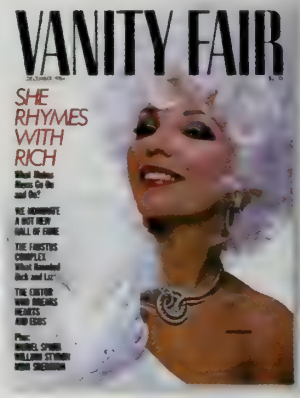


APRIL 1984
By Helmut Newton

Never had the name *Vanity Fair* seemed more apt. The 80s were a celebrity bonfire of the vanities, a muscle-beach orgy of exhibitionism.



JULY 1984
By Bill King



DECEMBER 1984
By Herb Ritts



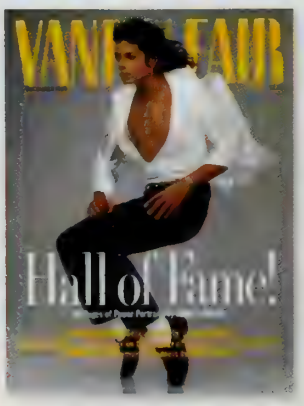
JUNE 1985
Relaunched in 1983, the magazine tried illustrated covers (top left, David Hockney's saddle shoes, more cryptic themes. But in the 80s, nothing seemed quite the power [illegible]



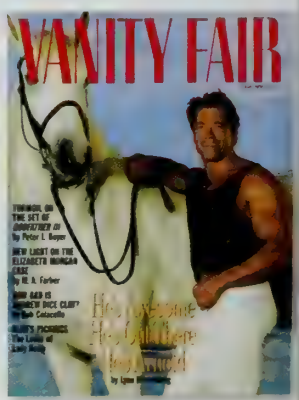
NOVEMBER 1985
By Herb Ritts



AUGUST 1986
By Herb Ritts



DECEMBER 1989
By Annie Leibovitz



JUNE 1990
By Annie Leibovitz

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 303

was a controversial choice (the magazine was accused of pandering to the administration), but that was a minor fuss compared with the uproar two months later when a very different couple was showcased on the cover by the king of luxurious kink, Helmut Newton: Claus von Bülow (whose trial for the attempted murder of his wife, Sunny, would be retold in *Reversal of Fortune*) and his mistress Andrea Reynolds. Never had the name *Vanity Fair* seemed more apt. The 80s were a celebrity bonfire of the vanities, a muscle-beach orgy of exhibitionism.



AUGUST 1985
Helmut Newton's portrait of socialite Claus von Bülow and mistress Andrea Reynolds—shot while his wife, Sunny, lay in a coma—raised the vanity bar among cover subjects. Inside, von Bülow posed in black leather and did a wicked Queen Victoria imitation.

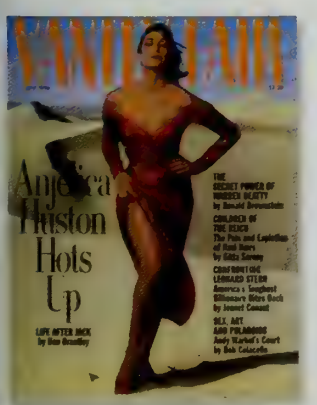
Since the *Zeitgeist* of decades often spills over the slotted time line (the "60s" truly began with the Beatles' arrival in America in 1964 and ended in the Watergate summer of 1973), the 80s were still going strong in 1991 when *Vanity Fair* published one of its most sensational cover coups, the Earth Mama portrait of a nude, proud, and pregnant Demi Moore (her stomach as big as a bushel) by Annie Leibovitz. Emanating almost more life force than a newsstand could contain, Leibovitz's nude madonna was praised, deplored, imitated, and widely parodied. It wasn't until the election of Bill Clinton in 1992 that the country seemed primed for a change of course, an attitude shift. Harvard and Yale would take precedence over Hollywood and Vine. Deficits (the morning-after hangover of Reaganomics) stretched to the distant horizon, and the jubilation over George Bush's Gulf War victory dwindled. It would be a time to retrench and reflect, and there were mutterings among media smarties that an 80s magazine such as *Vanity Fair* wouldn't be able to adapt. It would have to take profundity pills and swear off *Dynasty* shoulder pads, or end up rusting in the used-car lot along with other magazines overidentified with certain decades (such as *Esquire* with the 60s and *New York* with the 70s). Offering a nod to the consensus forecast for the 90s, *Vanity Fair* photographed Bill Clinton for the cover of the March 1993 issue in distinguished black and white. What innocents we were. His administration was soon tattooed in lurid tabloid colors and taken for a wild ride. For scandal, excess, and soap-opera drama, the 90s made the 80s look like a tune-up.



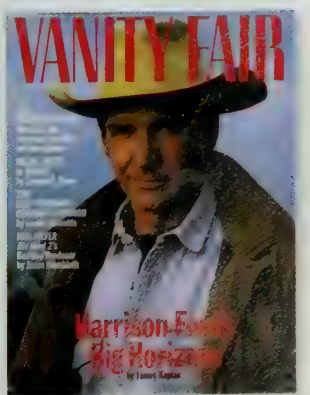
AUGUST 1987
By Helmut Newton



OCTOBER 1987
By Brigitte Lacombe



JULY 1990
By Annie Leibovitz



AUGUST 1990
By Annie Leibovitz

Nineteen ninety-two was also the year that *Vanity Fair* underwent its own change of administration, just in time for the show. Cover continuity was maintained—due in no small part to the phenomenal phone-juggling skills and tireless dedication of the indispensable features editor Jane Sarkin—but deepened, broadened, and finessed, or goosed with a goofy element of surprise (Jerry Seinfeld as Napoleon; Cindy Crawford lathering up k. d. lang in a bizarro gender-bender scenario). The magazine also infiltrated the executive suites of media and techno honchos, launching an annual search engine with the October 1994 issue to determine the pecking order of "The New Establishment." Taking the libidinal pulse of American business drove *Vanity Fair* in a new and defining direction, broadened its wingspan. The luscious work of Herb Ritts, Mario Testino, and Bruce Weber was complemented by covers that were more painterly than pop, as the color palette incorporated cool, minty blues, greens, and whites—a touch of frost. (Leibovitz's much-talked-about Gretchen Mol cover—the "nips" issue—holds up gorgeously as ice sculpture.) Weber provided a dreamy, elegiac remembrance of Carolyn Bessette, and Testino captured Princess Diana in her last, sunny bloom.

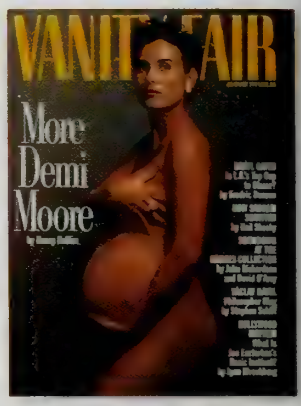
Perhaps the most painstakingly composed covers are the groundbreaking foldout editions done by Annie Leibovitz presenting group portraits of famous musicians, actors, the American Olympic athletes of the 1996 games, and politicians as if they were members of an 18th-century salon, an aristocracy of talent whose achievements intertwine. (The Bush II Cabinet took a break from the war on terrorism to get the foldout treatment in a



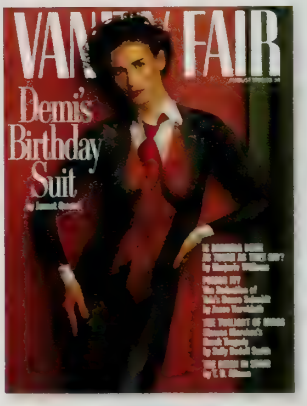
APRIL 1991
Demi and Cindy and Sly disrobed; Nicole and Sharon and Tom went topless. Yet no one has ever outshone Madonna (laying claim to seven V.F. covers), depicted here by Steven Meisel.



MARCH 1991
By Annie Leibovitz



AUGUST 1991
By Annie Leibovitz



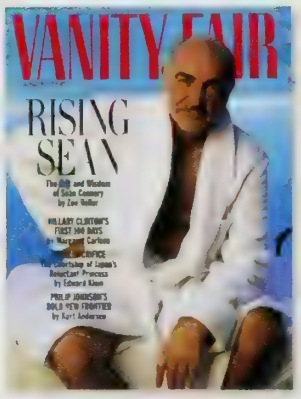
AUGUST 1992
By Annie Leibovitz



OCTOBER 1992
By Steven Meisel



MARCH 1993
By Annie Leibovitz



JUNE 1993
By Annie Leibovitz



AUGUST 1993
By Herb Ritts



NOVEMBER 1993
By Annie Leibovitz



MAY 1994
By Steven Meisel



APRIL 1995
By Annie Leibovitz





JONES NEW YORK

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JULY 1997
This issue hit newsstands in June. Twelve weeks later, the Princess of Wales, 36, would die in a car accident. Photos from Mario Testino's exclusive sitting would help raise funds for various charities. In all, Diana's face graced four V.F. covers.

Hollywood became and remains the Valhalla of vanity, the pagan temple and world capital of mass illusion and myth.



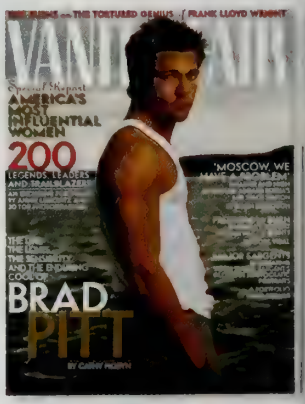
NOVEMBER 1997
By Annie Leibovitz



DECEMBER 1997
By Bruce Weber



OCTOBER 1998
By Annie Leibovitz



NOVEMBER 1998
By Annie Leibovitz



AUGUST 2000
By Bruce Weber



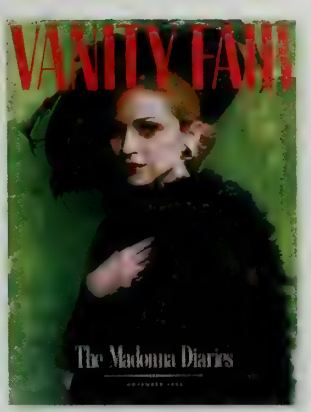
SEPTEMBER 2000
By Mario Testino

special testosterone tribute.) Leibovitz's music covers conjure up the "impossible interviews" of the original *Vanity Fair,* temporarily herding unlikely disparates such as Patti Smith, Dr. Dre, and Faith Hill into the same time-space bubble, with Macy Gray teleporting in from Alpha Centauri. The Hollywood covers, also by Leibovitz, are like an Oscar party come to still life, a mingling of Old Hollywood and New. The magazine has kept a beat ahead of the pack by playing talent scout and slapping on the cover newcomers who aren't bankable names—yet. Where some readers and commentators used to squawk about seeing the same old salamis, now they complain about staring at the cover trying to figure out who the hell this cutie grinning back at them is. This Heath Ledger, is it a person or a candy bar? But more often than not the magazine has been proven prescient in its rookie picks. Matt Damon, fresh out of the wrapper when he appeared on the December 1997 cover brushing his toothy teeth, has become a known commodity at the multiplex; Kate Hudson hasn't done too poorly for herself since October 2000; and the much-copied gatefold covers of the annual Hollywood issues roll out the showroom models of the talents [illegible] to succeed. The most prominent torso on the April '96 Hollywood cover belonged to Leo DiCaprio—more than a full year before the release of *Titanic.*

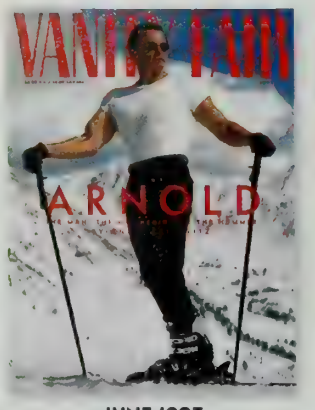
The rotation of the stars isn't just a matter of refreshing the talent pool. It's putting new mass on the eternal cast of *Vanity Fair,* the comedy ensemble of fools, dreamers, coquettes, and knaves who act out the human drama on a bigger, sillier plane. When the original magazine began publication, the performing arts were the three-ring circus where vanity pranced for attention. The theater was pre-eminent, the movies a dim flicker. Movie stars dominate the covers of the second go-round of *Vanity Fair* not only because their good looks are enticing but



JULY 1996
By Annie Leibovitz



NOVEMBER 1996
By Mario Testino



JUNE 1997
By Annie Leibovitz



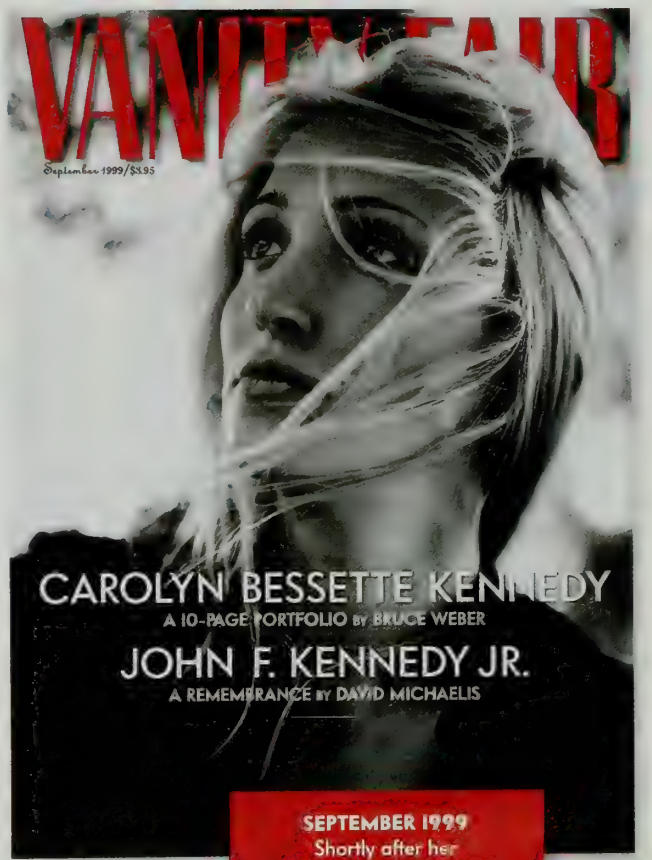
OCTOBER 1997
By Annie Leibovitz



JULY 1998
By Harry Benson



SEPTEMBER 1998
By Annie Leibovitz



SEPTEMBER 1999
Shortly after her life ended in a plane crash, 33-year-old Carolyn Bessette Kennedy, a keenly private woman who often avoided the camera, was remembered in a portfolio of intimate black-and-white images by *Vanity Fair* contributing photographer Bruce Weber.



FEBRUARY 1999
By Annie Leibovitz



NOVEMBER 2000
By Annie Leibovitz



APRIL 2001
The Annie Leibovitz three-panel cover has become a *Vanity Fair* fixture, adorning eight straight Hollywood issues. Last year's triptych of 10 leading ladies seamlessly wove three photo shoots—from L.A., London, and New York.



OCTOBER 2001
By Annie Leibovitz



NOVEMBER 2001
By Jonas Karlsson



DECEMBER 2001
By [illegible]



FEBRUARY 2002
By Annie Leibovitz



SEPTEMBER 2002
By Mario Testino

also because Hollywood became and remains the international Valhalla of vanity, the pagan temple and world capital of mass illusion and myth. Not even TV and the Internet have been able to unseat it. Hollywood [illegible] cognizable form of currency in our entert[illegible] cards that jump up and down in value, d[illegible] grosses. And our movie culture, to the [illegible] world's movie culture, which is why the [illegible] nal editions carry the same pop that [illegible] and Julia Roberts translate universally. The cover of *Time* reigned for decades as the most telling and enshrining social indicator, but now that the newsmagazines peddle so many service-oriented bulletins—Shoes: Everyone's Wearing Them!—*Vanity Fair* monopolizes the mirror of our media existence. As with Frank Crowninshield's *Vanity Fair,* it is the sonar depth of the magazine's writing and reporting that keeps the faces of the pretty and powerful afloat in the pool of Narcissus. Covers seduce. The contents cinch the deal. □



JONES NEW YORK

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VANITY FAIR
SEPTEMBER 2002



JENNIFER CONNELLY, THE 31-YEAR-OLD BEAUTY WHO BARED THE INTENSITY OF HER TALENT IN *REQUIEM FOR A DREAM*, THEN WON BOTH AN OSCAR AND A GOLDEN GLOBE FOR HER PORTRAYAL OF ALICIA NASH IN *A BEAUTIFUL MIND*, WILL BE APPEARING NEXT AS BETTY ROSS IN DIRECTOR ANG LEE'S *THE HULK*. PROBING FOR CLUES TO THIS EXTREMELY PRIVATE NEW YORKER, **MICHAEL SHNAYERSON** GETS CONNELLY'S EXPLANATION FOR WHY SHE CHOSE TO PLAY OPPOSITE A GREEN MONSTER, AND DISCOVERS WHAT SHE LEARNED FROM HER PREVIOUS CO-STAR RUSSELL CROWE, AS WELL AS THE PERSONAL QUEST THAT HAS MADE HER SUCCESS SO IRONIC

THE INTRIGUING

PHOTOGRAPHED [illegible] STYLED BY SARAJANE HOARE



Jennifer Connelly in Los Angeles, May 19. Of her 15 movie roles prior to 2000's *Waking the Dead,* she is embarrassed by nearly every one.

MISS CONNELLY



DIAMO
IN THE ROU

Despite her glamo
appearance, Connelly
true outdoorswo
Once, on a trek thro
Tibet, she
more than three w
without a sho

The lobby of Hollywood's Chateau Marmont is dark even at midday, more like a cloister, with its stone walls and stylized Moorish gloom, than a hotel. At night its sconces are turned so low that when one of the world's most beautiful women wafts in, impossibly thin and garbed in black, she's almost invisible. Which in her private life is exactly as she wants to remain.

On-screen, Jennifer Connelly is fiercely, unforgettably visible, so much so that last spring's Oscar and Golden Globe awards for her intense performance as Alicia Nash in *A Beautiful Mind* are mere recognitions of the obvious: she's about as good as they get. Not only is she a new star, she's a new look. Who was the last leading lady with long, straight, nearly black hair and unmistakably patrician features? Audrey Hepburn, perhaps? Part of Connelly's appeal is that she looks less like an actress than she does a young corporate lawyer at a top Manhattan firm, razor-smart, ambitious, tightly wound: perfect in pinstripes, with a sleek attaché case.

In person, Connelly is both warmer and more remote than her image, cordial but wary. "Good luck," says a woman who has worked on two films with her, and the warning is apt. Connelly is loath to talk about herself, grimly protective of her privacy, the brows over her wonderful winter-green eyes furrowed more often than not. Once in a while, however, she does throw out intriguing clues, each one making it increasingly clear that Connelly is not your average actress.

Take the matter of what she's wearing. The real Jennifer Connelly is never in pinstripes—couldn't be further from them. Tonight she has on her standard outfit: a black, loose-flowing sweater, blue jeans tight enough to show off a micro-size waist, and black, sharply pointed Manolo Blahniks. Every day when she gets up, she tries on four or five different changes of clothes. Almost always she ends up with what she's got on now. Not the *same* sweater and jeans, just the same general outfit. Though, if necessary, she can wear the same clothes again and again. She did that once on a trek through Tibet. That time, she says casually as we settle in for a private dinner in Room 16 off the Chateau Marmont's lobby, she also went three and a half weeks without a shower.

Three and a half weeks without a shower?

"What would I like?" Connelly ponders the room-service menu seriously, as she seems to ponder everything else. Finally she decides on a small green salad and a Diet Coke. It's not that she doesn't like to eat, she says. It's that she had lunch earlier in the day. "I just put on weight!" she protests when the suggestion is made that people sometimes eat both lunch and dinner. "I'm feeling earthy and proud of myself!"

At 31, Connelly is feeling proud in a more profound way, and quite rightly, after a quirky, start-and-stop career marked by roles that still make her cringe. There are children, now grown, who remember her fondly from the Muppet film *Labyrinth,* which she made in 1986, at the age of 15. Doubtless there are onetime teens who never forgot her as the sex kitten of *Career Opportunities* (1991), with Frank Whaley. And somewhere must lurk a fan of Connelly's portrayal of Chilean writer Isabel Allende opposite Antonio Banderas in the insignificant *Of Love and Shadows* (1994). But Connelly shudders at the mention of those films.

For her, the first keeper came two years ago with *Waking the Dead,* based on Scott Spencer's 1986 novel, about a political candidate so haunted by memories of a dead girlfriend that he comes to feel she's still alive. Initially, director Keith Gordon saw no point in auditioning Connelly. "I didn't think of her as a serious actress," he admits. But Connelly's agent—and close friend—Risa Shapiro, of International Creative Management, persuaded the director to view a 1996 independent film called *Far Harbor,* in which Connelly's character had a monologue about the death of her child. "I turned to my wife," Gordon recalls, "and said, 'Am I crazy or is she really good?'"

Gordon's wife, Rachel, agreed, and so the director called his prospective male star, Billy Crudup, who had worked with Connelly in *Inventing the Abbotts* (1997). "And he said, 'No one knows how really good she is.'" Gordon was soon among the converted, and so was Scott Spencer. "The way she would listen to the main character was exactly the way I always thought he'd be listened to by her," Spencer says. "There was a subtlety and depth even to her gaze that captured more of the relationship than I ever could have hoped for."

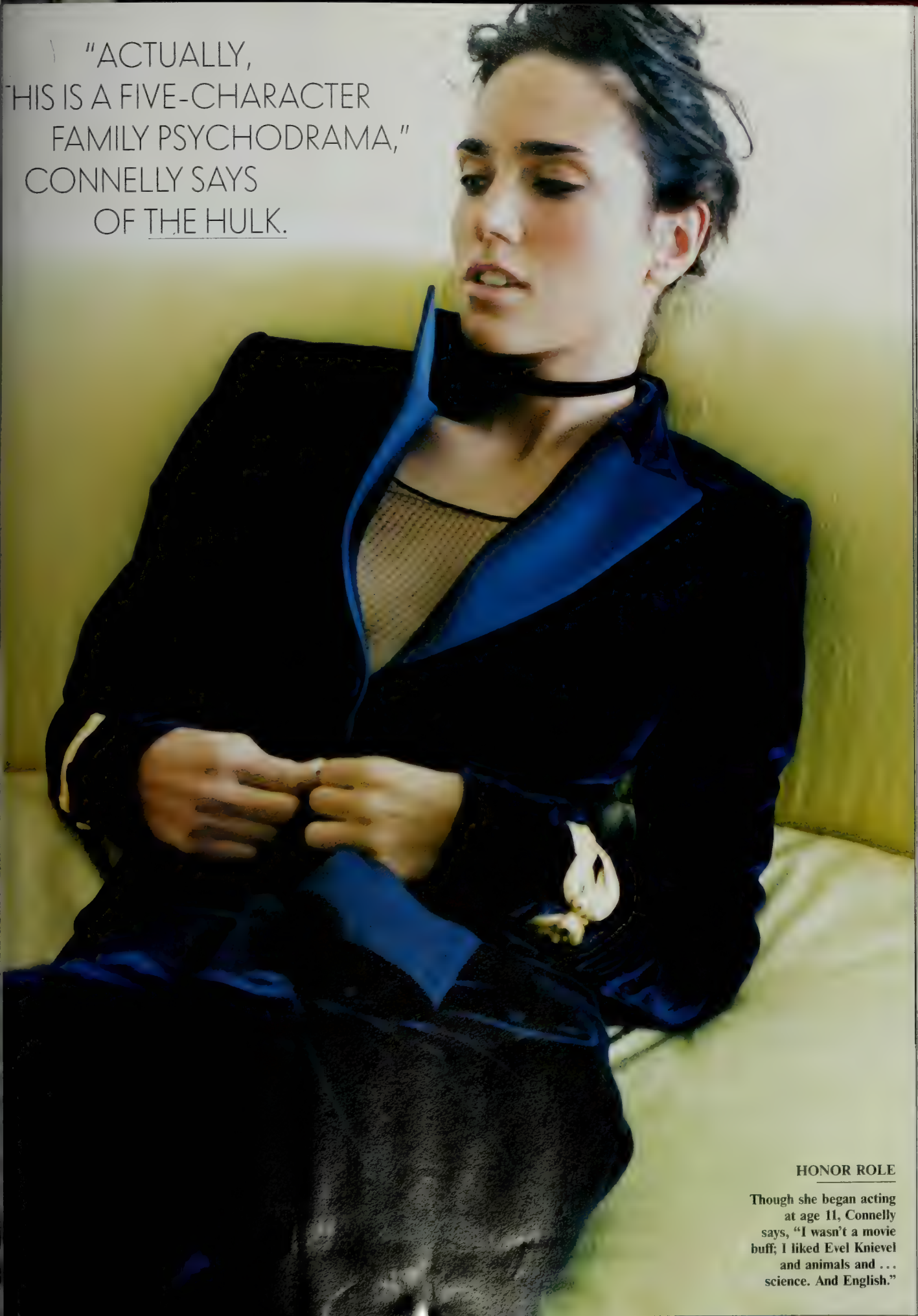
Connelly, like her character, had awakened. Then came the shocking *Requiem for a Dream* (2000), a nightmarish depiction of drug addiction, based on Hubert Selby Jr.'s 1978 novel of the same name, in which Connelly and Jared Leto play lovers whose craving for heroin destroys them. "I like to stick the camera into an actor's face and bring the eyes to the audience," says director Darren Aronofsky, who cast Connelly after an audition so intense that she threw a chair across the room. "She was really fearless in letting me get in there." Ultimately, Connelly's character performs in a brutal sex show for the entertainment of leering businessmen in exchange for drugs—a scene difficult to watch, but much more so to play. "There was no sex, of course, but there was ... interaction," Aronofsky says. "All professional, but unbelievably emotional and intense. We don't really talk about what went on that night."

When he saw *Requiem for a Dream,* director Ron Howard noticed that the actress he'd cast in a supporting role in *Inventing the Abbotts* was coming into her own. He also noticed that she bore a strong resemblance to the young Alicia Nash, wife of the schizophrenic physicist John Nash, about whom Sylvia Nasar had written the 1998 biography *A Beautiful Mind,* which Howard was preparing to adapt as a movie.

One reason Connelly took unfortunate roles when she was younger, she says, is that she let herself think they were more than they were. "Like I was reading a lot of Harold Pinter when I did *Career Opportunities,*" she says, "and I thought, It's kind of like *The Dumb Waiter.*" So one might reasonably assume she chose to follow *A Beautiful Mind* by starring in *The Hulk* because ... the comic-book recreation seemed likely to be a blockbuster on the order of *Spider-Man* that would make her a ton of money? "Actually," she says earnestly, "this is a five-character family psychodrama."

At least this time her director is the reason for such pronouncements. *The Hulk* as standard comic-book fare would have held little interest for her, Connelly avers. *The Hulk* as directed by Ang Lee of *The*





"ACTUALLY, THIS IS A FIVE-CHARACTER FAMILY PSYCHODRAMA," CONNELLY SAYS OF THE HULK.

HONOR ROLE

Though she began acting at age 11, Connelly says, "I wasn't a movie buff; I liked Evel Knievel and animals and . . . science. And English."

Ice Storm (1997) and *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* (2000) was a whole other proposition. "Ang brought such lyricism to those movies," Connelly says. "I just wanted to be around him." And when he started talking Greek tragedy and telling her of his walks through the California desert in search of rocks with just the right texture for the Hulk to crush, Connelly was hooked.

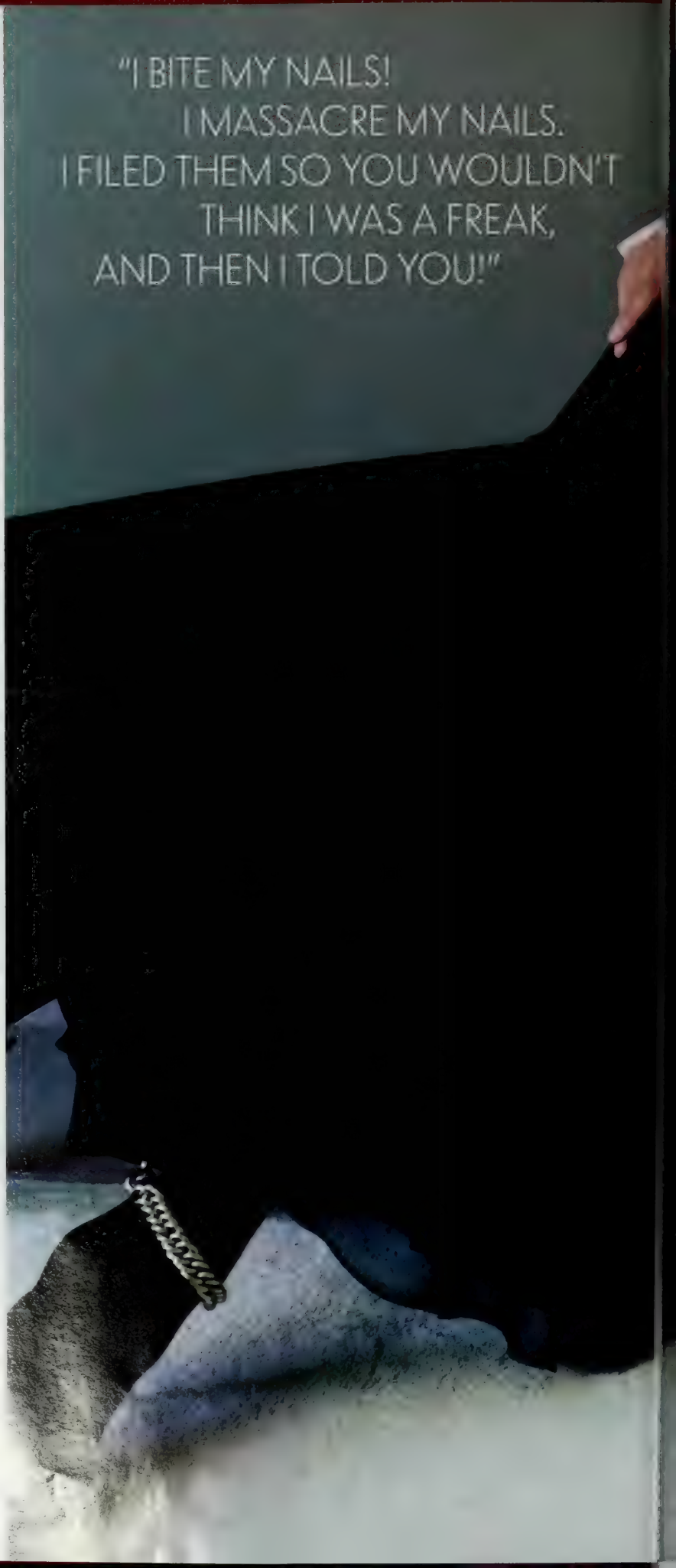
Lee says he does discern the bones of Greek drama in the Fantastic Four—the series in which the Hulk appears—and has been a fan long enough to have put a reference to the comic-book quartet in *The Ice Storm*. To Lee, the Hulk represents the dark side of our nature. "I feel the power of the Hulk, the excitement of the unknown," he muses. He's "the things we're afraid of, though they're ultimately exciting."

Connelly signed on before the Oscar nominations, so Lee—and Universal Studios—doubtless got a good deal. But she has no regrets. Well, perhaps just one. In filming first around Berkeley, California, where the story is based, then on Universal's back lot in Los Angeles, she has had to speak an awful lot of her lines to a cardboard-cutout Hulk head on a stick. Like most superheroes, the Hulk has a human alter ego: Bruce Banner, played by Eric Bana (*Chopper*). But whenever he's transformed into his superhero self, a computer-animated Hulk takes over the screen. The cardboard head is Hulk-high, to give Connelly her "eye lines." "I'm looking at pieces of pink tape on the cutout head," she says with a grin. "There's nothing there! I've never done that before—it's a little humiliating."

"The first day it was a bit of a problem having her talk to the Hulk head," Ang Lee admits. "But within a week, she had a scene with the Hulk where she looks at him with real feeling, and all the emotion was there." Connelly, says Lee, was always his first choice. "Her intensity appealed to me. And she's gorgeous to look at. You can't ask much more than that."

"I think we've all been cast for our angst abilities," says Bana, who's come to admire Connelly's cool professionalism. "It's quite an angst-

Almost as soo[illegible] the *Hulk* script, Connell[illegible] her character. B[illegible] and in the script, B[illegible] works in the same [illegible] Banner and begins to su[illegible] experiments are affecting [illegible] What she doesn't CONTIN[illegible]





BEST SUPPORTING CUTOUT

For *The Hulk,* Connelly often had to say her lines to a cardboard cutout of the superhero's head. "It's a little humiliating," she says of the experience.

TWO TO



EYE IN THE STORM

This harrowing sequence, shown [illegible] for the first time, was shot by [illegible] Brondolo, an aspiring photographer [illegible] rushed downtown by subway in [illegible] to catch the collapse of the World [illegible] Center's south tower. "I heard [illegible] like cracking eyeglass," he says, [illegible] kept going. Then I turned [illegible] saw [illegible] smoke clouds [illegible] [illegible] straight [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

WERS ONE YEAR LATER

September 11 was the most photographed breaking news event in history, with thousands of cameras catching tens of thousands of moments—inside the World Trade Center, from windows and rooftops and doorways, from the sky, from the water, from space, and amid the smoking rubble—in silent confirmation of the unbelievable. That week, pictures of all kinds brought information, shock, grief, remembrance, and unity as they flashed around the planet. One year later, DAVID FRIEND tells the stories behind a portfolio of new images, including exclusives from two forthcoming books, *Above Hallowed Ground* and *Here Is New York*

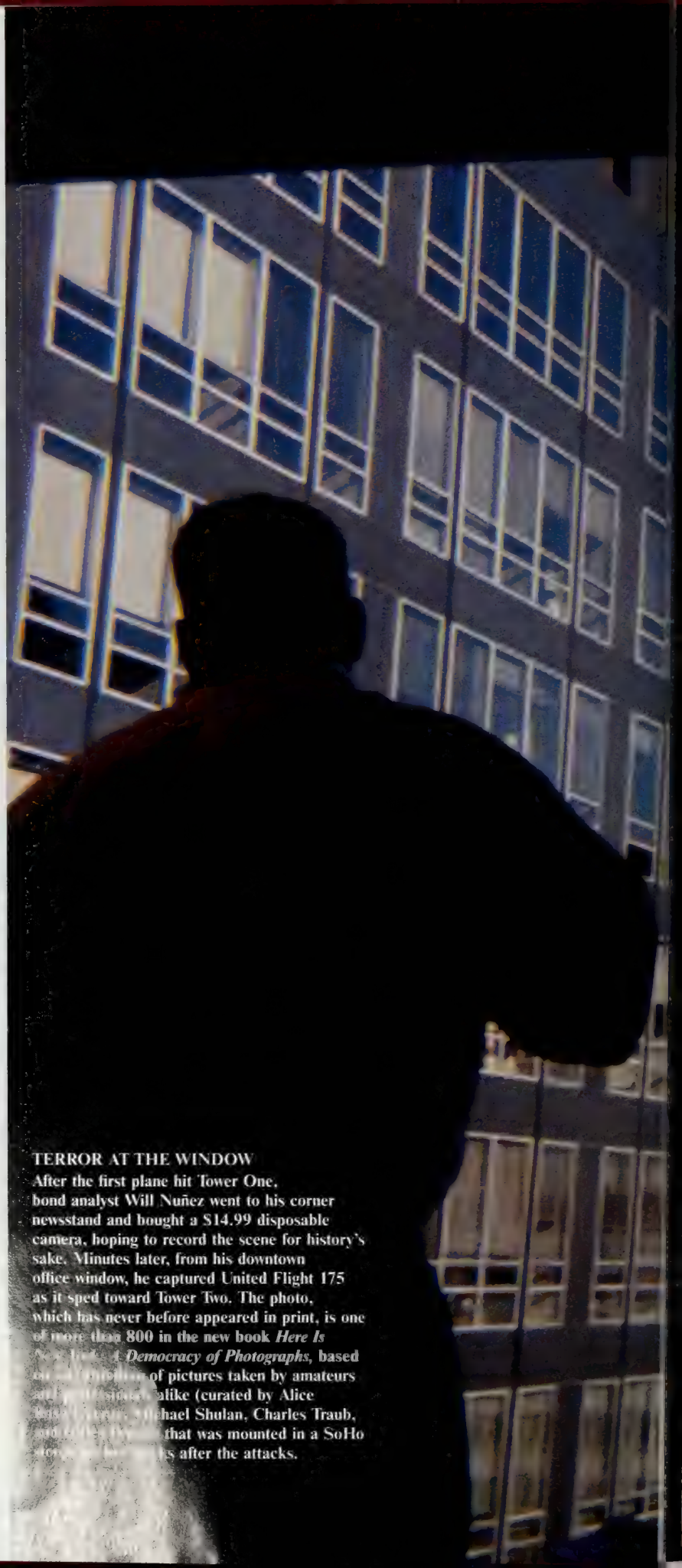


TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 2001 Patricia McDonough was jolted from sleep by a rumble, then a wail outside her window. She lay still a moment, taking in the roar of the sirens. This was the same sound, she realized—the one she had heard in 1993 when terrorists bombed the World Trade Center, just four blocks away.

McDonough, a professional photographer, jumped from her bed, and at 8:51, four minutes after Tower One had taken the blow of American Flight 11, she trained a fish-eye lens on the crippled building beyond her picture window. "At first, the north tower was on fire," she says. "When I was taking my pictures, I was doing it as a personal document: This is what happened, to me, in my apartment. Soon, however, thousands of people were there. And ambulances. There were all these photographers." And photography, she says, "suddenly seemed superfluous. When I saw the first building come down on all these trucks and ambulances, the situation became something else. I felt immediately needed.

"I have had a lot of Red Cross training, CPR classes. I thought, This is New York. What good is another photographer?" McDonough loaded her bike bag with disposable gloves, water bottles, and her heavily stocked first-aid kit. Since her building's electricity was out, she rushed down 17 flights of stairs in the dark, leaving all [illegible] behind. "There was an ambul[illegible] down," she says, "and I just [illegible] in." That day, [illegible] gency vehicles, [illegible] ing tables at a tri[illegible]

Photographs on pages 116, 328 from *Here Is New York: A Democr[illegible] Photographs,* to be published in Sep[illegible] Scalo Publishers; © 2002 by the publis[illegible]



TERROR AT THE WINDOW
After the first plane hit Tower One, bond analyst Will Nuñez went to his corner newsstand and bought a $14.99 disposable camera, hoping to record the scene for history's sake. Minutes later, from his downtown office window, he captured United Flight 175 as it sped toward Tower Two. The photo, which has never before appeared in print, is one of more than 800 in the new book *Here Is* [illegible] *A Democracy of Photographs,* based on [illegible] of pictures taken by amateurs and [illegible] alike (curated by Alice [illegible] Michael Shulan, Charles Traub, [illegible] that was mounted in a SoHo [illegible] s after the attacks.





PRINCE AND WEST BROADWAY
On 9/11, freelance photo researcher Adam Woodward grabbed his Mamiya and headed toward SoHo. "I started to feel this weird tinge of guilt that I was taking pictures," he recalls. He decided not to publish this photo of the north tower falling, until now, having donated it to the *Here Is New York* photo show, archive, and book project (benefiting the Children's Aid Society). Its stark clarity—due to its six-by-seven-inch negative—reinforces the terror and absurdity of a morning when cascading buildings and mass murder were set, almost palpably, against a blue-sky backdrop.



passed, she assisted rescue workers at hydration stations; her photos of that fiery morning, meanwhile, would run in magazines and win awards.

John Labriola, in contrast, spent the first hours of 9/11 as he often did, recording everyday scenes on his digital camera. Before going to work, he shot cartons of pears and grapes at an outdoor fruit stand, the Manhattan Bridge arching over the East River, the Trade Center's south tower jutting up into the morning. By 8:10, Labriola, a technical consultant for the Port Authority, had arrived at his desk on the 71st floor of Tower One. At 8:47 he felt the building wobble "five or six feet in each direction."

Immediately, balls of flame roiled past his window. Chunks of building tumbled by. Within four minutes, Labriola, camera in hand, was hustling down the stairwell, already jammed with evacuees from higher floors. During the hour it took him to reach the exit, he photographed co-workers descending with him. He caught the expressions of firefighters as they climbed past him, some never to return. "We felt the second plane hit," says Labriola, "then heard through a news-retrieval pager that the Pentagon had been hit. The firemen's faces told the tale. They were contemplating the unknown. They looked like they'd been climbing a mountain. You could see that they were scared, but resolved." One of his images—of firefighter Mike Kehoe scaling a crowded stairway—would soon be published the world over. (Kehoe managed to escape with only seconds to spare.)

Once outside, Labriola headed toward Trinity Church, believing a prayer was in order. There he encountered Dave Brondolo, a printing-plant account manager—and aspiring photographer—who had hurried downtown on the subway. Brondolo had arrived just in time to see, and photograph, the south tower as it plummeted in front of him. To escape the ensuing dust storm, Brondolo had ducked into the church. "I actually thought I was going to die," he remembers. "I was afraid we'd suffocate from the smoke. Then some security guy tried to evacuate us out the back door *towards* the towers. Two women with babies," he says, his eyes welling with tears, "rushed through the dust and were in a panic to get out. I turned around and went back *into* the church. And just as I did . . . the second tower came down. The women and the babies were out there somewhere. They had left their strollers behind."

For eight months, he kept his photos on a shelf, finally showing them, reluctantly, to *Vanity Fair*. "I didn't want to exploit the

deaths," explains Brondolo, who lives in the town of Rockville Centre, Long Island, which lost 38 that day. "I thought it would reflect poorly on my community and me. We lost the soccer coach in my son's league. I lost my father's cousin. To this day, my kids, eight and five, don't know what I went through. But I *had* to go down there. Others were running away. Photographers were *drawn* to it."

Down the street, in fact, a sirocco of photojournalists had blown in. Several would be injured that morning. Many would risk long-term respiratory problems. One never returned home. Freelancer Bill Biggart, 53—after shooting some 300 photographs from 9:09:51 A.M. until 10:28:24 (according to the readout on his recovered digital camera)—was killed as the north tower crumbled on top of him. The Smithsonian Institution, weeks later, would contact his widow, who would agree to loan her husband's pulverized Canon EOS D30.

And then there was Jerry Spagnoli. That Tuesday morning, Spagnoli, one of the world's leading experts in 19th-century photographic processes, lugged an enormous wooden view camera and one daguerreotype to his Chelsea rooftop. On a bulky sheet of silver-plated copper, he etched a black-and-white vista with haunting, almost tactile sharpness: quiet streets, two old water towers, 1 World Trade Center spouting smoke on the horizon as the south tower disappeared in a squall of white.

Spagnoli says he found a certain solace in rendering the devastation through a device invented in 1839. "I used a material which visually alludes to previous events," he explains. "You see it and you think: Civil War, the San Francisco earthquake. Seen in isolation, the event is too awful. But it's inherently empowering to know that, given human history, incredibly awful things occur, and then we go on. People *can* overcome. This is a comfort, in a way, to someone who has experienced a tragedy."

By dusk that day, photographs, like a soft rain, would begin pattering Manhattan. Snapshots of lost Trade Center employees, invariably smiling, would be copied onto handbills, printed with haste and heavy heart. By nightfall, photomosaics of the missing would be hung across the city. They were lifelines, frantically cast, to the outside world: Please, please, have you seen this man, this woman? He matters, she matters. By midweek, they would become sprawling tribute walls, mort[illegible] sorrow.

"This is probably going to be the most documented event of its kind in the history of photography," remarks Michael Shulan, who, within days of the attacks, helped mount an exhibition about 9/11 and its aftermath, right in his SoHo storefront. (The collection, called "Here Is New York: A Democracy of Photographs," would swell to 5,000 pictures donated by amateurs and professionals alike, many appearing in a book out this month.) Historian and writer David Halberstam concurs. "September 11," he would say at the International Center of Photography's Annual Infinity Awards ceremony, which gave a prize to the SoHo show, "was, in the most elemental way, a moment of the citizen as photographer."

From the very instant of the first attack, a lens had been trained on the World Trade Center. French filmmaker Jules Naudet, shooting downtown that morning, heard the roar of a plane and raised his digital video camera just in time to record the first jet's impact. Within minutes, people were photographing from windows and parapets and landings. They photographed as they fled: across bridges, on boats, up avenues soon blanketed in drifts of ash and dust. There was the father who had brought along a camcorder to document his son's first morning at nursery school. There was the deli owner who stood in the street and offered free point-and-shoot cameras to passersby. There was the videographer who cruised along on in-line skates, recording residents' reactions. By day's end, New Yorkers had committed tens of thousands of moments to film, each frame dispensing its own ripples of grief, compassion, and valor.

By dusk that day, photographs, like a soft rain, would begin pattering Manhattan.

What had mesmerized them all, surely, was the gravity of sudden death on such a scale. But they were also gripped by the sense that what was unfolding was almost unimaginable. Skyscrapers, along with the hundreds and hundreds of lives within them, were being ravaged—with passenger planes—*in order that* the violence be witnessed. The terrorists' motive was so warped, the method so pyrotechnic, the result so profoundly painful, that the horror literally had to be seen, and seen again, to be believed. Only rendering this act visually would confirm its reality; only images, not words, would suffice.

Photography itself, like some potent virus, would permeate the crisis and the war soon to follow. Amid September's numbing blur, pictures would sustain the memory of loved ones. They would preserve the sequence and dread of the day, as if trapping wisps of history in amber. They would connect cultures and ricochet across government networks, allowing agents to identify hijackers, and military planners to plot their bomb runs.

The week of September 11, the photograph did its work. And the city, the nation, and the world looked on as one unblinking eye.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

A neighbor of mine, Geraldine Davie, of New Rochelle, New York, lost her daughter Amy O'Doherty in the attacks. Amy, 23, had worked for Cantor Fitzgerald on the 104th floor of Tower One.

The following day, three of Amy's friends drove into Manhattan. They had picked out a snapshot of Amy and affixed it to a "Missing" poster. Next to the picture, they included the phone numbers of Amy's mother. They made hundreds of copies and set out for the streets.

As the friends went about their rounds, Edward Ornelas, a *San Antonio Express-News* photographer, took a picture of two of them hugging; clearly visible was an anguished Liz Gallello with a flyer in her hand that showed Davie's contact numbers. Liz's face—and Amy's—would run across the newswires. Soon, Davie would receive calls from as far away as Brazil, Sweden, Hawaii, the Philippines, and New Zealand. "We were getting condolence calls for months," she says. "Usually at night because of the time differences. They were sharing the grief. That one photograph traveled around the world."

Orbiting the earth, the International Space Station passed 24 miles above Manhattan. Inside, commander Frank Culbertson sat down to draft an open letter to his friends and family back home. The day before, Culbertson, an American had peered out one of the spacecraft's wi[illegible]



MAD DASH
Photographer Jonathan Torgovnik spied the wing of a plane as it soared past his kitchen window. Seconds later he was on the street pointing his lens at Tower Two. Cameras in tow, he bicycled 20 blocks to the Trade Center, then squeezed off four frames as Tower One tumbled above the glass-roofed arcade of the Winter Garden. Realizing that the businessmen in his viewfinder were fleeing for their lives, Torgovnik joined them.





HORROR FROM THE SKY

With commercial flights grounded after Manhattan, Detective David Fitzpatrick had unparalleled access to the events of 9/11 from his vantage in an N.Y.P.D. helicopter. The images in his new book, *Above Hallowed Ground*, document the devastated cityscape from altitudes as high as 6,500 feet, where he hovered atop the towers' smoke plumes. Here, Fitzpatrick, while scanning the skies for rogue jets, managed to photograph the vast blanket of debris left in Tower Two's wake.

dows, along with his two fellow passengers, both Russian. They had clearly made out the patch of gray over Lower Manhattan, wafting like the funnel above a funeral pyre. They had photographed the scene with both still and video cameras.

"The smoke," wrote Culbertson, "seemed to have an odd bloom to it at the base of the column.... I believe we were looking at NY around the time of, or shortly after, the collapse of the second tower."

Their spacecraft would then pass above Washington, D.C.—and the smoke-shrouded Pentagon—on its next orbit, an hour and a half later. "It's difficult to describe how it feels to be the only American completely off the planet at a time such as this," Culbertson observed. "The feeling that I should be there with all of you, dealing with this, helping in some way, is overwhelming.... Other than the emotional impact of our country being attacked and thousands of our citizens ... being killed, the most overwhelming feeling being where I am is one of isolation.

"Tears," Culbertson was careful to point out, "don't flow the same in space."

Well below Culbertson's craft, Detective David Fitzpatrick boarded an N.Y.P.D. Bell Ranger helicopter, as he would every day for the next two months. A 17-year-veteran surveillance expert, Fitzpatrick was known in the department as something of an aerial Weegee, having shot scores of crime scenes, including the 1993 World Trade Center bombing, from on high.

On Tuesday, Fitzpatrick had been driving to a union meeting in the vicinity of Kennedy airport when he heard a radio announcer report the first collision. Never without his Nikon, he gathered his equipment bag and some 75 rolls of film he happened to have stowed in his trunk; he was airborne within five minutes of the second plane's impact. His was one of only a few aircraft allowed to make low passes over Ground Zero. The result was a unique set of pictures—shown on these pages for the first time—taken from a chilling, bird's-eye perspective. His images of smoke belching from the towers (chronicled in the new book *Above Hallowed Ground*) harken back to London during

DUST TO DUST
After the collapse of both Trade Center towers, the silhouettes of nearby buildings seemed to peek like headstones through a bank of dust clouds. From his aerial perch, N.Y.P.D. detective-photographer David Fitzpatrick shot what many street-level survivors would later compare to "a nuclear winter."



Photographs on pages 2[illegible] *Hallowed Ground: A Photographic Record of September 11, 2001*, by Photographers [illegible] New York City Police Department, edited by Christopher Sweet, to [illegible] by Viking Studio; © 2002 [illegible] Police Foundation, Inc.; ph[illegible] by the New York City Police De[illegible] reprinted by arrangement with Viki[illegible] a division of Penguin Putnam, Inc.



the Blitz. His panoramas of Lower Manhattan, completely draped in brown cloud, summon up nothing less than Armageddon.

Throughout the day, authorities sorted through scores of images and hours of videotape. They examined photos in immigration files and police databases. They began to acquire footage from surveillance cameras at airports and border crossings. In time, they would uncover several shots of the perpetrators, made in the hours before the attacks.

At 8:41 on the night of September 10, an A.T.M. camera in a pizza-shop parking lot in South Portland, Maine, recorded Mohammed Atta and a man traveling under the name of Abdulaziz Alomari, two of the hijackers who would commandeer American Flight 11—which had taken off from Boston—and fly it into Tower One. Over the next 45 minutes, the pair would be photographed twice more: at a nearby gas station and at a Wal-Mart in Scarborough. The next morning, they would appear on a monitor at Portland International Jetport, under a digital readout: 9-11-01 24H/5:45:15.

Fifteen minutes later, they would take off on a commuter flight to Boston.

Across the electronic ether, photo agencies and wire services had dispatched thousands of 9/11 pictures to newspapers for Wednesday's editions. The Associated Press transmitted 1,200 frames over 18 hours, about seven times the average for a breaking news story. (Many photojournalists would donate the proceeds from their picture sales to assist families devastated by the attacks.) Among the more widely published photos showed George W. Bush sitting in front of a Florida grade-school class. The president, supremely confounded, listens as his chief of staff, Andrew Card, murmurs in his ear: "A second aircraft hit the second tower. America is under attack."

As *The Boston Globe*'s David Shribman would later note, the moment (shot by five photographers in the classroom that day) proved to be "a portrait ... of a president undergoing a thorough transformation in the course of two whispered sentences.... This photograph ... has been burned into the retina of the nation's memory." Within the week, the administration would issue a September 11 image sl[illegible] gaged" Bush: a demonst[illegible] in chief on Air Force One, ph[illegible] ear, conferring with Vice President C[illegible] (By spring, the picture would appear in a G.O.P. mailing intended to solicit funds from would-be donors. Quick to criticize the move as photographic pandering was Bush political foe Al Gore. "While most pictures are worth a thousand words," insisted Gore, "a photo that seeks to capitalize on one of the most tragic moments in our nation's history is worth only one—disgraceful.")

My daughter, Molly, aged 13, spent Wednesday evening at our home in the Westchester suburbs. She had heard that John Doherty, the father of her friend Maureen, had not returned from the Trade Center on Tuesday. Maureen's dad, 58, an Aon vice president, was still missing that day and would be missing the next. Over the week that followed, Molly would periodically go to the dining-room sideboard, open the left-hand drawer, and take out a photo she kept there: of 19 sixth-grade girls from the Ursuline School, including Maureen and Molly, posing in their finest dresses.

> "I *had* to go down there. Others were running away. Photographers were *drawn* to it."

Throughout the week, people sought the company of personal photographs. To touch them. To find comfort or memories or answers by feeling paper against flesh. To connect with someone lost in the tragedy—or someone who had lost someone—by holding his or her image in the hand, the mind, the heart.

At the left of this particular frame, just below where Molly stood, her friend Maureen sat smiling. Her face was beaming, her hair buoyant with light-brown ringlets. "She had curled it especially for that night," Molly remembered. The event: the annual father-daughter banquet.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13 Law-enforcement officials finalized their roster listing the names of the 19 hijackers; the images of 16 would soon follow. As is usually the case with ID photos, most of the subjects appeared to stare dead-on, mug-shot-style. But here, each face was clear-eyed and intent. Almost to a man, their jaws were set and stern. Within days the photos, a telephone hot line, and a Web site would help generate 36,000 leads, according to the F.B.I., resulting in dozens of search warrants and subpoenas.

Like the faces of the hijackers, al-Qaeda leader Osama bin Laden's was soon ubiquitous. His image was paraded through the streets of Peshawar, Jakarta, and Gaza, his likeness often downloaded from the Internet or cribbed from the cover of *Time*; within weeks it would appear on targets at U.S. rifle ranges. Bush's photo would be similarly bandied about. At one Indonesian rally, mobs hefted a poster of the president sprouting fangs and wearing a "Big Satan" bandanna.

Though harbored for years by a Taliban regime that outlawed television and considered it a sacrilege to commit a human face to photographic film, bin Laden possessed considerable media savvy. He understood that any modern conflict included a war of public imagery. And so, hours after the first U.S. aerial raids on Afghanistan—on October 7—the al-Qaeda chief, dressed in battle fatigues, would suddenly materialize on TV sets across the globe. He had gone to great lengths to pre-release a defiant videotape. He had made certain that, whether he was dead or alive, his face and message would be disseminated as soon as the U.S. bombing began.

I know of no one who takes more family photos than my friend Scott Gutterson, an attorney and accountant. At his Long Island home framed photographs line the entrance hall, the main staircase, the basement walls. Photos are propped up on bookshelves, the piano, the bathroom vanity. The walls of his Midtown office bear 300 pictures arranged in 37 different frames. "Some of these become almost like wallpaper," he says. "My grandfather in a chef's hat, baking. My kids with Aunt Roz. My son at Cooperstown, eating ice cream. There's an energy that pictures give. You don't hang up negative photographs. They're windows to happiness and windows to the past."

On Thursday, Gutterson fielded calls and phoned friends and clients, dreading what he'd hear on the other end of the line. "I probably knew 50 people in the towers at the time," he says. "My best guess is some 30-odd people I know didn't get out

vin Cleary was a friend of mine. Tom rke was a friend of mine. Billy Hunt, ne of 2000, had a baby. Tommy Cahill—ere wasn't a beer this guy wouldn't drink. "The majority had photographs of their es on their walls, on their desks, in their bicles. These young kids, the bond traders ting in the bull pen, would have, taped their computers, photographs.

"Now that these photographs are all rnt up, it wouldn't surprise me if somedy had the only copy of a particular otograph, and therefore the stimulus to surrect a particular memory is gone. 's almost like dying three times. They ere murdered—incinerated for nothing. heir wonderful memories are gone. And e memories that *would have* been spurred y those photographs are gone, absolutely rned to dust."

A magazine editor I know remarked on the mixture of revulsion and allure e felt in seeing it all, over nd over. There was "somehing pornographic," he aid, in images of the towrs' destruction. On Wednesay, New York *Daily News* ditor Ed Kosner had deended his decision to run picture of a severed hand ying in the street near Ground Zero. His rationale: "You can't do the sto-y without doing the story," e told *The New York Times*. "It's no time to be squeamish."

Over time, alas, raw imagery would ead to raw exploitation. The *New York Post* would register its disgust by running a front-page headline three weeks after 9/11: HOW SLEAZY SELLERS RAKE IN BIG BUCKS ON THE CITY'S SUFFERING. Its reporting team encountered vendors and photo-shop owners hawking "towers aflame" snaps for $3 a print, or two for $5. Within weeks, little flip-books of panoramas and shock shots, pirated from magazines, would go for $10 in Times Square.

Inevitably, such pictures do their share of harm. To those in mourning or attempting to work through their own traumas, the very act of glimpsing the collapse or the carnage can set them back. Indeed, on September 11, ABC had chosen *not* to broadcast sequences showing bodies plummeting from upper floors. "The question is, 'Are we informing,'" ABC News chief Dave Westin commented in the *Times*, "'or titillating and causing unnecessary grief?'"

"I don't find any relief in looking," remarked an acquaintance of mine who lost several friends on the 11th. "There's no comfort in seeing the towers hit, falling, knowing that I knew so many. And so many, thank God, that made it out. I cannot look one other time," he said—referring to photographer Stan Honda's much-published shot with a yellowish hue—"at that beautiful black woman covered in dust."

On September 13, Eileen Hillock, a Morgan Stanley vice president, picked up her photos from her local pharmacy. She typically kept a camera in a nearby drawer on the 56th floor of Tower Two. "We always had it in the desk to take pictures at celebrations," she says, "or when the boats came in, the Fourth of July, gorgeous sunsets."



IN HISTORY'S WIDE LENS

Photographer Jerry Spagnoli took a large view camera and a daguerreotype plate—an 1839 invention—to his West Side roof and made this reverse-image three-second exposure as the World Trade Center collapsed on the horizon. "A daguerreotype jogs our historical memory," he says, "reminding us of other tragedies captured by cameras now out of date—the Civil War, the San Francisco earthquake. This perspective helps us understand this tragedy, and with that understanding comes the strength to move on."

Two days before, Hillock had been shocked when she saw the building across from her burst into flame. She thought a helicopter must have accidentally rammed into it. "I don't know why," she says, "I grabbed the camera, a Minolta. I took a couple of photographs." One of them showed Morgan Stanley's W.T.C. security chief, Rick Rescorla, with a hard hat and bullhorn. Two security aides—Jorge Velazquez and Titus Davidson—stood nearby. Rescorla was mobilizing all 3,700 Morgan Stanley employees to begin their evacuation; Hillock complied.

Five minutes later the windows on Hillock's floor blew out as United Flight 175 ripped through the building. As she walked down the stairs with thousands of others, the skyscraper began to rock. How calm and unsuspecting we were, she thought when laying eyes upon the photo, fresh from the drugstore. "We didn't know it was a terrorist attack," she says. "We thought it was an accident. On the way down, somebody in front of me spilled their coffee and I stopped to wipe it up. Our sense of calm was totally because we knew the drill. We were prepared."

For much of the 1990s, Rick Rescorla had insisted that Morgan Stanley's offices be geared up for a violent attack—something he viewed as inevitable. A decorated Vietnam veteran (profiled in the film *We Were Soldiers*), with years of security experience, Rescorla understood that the World Trade Center was a perfect terror target, even warning authorities of the vulnerability of the underground parking facility prior to the 1993 bombing.

On September 11, soon after the opposite tower was hit, a building official reportedly phoned Rescorla and urged him to keep his 22 floors of workers at their desks. Rescorla swore at him and literally marched his troops to safety, barking into a bullhorn much of the time. To keep spirits up, he belted out songs from his native Cornwall.

For an hour and a half, he trudged up and down Tower Two, between floors 10 and 72, shepherding and cajoling and offering encouragement. Just before the building collapsed, Rescorla had begun one last sweep to make certain no stragglers remained. All 3,700 workers managed to make it out—all but Rescorla, the two security men in Eileen Hillock's picture, and 9 others.

Susan Rescorla, who would soon enlist author James B. Stewart to write her husband's biography (*The Heart of a Soldier*, out this month), now keeps Hillock's photo, framed, in her den. "When I first saw it," she says, "I thought I was going to be very emotionally taken over. But

it calmed me.... I was like, 'He's *so* in charge.' That's what he was all about: a calming voice through the bullhorn, just like in Vietnam. Only afterwards did I realize he was perspiring profusely. His tie was off. He had already been up and down those stairs. He even took the time out to call me, about 20 after nine. A half-hour later, I saw the building come down.

"I was proud of my husband in life," she says, her voice breaking. "I'm even prouder of him in death. His two in-house people ... and the guard from an outside service—they're all dead. They would've followed him to kingdom come. They *did*. They've never found their remains."

In a Washington, D.C., conference room, historians from the National Museum of American History held their first curatorial meeting to discuss the acquisition of September 11 artifacts and images. "The day was such a visual experience," recalls Michelle Delaney, who curates the museum's photographic-history collection. "I knew from the moment I began watching the events, this was an important day in history and in the history of photography." Congress would eventually give the Smithsonian $5 million to procure 9/11-related objects, including videotapes and photos; the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, in turn, would fund the September 11 Digital Archive project to store digital images, E-mails, and other electronic records for posterity.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14 At two A.M. photographer Gregg Brown was startled by the peal of his bedside phone. A representative from FEMA, the Federal Emergency Management Agency, was calling. He needed an aerial photographer. "FEMA has photographers," says Brown. "The Fire Department has photographers. So does the navy and N.Y.P.D. But they needed someone *now*."

The city was in crisis mode, and FEMA, as Brown understood it, had been so anxious to find a professional shooter before dawn that the man on the line had resorted to flipping through the Yellow Pages. "He asked me if I do aerial photos," recalls Brown, who had never taken an aerial shot in his life. "I said, 'Yes.' So for 45 days I had a sheriff's department escort, [and I would] go up in the helicopter." Brown's images helped [illegible] damage and chart the [illegible] ground fires.

On his fifth day airborne, he [illegible] tently loaded his camera with a used roll. When he developed it, he saw that he had created a double exposure: the towers standing (from a shoot the previous May) overlaid with the towers destroyed. Recovery crews could be seen faintly, on the fringes of the image. Says Brown, "I show this picture, I've seen people weep.... It just captures the glory of the towers and the destruction, and the human effort."

Many news pictures also proved useful to authorities. Lyle Owerko, a commercial photographer who brought his 400-mm. lens to the base of the towers, managed to take such high-resolution images of the fires' progress (one made the cover of *Time*) that structural engineers are still poring over them to understand how the integrity of the buildings was compromised by the heat. And Richard Fox, who helps secure compensation for families of emergency medical workers lost on 9/11, has relied on a cache of photos collected by *New York Post* photographer and gallery owner Bolivar Arellano. "There are charities that require 'due diligence,'" Fox explains. "One of the reasons I've been able to assist survivors in obtaining benefits is by virtue of the photographs. Through pictures, I've been able to document the last activities of people operating in an E.M.S. capacity. A picture, in some instances, was worth thousands of dollars."

> "I knew 50 people in the towers.... The majority had photographs on their desks, in their cubicles."

The camera and the Trade Center had always had an affinity. Since the towers' dedication in 1973, they had been among America's most photographed landmarks. They also generated hundreds of images each day, from the south tower's dizzying observation deck. The north tower was a perch for photographic transmission; 10 TV channels beamed programs from its antennae. Inside and out, dozens of sur[illegible] cameras were mounted, many [illegible]e in response to the 1993 attack. The Twin Tower complex even served a picture warehouse: in a basement bank va at 5 W.T.C., an estimated 40,000 ne tives by John F. Kennedy's official phot rapher, Jacques Lowe, were lost on 9, The entire archive is believed to have integrated.

Friday morning, on assignment for *ity Fair,* I surveyed the towers' remains w photographer Harry Benson.

Standing at the site's smoking nexu saw it clearly: On Tuesday, the world h imploded here. Three days later, what mained was a place called Zero. And ra in American memory had so much de cation, despair, and cooperative spirit be concentrated in one dark place.

Ground Zero was spread across seve mounds of almost Incan magnitude. A heaps of tortured metal and debris, st workers toiled in a thick pall, setting tor es to beams. Search-and-rescue squa clawed for the fallen in the rubble's chi and caverns. Though the site pul with a spirit of urgency and co mon purpose, uniformed men, every turn, kept trespassers at b And with good reason: this wa crime scene where officials hop to keep disruption to a minimu many of the buildings were s precarious, endangering outsid and terror-conscious police a military personnel seemed to gard any intruder as a poten threat. Consequently, extranec picture taking was forbidd throughout most of the zone function of the restrictive red ta that can entwine disasters, a g eral resentment toward the press, an deep, inviolate respect for the dead.

"It's like Beirut," said a priest stand next to me. Father David Engo had j driven down from Massachusetts to pi in. The Reverend James McManamy, fr Toronto, stood with him. "Our main jo explained McManamy, "is to support firemen and the policemen and their gr ing. And to bless the bodies."

Suddenly, the clergymen were su moned.

Harry and I walked along with the They joined a cordon of silent men hard hats bearing a bulky bag or stretcher. We took in the grim faces. took in the new odor. We walked throu the doorway of a makeshift morgue, set in a gutted Brooks Brothers shop, th finally arrived at a large tent. Inside disaster-mortuary team stood ready to ceive the body. The gathering seemed p forensic, part religious. The door flap drawn open, and CONTINUED ON PAGE



ROUGH THE NIGHT, DARKLY

evening, as a summer storm
ded, commercial photographer
ton Tillman shot the Twin Towers
his Chelsea terrace; the
evening, the towers were no more.
diptych, previously unpublished—
the forthcoming book *Here*
ew York—shows Tillman's rooftop
at nine P.M. on September 10 (*top*)
at nine P.M. on September 11.

Shaken, Not Stirred

For the latest James Bond adventure, November's *Die Another Day*, director Lee Tamahori made sure to give Pierce Brosnan the full quota of gadgets and gunfire. But when the latest Bond girl is Halle Berry, BRUCE HANDY learns, 007 may also get the best sex he ever had



Ring, ring. Lee Tamahori is on the phone from Pinewood Studios, outside London, where he is wrapping up his chores as the director of the 20th James Bond movie, *Die Another Day*, which should not be confused with *Tomorrow Never Dies*, the 18th Bond film and the one with the most idiotic title, since no one really expects "tomorrow" to "die," being that it's a point in time and all. Best Bond title? *Thunderball* hands down; it works on so many levels.

But anyway, Lee Tamahori is on the phone. He is previously the director of *Once Were Warriors*, *Mulholland Falls*, and *Along Came a Spider*. How, we want to know, does a director of such relatively idiosyncratic fare—certainly in comparison with *Octopussy*—navigate the ritualized narrative, the popcorn Kabuki, that is a Bond movie? "Girls, gadgets, guns," he says, "those are indeed your building blocks. I mean, you know that since it's Bond he's going to shoot someone and drive a car. But I always head for a sense of logic. It's a thriller, and in a thriller everything has to be treated seriously." One example: "In lovemaking, Bond's PG requirements have traditionally meant you can only show postcoital sex. You know, clothes strewn around the room, the camera slowly pans over to the bed. . . . But we thought, Why couldn't Bond have the best fuck of his life? So we shot a very hot love scene. Whether it survives the censor's cut—or the producers'—we'll see."

Pierce Brosnan returns for his fourth spin as 007, while Halle Berry has been anointed the new "Bond girl." As a follow-up to her [illegible]ning role in *Monster's Ball*, it's an interesting [illegible] for both her and the series: there have been [illegible] who could act, but only rarely were [illegible] this time will be different. "[illegible] now heading into the editing [illegible] comes out the same old Bond."

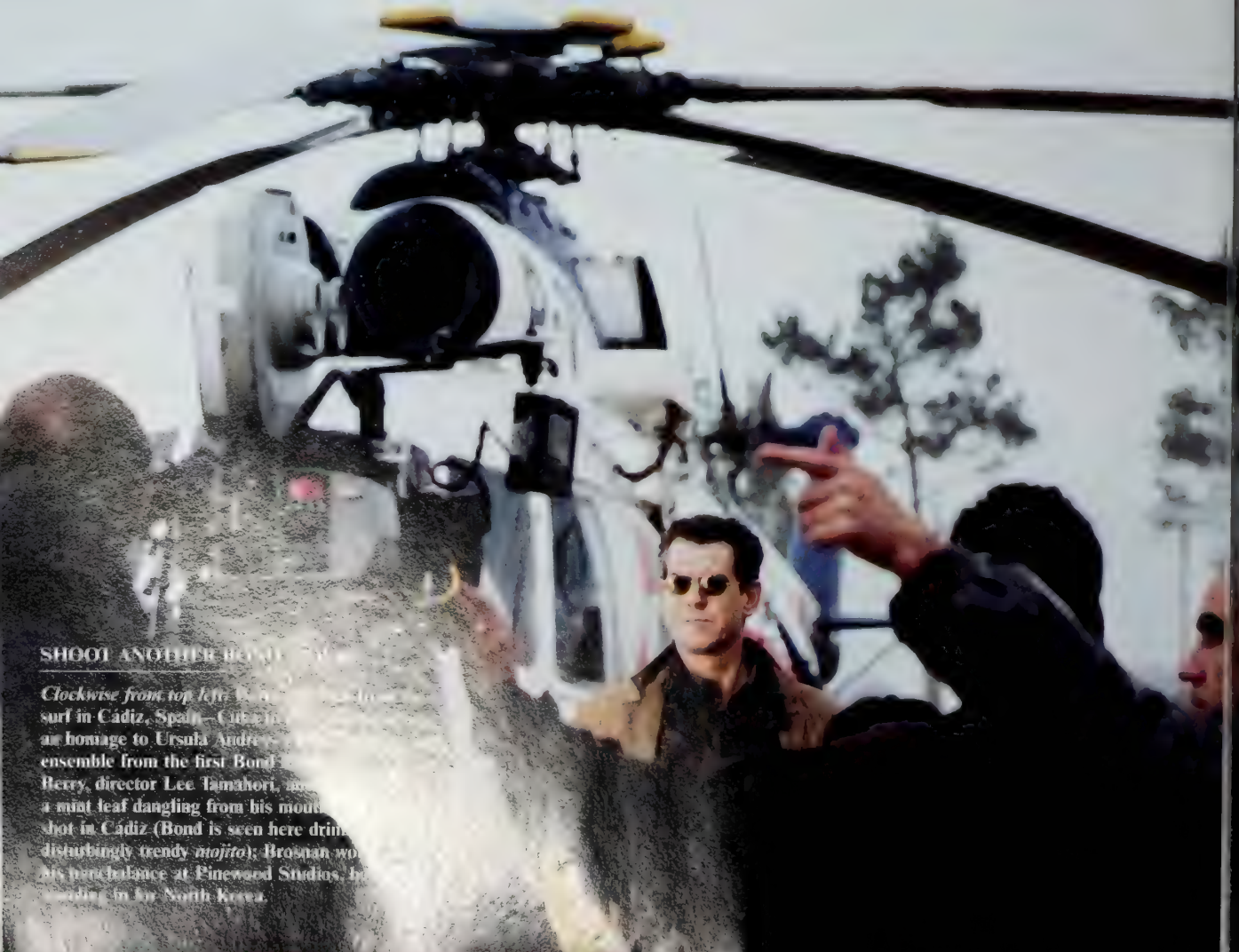
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREG W[illegible]



Halle Berry, as the new "Bond girl," and Pierce Brosnan, as Bond, take in a cocktail party on *Die Another Day*'s "Ice Palace" set. That would be the Icelandic headquarters of international entrepreneur and arriviste supervillain Gustav Graves (played by Toby Stephens). Photographed in April on the 007 Stage at Pinewood Studios, outside London.

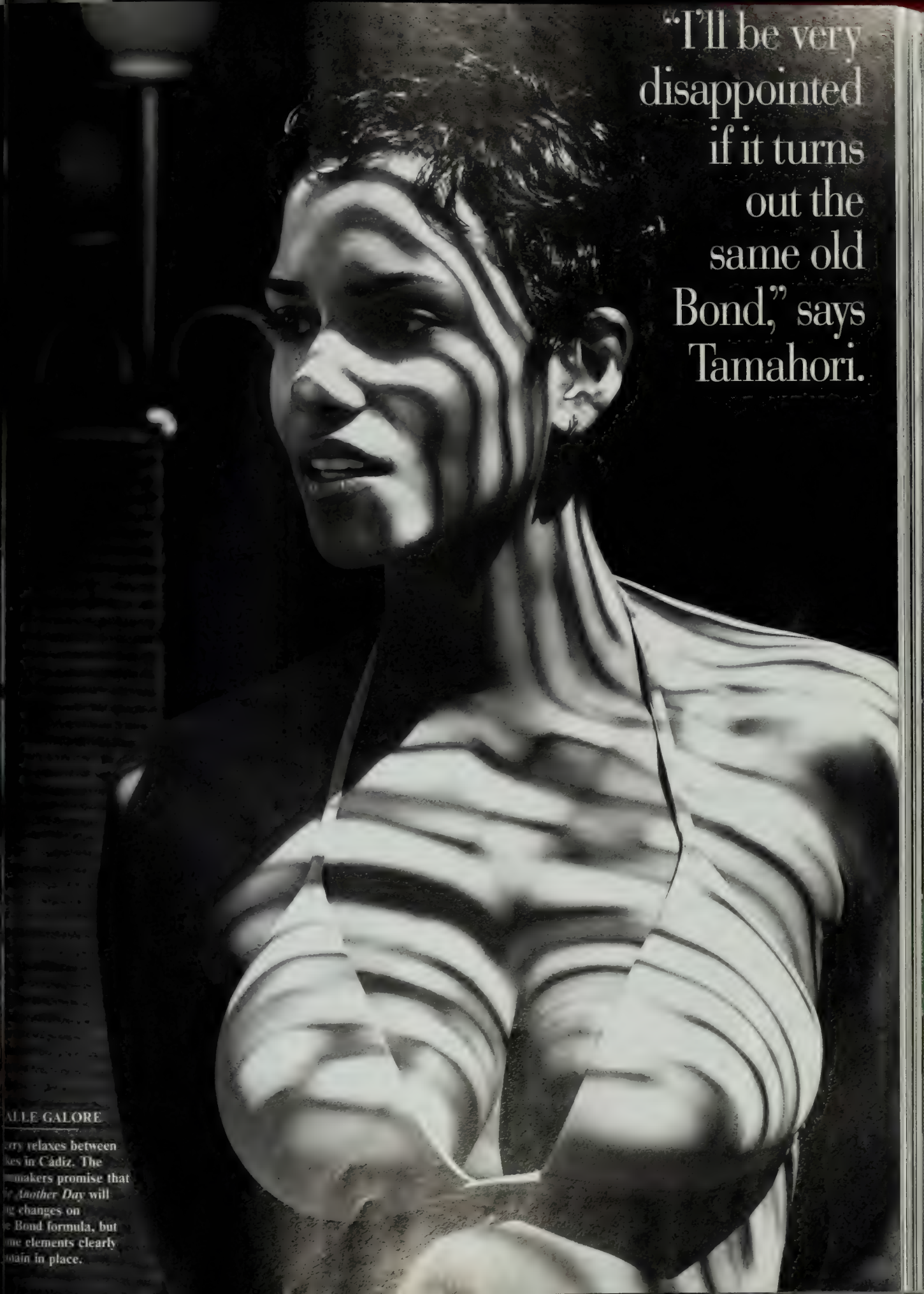






SHOOT ANOTHER BOND

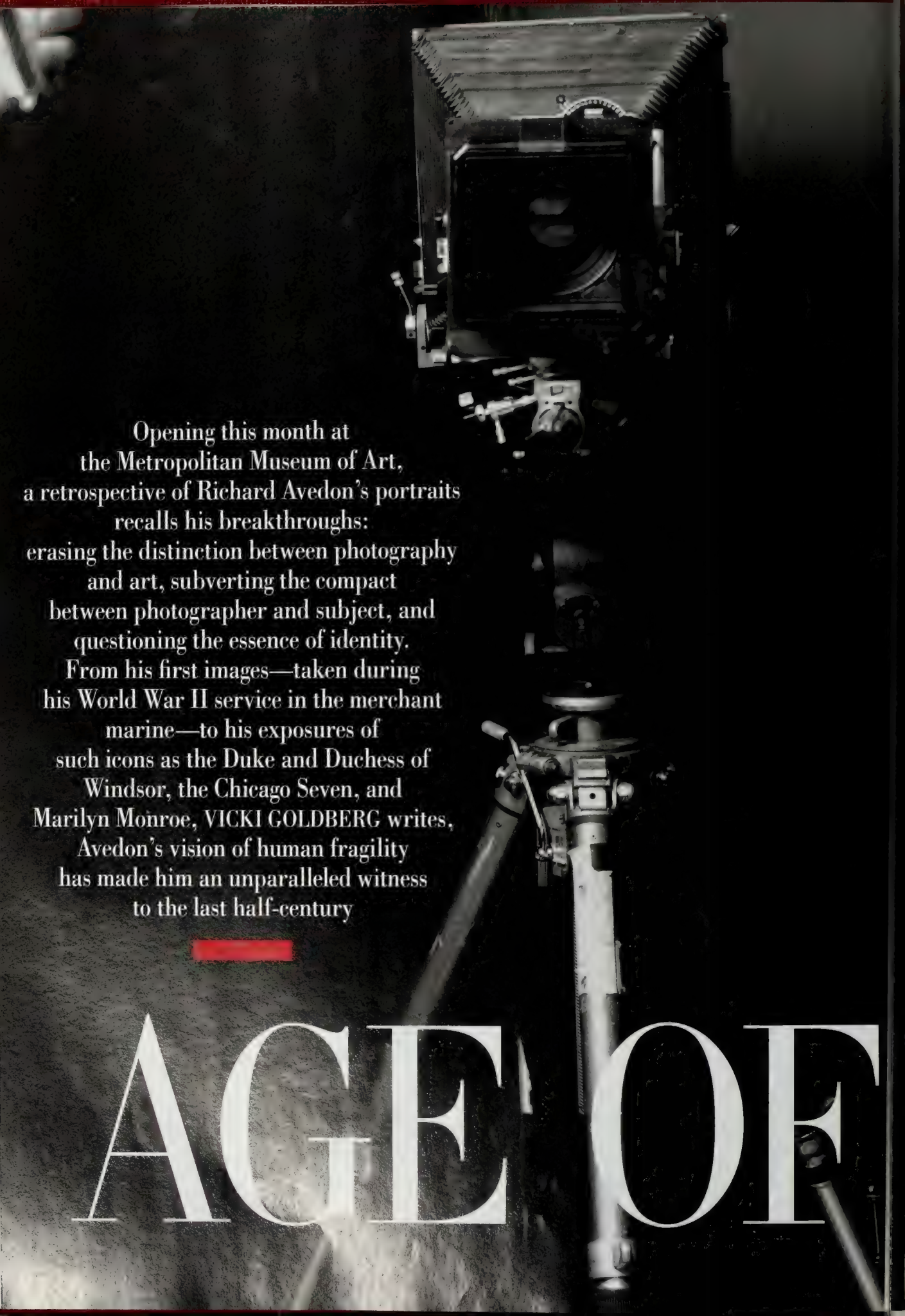
Clockwise from top left: B
surf in Cádiz, Spain—Cuba
an homage to Ursula Andre
ensemble from the first Bond
Berry, director Lee Tamahori,
a mint leaf dangling from his mou
shot in Cádiz (Bond is seen here drin
disturbingly trendy *mojito*); Brosnan wo
his purchadance at Pinewood Studios, b
Cuadiz in for North Korea.



"I'll be very disappointed if it turns out the same old Bond," says Tamahori.

ALLE GALORE

ery relaxes between kes in Cádiz. The makers promise that *Another Day* will g changes on e Bond formula, but me elements clearly main in place.

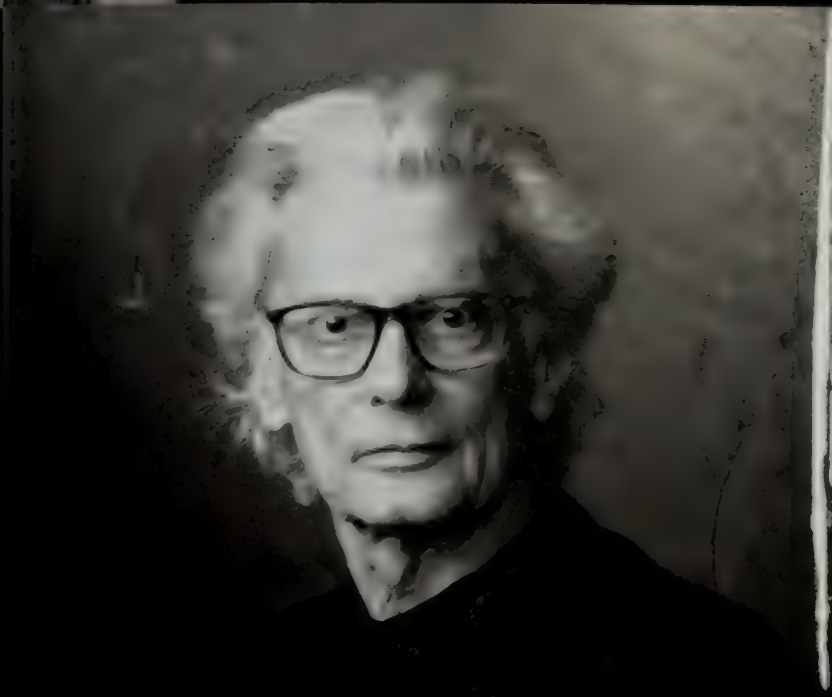


Opening this month at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a retrospective of Richard Avedon's portraits recalls his breakthroughs: erasing the distinction between photography and art, subverting the compact between photographer and subject, and questioning the essence of identity. From his first images—taken during his World War II service in the merchant marine—to his exposures of such icons as the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, the Chicago Seven, and Marilyn Monroe, VICKI GOLDBERG writes, Avedon's vision of human fragility has made him an unparalleled witness to the last half-century

AGE OF

ROLL REVERSAL

Richard Avedon was photographed at his studio in Manhattan on July 11, 2002.



AVEDON

PORTRAIT BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

The first assignment Richard Avedon ever had was to photograph a dead man. At 18, having enlisted during World War II as a photographer in the merchant marine, Avedon begged so hard to photograph anything at all that the powers that be assigned him to autopsies.

He began with the body of a very young man. "He was slit from the throat to the ... all the way down, and his ribs were open," Avedon once told an interviewer. "His feet were off the edge of the table like a child's off the edge of a bed." Avedon lugged his camera up a ladder, "and as I looked down, his feet seemed so vulnerable! They were perfect—they had nothing to do with the body that had been opened up.... I remember being devastated by those perfect feet. It wasn't until I left the room that I passed out."

Already he was struck by the fragility of perfection, by the contradictions between outward appearance and what went on beneath the skin, by mortality, by the fate that knocks you down after you leave the room. The merchant marine soon put him to work taking identity portraits of live subjects—"I must have taken pictures of maybe 100,000 baffled faces before it ever occurred to me I was becoming a photographer."

After the war, Avedon would record, even at times construct, the identities of an astonishing number of the most important figures of his time. At the core of his work even today lies a deep apprehension of the human quandary: how to live with the knowledge that your passport to existence could be revoked at any moment. Thou he's made an exceptionally handsome livi taking innovative pictures of high-power models in high-cost clothes, his greate admiration is reserved for a certain bra do and will to accomplishment in peo who dared to dance gracefully on the ed of the precipice. His camera intensifi what he finds almost perversely attracti the marks, the price, the *damage* of stru gle, achievement, and life itself.

From September 26 to January 5, t Metropolitan Museum of Art in New Yo will put on view 180 of his portra from the late 1940s up to this past spri "Richard Avedon Portraits," organized Maria Morris Hambourg, curator of t museum's Department of Photograp assisted by Mia Fineman, centers or group of portraits first shown together the Marlborough Gallery in New York 1975 and now a promised gift to the M Abrams is publishing an accordion-fold catalogue that lets the viewer arrange images in any order.

The Marlborough show was a landm in several ways. A breakthrough for p tography, which was still only a fledgl market and had never made a big spl in a major art gallery, the show amoun to a tidal wave. Prices for this work be at $175. Today they generally range fr







HUNGRY EYE

Clockwise from left: Avedon at 12, far righ with the Y.M.H.A. Camera Club in Central 1935; shooting himself in a dressing-room n with *Harper's Bazaar* fashion editor Dian Vreeland and the model Dovima, 1955; a surprisingly cropped Avedon photo on the 1948 cover of *Harper's Bazaar. Opposite,* A and his colleague Laura Kanelous prepa his first one-man exhibition, at the Smiths Institution, Washington, D.C., 1962.


The Vietnam War,
civil rights, loose sex—Avedon
practically wrote
a history of the 1960s.



His camera intensifies what he finds almost perversely attractive: the marks, the price, the *damage* of struggle, achievement, and life itself.

$10,000 to $150,000. Jeffrey Fraenkel, Avedon's dealer, says three enormous triptychs are valued at a half a million for insurance purposes, though they are so rare that they are probably not for sale at any price.

The Marlborough show was a breakthrough for Avedon as well. His reputation as one of the great names in fashion photography had previously superseded what he considers his serious work, the portraits. Many of these were as large as life or larger, uncommon enough in photographs then, and combined with the remorseless detail and shallow depth of focus of the 8-by-10 view camera, the scale forced viewers to confront the subjects as if they were right there, advancing out of their stark white backgrounds and staring—at us.

There was the pianist and wit Oscar Levant, mentally ill and drug-addicted—he told Avedon that when he'd hugged Judy Garland it was "the greatest pharmacological embrace in history"—raging against the dying of the light with a cry of pain or defiance uttered through teeth suitable for a backhoe. Bert Lahr as Estragon in *Waiting for Godot* compressed himself into an anguished plaint on the lonely human wait for one who will never come. The harrowing price of a life lived for good clothes could be glimpsed through the cracks in the polished façades of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. (Avedon had watched their reactions to losses night after night in a casino in Monaco, but during the sitting they wore only couturier manners. Knowing how they loved their pugs, Avedon quickly invented a tragedy: "If I seem hesitant, it's because my taxi ran over a dog." Their royal armor slipped.)

CRACKED FAÇADE

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor, New York City, April 16, 1957. In order to undercut their studied poise, Avedon, knowing how fond the Windsors were of their pugs, told them his taxi had just run over a dog.

Faces such as these reached levels of uncertainty or pain seldom seen in ordinary life, raising the question of whether it was impolite, improper, voyeuristic, even immoral to stare so freely at people so exposed. Flattery was in short supply: the writer Isak Dinesen looked like a benign mummy's head atop a monument of raw fur (she hated her portrait), and the activist Reverend Martin Cyril D'Arcy was a grittier version of Iago. A large public was made aware that by mid-century Avedon, along with Irving Penn, his great colleague and rival in fashion photography, had broken the tacit compact between photographer and sitter.

For the first hundred years of photography, politicians, generals, and actors, like the rest of us, went to portrait studios in search of nobility and fine looks, expecting that cowardice and pimples would be finessed or deftly retouched. In fact, the portrait-studio compact really applied only to people who commissioned a picture and paid to have their vanities gratified. Avedon's subjects came at his invitation, generally because he admired them and wanted to register the life behind the achievement. In accepting, they left themselves as open to interpretation as Cézanne's bored and plank-stiff wife or Picasso's frenetically aggressive mistress Dora Maar had been to the painters. There is a risk as well as a potential for glory in becoming a work of art.

Avedon had something more urgent than beauty or dignity in mind. By the early 1950s his portraits had responded to the postwar, post-Holocaust anxiety that spread like radiation through the nuclear era. He detected in others' faces the existentialist belief that the crack in the sidewalk opened upon the abyss, that you hadn't any choice but to walk on anyway, and that it took great bravery to do so.

He could be mellower with some subjects, especially as the years went on, and he kept an eye out for signs of joy. The joys

of performance could stave off nightfall for a moment: there was Charlie Chaplin playing a horned devil with a neon-light grin (the day before he left America after having been accused, without substantial evidence, of being a Communist); the great contralto Marian Anderson as rapt in song as an oracle in prophecy; and then Marilyn Monroe, vacant and collapsed, hollowed out by the pressure of sustaining a myth.

The Marlborough show also broke open the high-low strictures that had not quite crumbled yet—fashion, or commercial, photographers weren't ordinarily granted admission into the gated community of art. Marvin Israel, a talented art director who worked often with Avedon, designed the show, which was not so much hung as *installed.* Installation and imaginative presentation were virtually unknown in photography, though Avedon himself had played with size, scale, and medium in a 1962 show at the Smithsonian, tacking up Photostats, contact sheets, original prints, and one engraver's plate, turning a hallway into a kind of photographic collage.

At Marlborough, freestanding walls held what must have been the biggest photographs ever made: a triptych of the Mission Council (the 11 men who were running the Vietnam War overseas), another of the Chicago Seven (yippies who went on trial for conspiring to incite riot at the 1968 Democratic convention), and one of Andy Warhol's Factory, some of the men in street gear and some stark naked, including Candy Darling, who had the face, the lipstick, the lashes, and the long swooning pageboy of an ingenue, plus a penis and a brash patch of pubic hair. The largest of these, the Factory, is 10 feet by 35 feet.

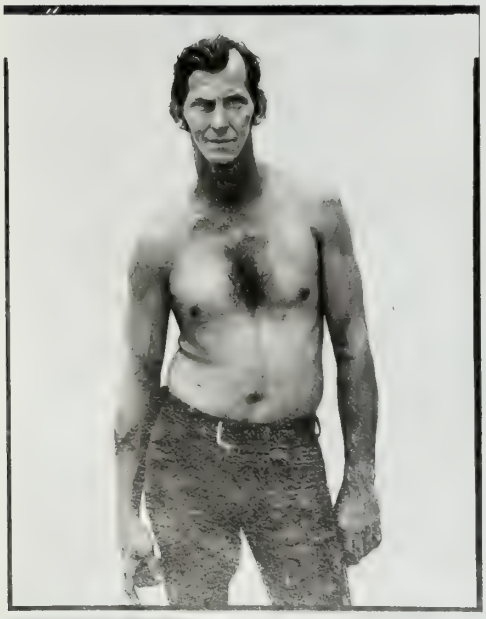
There was also a photograph of a former slave whose face blazed with sufficient determination to power an entire battalion marching down a hill; Avedon had taken it in the South during the civil-rights crisis. The Vietnam War, the anti-war movement, Warhol, civil rights, loose sex—Avedon practically wrote a history of the 1960s. In more than 50 years as a photographer, he recorded enough high achievers and significant figures in every area but sports (as well as a group of working-class types and drifters out West) to define a profound view of the second half of the 20th century and its marked ambivalences. He is a seismograph, a delicately tuned mechanism that picks up every shiver of the *Zeitgeist,* sometimes even before the *Zeitgeist* realizes it is shiverin

Avedon's record of his era is not an o jective definition but an opinion, avowe ly seen through a temperament. He on said, "Sometimes I think all my pictur are just pictures of me. My concern is how would you say?—well, the human pi dicament; only what I consider the hum predicament may be simply my own His interpretation is neither pretty nor r assuring; it is merely unforgettable.

In effect, Avedon regards both l and portraiture as performanc and in this too he has been a m sure of his time. In a 1959 bo called *The Presentation of Self Everyday Life,* the sociolog Erving Goffman—whom Aved never even heard of—argued th human interactions are essentially perf mances designed to make an impressi on whoever is listening, and that it through such performances that the p sona or social identity is dev oped. John Lahr, the senior drat critic at *The New Yorker* (and s of Bert Lahr), says Avedon h written a chronicle of the natu of 20th-century individualism. notes that the decade after Wo War II saw the greatest rise wealth in history, and "with th came the license to be yourself. People didn't have to postpo their own projects, they *were* th projects."

In Avedon's studio, they are l He turns portraiture into a sta and unrehearsed performance w out the relief of setting or t comfort of props. Against a wh background as blank as the Vo







LASER VIEWS

Clockwise from above: Billy Mudd, Trucker, Alto, Texas. May 7, 1981; *Bert Lahr, in Samuel Beckett's* Waiting for Godot, May 15, 1956; Laura Wilson's photograph of Avedon with Ruedi Hofmann and Drew Carolan photographing Loretta, Loudilla, and Kate Johnson

is sitters attempt to express their indi-duality, the selves—or the personas—ney have created at the core of their me. They do so in a split-second, face-o-face exchange with the photographer, ho wants to know what they spent on his creation and what could happen in ne moment when both of them stare at fixedly.

Controversy homes in on Avedon's photographs like a heat-seeking missile. The critic and director Robert Brustein once wrote that Avedon had turned his subjects into "repulsive knaves, fools, and lunatics"; John Durniak wrote in *Time* that he was "one f the most important photographers in ne world." The critic and philosopher rthur C. Danto said the portraits "strip neir subjects of dignity and worth" and eemed to transcribe "an aggression, a will-to-power, a cutting-down-to-size ... on the photographer's part." Maria Morris Hambourg, who believes that "this is what the 20th century is going to look like in 100 years," assesses Avedon's vision as the finest and most classic of his time.

Any subject other than Monica Lewinsky that inspires that much debate is likely to be meaningful on some deeper level. The response to Avedon's work in the 1960s and 1970s hinged partly on the fact that the traditional distinctions between high and low were disintegrating, leaving a quagmire where ideas of quality had once stood on firm ground, and many people weren't ready to believe that a commercial photographer could be an artist, or photography an art.

More urgently, Avedon's portraits seemed like definitive proof that photographers, and photography itself, were not to be trusted—already a widely held suspicion. In the age of the camera and the era of the image, these pictures trained a spotlight on the thorny questions of how identity was formed, who owned and who controlled one's image, and what were the allowable limits of voyeurism.

Avedon brought into the open the extent of the photographer's influence on the subject and the radical imbalance of power in the studio, a situation politely hidden for years. He wrote that "the subject imagined, which in a sense is me, must be discovered in someone else willing to take part in a fiction he cannot possibly know about. My concerns are not his. We have separate ambitions for the image. His need to plead his case probably goes as deep as my need to plead mine, but the control is with me." Since the late 1960s he has used a large camera that he stands next to, looking at the subject directly rather than peering through a viewfinder. The drama of personality has to be found in what Avedon calls this "unearned intimacy," a subtle personal interchange, perhaps

Against a white background as blank as the Void, his sitters attempt to express their individuality.







SOCIAL STUDIES

Clockwise from left: Marilyn Monroe, Actress, New York City, May 6, 1957; Alexey Brodovitch and Avedon, photographed by Hiro, laying out Avedon's first book, *Observations,* in his New York studio, 1958; *The Generals of the Daughters of the American Revolution,* Washington, D.C., October 15, 1963.

even a contest. Sometimes his subjects lose.

Candid about his reliance on the camera's power, Avedon has said that he became a photographer out of terror of the uncontrollable. "Everything I couldn't control as a child, or for that matter as a man—time, motion, other people, their appetites, and mine—I could embrace safely from behind the camera."

Some who have obviously been overpowered were grateful to be seen with such icy clarity for the first time. Billy Mudd, a working-class man out West whom Avedon photographed as someone whose soul had died and left him only a few shreds of humanity, said that seeing his portrait in a museum was the most profound experience of his life and indeed had made him change that life for the better.

Yet Avedon's laserlike gaze at wrinkles and hairs and pores has been immensely threatening. It menaced the American culture of youth and reminded us of what we preferred to forget: that everyone who lives long enough grows old, and that even in America, which for a long while had the franchise on the denial of death, death was waiting patiently at the intersection.

He made one work explicitly about dying that is excruciatingly personal and intimate, yet meaningful on the widest possible level. It is perhaps the toughest, most searing, most compassionate sequence of photographs ever made of one man: pictures he took of his father in successive years in order to come close to a remote and authoritarian parent. Avedon wrote his father late in life, explaining why he wanted him to pose—"I love your ambition and your capacity for disappointment, and that's still as alive in you as it has ever been." In the photographs, Jacob Israel Avedon begins as a healthy, spruce old man and ends, four years later, staring directly into the face of cancer. After he died, his son found the letter saved "in the inside pocket of the jacket of his best suit, the one he never wore."

Avedon's tragic sense of life and reliance on performance were already operative in his childhood. His father, who had grown up in an orphanage after *his* father had abandoned his wife and six children, believed that life was a battle and one needed education, physical strength, and money to cope. He became co-owner of a successful women's-wear department store on Fifth Avenue but lost it during the Depression and was reduced to selling insurance. The family lived near the Metropolitan Museum; Dick would wander over to do his homework. His grandmother, who lived on the Upper West Side, kept the family going with her poker winnings, often at the expense of George Gershwin's mother.

Avedon has said that performance was "a survival technique" in his family: "A successful performance—good grades, a good joke, a good lie—was the only way you earned the right to live." At the age of four he fell in love with his two-year-old cousin Margie; they formed a constant, unbreakable bond. Through adolescence it was their joint role to amuse his depressive family by making up wild adventures, acti out invented lives to entertain their elde

In their off-duty hours they watch others perform. In the 1930s, Avedo mother bribed ticket takers and sneak them into theaters and concert halls. T cousins already had a sophisticated a fatalistic view of things and were the o children watching Eva Le Gallienne pl Peter Pan who cried out, no, they d not believe in fairies, and, no, they did r want Tinkerbell to live.

They heard Sergey Rachmaninoff pl The great man had an apartment abo Avedon's grandmother's; the two childr would sit on the garbage cans behind apartment raptly listening to him practi Rachmaninoff was Avedon's first subje (If you don't count Louise, his belov younger sister. His father had given hi Brownie when he was nine; he made a n ative of Louise and pasted it to his sho der, then went out in the sun and return with an image of her face burned into skin.) The young Avedon, ambitious to recognized somehow by the famous mu cian, pursued Rachmaninoff till he p suaded him to pose for a snapshot. A boy, Avedon collected autographs too, way of saying he wanted to be one of th who performed extraordinarily well in l and he papered his room with photograp of actors and actresses by Edward Steich Martin Munkacsi, and Anton Bruehl t from the pages of the original *Vanity Fai*

What he wanted most was to be F Astaire. "The best men of my generat wanted to be Fred Astaire," he says. " made love with his feet, and he was fun looking, and he got the girl." it was Astaire who got to Avedon, playing a photograp named Dick Avery in the 1 movie *Funny Face*. Avedon hired to teach Astaire how play Dick Avedon.

His family had its perso performance rites. The Aved didn't own a dog, but in alm every family snapshot they po with a borrowed dog—Aved

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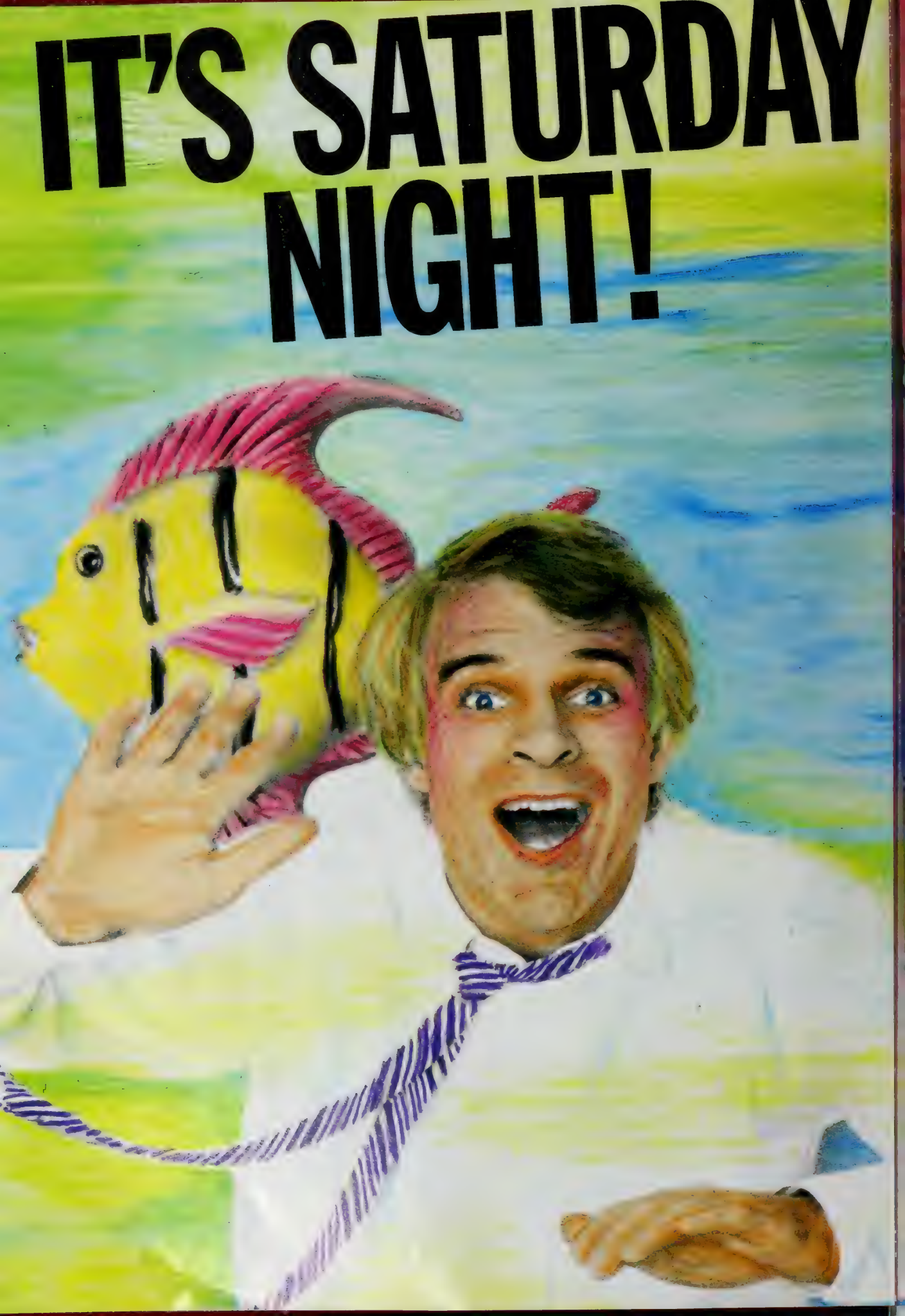


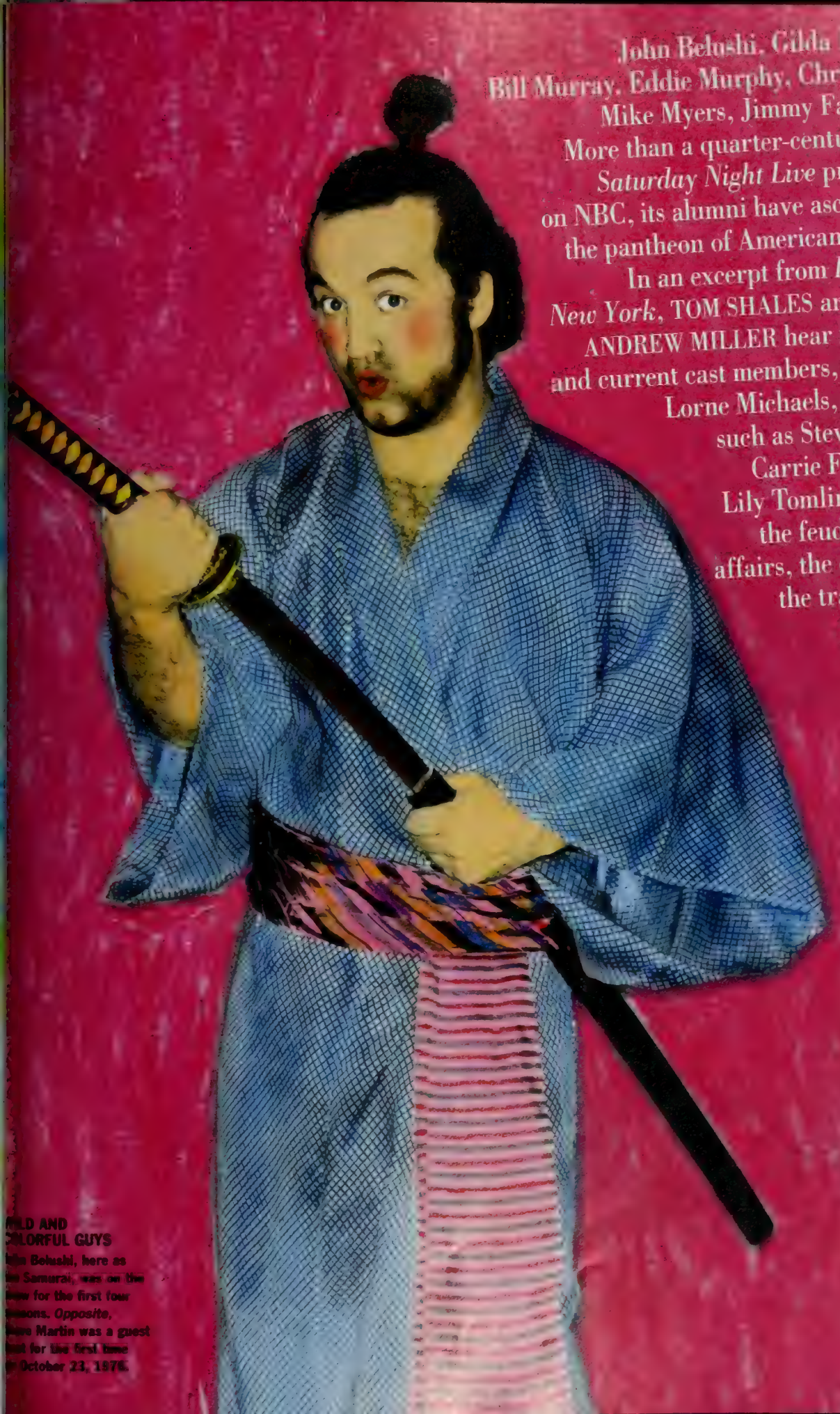
IN THE PICTURE

Avedon before his giant portrai of the Andy Warhol Factory group, photographed by his friend Milton H. Greene at the Marlborough Gallery in New York City, 1975. *Opposite,* Aved instructs his childhood idol, Fred Astaire, how to act like a photographer on the set of *Funny Face,* Paris, 1956.


What Avedon wanted
most was to be Fred Astaire.
Yet it was Astaire
who got to be Avedon.

IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT!





John Belushi, Gilda Radner, Bill Murray, Eddie Murphy, Chris Rock, Mike Myers, Jimmy Fallon . . . More than a quarter-century after *Saturday Night Live* premiered on NBC, its alumni have ascended to the pantheon of American comedy. In an excerpt from *Live from New York*, TOM SHALES and JAMES ANDREW MILLER hear from past and current cast members, producer Lorne Michaels, and hosts such as Steve Martin, Carrie Fisher, and Lily Tomlin all about the feuds, the love affairs, the drugs, and the tragic deaths

LD AND OLORFUL GUYS
hn Belushi, here as e Samurai, was on the ow for the first four asons. *Opposite*, ve Martin was a guest st for the first time October 23, 1976.

IT ALL BEGAN IN 1974,

when Johnny Carson told NBC that he wanted the network to stop airing reruns of The Tonight Show *on weekends by the following summer. NBC president Herbert Schlosser hired Dick Ebersol away from ABC Sports and gave him one year to create an original program to run at 11:30 on Saturday nights. Ebersol met Lorne Michaels, a 28-year-old Canadian-born television writer who had worked on* Laugh-In *and Lily Tomlin's specials for CBS, and Michaels won Ebersol over with his idea for a show that would assail the tired conventions of variety television and reflect the language and attitudes of America's youth. Schlosser proposed that it be broadcast live from Studio 8-H in Rockefeller Center.*

LORNE MICHAELS, executive producer: So much of what *Saturday Night Live* wanted to be, or I wanted it to be when it began, was cool. Which was something television wasn't, except in a retro way. We wanted to redefine comedy the way the Beatles redefined what being a pop star was. That required not pandering, and it also required removing neediness, the need to please. It was like, We're only going to please those people who are like us. The presumption was there were a lot of people like us. And that turned out to be so.

DICK EBERSOL, NBC executive: We were walking through the rain one night after dinner, sort of going from awning to awning, and Chevy [Chase] ran ahead. A couple hundred feet away, he goes into a pothole, does a complete ass over teakettle into this immense pothole, and comes out of this thing just soaked. And he walks back, and he and Lorne look at me and say, "Now, how could you say no to somebody who was crazy enough to do that?" So Chevy became a cast member.

PAUL SHAFFER, musician and performer: Gilda [Radner] and I had both worked on the *National Lampoon Radio Hour* here in New York, so we became friendly with John Belushi and Doug Kenney and this cast of characters associated with the *Lampoon.* I remember Gilda was trying to get Belushi hired for *Saturday Night Live.* A lot of people were telling Lorne he had to hire Belushi. And I remember seeing Gilda with Belushi one day, and she said, "We're sitting shivah because Lorne won't hire John."

CHEVY CHASE, cast member: In fact, Belushi was an afterthought. I mean, he had told Lorne at some point that he was not enchanted with TV per se and he didn't want to do TV. And Lorne didn't particularly care if he saw him or didn't see him. Then John did an audition, and Lorne said, "Well, he's funny, and we could use somebody who looks like him."

By the fall of 1975, Michaels had assembled the historic first cast, which included Chevy Chase, Gilda Radner, John Belushi, Dan Aykroyd, Laraine Newman, Garrett Morris, and Jane Curtin. George Carlin was the host when the show—then called NBC's Saturday Night*—premiered, on October 11.*

STEVE MARTIN, host: I do remember when I first saw the show. I was living in Aspen, and it came on and I thought, They've done

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Excerpted from *Live from* [illegible]
Saturday Night Live *as Told by* [illegible]
by Tom Shales and James Andrew [illegible]
by Little, Brown; © 2002 by the auth[illegible]





YOUTH HOSTILE
The original cast of *Saturday Night Live*, clockwise from top left: Laraine Newman, John Belushi, Jane Curtin, Chevy Chase, Dan Aykroyd, Gilda Radner, Garrett Morris.

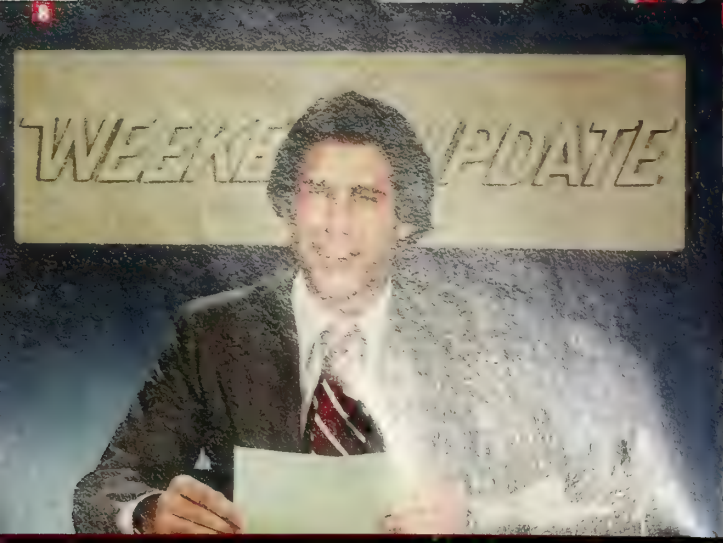











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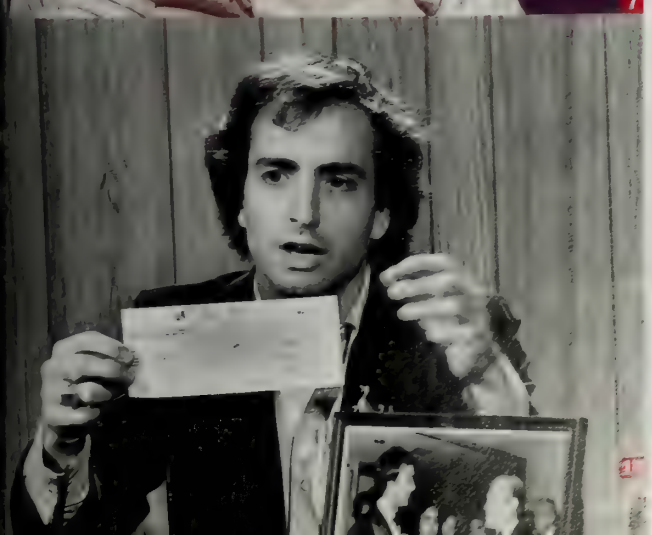

POSITIVELY
FOOD ALLOW
IN THIS



THE GOLDEN YEARS

(1) John Belushi, Bill Murray, Gilda Radner, Laraine Newman, and Lorne Michaels, late 70s. (2) Lorne Michaels with Rosie Shuster, his first wife and one of *S.N.L.*'s early writers. (3) Joe Piscopo as David Letterman, interviewing Gumby (Eddie Murphy). (4) Killer Bees John Belushi, Chevy Chase, and Gilda Radner. (5) Coneheads Laraine Newman, Garrett Morris, Dan Aykroyd, and Jane Curtin. (6) Bill Murray as Todd DiLaMuca, Gilda Radner as Lisa Loopner, and Dan Aykroyd as the repairman. (7) Gilda Radner as Baba Wawa. (8) "Weekend Update" with Chevy Chase. (9) Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi as the Blues Brothers. (10) Lorne Michaels on air, offering $3,000 to the Beatles to perform on *S.N.L.*, 1976.





it! They did the *Zeitgeist,* they did what was out there, what we all had in our heads, this kind of new comedy. And I thought, Well, someone's done it on television now. I didn't know Lorne at the time. I didn't know anyone.

LORNE MICHAELS: The only note we got from the network on the first show was "Cut the bees [a skit in which cast members were dressed in bulbous killer-bee costumes]." And so I made sure to put them in the next show. I had them come out and talk to [host] Paul Simon. He says, "It didn't work last week. It's cut." And they go, "Oh," and just walk off.

CHEVY CHASE: On "Weekend Update," I was being a newscaster—I was being [local ABC anchor] Roger Grimsby, actually. You know, it came out of that "Good evening, I'm Roger Grimsby, and here now the news." One of the strangest pieces of syntax I've ever heard in my life: "And here now the news." But I knew I should say something. And it just came out: "Good evening. I'm Chevy Chase, and you're not." And that was it.

LORNE MICHAELS: Buck Henry came in to host and taught me a whole other level of things. Buck so totally got it. When he got there he said, "Do you want to do the Samurai again?" And we had never thought of repeating things until that moment.

BUCK HENRY, host: On the Samurai sketches that I did with John [Belushi], one never knew where it was going, because John's dialogue could not be written. You never knew what was going to happen next. In "Samurai Stockbroker," he cut my head open with the sword, but it was really my fault; I leaned in at the wrong time. And I bled all over the set. A commercial came on right after the sketch, and someone shouted, "Is there a doctor around?" And John's doctor was in the audience—which made me a little suspicious. So the guy came and put this clamp on my forehead. We went on with the show.

When "Weekend Update" came on, which was about 10 minutes later, Chevy appeared with a bandage on his face. Then Jane [Curtin] had her arm in a sling. They featured the moment when I got hit by the sword on "Update" like it was a hot news item. Only *Saturday Night Live* could do that. By the end of the show, when the camera pulls back, you see some of the crew are on crutches, others have bandages or their arms in slings. As if the whole show caught a virus.

LORNE MICHAELS: There were two things John didn't do: He wouldn't do drag, because it didn't fit his description of what he should be doing. [Belushi later made an exception and appeared as a gluttonous Elizabeth Taylor on "Weekend Update."] And he didn't do pieces that Anne [Beatts] or Rosie [Shuster] wrote. So somebody would have to say that a guy had written it or something. Yet he was very attached to Gilda and very attached to Laraine.

DAN AYKROYD, cast member: I was involved with Gilda, yeah. I was in love with her. But that was in the early days of Second City in Canada. Our romance was finished by the time *Saturday Night Live* happened. We were friends, lovers, then friends again. By the time we came to New York, we weren't involved by any means.

LARAINE NEWMAN, cast member: I had a thing with Danny for a while. He was just adorable and irresistible, and we had a lot of fun. And I always knew, you know, exactly what I could expect from Danny, so I never really got hurt.

DAN AYKROYD: I don't know what goes on backstage there now, but I remember the dressing rooms were put to some good sexual pur-

poses back when we were there. But those were just fleeting. They weren't really serious relationships. It was more clinging to someone, attaching to someone in the face of all we were going through.

JOHN LANDIS, film director: I went up to the *S.N.L.* offices. John was giving me a tour when a very sexy girl walks by. Tight jeans and a T-shirt, no bra, curly hair. "Oh my God, who is that?" And John says, "That's Rosie Shuster. That's Lorne's wife and Danny's girlfriend." Which is true. It was wild. Rosie's the one who coined the best line about Aykroyd. Danny had studied in a seminary to be a Jesuit priest at the same time he was doing Second City jobs in and around Ontario. Rosie's the one who said, "Danny's epiphany would be to commit a crime and arrest himself."

DAN AYKROYD: By the time Rosie and I became involved, it was over between Rosie and Lorne. They might have been married in name and all that, but he was seeing other people. There was definitely separation there.

CHEVY CHASE: The "sex appeal" thing, I don't know where that came from. I know that I had sex appeal, because I know how much sex I had.

ANNE BEATTS, writer: The only entrée to that boys' club was basically by fucking somebody in the club. Either you had to be somebody's girlfriend or, sadly and frequently, then you'd be somebody's ex-girlfriend. And then someone else's girlfriend, as I ended up being, and Rosie did, too.

"LORNE MICHAELS IS ONE OF THE FEW BOSSES I'VE EVER WORKED FOR WHO IS FUNNIER THAN I AM," SAYS MIKE MYERS.

Chevy Chase, the player who had been most featured in magazine and newspaper stories, left at the end of the first season, and Bill Murray joined the cast.

CHEVY CHASE: Look, I would have stayed. There was this girl I wanted to marry, and all that. Lorne knew she was wrong for me, but I thought I was in love. I also felt after one year that we should all leave, that we should all take off at least one year and think this over, because otherwise it was going to become solipsistic—jokes about ourselves, showcases for characters as opposed to what it should be, which is a vehicle to take apart television. Satirize it and rip it to pieces, show it for what it is—and we'd done that. We had a year to do it, we did it; there wasn't a hell of a lot more that you could do except start on something else. That was the way I felt then. But I'm still hurting; I still grieve for all those years that I could have had there.

And, you know, if Lorne had put his arms around me and given me a hug and asked me to stay, then I probably would have. But he didn't.

BERNIE BRILLSTEIN, manager: Bullshit. The real reason was he got a fucking car and more money. William Morris was blowing smoke in Chevy's ears, as well as his wife at the time, that he should leave the show. He went and did the movies, you kno and for a while he was fine, but he destroyed himself.

LARAINE NEWMAN: There was one point in the second season whe we were onstage rehearsing a nerd sketch or something, and were all talking about what we were naming our corporatio And I don't remember if it was Billy or Gilda who said, "Listen us, for God's sake. We're talking about our corporations! Wha happened? We've joined the Establishment."

DAN AYKROYD: The Coneheads started out as the Pinhead Lawy of France. I had been looking at TV—I guess I'd smoked a jay something—and I thought, Everybody's heads don't really rea the top of the screen. Wouldn't it be great if you added four inch to everybody? So I drew up this design. And we would be the P head Lawyers of France. But then people were afraid that we'd disparaging encephalitic people or retarded people with that, so changed it to the Coneheads. And Lorne said, "Why don't you p it in an alien setting—aliens coming to work?"

CHEVY CHASE: It was difficult the first year I went back to host 1978]. Two things were at work. One was my feeling that if I were come back the audiences would really want to see me do a fall, a they'd want to see me do "Weekend Update." That was somewh egocentric of me, because Jane had been doing it all year. But, any case, John had also, as I later found out, been spreading so pretty apocryphal stories about me out of his jealousy and anger whatever to Billy Murray, who was protective of Jane and also, g erally speaking, a feisty fellow. And I'm sure Billy wanted to take down, you know. So Billy and I got into a kind of a preliminary f fight that never really came to fruition, but came close. And it h pened just before I went on the air.

Ultimately, Billy's still Billy and I'm still me, but it didn't fa me for the show. I was sure upset, but I noticed John when I w going into Billy's dressing room, and John was like the Chesh cat—sitting there like "Mission accomplished."

BILL MURRAY, cast member: I got in a fight with Chevy the night came back to host. That was because I was the new guy, and it w sort of like my job to do that. It would have been too petty someone else to do it. It's almost like I was goaded into that. Y know, I think everybody was hoping for it. I think they resent Chevy for leaving.

It did leave a big vacuum, because he was really heavy in th shows. You look at those early shows and he's heavy. And so y had a whole year when the writers ended up writing, like writers d they write for the guys who can get it done, who can get it on air—and Chevy's sketches got on the air because he was "the ma

JOHN LANDIS: Chevy and Billy were having a huge screaming fi in the hallway . . . and John and Danny jumped in, because Che and Billy were really going to come to blows. I mean, it was a h argument. And the thing I remember about Bill Murray—I do know Bill Murray, but he's screaming, you know, foaming at mouth, "Fucking Chevy." And in anger he says, "Medium ent!" That really impressed me. I went, "So, Bill Murray—w who is that guy?"

HARRY SHEARER, cast member: Chevy was back as the host of show, and it was the first of many occasions when Lorne assu the cast, "Chevy's cleaned up." I learned that wasn't exactly t when I saw the sweat on his brow when we were actually doing show on the air. But anyway, we were doing this talk-show bit a Garrett's not there—we're doing camera blocking and Gar



CZECH MATES
Dan Aykroyd and Steve Martin as the Festrunk brothers, two wild and crazy guys who have fled Bratislava to pursue big-breasted women in America. The characters first aired on September 24, 1977.

Morris is nowhere on the floor. And then I heard the euphemism—"Garrett's on 17." That meant that Garrett was up on the 17th floor, where the offices were, and that he would be indulging in some substance, rather than being down at the stage on eight, where he was expected.

GARRETT MORRIS, cast member: I've been described as being the worst person in the world in terms of drugs. Now we know that turned out not to be true.

CHEVY CHASE: Lorne used to say that coke was God's way of telling you that you have too much money. He used to say, "Don't stay on one thing. If you're going to take anything, rotate them."

DICK EBERSOL: My office was on the fourth floor. Herb Sargent was back in a corner. In the hallway to Herb's office were, like, [Al] Franken and [Tom] Davis and Alan Zweibel, the three apprentice writers. Al and Tom had bought their first-ever cocaine, and they had it all out on the desk. First time they were ever able to buy any. As apprentice writers, their pay was, I think, $325 a week. Suddenly this figure comes roaring through the room. Unbeknownst to us at the time, he had a straw in his hand. He gets to the table, and he has half of that stuff up his nose by the time they knew who it was: Belushi. They didn't know whether to be thrilled that Belushi had just done this to their coke or be absolutely decimated, because that represented about half the money they had in the world at that time.

STEVE MARTIN: Once, when it was very late after the show and everybody was in their limos and we were on, like, 72nd Street or something, Belushi got out of the car in the middle of the night and stood in the street screaming and directing traffic and being funny. And I thought, Oh. There was something about it that was forced. I remember feeling like John felt he had to do this stuff.

CARRIE FISHER, host: John was always kind of a little bit of an emergency happening—but a fun emergency. At that time, I don't think anyone had said to me yet, "If John keeps this up, he will die." That was like two years away. It wasn't that dark.

RICHARD DREYFUSS, host: I remember that during the final dress rehearsal John Belushi couldn't stand up. He'd been, like, falling around and mumbling and forgetting everything. I thought, He'll never make it through this show. Then the show came around and he was perfect, he was incredible, and I remember being astounded by that, because at the time I was very admiring of anyone who could take drugs better than I could.

BILL MURRAY: The better an actor the host was, the sicker Belushi would be. He would be hours late and at death's door, and he would come in in a robe, unable to speak. He'd have doctors in his dressing room. And the host would be thinking, "Belushi isn't even going to show up, he's too sick even to work"—and then John would come out on the show and just blast them away. He would sucker-punch guys that didn't see it coming. And the more actorish they were, the worse they got it.

If it had been someone who'd won an Academy Award or something, they didn't have a chance. I think he did it to Richard Dreyfuss. He did a Dreyfuss impression the week before Dreyfuss hosted. He did Dreyfuss in *The Goodbye Girl:* "I don't like the panties hanging on the rod." He just hated the performance in that movie, and he did it the week before the guy got there and murdered it. Just mu

DAN AYKROYD: John would as imperson-
ating. He was meticulous in idrobe,


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LAUGH RIOT
(1) Jon Lovitz as Tonto, Kevin Nealon as Tarzan, Phil Hartman as Frankenstein. (2) Martin Short as Ed Grimley Jr. (3) Pat (Julia Sweeney). (4) Wayne (Mike Myers) and Garth (Dana Carvey). (5) Chris Rock and Chris Farley, chillin'. (6) Barbara Bach and Ringo Starr with Fernando (Billy Crystal). (7) "Weekend Update" with Tina Fey and Jimmy Fallon. (8) Chris Farley and David Spade. (9) Linda Richman (Mike Myers) with her idol, Barbra Streisand, and Madonna. (10) Molly Shannon, Superstar, with Will Ferrell. (11) The 2001–2 cast of *S.N.L.* Back row, from left: Amy Poehler, Horatio Sanz, Jimmy Fallon, Rachel Dratch, Dean Edwards, Jeff Richards. Second row: Maya Rudolph, Will Ferrell, Tina Fey, Chris Kattan, Ana Gasteyer, Darrell Hammond. Front row: Tracy Morgan, Seth Meyers. (12) The Church Lady (Dana Carvey).

hair, makeup. He was always concerned with doing an accurate impression. He was very well read in English and history and theater. He counted among his friends Lauren Bacall and Judge Jim Garrison, and he was a student of American politics. John just astounded me with his references to English literature, American literature, history, politics—he was so well versed in things that you would never expect. He was a football star when he was a kid. An all-American guy—Albanian blood, and his father had an accent, his mother had an accent, but to me he was totally all-American.

He was extremely bright—really, really smart—a great administrator and executive. When we were doing our Blues Brothers thing, he was clearly in charge. Everything was brought to him for decisions, and ultimately his decisions were correct ones. He was very together as a businessman, understood the creative world and the business world and the marriage between the two. He was just one of the smartest people I have ever met.

CARRIE FISHER: Danny was always into weapons and cars and doing his little imitations. He was always hanging around with the person who does the autopsies—the coroner. That's who he would hang around with. And, of course, he really took care of John. He loved him.

I was set up with Danny by John. John invited me over and then passed out. That was the setup. That was a blind date, John-style. Danny was adorable. He was lovely. He's just your classic co-dependent and caretaker. Once, I almost choked on a Brussels sprout, and he did the Heimlich maneuver on me. He wound up saving my life. When he asked me to marry him, I thought, Wow, I probably better.

LARAINE NEWMAN: Billy and Gilda's relationship didn't really affect me, except that I can remember them coming to read-through [the meeting on Wednesday at which the writers and cast members read all the week's possible sketches] and fighting. She was furious with him, and she'd just told him not to talk to her, and he'd be begging her—this would be acted out in front of all of us.

ROSIE SHUSTER, writer: I wrote a lot of Gilda's first sketches. I did the first Emily Litella. I did the first Roseanne Roseannadanna, before she had a name. I did a lot of the Baba Wawas. And I did all the Todd and Lisas. Todd and Lisa also became a medium for Gilda and Billy to work something through on television. You ably track what was going on by they related to each other on the a.

BILL MURRAY: Gilda was a fantastic I never enjoyed making anyone laugh than her. I remember one day, I ma laugh so hard, she thought she was going to die. And I just couldn't stop. I used to be really funny, and in those days I used to have almost like a vengeful thing; I could go for a long period of time and try to be funny. I don't do it like I used to. And I miss that. I'm still funny, but back then I would take something and not let go of it.

ELLIOTT GOULD, host: Gilda became a very close friend of mine. She was the greatest. Just the most lovely and sensitive human being you could imagine. Gilda told me that when she couldn't sleep she would order food at about two or three in the morning, and she was so bulimic she would order enough for six or seven people, even though it was just her alone. And then when the delivery guy came and rang the bell, she would say, "The food's here! The food's here!"

LARAINE NEWMAN: There were times when she and I would hang out at her house, and I would be snorting heroin and she would be eating a gallon of ice cream. And I remember her staggering to the bathroom to throw up, and saying, "I'm so full I can't *hear*." And I laughed so hard. There we were, practicing our illnesses together. She was still funny throughout all of it.

LILY TOMLIN, host: Laraine was always good, and of course Gilda was a very adorable person. And Jane Curtin—I was never close to her and I don't know that anyone was, but while the other girls were just kind of spinning around her, Jane was always centered, and ironically she's the one that's had the biggest career. She was always very anchored.

JANE CURTIN, cast member: Lorne and I stopped speaking. It was during the second year. He wouldn't answer my questions. I would say, "Why aren't you doing something about John? I found him going through my purse. He set your loft on fire. His behavior is reprehensible. Do something!" And he didn't. He would just sort of throw his hands in the air. Lorne cannot confront an issue. So I thought, Well, this is pointless. I'm not going to talk to him anymore.

Gilda became our go-between. When Lorne wanted me to do something, he would call Gilda and say, "Would you ask Jane if she would do this?" And Gilda would come up to me and say, "Lorne was wondering if you would mind doing this." And I'd say, "No, that would be fine." This made life so much easier. We would say hello, but beyond that there was nothing I needed from Lorne. I didn't need a father. I had a husband who me, and a great little dog.

YD: We opened the first Blues Bar '77, I think. So for a few years t place to party after the show. It was pretty easy to get in—you just had show up and knock on the door. We used go to the after-party for the show, and th we'd take all the writers and our friends a the musical guests and the host of the sho and invite them down for a party where y didn't have the public hanging around.

LARAINE NEWMAN: The walls had water da age and were peeling and stank unbelie ably. The floor was always wet, complete wet. Wadded-up tissue on the floor. And y it was a fun hang—a windowless hole wi lots of cool music people and the Sti Band, named such because they stank, to It would be John and Danny, plus peop like David Bowie and Keith Richards a James Taylor. You'd go in, it was dar you'd come out, it was dawn. Nothing mo depressing than that.

It was practically rotting, which is prob bly how they got it, because the rent was re sonable, and at the time none of us had th much money. We were still getting probab maximum $2,000 a show. I think our four season we all got $4,000 a show. We start the first year at $750.

PENNY MARSHALL, host: The Blues Bar w a zoo. But it was fun. It was people getti famous at the same time, which is alwa very scary. They were the kings of late nig we were the queens of prime time at th time, so we held on to each other despera ly, because we trusted each other. Everyo has their own burst of fame. Whatever a you are, whatever year it is, it happens a then you get over it. But this was our fear "Who do you trust?" So in hanging out w each other, we knew we weren't going to on each other.

The show's golden period lasted until 1980, when creative tensions and network politic led Michaels, the cast, and the writers to leave en masse. NBC named Jean Doumanian, an associate producer and cl friend of Woody Allen's, as producer, against the wishes of Michaels, who wante Al Franken to succeed him. Doumanian tr to re-invent the show, hiring Joe Piscopo, Eddie Murphy, and Gilbert Gottfried, amo others, but after only 10 months she was fi and replaced by Dick Ebersol.

JEAN DOUMANIAN, producer: My numb weren't bad at all, considering it was a n show with a whole new cast. Some of the I think, were higher than the last of Lorn because the last year of Lorne's regime v not as good as one would expect. They w all thinking about what the future was go to be.

JOE PISCOPO, cast member: I could ne describe to you in words how painful th first 10 months really were. You just kr that this was America's favorite televis



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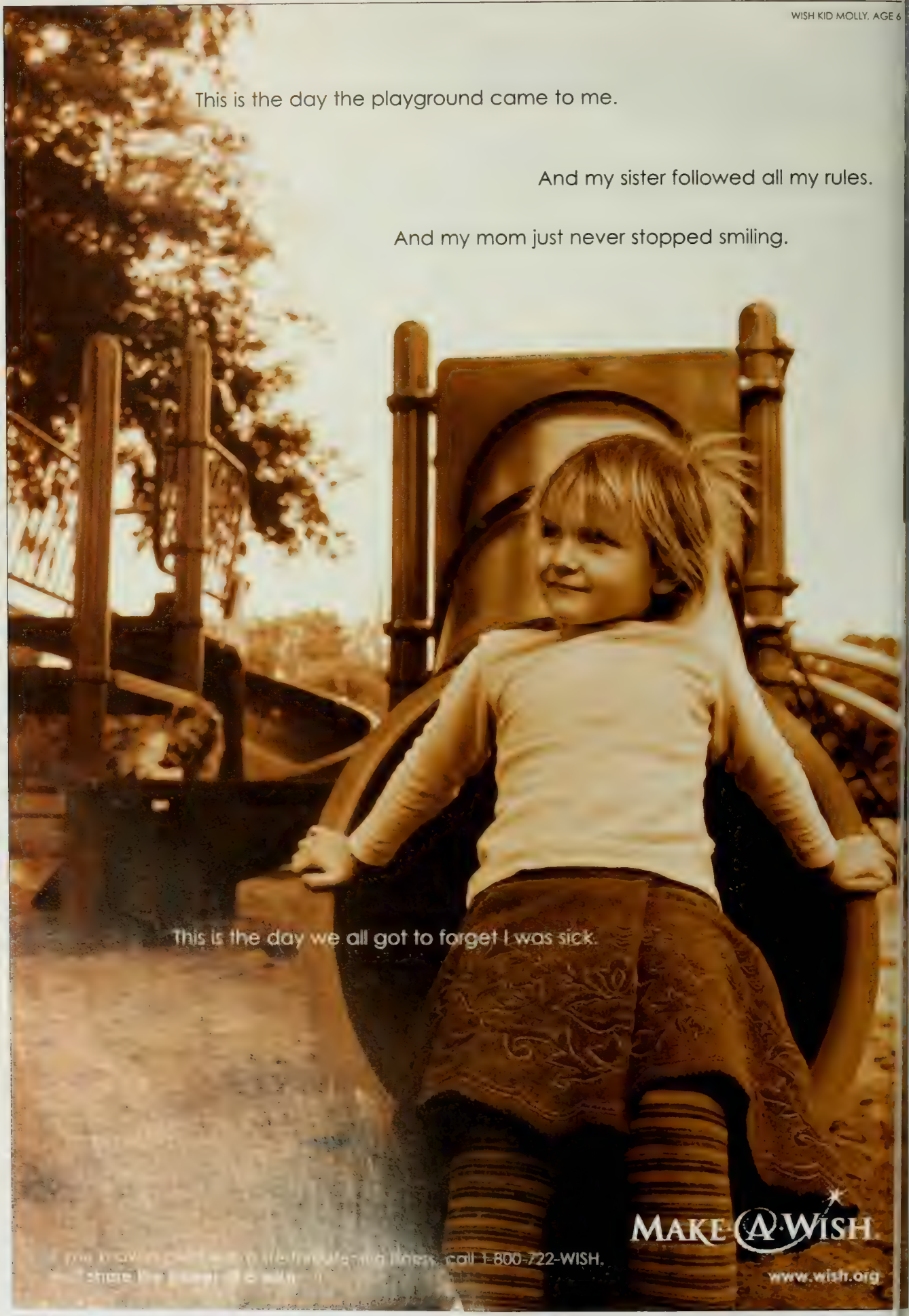
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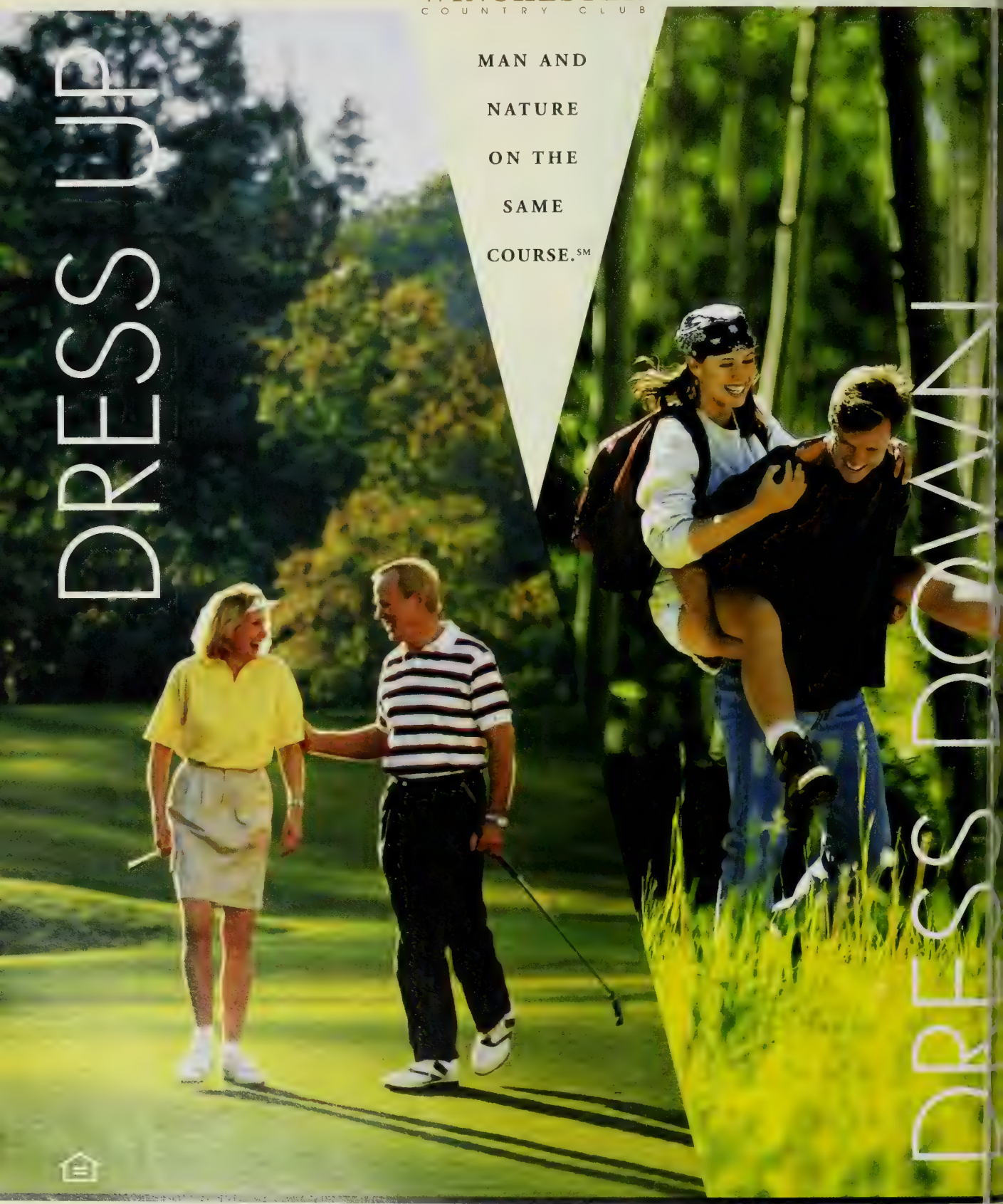
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ow, and yet here we were, taking it right o the toilet. Saturday night, after the show, was pretty much like a funeral, like you re mourning. Oh my God, did we really this? And then we had to turn it around Monday all over again.

LBERT GOTTFRIED, cast member: One day I s sitting in the offices talking to Eddie urphy when all of a sudden some woman mes in and says, "Eddie, somebody from BC wants to speak to you." And he gets on e phone and he goes, "Yes, yeah, O.K., no. , I won't tell anybody." And he hangs up. efore the phone even hits the cradle, he tells e, "Jean Doumanian's been fired."

ddie Murphy, under-used by Doumanian, came the show's biggest star under Ebersol d began to land leading roles in such hit medies as 48 Hrs. *and* Trading Places, *hich was directed by John Landis and co-rred Dan Aykroyd.*

ANA CARVEY, future cast member: I was in ew York, stuck on a sitcom with Mickey ooney, Nathan Lane, Meg Ryan, and Scat-an Crothers called *One of the Boys.* Mick-Rooney was always talking—"I was the o. 1 star in the worrrrld, you hear me? The orrrrld. *Bang! The worrrrld!* Judy Garland ever owned a car. They pumped her so full drugs they killed her!" He would act out ntire movies that he thought of, with lines ke "How are you, Mr. Fuck? I'm Mrs. Shit." We were taping in [David] Letterman's—ow Conan [O'Brien]'s—studio on the sixth oor at 30 Rock [Rockefeller Center], and to ear my head I would go up to the eighth oor and watch Eddie Murphy rehearse. He as great.

OHN LANDIS: After the tragedy of *The Twilight one* [actor Vic Morrow and two Vietnamese hild actors were killed on the set], I was so reaked out I just said to my agent, "I'll take ny job offered. I just want to work." So Jeff atzenberg sent me this script of *Black or hite* [which would later be renamed *Trading laces*], and I said that [Richard] Pryor would e brilliant in it. But Katzenberg said, "What o you think of Eddie Murphy?" I had to say, Who?" And he said, "We've made this pic-ure called *48 Hrs.*" When it previewed, Ed-ie tested through the roof. So they gave me a ape of all the things he'd done on *Saturday ight Live,* and I said, "Kind of young, but e's funny. I especially love the 'James Brown Hot Tub' [sketch]." So I fly to New York to neet with Eddie, who's a baby, like 19, what-ever. and we come down onto Fifth Avenue. nd he said, "You have to get the cab, because hey won't stop for me." It was trippy.

On March 5, 1982, John Belushi died of a heroin-and-cocaine overdose in a room at the Chateau Marmont in Los Angeles. No matter how many people predicted a premature demise for this ebullient man of vast and varied appetites and epic overindulgence, the death came as a dark, cold shock.

CARRIE FISHER: John had offered me some drugs once, and I said, "John, should you be doing this?" And he said, "*Do you want some or not?*" And I just thought, You know what? I can't do this. I am not a cop, and he is three times bigger than I am. Danny was always trying to get him to stop. We all were. But you couldn't stop him. You couldn't have stopped me. I always think about people who say, "We should have blah blah blah." You can't. As much as you'd like to think so, you can't.

The thing I regretted about John was that he hadn't had a scare; he hadn't had some sort of overdose or hospitalization or something, some warning. He just went straight to death.

LORNE MICHAELS: I'd lived at the Chateau Marmont for three years, so the irony of John dying there was, well, whatever. About two weeks before he died, I was out in L.A. for a movie meeting, and Buck Henry invited me to go with him to the Playboy Mansion. So I went there with Buck, and John was there. He was a little fucked up but not crazy-man fucked up—just a little fucked up. We were sitting in the screening room watching an Armand Assante movie. [Hugh] Hefner sat in the front row on the aisle, and there was a little table with a bowl of popcorn on it next to his seat. I was sitting in the back with Buck.

And John, to make us laugh, crept down the aisle and started taking popcorn out of Hefner's bowl. So when Hefner would reach over, there would be less and less each time, because he wasn't looking at it. It was a nice visual.

Later, in the game room, John and I talked. He was enormously effusive about *Noble Rot,* the script that Don Novello was writing for him, and how hilarious it was. It was very warm between us. Lots of hugs. It was good. It was the last time I saw him.

BERNIE BRILLSTEIN: I was one of the last people to see him alive. I gave him $1,800, but it wasn't for drugs; it was for [rock 'n' roll pioneer] Bill Haley's guitar. I owed him a birthday present, and he said, "I just found out what you could get me. I saw Bill Haley's guitar at the Guitar Factory." I said, "How much is it? I'll give you a check." And he said, "Eighteen hundred dollars, but they only take cash." And me being a moron, I gave it to him. He bought drugs with it that night. I always felt responsible, but he would have gotten it someplace else.

JIM BELUSHI, John's brother, cast member: If Bernie was an enabler, so were we all, because we were all under the spell of John's charm, and none of us knew any better. We just didn't know better. Remember, the Betty Ford clinic started in 1982. It wasn't popular to get cleaned out until after John died. He led us in comedy, he led us in film, and he led us into rehab. He was before all of us.

John ate up all his adrenaline. He ate it all up. He lived three lives. He lived to 99.

After the 1983–84 season, Eddie Murphy left to pursue his movie career, and the contracts of several other players, including Joe Piscopo, were allowed to expire. Instead of replacing them with undiscovered talent, Ebersol signed four established comics: Billy Crystal, Martin Short, Harry Shearer, and Christopher Guest.

DICK EBERSOL: I went to Brandon [Tartikoff, NBC president] and said, "I have an idea for next year." By then I'd had Billy Crystal come back to host the show, and subsequent to that he did a couple other cameos. And I said, "Just give me the idea that if we stop this whole process of believing everybody we hire has to be unknown we can really build a hell of a cast."

MARTIN SHORT, cast member: They certainly paid us a lot of money, much more than what other people had ever been paid on the show. And gave us one-year contracts, so all of it was rare. I guess they didn't assume there was a tremendous future to the show.

BILLY CRYSTAL, cast member: I wasn't having the career I always envisioned myself having. I wasn't doing the work I really always wanted to do, and felt I could do, after doing [the sitcom] *Soap* for four years. My own variety series was short-lived, and I was headlining clubs and concerts all across the country. That two hours onstage was always satisfying, but as a whole I wasn't where I wanted to be. I don't think I was showing the country what I felt I had in myself, what I could do.

I think when I came to the show I was sort of a piñata of ideas and thoughts and characters. Every day I was excited at the discovery of what we could do. I never put a time limit on how long I would be there or what it would give me or get me. I was 37 years old. I was looking at the chance to finally say to everybody, "This is what I can do." That's why I said yes to come in and do the show after hosting it twice the season before. It was everything I wanted it to be.

BOB TISCHLER, producer and writer: Billy started becoming very popular and doing characters like Fernando and other characters. Dick, who is a whore, would try to get him to do the same characters over and over. And Billy, who loves attention, would feel no compunction about doing Fernando every week, even though a lot of us were tired of it. Harry Shearer looked at Billy as "selling out" and made no bones about it. Where other people might see the audience laughing at what Billy

was doing—they may not have liked it themselves, but they weren't abrasive or abusive about it—Harry was just vocal and insulting. He could be insulting to anybody at any time, but he especially picked Billy to mistreat. He was just horrible to him.

While Crystal and Short were reprising their popular characters, writer Larry David and cast member Julia Louis-Dreyfus, who would later achieve fame for their work on Seinfeld, *encountered resistance from the Ebersol regime.*

ELIOT WALD, writer: Part of my job that year was going to Larry David and trying to explain to him why his pieces didn't get in. Larry's and Dick's senses of humor were just completely different. Larry would write pieces that we'd just be falling on the floor over. Some of those became great *Seinfeld* episodes. The one about trying to get someone's apartment at a wake? Elaine [played by Julia Louis-Dreyfus] did that on *Seinfeld,* but Larry wrote it first as a sketch. And we were falling down laughing. And Dick would say, "That's not going on the air; that's not funny." And it's like, Whoa! So we were what? Faking our laughter?

JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS, cast member: Miserable! Larry was just miserable there. And he almost came to blows with Dick Ebersol. I think Dick told him that something he'd written wasn't funny, and Larry went berserk. There was a lot of tension on that floor, and people were always sort of threatening each other. That's one of the reasons I liked Larry so much—because he lost his temper. Somebody threw a chair through a wall, too. I think that was Jim Belushi.

LARRY DAVID, writer: One Saturday night, five minutes before air, after getting probably six or seven sketches cut from the show, I went up to Dick right before we were going to go on and I said, "That's it. I'm done. I've had it. I quit. It's over." And I walked out and started walking home, and it was freezing out, and I was in the middle of walking home, going, "Oh my God, what did I just do? I just cost myself, like, $60,000!" I'm adding up the money from the reruns and all this. At that time I needed every penny I could get my hands on. So, yes, I went back the next week and pretended I hadn't quit—which I also used later in a *Seinfeld* episode.

In 1985, Lorne Michaels returned to take over the [illegible], apparently borrowing a page from the Ebersol playbook [illegible] Quaid[illegible]

National Lampoon's Vacation*), young actors Robert Downey Jr. and Joan Cusack, newcomers Terry Sweeney and Danitra Vance.*

TERRY SWEENEY, cast member: Chevy hosted the second show, and we were all so excited because, to us, Chevy was like a god; this was someone returning who'd been one of the original people and was this legendary figure. And when he got there, he was a monster. I mean, he insulted everybody. He said to Robert Downey Jr., "Didn't your father used to be a successful director? What ever happened to him? Boy, he sure died, you know, he sure went to hell." Downey turned ashen. And then Chevy turned to me and he said, "Oh, you're the gay guy, right?" And he goes, "I've got an idea for a sketch for you. How about we say you have AIDS and we weigh you every week?" I don't know what he was on or what was happening to him mentally, but he was just crazy.

DAVID SHEFFIELD, writer: My vote for worst host is Robert Blake. He was sitting in a room and a sketch was handed to him by Gary Kroeger, who was a writer-actor—a sketch called "Breezy Philosopher," a one-premise sketch about a lofty teacher who's kind of a biker tough guy, talking about Kierkegaard. Students kept asking questions while he combed his hair, and he'd say, "Hey, I don't know." Blake sat there and read that, with his glasses down his nose, then wadded it up, turned to Kroeger, and said, "I hope you got a tough asshole, pal, 'cause you're going to have to wipe your ass with that one." And he threw it and bounced it off Gary's face.

ANTHONY MICHAEL HALL, cast member: People were pretty impressed by the job Ron Reagan [Jr.] did hosting the show. He was quite fearless as an actor, I thought. And he really had a good sense of humor about his upbringing and his family and everything.

RON REAGAN JR., host: My parents probably were not thrilled that I was going to be doing something that would inevitably poke some fun at them. I don't think my dad really cared. But Nancy tends to get a little nervous about that sort of thing.

TERRY SWEENEY: Ron said his mother did not care for my impression of her. But he thought I was eerily accurate. Ron thought I was more like his mother than his mother was. He used to call to me "Hi, Mom" in the halls.

At the end of the 1985–86 season, it was clear that the show needed improvement, and Michaels set about rebuilding S.N.L. *in much the way he had first constructed it—he and his staff searched comedy clubs and improv groups for bright young performers. [illegible]ew cast, including Dana Carvey, Jon [illegible]held over from the previous year), Victoria Jackson, Jan Hooks, Nora Dunn, Phil Hartman, Kevin Nealon, and, later, Mike Myers, would grow to be as popular—and as fractious—as the original.*

DANA CARVEY: I'm too passive-aggressive t have ever had a fight with Lorne. But we ha little snippets. You're working under cond tions where you're exhausted. If I'd bee assigned an impression that I didn't get an I just tanked at dress, he'd say, "Dana, a you ever going to get John Travolta?" whoever. "No, I'm never going to get Lorne. You should just cut it." "*Really?*" M thing was, like, Church Lady's not happe ing tonight. And I would just say, "We maybe we should just cut it."

"Rrrrrrright. So you're saying we're goi to cut the thing that's going to make t show."

"Well, that's my suggestion."

"Dana, no-no-no-no-no-no, don't misu derstand me." Lorne is so brilliant at gettii in your head. "No-no-no-no-no-no, dor misunderstand me. I think it's fabulous– you want to go that route, that burlesq route, um, it's fine, but I think you'll find you keep it smart it's where all the goo stuff is."

See, I had to learn all that, because thought a laugh is a laugh. And then Lor and those guys were kind of like, Well, r there's different levels—there's smart laug and there's dumb laughs. Being a stand-u comedian, to me it was just get the fucki laugh at all costs.

MIKE MYERS, cast member: There isn't a d that I don't quote Lorne about some aspe of trying to make sense of show business. I a situation for which there is no glossary terms, but Lorne has created a glossary terms, and I've used it frequently. He's o of the few bosses I've ever worked for whc funnier than I am.

KEVIN NEALON, cast member: I did so stuff on "Weekend Update" that I felt a lit awkward doing—as far as maybe emb rassing somebody or hurting somebody do remember one joke about a kid who ac dentally shot his mother while he was d hunting and didn't realize the mistake u he was mounting her head on the wall. A f days later I got a letter from the kid's fat saying how they're all sitting down a watching *Saturday Night Live* and then t came on. But I don't know if that wa phony letter somebody wrote—you kn messing with me. I got a death-threat let once from some crazy person, just saying didn't like what I did on "Update." He sa "How you became so unfunny I'll ne know, but your days are numbered. I going to put a bullet in your big fat hea Well, for about a week after that I w around asking people if they thought I ha big fat head.

)N LOVITZ, cast member: Oh, I'll tell you a ory about Phil. You know we do that sketch vriter-producer] Jim Downey wrote, "Tarzan, Tonto, and Frankenstein." So they did it nce where it was like a talk show, and Nora)unn was doing *The Pat Stevens Show* with arzan, Tonto, and Frankenstein. And Phil is rankenstein, and all of a sudden he starts iughing, right, like he just completely broke p—ha-ha, you know, he laughed out loud. nd then he stopped.

And then, about 15 seconds later, he just ompletely lost it. So then, of course, we all tarted laughing. And I'm thinking, Vhat is he doing? We're on live teleision. It's not the Groundlings [the nprov comedy group, where many *.N.L.* members got their start]. nd so I had, like, my face in my rms, trying to hide it, trying not to augh, but I was laughing, of course. o afterward I asked him, "What appened? What was so funny?" So e said, well, he was thinking of imself sitting there as Frankentein, and thinking how silly the ketch was, you know—just the idea f it made him laugh all of a sudlen. So he started laughing. And hen he stopped, right? And then he aid he was sitting there thinking ow funny it must have looked to ee Frankenstein laugh like that. nd then that just made him lose it.

OE PISCOPO: The Sinatra family vas not happy with the impression of Frank Sinatra] Phil was doing t all, rest his soul. I'll go out and lo these Sinatra tributes with a 17-piece band—which is a riot, by the way. It's all tongue-in-cheek because they know me from the *S.N.L.* thing. But I always check with Tina and the family to make sure it's O.K.

There was a meanness there to the Hartman thing. That was Lorne too, man. And I think there's some kind of law: Don't even attempt to do Sinatra unless you're Italian.

VICTORIA JACKSON, cast member: Nora told us the first day I was there that she had a close relationship with Lorne.

I'm not spreading gossip, since she actually told everyone herself—probably to intimidate us. I don't respect people who do that. I just went, "Oooh."

We had this meeting, and one of the producers asked us what was wrong with the show. And everyone was supposed to say something, but no one was saying anything. And it was all of us sitting on the floor like high school or kindergarten or whatever. And finally I go, "O.K., I'll say it in one sentence. You really want to know?"

So then I was shaking, and I stood up and told everyone that what was wrong with the show was those two women—I pointed to Nora and Jan—and all the things they did bad: they didn't cooperate in sketches, and they slammed doors in people's faces and backbite and backstab and all that, you know. And then there was, like, silence, and no one said anything. And so they both got up, really slowly, and walked out of the room. And then I said to the others, "Thanks a lot for standing up for me." And Dana goes, "You didn't hear anyone disagreeing, did you?" And everyone burst out laughing.



DIRTY DANCING
Chris Kattan as the enigmatic, irresistible, unobtainable Mango, under whose spell superstars Garth Brooks and Ben Affleck have fallen.

JAN HOOKS, cast member: Victoria Jackson? I thought she had a pretty good gig. I just have a particular repulsion to grown women who talk like little girls. It's like, "You're a grown woman! Use your lower register!" *And* she's a born-again Christian. I don't know. She was like from Mars to me. I never really got her.

On May 20, 1989, the death of a former cast member once again put the day-to-day squabbles on the set into perspective. This time it was the beloved Gilda Radner, who was only 42 and married to actor Gene Wilder when she succumbed to ovarian cancer.

BILL MURRAY: Gilda got married and went away. None of us saw her anymore. There was one good thing: Laraine had a party one night, a great party at her house, and I ended up being the disc jockey. There was a collection of, like, the funniest people in the world at this party. Sam Kinison sticks in my brain. The whole Monty Python group was there, most of us from the show, a lot of other funny people, and Gilda. Gilda showed up and she'd already had cancer and gone into remission and then had it again, I guess. Anyway, she was slim. We hadn't seen her in a long time. And she started doing "I've got to go," and I was like, "Going to leave?" It felt like she was really going to leave forever.

So we started carrying her around, in a way that we could only do with her. We carried her up and down the stairs, around the house, repeatedly, for a long time, until I was exhausted. Then Danny did it for a while. Then I did it again. We kept carrying her around, upside down, every which way—over your shoulder and under your arm, carrying her like luggage. And that went on for more than an hour—carrying her around and saying, "She's leaving! This could be it! Now come on, this could be the last time we see her. Gilda's leaving, and remember that she was very sick. Hello?"

We worked all aspects of it, but it started with, "She's leaving, I don't know if you've said good-bye to her." And we said good-bye to the same people 10, 20 times.

And because these people were really funny, every person we'd drag her up to would just do, like, five minutes on her, with Gilda upside down in this sort of tortured position which she absolutely loved. She was laughing so hard, we could have lost her right then and there.

It was one of the best parties I've ever been to in my life. I'll always remember it. It was the last time I saw her.

The 1990s brought still more fresh blood, including Adam Sandler, Chris Rock, Julia Sweeney, David Spade, Tim Meadows, and Chris Farley.

CHRIS ROCK, cast member: It was the best time of my life. The show, that's one thing. But then there's the hang. The hang was the best time of my life. I honestly tell you, I made friendships that will last for the rest of my life. Most people had to share—they had a partner in their office. I had a four-person

office: me, Sandler, Farley, and Spade, we shared an office. And those are my boys for life. For life. I love those guys.

ADAM SANDLER, cast member: Backstage with Chris Rock, Farley, Spade was the best. Nothing was better than having a read-through. You stayed up all Tuesday night—all of us did that—and then we'd do the read-through and you wouldn't know what was getting on the show, but you'd have an hour or so while those guys were figuring it out. So we'd all go to China Regency up on 55th, and we'd eat and watch Farley eat more than us. Farley was so happy; I think we went there the most because they had a lazy Susan. It's easier that way. That's all we did. We just talked about comedy—what we just heard in the read-through, what was funny, what we didn't like, what we thought was going to get on, what was going to get past dress [rehearsal on Saturday], that kind of stuff. We lived for comedy. We still do. Every one of us—sadly, I think. The women and the other people in our lives have to deal with the fact that we think of our comedy first.

DAVID SPADE, cast member: We used to make fun of Chris [Farley] at table reads. We were like, "Are you ripping off Belushi in this one, or just Aykroyd?" He wore Belushi's pants from Wardrobe if he could find any, and sometimes he wore two pairs of pants, which I don't even know how to explain. Chris looked up to Belushi as the king. My argument was that I actually thought he was funnier than Belushi. And he wouldn't accept that. Then when I would get pissed at him, I would say, "Was Belushi trying to be like anybody? No. He just did whatever the funniest thing that he could think of was. You're hysterical on your own. You don't need any of that. Don't try to be like him; don't even look up to him."

LORNE MICHAELS: We often said Chris was the child John and Danny never had but would have had if they'd had a child. Chevy came to see Chris once, and Chris was doing his falls, and Chevy said, "Don't you use anything to break your fall?" Chris said, "What do you mean? Did you?" Chris had welts all over his chest. He just assumed that that was the price you paid for doing it.

ADAM SANDLER: Farley was a whole other level. It was not even a question of who we all loved and thought was the funniest. When he walked into the room, that was it.

Among the show's most beloved characters in the 1990s were the sexually indeterminate offspring of [illegible] Sweeney and Victoria [illegible] enced the heavy [illegible]

Garth, played by Dana Carvey. Adapted for the big screen in 1992, the first movie based on the sketch was Lorne Michaels's most successful film to date and was the only S.N.L. *spin-off ever to gross more than $100 million. Five years later, Myers would make* Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery *and ascend to the Hollywood stratosphere.*

JULIA SWEENEY, cast member: I did the character Pat at the Groundlings, and it was part of my audition for *Saturday Night Live.* I'd been an accountant for five years, and there was one person I worked with who sort of drooled and had the kind of body language of Pat. I started trying to do him. I was testing it out on my friends, and they were just like, "Yeah, it's good, but it doesn't seem like a guy that much." So then I thought, Maybe that's the joke. I'll just have one joke in here about we don't know if that's a man or a woman, just to sort of cover up for my lack of ability to really play a guy convincingly.

I think it was the Christmas show or something—a John Goodman show. I put it up with Kevin Nealon in it. Just showing how humble I was about that sketch, I didn't even cast the host opposite me. They put it on as the very last sketch of the show, and I didn't think it got a great response. I felt happy with it, but it wasn't like, Oh, new recurring character. And the audience responded, but I think they were also really confused by it, or creeped out by it.

A couple weeks later, though, Roseanne Barr hosted, and she had seen that show, and she said, "We've got to do that character." And I said, "Oh, O.K." So Christine [Zander] and I wrote a Pat sketch for Roseanne and I to do, and when I came on during the sketch, I got this fabulous entrance applause, as if the audience knew the character. That was actually one of the most beautiful moments in my life. And it was completely unexpected.

People would always ask about Pat's sex, and I didn't have an answer. To me, Pat, by that point, had sort of taken on its own personality. This sounds really actory, but I felt like I was just playing Pat. Pat was this other person. And I didn't know Pat's gender, either.

DANA CARVEY: Lorne said Mike needed a sidekick for the "Wayne's World" sketches. Basically I just showed up at read-through, and there was this sketch, and I was just in there. I don't think Mike resented it. It's so infamous that it's hard to talk around this—but obviously the show was fine, and then once we got into feature-film territory, defining the roles was a little harder. That's as delicately as I can put it. When it was just a sketch, I would just be reactive and laugh really hard and support him.

MIKE MYERS: I am happy to go on record [illegible] character of Dr. Evil in the *Austin Powers* films has really very little to do wit Lorne Michaels. It has more to do with composite of all the bad guys in the Jame Bond films and the Matt Helm films and *I Like Flint* films. It wasn't enough Lorne whe I made the first one that I felt it necessary t say anything about it to him in advance. Th only similarity to Lorne is vocally. It's not an thing to do with Lorne's character. I woul be happy to state very clearly that I do nc feel Lorne Michaels is evil. That's a for-th record-type statement.

Among the most shocking deaths in the history of the series was that of Phil Hartman who was shot to death by his wife, Brynn, who then killed herself, on May 28, 1998.

Far less unexpected was the death of Chr Farley, who had tried—too hard and too successfully—to pattern his life and career aft John Belushi's. Farley died at the same age, 33, and of essentially the same cause, heedle and delirious excess, on December 18, 1997

CHRIS ROCK: Two guys named Chris, hire on the same day, sharing an office, O.K One's a black guy from Bed-Stuy [in Broo lyn], one's a white guy from Madison, Wi consin. Now: which one is going to OL That just goes to show you.

DAVID SPADE: Toward the end, when Chr was getting too drugged up and too out control, it was hard, because I don't drin that much. I couldn't keep up with him, an I didn't want to. I used to tell him that he g a little bit "moody" and "crabby"—whi was another way of saying "tearing the offi apart and screaming." It just got to a poi where we had different lifestyles. And I w even O.K. with realizing that he was the fu nier one out of the little duo, and that he w being offered more money. Even when were in movies together, he would be offer three times as much as me. I would just ta that as one of the realities of it and not be t offended and say O.K. Because *I* would p him more.

We kind of drifted apart toward the e and then started to hang out again, and th talked about what we could do together aga because he said that the only thing peo talked about was *Tommy Boy.* They did care about *Beverly Hills Ninja* or whate else, so he wanted to get back to that. An said I agreed, there was that consensus at little camp, too. I was at work when I hear fell apart. Marc Gurvitz, my manager, call me on the set during a *Just Shoot Me* rehear and said, "I want to tell you because you going to get hit with all the press in about f minutes." And I walked back onto the s started to rehearse, and then collapsed a just fell apart, and I had to go into the otl room and just cry for 20 minutes straig I was hyperventilating. It was too much thought early on, when we were together, t

omething like that could happen, but he was uch a truck that I got to a point when I hought nothing *could* happen to him.

n recent years, S.N.L. *has acquired a eputation for consistent quality more than eckless excess. Cast members Will Ferrell, Chris Kattan, Molly Shannon, Darrell Hammond, Horatio Sanz, Cheri Oteri, Tracy Morgan, Tina Fey, and Jimmy Fallon may not go to extremes the way heir predecessors did, but they still ncounter and somehow overcome all the sual challenges: typecasting, struggles or airtime, and moments of self-doubt.*

TINA FEY, cast member and head writer: The 70s and the 21st century are just so different. There's no drugs and there's no sex at the show now. I would have been terrified if I was here back in the old days.

CHRIS KATTAN, cast member: We do all love each other, and we all get along great, but there is a little generalization of casting people just in the sense of, like, "Well, this character's tall and skinny—get Jimmy." Or "He's the dad or somebody—get Will." And, you know, "He's gay—get Chris." I would be the guy who would dress up in drag or dance or something.

I know some people do think I'm gay. I've had people ask me if I'm bi more than gay. And I'm O.K. with it, and I like it, because I'm not gay, so actually for women it means I'm not threatening. It doesn't bother me too much. I think there's femininity, something feminine, in my characters that's easy for me. The way I move my body and my rhythm—it comes out a little gayish.

MOLLY SHANNON, cast member: When I auditioned for *Saturday Night Live,* the person who was having the auditions for Lorne told me, "Whatever you do, please don't do that Mary Katherine Gallagher character. You'll never get hired. Lorne won't like that. He'll think it's disgusting and dirty." Yeah, she said it was such a disgusting dirty little character that Lorne wouldn't like it, and "whatever you do, don't do that!"

CHERI OTERI, cast member: When Bill Murray hosted here that time, it was amazing. This writer that I write with, we got into a huge fight. It was a brawl. I mean, screaming and everything. And when you walk out after a fight like that, you're shaking, because you can't believe it got that heated and violent. So I walk out after it's over and there's Bill Murray standing there. He heard the whole thing! And he's like my idol. And this was the first time something like that ever happened. He just looked at me. I felt so ashamed. And the next day I had to sit next to him at rehearsal, and I go, "I'm really sorry you had to hear that yesterday." And he said, "Cheri, I felt like I was home."

DARRELL HAMMOND, cast member: I had no idea that people could be so tired and miserable—because of so much pressure—and yet still be good and still be funny.

JIMMY FALLON, cast member: I'm 27 and I look 30. Because I don't sleep anymore. I feel like I'm getting older fast. That's one thing they don't tell you about the job. You hear



DUELING DIVAS
Ana Gasteyer as Celine Dion, left, and Cheri Oteri as Mariah Carey outdiva each other in a 1998 skit.

stories from other cast members, like "Hey, man, good luck. Hang in there, 'cause this place will kill you. One time I got so angry that I threw a phone out the window." And I'm thinking, I'd have to be mad at the phone company or the phone or something to throw a phone out the window. I'm on the 17th floor. Why would I throw anything out the window? I think I'm more humble than that. I'm like, At least I have a phone! What made anyone that angry that they got that mad?

WILL FERRELL, cast member: The worst host was Chevy Chase. He was here the first year that we were here, and then he came back the next year, and that was the kicker, the following year. I don't know if he was on something or what, if he took too many back pills that day or something, but he was just kind of going around the room and systematically riffing. First it was on the guys, playfully making fun until, when he got to one of our female writers, he made some reference like "Maybe you can give me a hand job later." And I've never seen Lorne more embarrassed and red.

LORNE MICHAELS: I've never left here on any Saturday night thinking, Well, that was a great one. I tend to see only the mistakes. That hasn't changed. Neither has the amount of adrenaline that you produce to get through the show. What has changed is that the hangover of it is generally gone by sometime Sunday, whereas it used to be that a show that didn't work could ruin a whole month. You'd go back and obsess about it. It's, like, at the beginning you just worry all the time, and when you get older you know when to worry.

Now on the weekend I have kids jumping on me. You can't get out of it with "Daddy worked really, really hard" or "Daddy was up till 4:30 in the morning."

The worst thing is when you find that you still have the taste of beer in your mouth and you're getting up and being a dad and it's only been four or five hours since you went to bed.

DAN AYKROYD: Oh listen, I'm a big fan of the show today. I look at Second City as the B.A. program in comedy and improv and writing, and I look at *Saturday Night Live* as the master's program. And then after that point in life, you get your Ph.D. in whatever you go into.

Every era has its great, great moments. I think in our time, if you look at Roseanne Roseannadanna and the Coneheads and the Blues Brothers, and other things that we did. And then if you look at Eddie Murphy's time, you know, his Gumby and his Buckwheat and just some of the things that he did that were outstanding. And then you have Dana Carvey with the Church Lady, which was an amazing amalgam of everything you'd ever want in a scene or sketch—accent, voice, walk, attitude, dialogue, delivery, all that was there. And now Chris's Mr. Peepers, you know, that monkeylike creature that he does, and everything that Will Ferrell does is fantastic, and Horatio is wonderful as well. He's a little undiscovered, I think.

So every year has its breakthrough moments. The tradition's being carried on in a grand way. It's an institution. □

September 11

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 340 Harry took photographs of the priests, the escorts, the bundle on the stretcher. And then a knot of faces closed in around us.

"Get the hell out of here," one said.

"You sick fucks," said another.

The mere presence of a camera was too blasphemous for them to bear.

We took our leave and hustled away.

Our escort around Ground Zero's fringes was Mike Carter, vice president of the firefighters' union. He had come within minutes of being crushed in the north tower's collapse. Months later, Carter would explain what he considered to have been one of photography's most critical roles in the context of 9/11. Pictures, he believed, like the cameos that sometimes adorn cemetery headstones, were solemn proxies for the deceased. "I went to over 100 funerals in a four-month period," he says. "It was sucking the life out of me. At the funerals, up in the front by the altar, they would have pictures. At all of the line-of-duty funerals before that, I had never seen photographs displayed this way. So the pictures were standing in for the bodies they couldn't find. At the memorials, where there *is* no casket, they would set up a little table, normally put a helmet out, a folded American flag, and they would have photos of the firefighter."

Over the months, friends and family members would clutch loved ones' images at vigils and public commemorations, sometimes holding photos aloft like votive offerings. Some would wear photos, as pins, upon their hearts. "From my town, Suffern, New York," Carter recalls, "Charlie Anaya had just joined the F.D.N.Y. September 11 was the first fire he ever went to, poor guy. They found his remains this past winter, through his DNA. They finally buried him in May. On the back of the funeral program they had pictures. In one of them, he's standing with his three children, overlooking the Hudson River, with the two towers right behind his head."

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15 *The New York Times* ran the first of its "Portraits of Grief" pages. The feature delicately compressed the lives of the lost into one or two epiphanies, spun like fine silk within 250 words. Each was accompanied by a simple headshot, when available. "I wanted readers to look into the eyes of the dead to remember them," explains Stella Kramer, who would serve as picture editor of the section for three months, acquiring images from relatives of the deceased until, she says, "I couldn't anymore. It broke my heart."

One of the first 20 entries honored Calvin [illegible]ding, 38, a Cantor [illegible]

went to the barbershop, he would stare wistfully at the photo of the Broadway and television actress LaChanze [Sapp] hanging on the wall. He pleaded for an introduction, but the barber always refused. Then one night, Mr. Gooding spied LaChanze . . . in a Manhattan nightclub. He managed to introduce himself, and was instantly smitten. Two years later, they were married. . . . The Goodings had one daughter, Celia Rose, and Mrs. Sapp-Gooding is expecting another child in October."

Ad-agency chief David Lipman has a home on the first residential block north of the World Trade Center. For more than an hour and a half on September 11, he experienced the same frenzy as many of his neighbors: careening around downtown Manhattan in search of his loved ones. "I was looking for my wife, son, and daughter," Lipman remembers. "I found my son's stroller, empty. I didn't find my family until after the second tower came down." Fortunately, all four of the Lipmans returned home that day.

For the next two weeks, Lipman volunteered at Ground Zero. One night he passed debris in buckets; the next he dispensed water or hamburgers to workers. Throughout his first week on the site, Lipman noticed something that surprised him. "On the hour or half-hour," he says, "a break would come. And cameras would come out for just a few minutes. A Hasselblad, a Mamiya, a Pentax, a Rolleiflex. Everything from medium-format to disposable cameras. These firemen and E.M.S. workers took pictures. It seemed like every time you turned around there was a camera. There was definitely an unwritten word, almost like a code, that no one would talk about it. It was very personal. I think they wanted to document this for themselves—for their own memory.

"No movie set," says Lipman, "could ever re-create the way it was lit. It was so theatrical, so moving—you see these broken buildings, and thousands and thousands of workers with a mission to find one person breathing. And yet they don't even begin to show how destitute it really was. When the second week of digging started, there was really no hope."

Lipman, for six months, would linger over photos of the scene. He even placed a nine-foot blowup of Ground Zero on his office wall—a print so large a viewer could discern hundreds of individual workers on the pile. "I couldn't run away from it," says Lipman. "Part of it was to recapture and face what happened. Flying planes into building[s] is so beyond comparison. We know war, we know conflict. But this sci-fi, *Die Hard 4* disaster movie coming to real life is beyond your worst nightmare. Watching the people fall. The screams of onlookers coming [illegible]ng wave. So I searched for something visual that would say: *That's* what went through, *that's* what these people went through. How ominous and frightening it all was. To think that 3,000 people died in your backyard. The closest thing to capturing it would be the firemen's pictures that are now stashed in homes and drawers and closets unseen."

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16 I checked in with a friend in London to see how he was dealing with the tragedy. The Tuesday before, as was his custom, he had been on the phone with his counterparts on the 103rd floor of Tower One. An executive at eSpeed, a subsidiary of Cantor Fitzgerald, he had been conducting a teleconference with the New York office.

Over the course of his eight-minute call my friend had listened to the "turmoil over the squawk box" as colleagues spoke about some sort of explosion. Later came sounds too nightmarish to describe. Within hours he knew. He had lost more than 650 Cantor and eSpeed co-workers, a loss of life greater than that of any other Trade Center firm.

For months, my friend and his wife, like so many others in their circle, would help fellow families cope with their losses and try to get on with their lives. But everything, he says, "was overshadowed by the reality of having heard the harrowing cries of intimate colleagues at their last moments."

Initially, he says, he was angered by the constant barrage of photos of the attacks. "The images were absolutely repulsive," he would recall nine months later. "The first two months, the shock and the horror you associate with pictures. Then, as your healing process begins, after the pity and the horror and the hate, you need something tangible to connect to, so you associate the feeling of healing with individual images: the raising of the flag or the stretchers bringing body parts out. You think: How is this helping me and how can I go on to live the rest of my life? So the images assist you.

"This is only true with still images," he said. "Moving images pull you into the maelstrom again. The falling towers are too evocative of the horror. But you isolate a moment in a still image, and you make it your own. Once you get through the process of revulsion, you find a moment of serenity and then the image becomes positive. For me, the image[s] of the smoldering girders and debris are more healing than those of the empty hole. Because the scene was complete and not yet dismantled, it seemed as if those souls were still there.

"One of the stumbling blocks to healing is the belief that this is about you. An image takes you out of yourself and gets you out of the 'poor me' syndrome. It's not about *you*. It's about how it affected *everybody*. The images reinforce that you have



I prayed while photographing
who has covered conflicts
snia, Peru, Romania, and South Africa.
never done that before."

to come out of yourself to commiserate, to empathize. Pictures unblock your own pain."

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17 A woman posted a sign on a gate near Ground Zero, which read:

ALL OF YOU TAKING PHOTOS
I wonder if you really see whats [*sic*] here or if you're so concerned with getting that perfect shot that you've forgotten this is a tragedy site, not a tourist attraction. As I continually had to move "out of someone's way" as they carefully tried to frame this place [of] mourning. I kept wondering what makes us think we can capture the pain, the loss, the pride & the confusion—this complexity—onto a 4x5 glossy.
I ♥ MY CITY—Firegirl, NYC, 09-17-01

Monday's editions of the *New York Post* included a foldout poster, Wild West–style, showing the face of Osama bin Laden. The headline: WANTED, DEAD OR ALIVE.

There it was again Monday morning. This time, on the cover of *Newsweek*. All week, the photograph had been in print, on TV, on-line. The one people called "the flag picture." It showed three firefighters—George Johnson, Dan McWilliams, and Bill Eisengrein—lofting the colors above the Trade Center rubble. Photographer Thomas Franklin, of the Bergen County *Record*, had shot the singular frame. Virtually overnight, it would take on iconic status.

In photography circles, Franklin's shot was quickly dismissed as trite, flat, and unimaginatively composed. While it conveyed steadfast will, patriotism, and valor in the face of peril, to photo purists it bore none of the hallmarks of Joe Rosenthal's classic scene showing six men raising the flag on Iwo Jima, the World War II image it obviously echoed. Rosenthal's picture had nuance, stature, exquisite balance, and an almost propulsive force. Many considered Franklin's the made-for-TV version. And several other photographers also shot the same situation—from arguably better angles. In fact, the following spring, just weeks before the Pulitzer Prizes would be judged, one picture editor from a daily paper confided to me. "We don't care what wins, as long as it's not the damn flag."

Franklin's shot did not win. But, no matter. America would embrace it and reproduce it more than any other taken that day. In time, it would morph into everything from quilts to statues to stamps. "The flag picture" became the emblem of the national spirit. (Commentators and photographers, firefighters and their lawyers, would even debate the idea—first posed by members of the F.D.N.Y. brass—of altering the trio's Caucasian faces on a proposed bronze sculpture so as to make the group appear more ethnically diverse; the notion was later scrapped.) It was the visual statement that America needed to express, directly and without nuance. It announced: Our will has not been broken. We are still standing, we will continue to stand—for freedom, above all. That was the message the country wanted to transmit across the world in the days after the attacks. In order to honor the fallen—and to defy those who had done this.

It is a questionable assumption, surely, that any picture really mattered over those seven days in September. Not given how many men and women departed this life on 9/11. But it is chiefly in their memory, and in the name of memory itself, that photography cast its long shadow on that longest of weeks. □

Jennifer Connelly

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 324 realize is that her own father, an army general, knows something about those experiments. James Shamus, the screenwriter, had sketched a relationship between father and daughter, but Connelly was underwhelmed. "The issues that she had with her father," she says, "were kind of stock issues that you'd have with your father if he's in the military and you're a liberal scientist."

Connelly and Shamus worked together to create nuances in her character, inspired, they agree, by the poet Anne Carson, in particular by her poem "Flatman (1st draft)," about living in a flat, superficial world. "The material of the movie is so colorful, but flat, boxed in, cut off from anything real," Connelly explains. "And then in it is this character who's trying to find something human, and sacred, trying to sort out her past and her memories."

Shamus says he gave her one of Carson's books after Connelly's remark, in another interview, that she admired the poet Wallace Stevens. "Carson's themes shed light on the nature of pop culture [and] violence," he says. But, for Shamus, sharing poetry was just part of the larger pleasure of working with an unusually quick-witted and literate actress. "The thing about Jennifer—and it was a prerequisite for the role—is that she's just plain smart," he says. "So it's not hard to believe that her character has a Ph.D. in genetics." If his words got changed in the process, that's all right by him. "Process," he says, "is what makes cheese—and movies."

Whether or not popcorn munchers find anything sacred in Betty Ross when *The Hulk* lurches onto screens next June, Connelly has the muscle now to make her characters her own. Clearly, her co-star in *A Beautiful Mind* showed her something about how to flex it.

"He asks a lot of questions," Connelly observes of the infamously less-than-easy-to-work-with Russell Crowe, "and he really applies himself. He puts a lot into what he does."

The two met first for a reading at Ron Howard's office in New York. "When he first walked in I thought he was ... energetic," says Connelly, picking her words carefully. "You feel him come into the room. He's very alive. He had hurt his shoulder and he was talking about that. He's kind of charismatic and interesting to watch. Kind of strongly seated in himself." Not, she concedes, overly polite. "Then we started doing scenes together, and by the end he was really polite. He was w
and saying, 'Let my
Very sweet and attentive.

Together, Connelly says
challenged the script at every
struggling to establish the Nashes' relationship as profoundly as they could. Often, that meant paring down the speeches. "Like toward the end of the movie there's a scene where we wonder if she's left him," Connelly recalls of Alicia's marriage to John Nash, "after the whole baby-in-the-bathtub business. The scene in the bedroom where I'm kneeling in front of him was originally a really long spiel. It just didn't seem appropriate at the time [for her to be] saying, 'We have to get out of your mind, and what we need to do is re-introduce you to the physical world.' It seemed more appropriate to do that through touch rather than through dialogue."

To the inevitable musings about whether the two co-stars had fallen in love offscreen, Connelly has a terse and emphatic response. "I have a boyfriend," she declares. "[I] was not on the market." When she made the film, that would have been Josh Charles, a tall, comic actor in movies (*Dead Poets Society*) and television (*Sports Night*). By last spring, however, Connelly was being sighted with another actor, Paul Bettany. When the romance had actually begun was a subject of some curiosity, as Connelly had clearly met the 31-year-old British actor while filming *A Beautiful Mind*. Bettany plays the tall, lean, curly-blond-haired English scholar who turns out to be an imaginary friend in Nash's schizophrenic mind. This is not, however, a matter that Connelly is inclined to clarify.

"He's a remarkable person," she says through beautifully tensed lips. "Just a really good, kind, beautiful person, and I'm really happy to be spending time with him right now." She admits that he's got "a really cute accent," and she laughs when she thinks of it. "He makes everything sound so much fancier when he says it than when I say it. Really annoying." But that's all one can pry from her. "I think it's about really nice things for really good reasons," she says. "But I don't want to talk about it, O.K.?"

Abruptly, Connelly untangles her long legs, stands up on the upholstered chair she's been sitting in, and unfastens the high latch of the tall, leaded window beside her. "I suddenly really want to smoke," she exclaims. "I'm going to smoke out the window because you're pestering me so much with the boyfriend thing."

Bettany is at least the third actor with whom Connelly has been involved. The first was Billy Campbell—her first serious romance, when she was 20 and he was about 30. The two met while filming *The Rocketeer* in 1991. (Campbell went on to star in television's *Once and Again*.) Connelly said publicly that they were engaged; they remained
off-and-on couple for about five years,
r did marry. She prefers not to talk
or Charles, either.

Connelly exhales furiously. "I didn
smoke at all today," she says. She's propp
now on top of the chair, a long blue-jean
leg on each of its arms, still in nondisclosu
mode. "I can go days at a time without
and be really repulsed by it."

Aside from that occasional smoke, Co
nelly seems much too disciplined to ha
any vices. But this she vigorously denies.
love this quote—who wrote this? 'The ske
ton of habit alone upholds the hum
frame.' I think it was Blake. I have tons
bad habits.... A lot of them are just b
ways of looking at things and thinkin
She pauses, then beams. "I bite my nails
massacre my nails." She holds out one bea
tiful finger. "This one's my favorite."

It looks gorgeously unbitten.

"I filed them for you!" she says, a
cracks up. "And then I tell you! I give n
self away. I filed them so you would
think I was a freak, and then I told you!

The word "freak" is another clue, alo
with the sweater-and-jeans uniform, t
showerless trek in Tibet, the reading
Blake and Stevens and Carson, that Conn
ly harbors a private cool. A quester's co
of standing apart from the material wor
pushing away its lures, feeling instead a k
ship with those who look for deeper sens
in poetry, or mysticism, or mountaineeri
The irony of Connelly's success, and p
haps one reason, along with innate shyne
that she's so uncomfortable in interviews
that the stardom it's brought her is so
uncool. It makes her an icon of the v
pop culture she's tried to eschew.

As a quester, Connelly has done her sh
of Kerouac-esque cross-country drive
"numerous times," she confirms. "I like
movement of being on the road, and be
away from phones." More dramatic—a
emblematic—are her climbs. Along w
trekking in Tibet, Connelly has gone mo
taineering all over the western United Sta
Often that has involved rock climbing v
crampons, ice axes, and ropes. She di
number of tough climbs in the Red Roc
outside Las Vegas. She climbed Mount Sh
ta, in California, crossing a glacier in
process. In a climber's rite of passage,
did an eastern ridge of the Grand Teton
one push.

"We started at midnight," she reca
"hiking into the headlands. By the time
sun came up, we were starting the more t
nical climb. We did a straight push up,
then back down. From when we started u
when we got down, it was 19 hours. I wa
exhausted on the way down, I'd sit and
them they should just leave me there."

Her partner in most of those climbs
David Dugan, with whom she was roma
cally involved for a few years in the
1990s. Dugan was the exception: a pho

pher, not an actor. In 1997 he and Con-elly had a son, whom they named Kai. Kai" means "ocean" in Hawaiian; Dugan ad lived in Hawaii for some time. "He me out looking so not like a Liam or hatever else we'd thought of," says Connel-. "He was so dark and exquisite and mond-eyed that those names didn't work. o we put a few names in a bag, and I illed out Kai four times in a row."

Dugan today works with an advertising gency in New York. He and Connelly raise ai together, which works best when Con-elly is back home at her apartment in ower Manhattan. Her decision not to mar- Dugan was, she bristles, kind of deeply personal." But ie does allow that "if I got narried I would rather not get ivorced. And I didn't arrive at iat place where I felt that was ie choice."

One can read that simply as nother sign of Connelly's inde-endent streak. But as a key to nderstanding her, it may not e irrelevant that in 2000, after early 30 years of marriage, her arents got divorced. Both par-nts seem to have played for-native roles, positively or not, n Connelly's career.

Connelly declines to make her parents available for an nterview—or her friends, for hat matter—so inferences must e drawn. From the scattered acts, Connelly's father, Gerard, appears a study in contradic-ions: an Irishman who worked n Manhattan's garment indus-ry, a father who chose to set-le his family among the gen-eel 19th-century town houses of Brooklyn Heights but longed or another life among the arti-sans and hippies of Woodstock, New York.

"It never did make any sense to me that my dad worked in the garment industry, to tell you the truth," says Connelly. "He's not particularly materialistic; he's one of the few guys who could wear head-to-toe Armani and still look like a wreck."

Gerard moved his family to Woodstock twice, when Jennifer was born and then again when she was in second grade for about four years. There he bought a restaurant and expanded it into something called Tinker Square. Connelly recalls it as "a Woodstock version of a shopping mall, with a little shoemaker, little stained-glass maker, and then upstairs a gallery where they had art classes. And my mom had an antiques store in there." But Connelly's mother, Eileen, seems to have preferred the city to upstate. Her daughter remembers her in high heels in Woodstock—an anomaly among the Birkenstocks. When Jennifer was 10, the family moved back to Brooklyn Heights. Gerard returned to the garment industry, and Jennifer, at her mother's instigation, started going on auditions.

"I have a bit of a block on how it all [her acting career] happened, to tell you the truth," Connelly says. "I'm not intentionally obscuring it, honestly. I remember what I did, for the most part, but I don't know why. I had no aspirations, I had no movie posters in my room, I wasn't a movie buff; I liked Evel Knievel and animals,



MY FAIR LADY

Connelly says her life has not changed since she won her Oscar. "It wasn't like 'Ooh, now I feel validated.' And does it actually mean I'm the best supporting actress? It doesn't quite work that way."

and I kind of liked science. And English."

Somehow, Jennifer found herself going to auditions after school at the private St. Ann's in Brooklyn Heights. Sometimes the work she landed was fun: at 11 she made her film debut in Sergio Leone's *Once upon a Time in America,* playing Elizabeth McGovern's character as a little girl in flashbacks because she had a McGovern-like nose. Sometimes the work was just drudgery, as when she posed for department-store catalogues and print advertisements. "I'd be the geeky little girl in overalls on the Danskin package," she says with disdain.

Connelly didn't just make the rounds a few times a month. She did it, she recalls, every day. Her mother was the one who accompanied her. Not, Connelly says after a pause, in an overbearing way. "I don't know that if I'd really complained about it that anyone would have forced me to do it. Sort of in retrospect I think, Why did I ever do that? It's such a strange thing for a kid to be doing. But I don't remember coming home from school and crying and saying, 'I don't want to do this,' and my mother making me go."

Mostly, Connelly says, she wanted to make everyone happy, "to take care of everyone"—an interesting choice of words. She managed to do well enough at St. Ann's, even while making a few movies in high school (*Labyrinth, Some Girls*), to get into Yale. There, she threw herself into her studies with an almost obsessive zeal, both out of shyness and, she says, because it was her first chance to be a full-time student. Mostly, she stayed in her tower dorm room, writing papers for English lit while wrapped in a blanket to ward off the cold that seeped through the cracks of the walls and the floor.

"I'd read a book three times, until the pages were covered with yellow Post-its that had ideas scribbled on them, and more Post-its stuck on my walls. But I had the best time just thinking about things."

Despite this rather Nash-like behavior, Connelly did break off from her schoolwork long enough to make *The Hot Spot* in 1990 for actor turned director Dennis Hopper, who cast the 19-year-old in her first adult lead role after auditioning "everyone in Hollywood." The story is a sexual intrigue, with Don Johnson as a Texas drifter caught between two worlds. Connelly has a nude scene in the movie, which also delves into a lesbian relationship her character had when she was younger. "Jennifer had no problem with the nudity," says Hopper. "I thought she was very brave. It's a really gutsy performance."

While at Yale, Connelly also made the forgettable *Career Opportunities* for writer-producer John Hughes, in which she plays a small-town beauty hiding out in a department store who falls in love with the teenage night watchman. That was the one she thought seemed like a Pinter play. "Cut to release of the film," Connelly recalls, "and there's this big cardboard cutout of me on

Jennifer Connelly

this mechanical rocking horse at the New Haven movie theater, and the cutout is rocking, and my favorite English professor tells me, 'Hey, I saw you at the theater!' I was completely mortified."

Oddly, considering her academic diligence, Connelly dropped out of Yale after her sophomore year. "I completely fried myself," she says simply. She transferred to Stanford—different architecture, she explains, different climate—and lived, on and off, with Billy Campbell. At the end of her junior year she left college altogether. She hadn't committed to acting, exactly. The work just seemed to come, enough of it that staying in college no longer made any sense. And so unfolded her early 20s: a few roles, enough money, a lot of drives and climbs. A lark, in short, for which she has no regrets, but which finally seemed pointless.

"I went through a kind of personal crisis: 'What am I doing and why am I here?'" Connelly explains, back in her chair, green salad still untouched two hours after its arrival. Then Connelly had her son, and that, more than anything else, changed her. "I thought, Now I really know what I want." What she'd searched for was what she'd had inside her all along but failed to recognize. She wanted to act—but no longer for her parents' sake, or because she could get the work. She wanted to act because, she realized, if she went for the right roles and gave them her best, she could do it well.

After Connelly's parents parted, her father moved once again up to Woodstock, her mother to Big Sur, California, to become a craniosacral therapist. ("She attempted to do it once to me, and I couldn't handle it," says Connelly.) Her mother has remarried; her father has not.

Connelly's father was in the car with her on the ride over to the Oscar ceremony last spring. She recalls feeling dizzy and tired, and oddly relaxed, which is how she gets when she's stressed. She made everyone in the car listen again and again to Joni Mitchell's "A Case of You," one of her all-time favorite songs—and one of the all-time great love songs. She'd written a speech in case she won, and assumed there'd be a lectern on which to rest the "enormous piece of paper" on which she'd written it. When she sat down, beside Cameron Diaz, whom she likes a lot, Connelly was horrified to realize there was no lectern to speak of. "So I was thinking: Is it obnoxious to learn the speech before I go up? Or is it obnoxious not to learn it?" And hoping she'd lose so she wouldn't have to go up at all.

Connelly's speech struck more than a few Oscar watchers as surprisingly low-key—almost dour. Partly it was that intensity of hers, partly just shyness. A number of industry observers had another reaction. What had happened to those once ample breasts? Had Connelly had plastic surgery to reduce them? Connelly's publicist Cari Ross says no. "It's absolutely not true—swear on my life. She simply lost weight, and when she did she apparently lost weight in her breasts as well. She's put on weight since the Oscars, and you can see in pictures taken since then that they're sort of *back*."

That night, when Connelly went home, she put her gold statuette on a table. "And Kai introduced him to Action Man," she says. "They got a little thing going."

In the ensuing weeks, as she plunged into *The Hulk*, she found her life hadn't changed in any perceptible way. "It wasn't like 'Ooh, now I feel validated,'" she says. "That's just not the way my head works. And does it actually mean I'm the best supporting actress? Does it mean I'm better than Helen Mirren [who was nominated for *Gosford Park*]? It doesn't quite work that way."

The day after our dinner at the Chate Marmont, Connelly does a scene f *The Hulk* dressed in pretty much her sta dard offscreen uniform of sweater a jeans. Actor Sam Elliott, playing her fath asks his daughter not to act on her sus cions, but rather to give him time. As ta follows take, Ang Lee presides gently, most diffidently—in his wide-brimmed str hat, he looks more like a botanist than a rector—but he clearly commands great spect from the dozens of actors and tech gathered outside a San Francisco–style hou on Universal's back lot. In the breaks, C nelly rides the two blocks to her trailer i chauffeured Cadillac Escalade—quite change from her cross-country road trip

Inside the trailer, Connelly turns on t iPod that's become a staple of her e tence, and the favorite tunes of a disce ing quester come out: old ones, from Jo Lennon and Van Morrison, Tom Waits a John Hiatt; recent ones, from Norah Jo and the Pogues. On one wall is a sm bulletin board with snapshots of Paul E tany horsing around with Kai. On anot is a large mirror, almost completely c ered by a taped-up child's drawing. C nelly used to wince when she caught si of herself in mirrors. Now she just cov them up.

It's true, Connelly says on reflection, t the Oscar hasn't changed her life. And after years of ups and downs, and questi ing, and often making herself feel bad, fact is she has felt better since winning "To tell the truth," she says, "I am so rid lously happy right now. I always had least one corner of my life that wasn't w ing and was causing me pain. And I d really feel that now. Everything feels goo

A sharp knock on the door. "Two m utes." And then, vastly relieved the in view is over, Jennifer Connelly goes bac work. □

Richard Avedon

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 354 counted 11 different dogs in one year in front of expensive cars and homes they didn't own, either. "All [illegible] our family album," he once wrote, "were built on some kind of lie about who we were, and revealed a truth about [illegible]

His mother [illegible] something caul; she put [illegible] Avedon was c win) of an [illegible] ary paper, was [illegible] New York City high [illegible] gerel in newspapers [illegible]

reer in poetry, but "I saw my own poetry in the deep shadow of T. S. Eliot. Photography was a fallback position."

For years he could not live up to his father's expectations. He couldn't concentrate at school, couldn't pass *hygiene*, forged all his report cards, and finally flunked out. His father had dire visions of him playing a violin in front of Carnegie Hall. Though Avedon reads prodigiously, voraciously, encyclopedically, he thought of himself then as Dopey Dick and in his 20s had nightmares that everyone would find out he hadn't even finished high school. "Every- [illegible] e thought were curses turn out to be [illegible] " he says now. "Without despair, I [illegible] made portraits." (Once, when [illegible] ept an award he assumed was for photography, he was startled to f himself representing learning-impaired p ple who had after all performed unc monly well.)

Yet he was tenacious from the start. termined to work for Alexey Brodovi the hugely talented teacher and art dire of *Harper's Bazaar*—Diana Vreeland Dostoyevsky never wrote his best novel cause he hadn't met Brodovitch—Ave turned up week after week in Brodovit reception area, begging for an appo ment. Avedon was then in love wit model, and had made her a portfolio sent it to Alexander Liberman, the ar rector of *Vogue*. Liberman called hin say they couldn't use the model but w like him to come work for *Vogue*. "No,

plied, "I'm going to work for Alexey Brodo-ch and *Harper's Bazaar*." He still had no pointment. (Eventually he got both the appointment and the job.)

He married the model, too; they divorced e years later. Avedon remarried and had son named John; he and his second wife w live separately. John Avedon, whose ortrait will be on view at the Met, is currently writing an authorized biography of e Dalai Lama.

t is no great surprise that Avedon trusts performances and considers life itself a ries of dramatic presentations each of us under obligation to make. Theater merely ters the bravest examples. (Avedon goes eek after week to the same play if it's remarkably acted or directed, and he flew ur or five times to Sweden to see Ingmar



MIGHTY ICONS

The Chicago Seven, Anti-War Activists, Chicago, Illinois, September 25, 1969. From left: Lee Weiner, John Froines, Abbie Hoffman, Rennie Davis, Jerry Rubin, Tom Hayden, Dave Dellinger.

Bergman's production of Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night*.) "I'm moved by every kind of performance," he says. "If you're going to leave the house, pick up the phone, go to bed, you have to be ready to give too much. It's what we owe each other." No doubt in a photographic studio most of all.

He regards the act of photographing as "a kind of nervous performance" and says that at least until the late 1960s he would have such performance anxiety before a sitting that he must have communicated that tension, consciously or unconsciously, to his sitters—a studio that guaranteed a state of unease, as if the Age of Anxiety couldn't do the job alone.

Actually, he lives life like a playwright, constantly writing dramas that demand intense reactions to almost everything, whether it's watching city life with eyes that always seem unusually wide open, or conversing in his gravelly voice, or getting so excited about a play that he takes his shoes off and squats on his haunches throughout. He admits to great highs and lows: "I go down very deep and just as high up. It's very strong in me, the sense of joy in me and the knowledge of being stuck in this world we can't explain, or change." Both gleam through his photographs.

He stages not merely portraits but life events. Ted Hartwell, curator of photographs at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, which gave Avedon his first big museum show, in 1970, says that in the hours before the opening Avedon and Marvin Israel rode around town handing out invitations to crazy or hippie or student types who wouldn't ordinarily go to the museum openings. "This freaked out the trustees, who thought the revolution had caught up with them," Hartwell says. "It was show business, but it worked. It made a point about the power of photography." In the last gallery, before the mural of the Chicago Seven, an opera singer suddenly began singing "God Bless America," and trustees and hippies alike raised their voices in song.

Owen Edwards, who has written about Avedon several times, says the photographer once went to Patmos, in Greece, to visit when Edwards and six or seven families he knew had houses there. "He transformed all of us. The first day, without a word of Greek, he hired a bunch of donkeys and donkey tenders and got someone to make a great feast. He said, 'Tonight's the night of the full moon. We're going to the highest spot on the island, and we'll dance beneath the moon.'" Which they did, and throughout the week joyfully performed Avedon extravaganzas. "He's like a force of nature," Edwards says, "like a guest from MGM."

His friends say he is also the most generous of men. Furious that *Rolling Stone* hadn't given proper credit to people who had worked with him on an issue of the magazine devoted entirely to his portraits of major figures, Avedon woke up Jann Wenner, the publisher, and exacted a promise that things would be changed right away, for the presses had just started to roll. Still suspicious, Avedon went to the printer's at 3:30 in the morning, and in fact the correction had not been made. The men in charge said it was too late for that run—they'd make changes on the next. When no one was looking, Avedon ripped the paper with a key so that they would have to start afresh—and give credit where it was due.

He has invited the subjects of his work to events in his honor, agreeing to attend only with the proviso that he could bring the people who had helped him make the pictures. That turned out to include a busload of sitters, assistants, editors—anyone who had ever had anything to do with the photographs.

Avedon's family provided him with a sense of social justice. In high school, when the elevator man in his building ordered Dick Avedon's friend James Baldwin to go up the back way, Avedon reported this to his mother. She rang the elevator bell and when it arrived immediately hauled off and punched the elevator man.

Years later, Avedon photographed in the South during the civil-rights crisis. Threatened by phone one night, he decamped

Richard Avedon

from his motel at three A.M. and went to hide out in, and photograph in, a mental institution. (His sister died in one at the age of 42.)

Like his moods, Avedon's responses can turn on a dime. Edwards, who considers Avedon "Svengali as Santa Claus" because of what he sees as the photographer's penchant for benignly controlling others' lives and his ability to "charm me out of any ounce of objectivity I had," once wrote about the photographer's controlling nature. When the article appeared, so did a case of 1971 Dom Pérignon; Edwards and his wife immediately polished off a bottle. A week later, Avedon changed his mind and wrote a scathing letter to the magazine with a copy to Edwards. "Incredibly foolishly," Edwards says, "I wrapped up the rest of the champagne and sent it back. Which I have regretted all my life—I could have written 'Up yours' and drunk the champagne." Eleven bottles of champagne richer, Avedon sent Edwards a conciliatory letter.

He has been called a control freak, a difficult to boot, no doubt because he is perfectionist and is so driven to do bet that he considers *Dovima and the Elephan* that masterpiece of fashion photography failure because the sash doesn't make t right line. No one who works with him h any complaints. When Peter MacGill, pr ident of the Pace/MacGill Gallery, w asked if Avedon was difficult during show at the gallery, he burst out, "Lo who we represent! Sure they're difficult. F Christ's sake, they're the geniuses. We j put in the nails."

CREDITS

FASHION

Cover: Jennifer Connelly's Tom Ford for Gucci dress from selected Gucci stores; Van Cleef & Arpels ring from Van Cleef & Arpels, N.Y.C.; Sarajane Hoare for Vernon Jolly.

Page 42: Travis Fimmel styled by Scott Newkirk for Art Department; T-shirt by Calvin Klein Underwear and jeans by CK Calvin Klein Jeans, both from Bloomingdale's and Macy's stores nationwide.

Page 134: Punch Hutton and Matt Trainor styled by Kathryn MacLeod.

Page 161: Sarajane Hoare for Vernon Jolly.

Page 188: See credits for page 161.

Page 192: Sharon Osbourne styled by Jane Hership; shirt by James Perse, from Maxfield, L.A.; robe by La Perla, from La Perla boutiques nationwide, or call 866-LAPERLA.



Page 287: Kathleen Robertson's D&G shirt from D&G boutiques nationwide; Miles Siggins for Factory Artists.

Page 296: See credits for page 42.

Page 318: Jennifer Connelly's Alexander McQueen jacket and skirt from Alexander McQueen, N.Y.C.; Terry Rodgers & Melody pins from Terry Rodgers & Melody, N.Y.C.

Page 319: Tom Ford for Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche jacket, skirt, shoes, and cuff from Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche boutiques, N.Y.C., San Francisco, and Bal Harbour, Fla.; antique necklace from Linda Morgan Antiques, N.Y.C.

Page 320: Dress by Tom Ford for Gucci from selected Gucci stores; Barneys New York necklaces from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Terry Rodgers & Melody necklaces from Terry Rodgers & Melody, N.Y.C.

Page 322: For Tom Ford for Gucci dress, see



Page 3
Yves Sai
Gauche jacket,
skirt from Yves Sa
Rive Gauche bouti
N.Y.C., Houston, Las Vegas, and Costa Mesa, Calif.; Terry Rodgers & Melody cuffs from Terry Rodgers & Melody, N.Y.C.



Pages 324–25: Ralph Lauren Collection shirt, vest, jacket, and skirt from selected Ralph Lauren stores, or go to www.runway.polo.com; Manolo Blahnik shoes from Manolo Blahnik, N.Y.C.

Page 375: To order Philip Treacy headdress, call 011-44-207-824-8787.

BEAUTY AND GROOMING

Cover: Jennifer Connelly's hair treated with Kiehl's Intensive Repairateur Deep Conditioning Pak and styled with Hair Thickening Lotion for Fine, Thin or Fly-away Hair and High-Gloss Conditioning and Styling Oil for the Hair, all from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, or call 800-KIEHLS-1; Orlando Pita for Art & Commerce. On her face, Lancôme Photôgenic Ultra Comfort Skin-Illuminating Makeup S.P.F. 15 in Ultra Ivoire 1 with Photôgenic Sheer Pressed Powder in Translucent; on her eyes, Colour Focus Exceptional Wear EyeColour in Spectra and Drama, Artliner Precision Point EyeLiner in Noir, and Amplicils Panoramic Volume Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Rouge Attraction Lasting Impact LipColour in Prodige (Pearl); on her lips, Le Crayon Lip Contour in Fresco with Juicy Tubes Ultra Shiny Lip Gloss in Spring Fling; Lancôme products from fine department stores nationwide. On her nails, L'Oréal Jet-Set in Resort, from drugstores nationwide. Gucci Westman for Art & Commerce; Lisa Jachno for Cloutieragency.com/L'Oréal.



Page 42: Travis Fimmel's grooming by Rick Gradone for Art Department. Hair styled with Frédéric Fekkai Pomade Cristal, from Frédéric Fekkai salons, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills, or call 888-FFEKKAI. On his face, Calvin Klein Oil Control Hydrator, from selected Sephora, Nordstrom, and Marshall Field's stores, or go to www.sephora.com, or call 800-715-4023.

Page 122: James Andrew Miller's and Tom Shale grooming by Rheanne White for Art Mix (The Agency).

Page 134: Punch Hutton's and Matt Trainor's hai makeup, and grooming by André Drykin for Halle Resources.

Page 161: Rupert Graves's hair styled with Sebastian Shaper Hand Press Flattening Fluid; **Damian Lewis's** hair styled with Shaper Sleek Ha Jel; **Gina McKee's** hair styled with Shaper Hair Spray; for Sebastian products, call 800-829-732 On Graves's face, MAC Oil Control Lotion and Blot Powder in Medium; on his lips, Lipstick in Cl



On Lewis's face, EZR and Blot Powder in Light; on his lips, Lipstick in Clear. On McKee's face, Studio Moisture Fix, Studio Finish Matte Foundation in NC15, and Blot Powder in Medium; on her eyes, Small Velvet Eye Shadow in Vapour and Pro Lash Mascara/Brow Set in Charcoal Brown; on her cheeks, Matte Blush in Buff; on her Sheer Lipstick in Hush. MAC products from MAC stores nationwide, or go to www.maccosmetics.co or call 800-387-6707.

Page 170: Nick Tosches's grooming by Rick Gradone for Art Department.

Page 174: Jeffrey Eugenides's grooming by Amélie Gebhard for Basics.

Page 188: See credits for page 161.

Page 190: Burr Steers's grooming by Celena Rubin.

Page 192: Sharon Osbourne's hair styled by Stanton Duke for Epic, using Black & White poma to order, call Zerran International Corporation, 8 626-1921. Makeup by Mally Roncal for Contact; her face, MAC Studio Finish Satin Foundation in



NC15; on her cheeks, MA Frost Powder Blush in Mar on her eyes, Chanel Basic Colour in Natures, Chan Precision Eye Definer in Bl and Trish McEvoy Mascar Black; on her lips, Trish McEvoy Cream Lip Colo Trish with Chanel Glossim Twinkle. Chanel products from fine department stores and boutiques, or go to www.gloss.com, or

Avedon the genius, a slight man with a great sweep of gray hair, has been a towering figure on the photographic scene. His first pictures of the Paris collections, right after World War II, of models in couturier confections actively twirling and hugging their way through cafés and streets with acrobats and bicycle racers, instantly made him famous. He had caught not only the wartime-defying luxe and emphatic femininity of the clothes but also the feeling of release from restriction and fear, the sense that life could be free and active, even a hint that classes might mingle democratically (if properly attired).

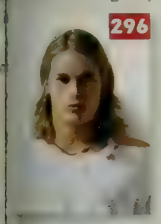
He went on to register the sexual revolution while it was still unfolding, introducing the first nude model—a countess, no less—to *Harper's Bazaar* in 1961 and a threesome consisting of two women and one man, all stylishly alienated, in 1964. In 1962 he imported both cinematic narrative and the relatively new phenomenon of paparazzi photographers into high fashion with a tale of rabid journalists chasing the actor Mike Nichols and the model Suzy Parker till Parker tries to slit her wrists—a tale loosely based on Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton's steam-heated journey through the tabloids. Not much later, Avedon put the first black model into a fashion magazine. Not bad for someone who was simultaneously making an archive of an age.

He once told an interviewer, "In the end, everything fades. Children go off and have their lives. Marriages, love, sex—everything diminishes. Work does not." Work does not fade for someone whose life is work; images—and photographs—do not fade for the rest of the world. Photography is one of the few bulwarks we have against death, and a fragile one at that; still, Avedon has created one large enough to encompass half a century. □

00-550-0005; MAC products from MAC stores nationwide, or go to www.maccosmetics.com, or call 800-387-6707; Trish McEvoy products from Nordstrom stores nationwide.

Page 287: Kathleen Robertson's hair styled with Aveda Control Paste, from Aveda stores nationwide, or go to www.aveda.com, or call 800-AVEDA-24. On her face, Trish McEvoy Protective Shield Moisturizer S.P.F. 15 with Protective Shield Concealor in Natural and Dual Resort Bronzer in Copper/Bronze; on her eyes, Cargo Eye Shadow in Carmel and Cannes with Eye Pencil in Wood and Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Cargo Blush in Prague; on her lips, Trish McEvoy Sheer Lip Colors in Sheer Perfection. Cargo products from www.sephora.com; Trish McEvoy products from Nordstrom stores nationwide. Campbell McAuley for Art Mix (The Agency)/Redken; Debra Ferullo for Artists by Timothy Priano/Cargo.





Page 296: See credits for page 42.

Pages 318–25: See credits for cover.

Page 382: Oscar de la Renta's grooming by Nissim Mazor for Majeure Évènements.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND MISCELLANY

Cover: Production by Erick Jussen.

Page 30: Photograph, by Greg Williams, is from the book *Bond On Set: Filming "Die Another Day,"* to be published in the U.K. by Boxtree and distributed in the U.S. by Trafalgar Square Publishing.

Page 164: By Philip Chudy (September 4); Steve Allen/Brand X Pictures/PictureQuest (11); Elizabeth Catlett/Licensed by VAGA, N.Y.C. (15); Joe Atlas/Brand X Pictures/PictureQuest (18, left); G. K. and Vikki Hart/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest (18, right); Noemi Bruzak/Sovfoto/Eastfoto/PictureQuest (20, top); from DigitalVision/PictureQuest (20, bottom); courtesy of *The New Yorker* (27, both); from Archive Photos/PictureQuest (30); courtesy of the Corcoran Gallery of Art (*Femme Assise et Enfant*); courtesy of Marian Goodman Gallery, N.Y.C. and Paris (*San Zaccaria, Venice*); by Josef Scaylea/Corbis (boy with lunch boxes); Ted Streshinsky/Corbis (children on stairs).

Page 166: Top to bottom, from 2002 Fox Searchlight, by Robert DiScalfani/Photonica, from USA Films, from USA Films, from Twentieth Century Fox.

Page 174: Top, from Contact Press Images; airplane illustration from Dover Books.

Page 182: From Camera Press/Retna (Faithfull).

Page 186: Center, both by Oren Slor/courtesy of the Andrea Rosen Gallery, N.Y.C.

Page 188: Bottom, all courtesy of General Motors.

Page 190: Top five photos courtesy of United Artists Films Inc.

Page 192: Hot Looks: by Edward Holub/Corbis (eye); James Worrell (products).

Page 194: From A.P. Wide World Photos (15), from A.P. Wide World Photos/KR Images Presse (8), from Bettmann/Corbis (12), from Culver Pictures (1), from Getty Images (6, 9, 17), from Hulton Archive/Getty Images (7, 13), from Keystone/Zuma Press (16), from Magnum Photos (2, 4, 10), from Mansell/TimePix (3, 11, 14), from Reuters/TimePix (5).

Page 206: Top, from A.P. Wide World Photos; bottom, from *The Palm Beach Post.*

Page 208: Top to bottom, from AFP, from Globe Photos, from Gamma.

Page 212: Large photograph from Sipa Press.

Page 226: Inset from AFP/Gamma.

Page 236: Top, from Network/Matrix; bottom, courtesy of AAD.

Page 238: Courtesy of AAD.

Page 242: Top, bottom left, and bottom right, courtesy of AAD.

Page 244: Courtesy of AAD.

Page 290: From Allstar/Globe Photos (Leo), by Steve Cole/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest (candle), from Corbis Images/PictureQuest (raw-food diet, coffee, orange, scale), from C Squared Studios/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest (valet), by Jacob Halaska/Index Stock Imagery/PictureQuest (germophobic), from Image Source/ElektraVision/PictureQuest (dog, yoga), by Alberto Lowe/Zuma Press/TimePix (Somers), Delmas/O'Connor/Zuma Press (Tobey), Lisa O'Connor/Zuma Press (Ziering), Rose Prouser/Reuters/TimePix (*Oprah*), Paul Sakuma/A.P. Wide World Photos (TiVo), F. Schussler/PhotoLink/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest (light-sensitive, back hair), from www.CBS2.com (Williams), from www.crateandbarrel.com (mirror), from www.gaypeoplesc... LaRue).

Page 298: Photographs: from Rainbow Film Co. (Jaglom), from CBS (Boyle), from Random House, Inc. (Lehrer).

Page 300: Right, clockwise from top left: from www.r5gordini.co.uk, by Michel Euler/A.P. Wide World Photos, Paul Seheult/Eye Ubiquitous/Corbis, Burke/Triolo/Brand X Pictures/PictureQuest, from My Philosophy bracelets by Pietro Ferrante, by Krista Smith, Michael Okoniewski/A.P. Wide World Photos, Joe Atlas/Brand X Pictures/PictureQuest, from Stockbyte/PictureQuest, by Tina Fineberg/A.P. Wide World Photos, from DigitalVision/PictureQuest, by Ryan McVay/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest, from Allstar/Globe Photos, by Andrea Renault/Globe Photos, Kim D. Johnson/A.P. Wide World Photos, from C Squared Studios/PhotoDisc/PictureQuest.

Pages 318–25: See credit for cover.

Pages 342–45: All from Growbag.

Pages 350–51: Courtesy of the Fraenkel Gallery/The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Page 352: Top and left, courtesy of the Fraenkel Gallery/The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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Page 373: From Sipa Press.

Page 377: Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Page 380: Clockwise from top left, from Culver Pictures, by Ed Geller/Globe Photos, from Culver Pictures, by Henry McGee/Globe Photos, Sonia Moskowitz/Globe Photos, Joy E. Scheller/London Features, Ciniglio Lorenzo/Corbis Sygma, Dennis Van Tine/London Features, Fitzroy Barrett/Globe Photos, Kathy Willens/A.P. Wide World Photos, Ken Lambert/*The Washington Times*/Getty Images, Karwai Tang/Alpha/Globe Photos.

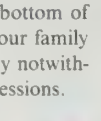
Michael Lutin tells Virgos to stay out of the family soap opera



Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

While normal people have been celebrating the end of summer and soaking up the last rays of the sun, Virgos have been as frantic as Lucy Ricardo in a chocolate factory, and as service-oriented as C-3PO. Don't expect a respite yet, however. Or sainthood. Thanks to a naughty 12th-house Mars transit, you just can't resist sneaking away once in a while to have some fun and get into trouble. PS: If you fail to fight off your powerful urge to meddle, you could easily fall into a domestic snake pit that will take forever to crawl out of.



Margaret Thatcher

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

The human mind can be such a trickster, especially when the moon's nodes transit your 3rd and 9th houses. Even though you are sure that you know right from wrong and have gained enough understanding of your own behavior to distinguish wisdom from folly, you'll be amazed at how often you are tempted to act like an idiotic, immature, self-destructive, rebellious adolescent. You should strive to achieve some sort of equilibrium between your need for intimacy and your desire for freedom. Question of the month: Is it love or friendship?



Neil Young

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

When you're out there in front of the crowd, singing and dancing your way into the hearts of millions, you have to feel as if you're on top of the world. The personal validation you get from a new moon in your 10th house is enough to nourish you for days and days. That's not all you need, however, because when the full moon occurs at the bottom of your chart two weeks later you will also have to connect with your family and experience a little intimacy (your bizarre concept of intimacy notwithstanding). The money thing? It remains one of your favorite obsessions.



Sarah Chang

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Obviously you're not going to conquer all your addictions, personality issues, and self-image problems by running off to a dude ranch or hiking across Nepal in search of the Answer. Don't underestimate the power of your 9th house, though, because it is there that Sagittarians find strength and renewal. Traveling to places you've never seen before and getting away from money hassles, mates, or kids can be vitally refreshing and healing. The only problem is, when you finally get where you're going, you're still you.



Sandy Koufax

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

Striking a balance between profit and ethics is no small task. As a Capricorn with outer planets transiting your 2nd house, you are probably stuck every other day sweating over an impossibly unreliable fiscal situation and having to spin plates and juggle flaming swords just to keep yourself in designer labels. In addition to the exhausting demands of the material world, you also have your spiritual fulfillment to worry about. The best you can do is go for the money now and beg for forgiveness later. On another note: sexually, you should be cooking.



Christie Brinkley

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Since you are a kind soul who bears little malice toward anyone, your behavior can rarely be written off as mere wicked caprice. In fact, as the sun, the moon, Mars, and Jupiter cross your western horizon, you have no trouble expressing your feelings of appreciation and love for others. When the full moon illuminates Uranus in your 1st house, however, you are reminded that at this point in your life you belong to no one but yourself. Maybe that's why you sometimes lure people in and then dump them so abruptly they feel as if they



Liza Minnelli

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH

Sometimes it doesn't pay to be diligent, sober, and dedicated to a you have poured your heart into and have always believed to be wo while. One fine day a full moon comes along and smacks into Uranu your 12th house, and you get bushwhacked by the skunks you thought v your greatest supporters. On top of that, an elevated Pluto–south node junction creates further agita, so you can't even count on the regime in pc to protect you. Don't forget that, as a Pisces, you have only your faith— your knowledge that the pursuit of power is absolutely ridiculous.



Charlie Chaplin

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

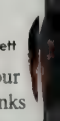
Even those few misguided Arians who thought they were destined for celibacy and solitude from cradle to tomb are going to hear the music play this month. You can drop any notion of sitting alone in your room missing out on the cabaret. The 5th-and-11th-house axis offers a terrific portunity to break out of your moldy shell, take a few risks, and go s place where you can play the romantic lead in the heartwarming fascinating—to you, anyway—melodrama known as your life. Will you be py if you move far away? For a while, maybe.



Jane Campion

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY

Even if you can't get a fix on the career thing, take heart. The vated Uranus and Neptune make it nearly impossible to outg the whims of the mob, but if you have a sincere contribution to make a mark to leave upon the world, you will do it now. In the meantime, whil voting yourself to the family may sometimes feel like a waste of time, it keep you sane in a mad, mad world. The 8th-house conjunction of Pluto the south node seems incompatible with Taurean sensibilities. Obses with the dark side are just not you. On second thought, maybe they are



Rupert Everett

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

You are always going to be able to find something to wring your hands over. For example, it's got to flip you out to realize that, thanks to the conjunction of Pluto and the south node in your 7th house, ce people you once considered soul mates, guides, or gurus can no long counted on to bail you out. In fact, some of them can't even be trusted trap you in a sticky situation. With the full moon lighting your 3rd-an house axis, however, remember that if you sleep with one window ope can always fly the coop during the night.



Selma Blair

CANCER JUNE 22–JUL

Apart from the financial concerns that have been squeezing the out of you in recent weeks, you're probably focusing your attenti (read: getting hysterical over) such larger issues as sexuality and mor With the full moon occurring in your 8th house, it's perfectly understan that you are tossing and turning over whether to finance your fantasies, your money in real estate, or just go ahead and buy a burial plot. You your whole life ahead of you, so why waste a second worrying about the end will come?

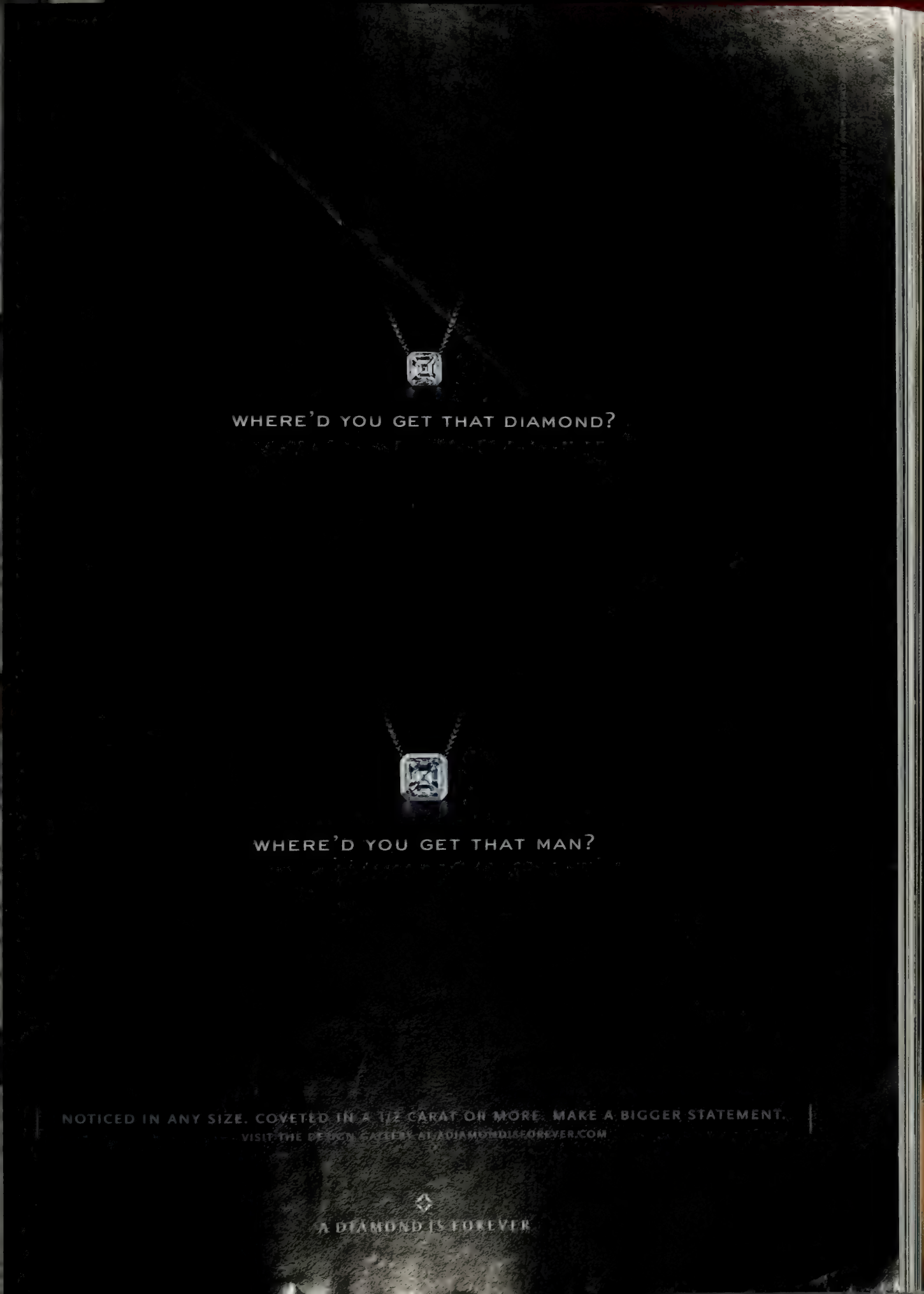


KRS-One

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

Whether you're a high-flying diva or a regular Joe, the battle for dominance continues this month. When the new and full moons oc- cur around your 1st and 7th houses, maintaining your relationships is to be a full-time job. The fact that you cannot ever hope to predict or how other people are going to act or react doesn't make things any The good news is that you've got the energy to carry on that endless with gusto and style. Don't even try running away, though, because your heart cries out for love, you have no choice but to listen.

To hear more about what's everyone else's—listen to Michael Lutin weekly by calling 1-900-28V-FAIR on a touch ute. If you are under 18, you need parental permission.


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OSCAR DE LA RENTA

Ask the best-put-together ladies in New York who the best-put-together man is and they will all say Oscar de la Renta. The former apprentice to Balenciaga was the first American to design for a French couture house (Balmain) and helped turn Casa de Campo and Punta Cana, in his native Dominican Republic, into famously jet-set destinations. As Fashion Week descends upon New York, he pauses to reflect on [illegible] gardening, his [illegible], and the [illegible] of dogs

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Being at home with my wife, family, dogs, and friends.

What is your greatest fear?
Solitude.

Which living person do you most admire?
My wife.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Fear.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Cowardice.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Living.

On what occasion do you lie?
Only about things that are totally banal to protect others.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
Not being fit.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"What's new?"

What is your greatest regret?
I have no regrets.

When and where were you happiest?
Now.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
My limited attention span.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
A dog, so that my wife would love me more.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Envy.

What is your favorite occupation?
Gardening.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Perseverance.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Loyalty.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Trust.

What do you most value in your friends?
Honesty.

Who are your favorite writers?
Cervantes and Balzac.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Don Quixote.

Who are your heroes in real life?
All those anonymous people who risk their lives fighting for noble causes.

How would you like to die?
In my sleep, dreaming of those I love.

What is your motto?
"Live, love, and laugh."


During the Renaissance, Italian artists
used oil and canvas to create their masterpieces.
The Poles used water and Polish rye.
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SIDE THE IVENDI NIVERSAL ELTDOWN

EGAS'S DIRTY ANCERS

JOHN RICHARDSON

PARAMOUNT'S 90TH BIRTHDAY

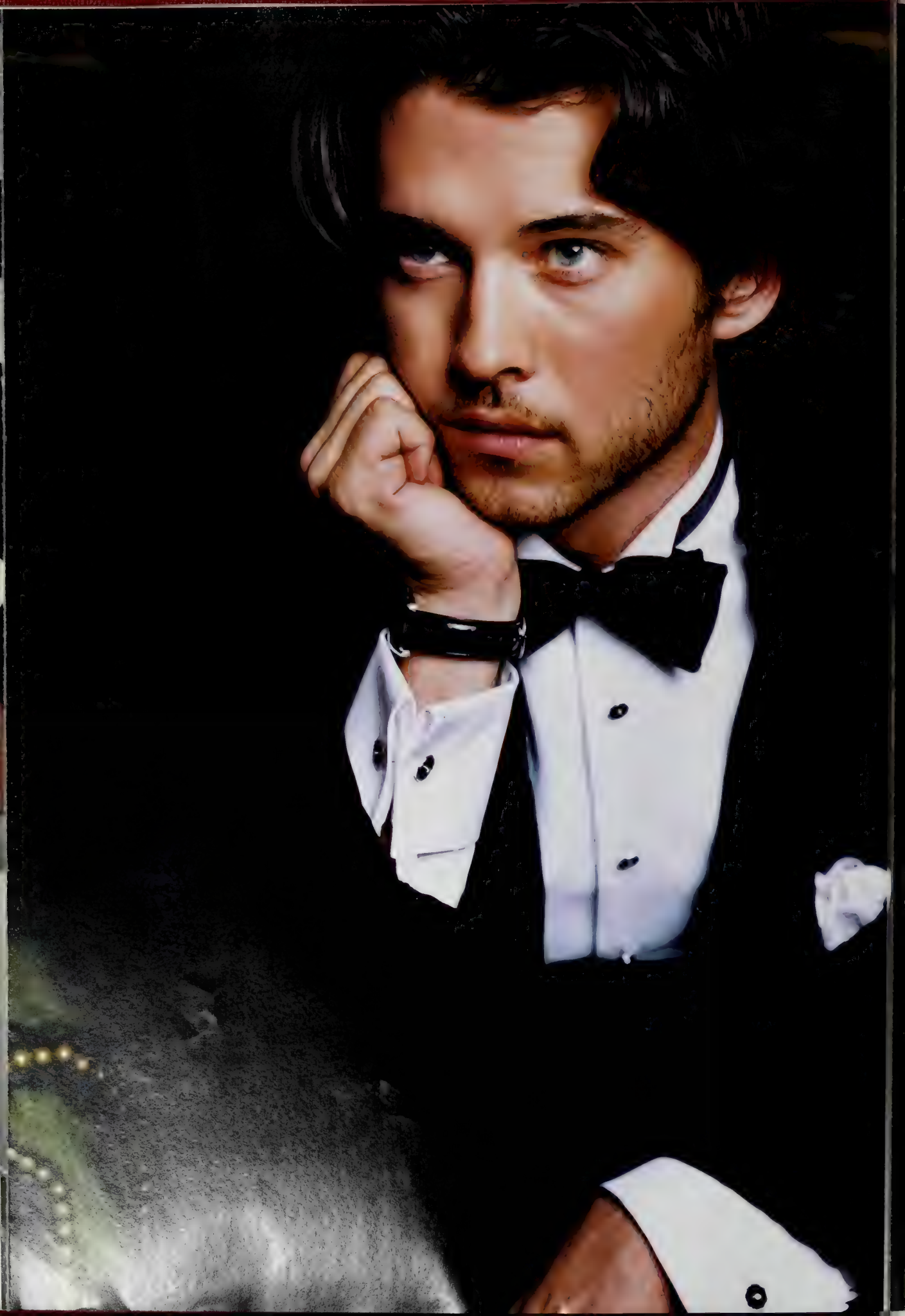
TOM CRUISE, JIM CARREY, HARRISON FORD, ANGELINA JOLIE, AND 86 MORE STARS IN ONE HISTORIC PHOTO

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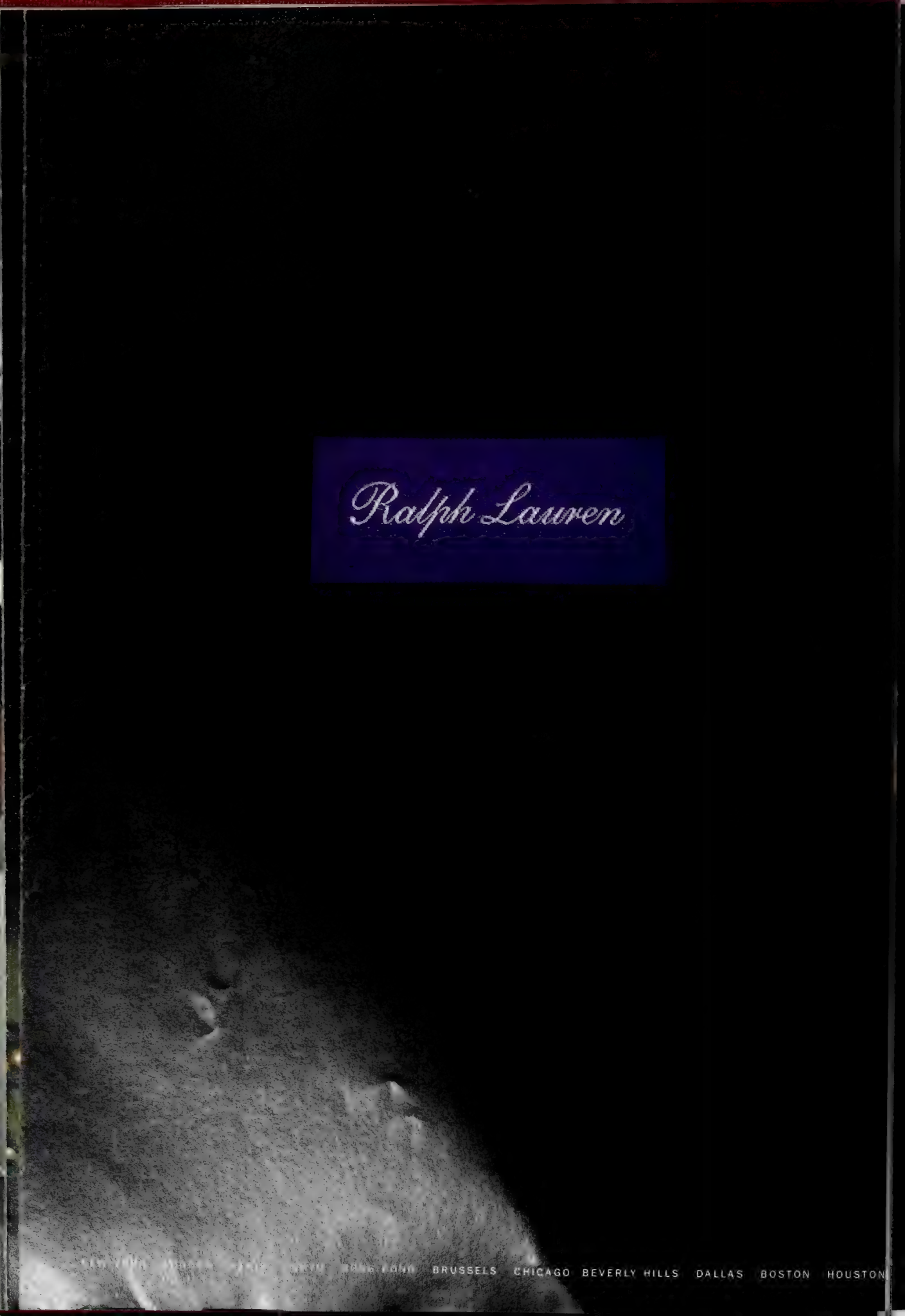
"I'M NOT PARTICULARLY FOND OF KISSING STRANGE MEN—CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF"

BY STEVEN DALY

"Confront boldness by being still more bold."
—NAPOLEON

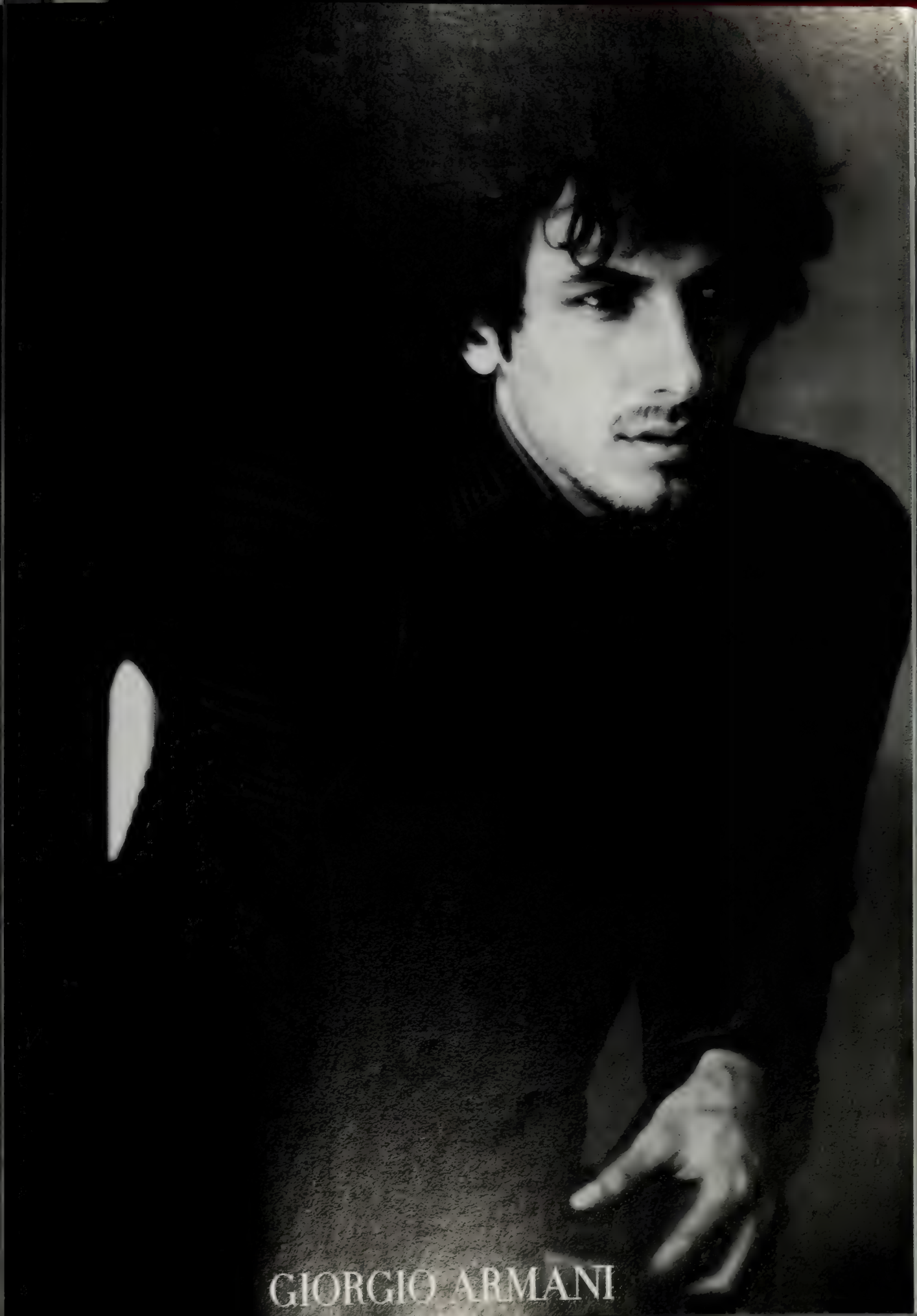





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ST. JOHN SPORT

BY MARIE GRAY

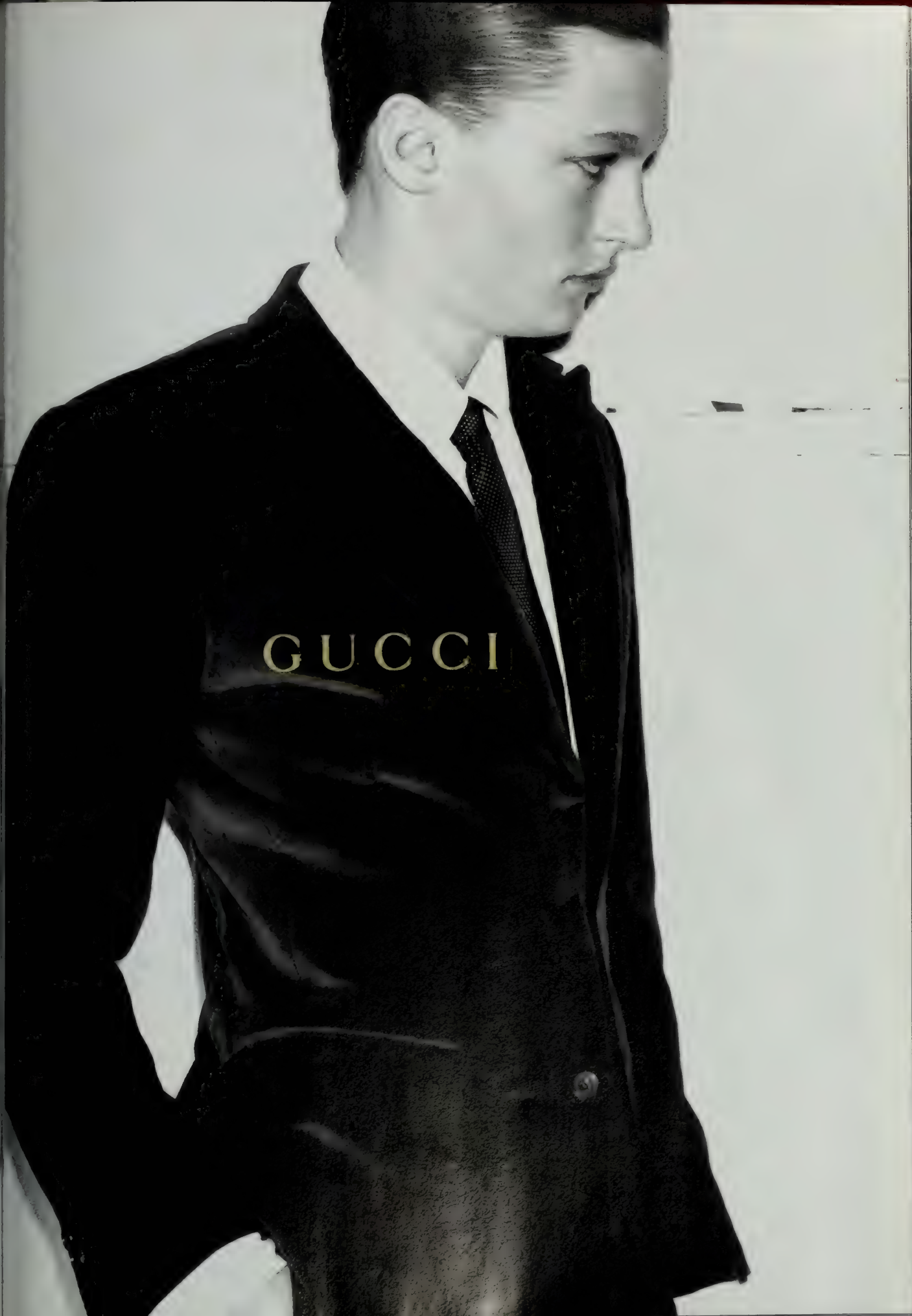
BOSTON CHICAGO DALLAS HONOLULU HOUSTON LAS VEGAS



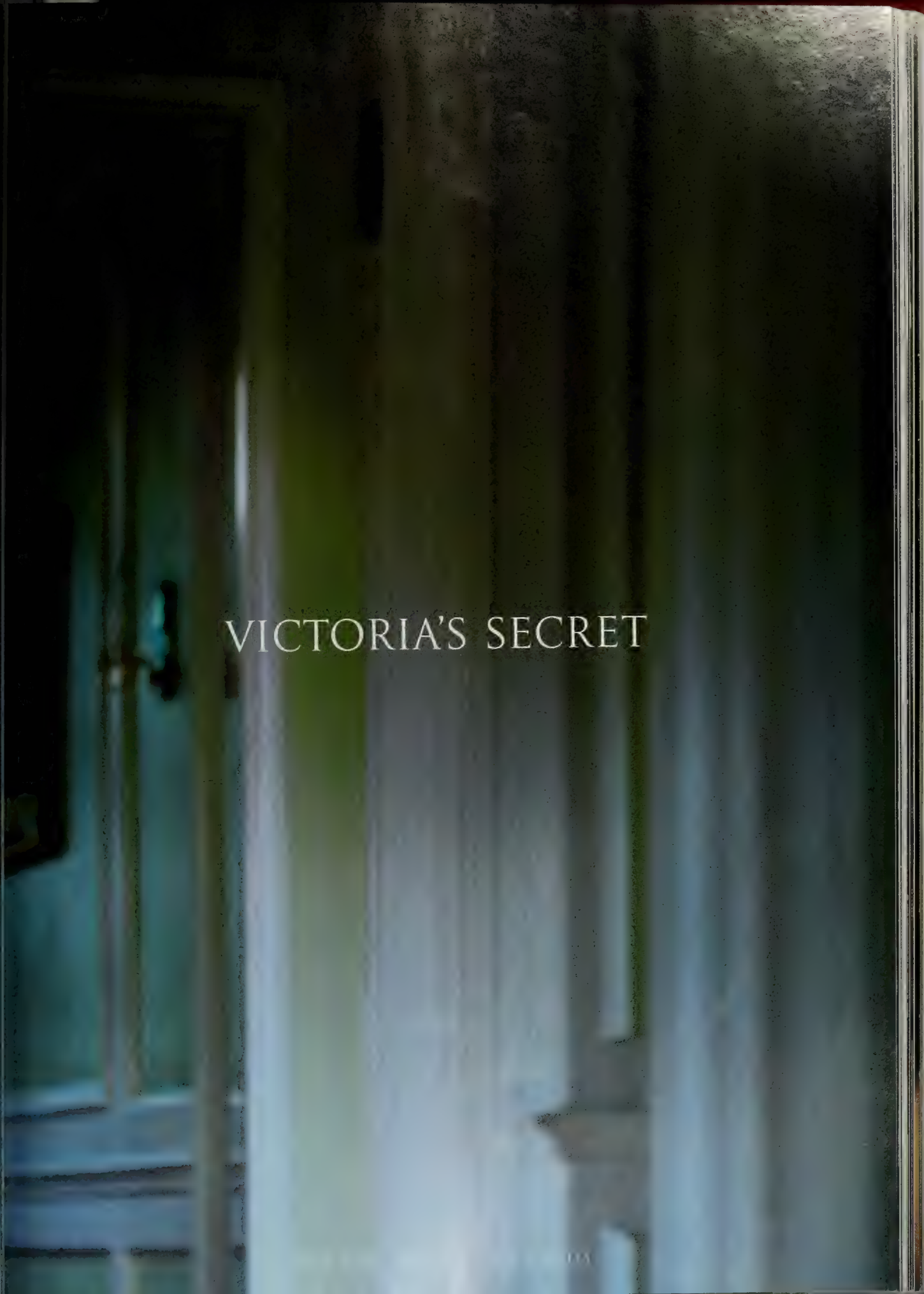
Kelly Gray wearing St. John Sport in Aspen, Colorado.

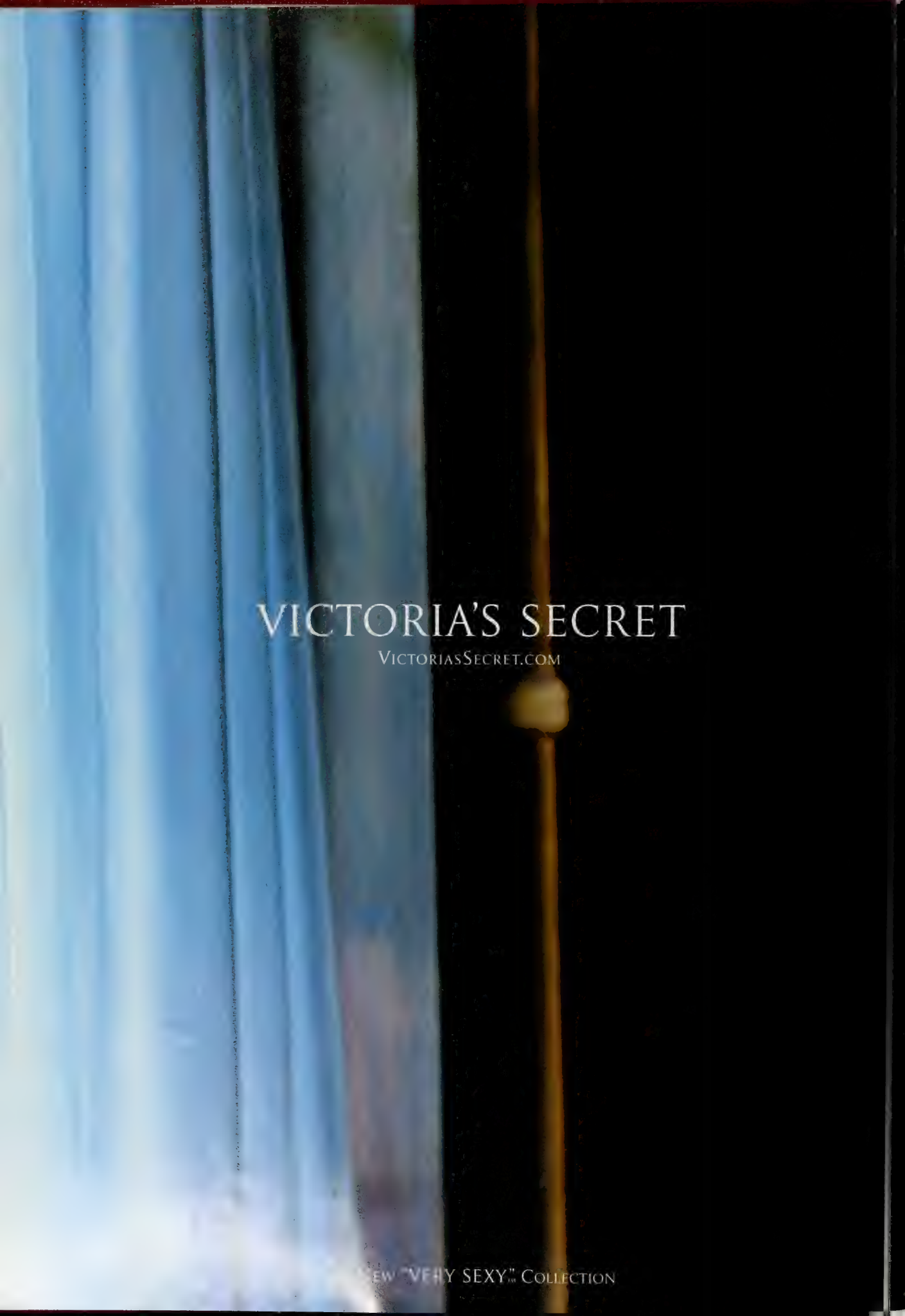

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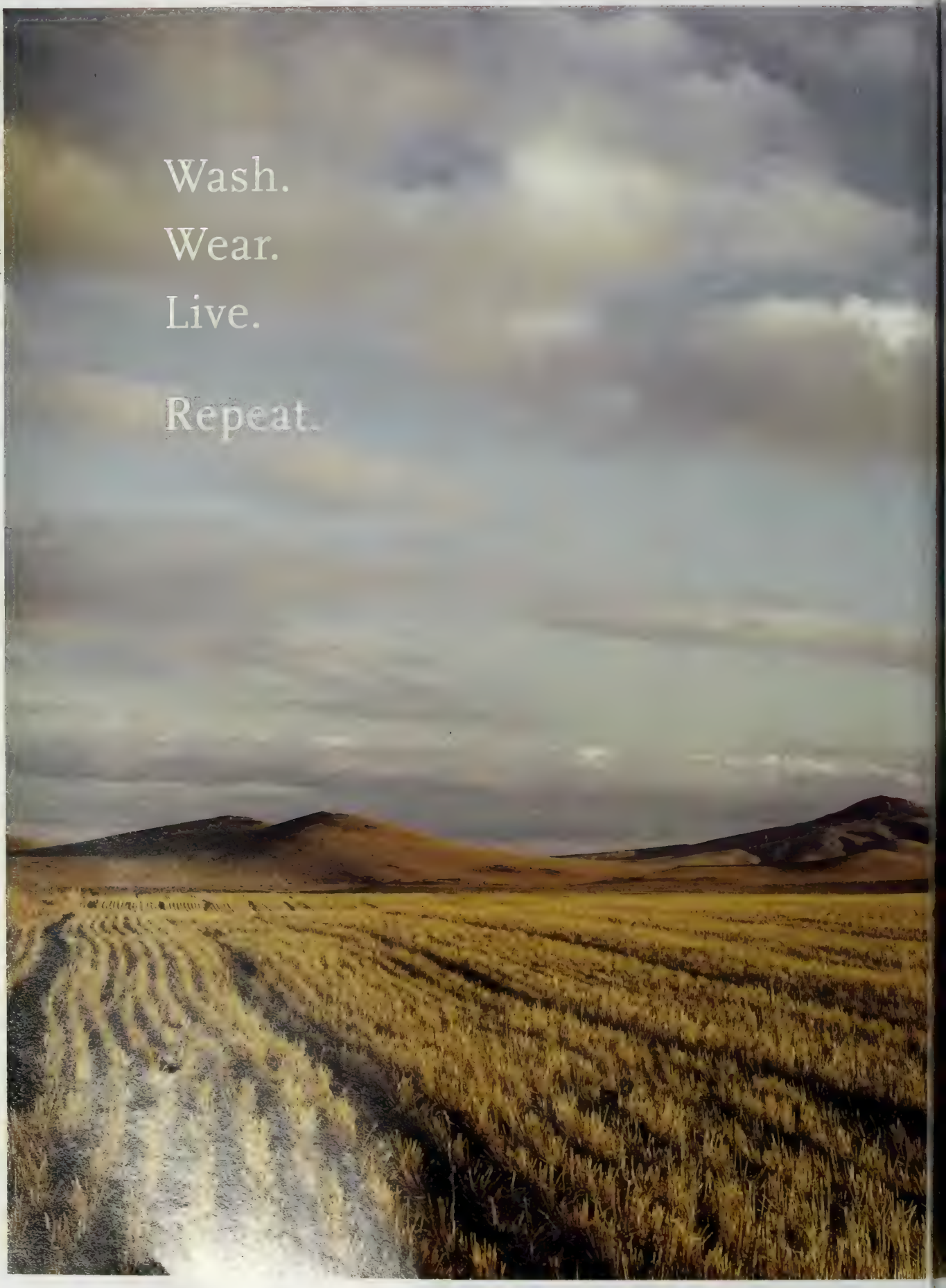



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VANITY FAIR

October 2002 No. 506



Features

THE PARAMOUNT CENTURY To celebrate the 90th anniversary of Paramount Studios, 90 celebrities, from Tom Cruise and Hilary Swank to Jane Russell and Charlton Heston, gathered at its gates for a historic portrait by Annie Leibovitz. Dominick Dunne table-hopped at the candlelit dinner that followed . . . 304

MADONNA MARLENE After a theatrical challenge in London, the heat-seeking diva nested in Beverly Hills, writing a spiritual children's book with husband Guy Ritchie, her director in this month's *Swept Away*. Even as she channels Dietrich for *V.F.*'s cover, Steven Daly wonders if Madonna is moving beyond her image. Photographs by Craig McDean 308

RETURN TO HOGWARTS Mark Seliger and Sam Tanenhaus preview the second film from J. K. Rowling's books, *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets*, with its souped-up special effects—think elves, huge spiders, and a flying car 314

FOREVER MODERN Lever House, the glass tower that opened on Park Avenue in 1952, has undergone a $60 million renovation. Matt Tyrnauer tells how a modernist landmark made careers, broke technological barriers, and changed the face of New York. Photographs by Todd Eberle 318

HEATHER MILLS'S PRIVATE CRUSADE Heather Mills survived a Dickensian childhood and the loss of a leg with the same determination that won her the heart of Paul McCartney. Leslie Bennetts reports on a romance that has alienated McCartney's kids and thrust Mills's life under a tabloid microscope. Plus: in an exclusive from her memoir, Mills relives her courtship by a Beatle. Photographs by Mark Seliger 324

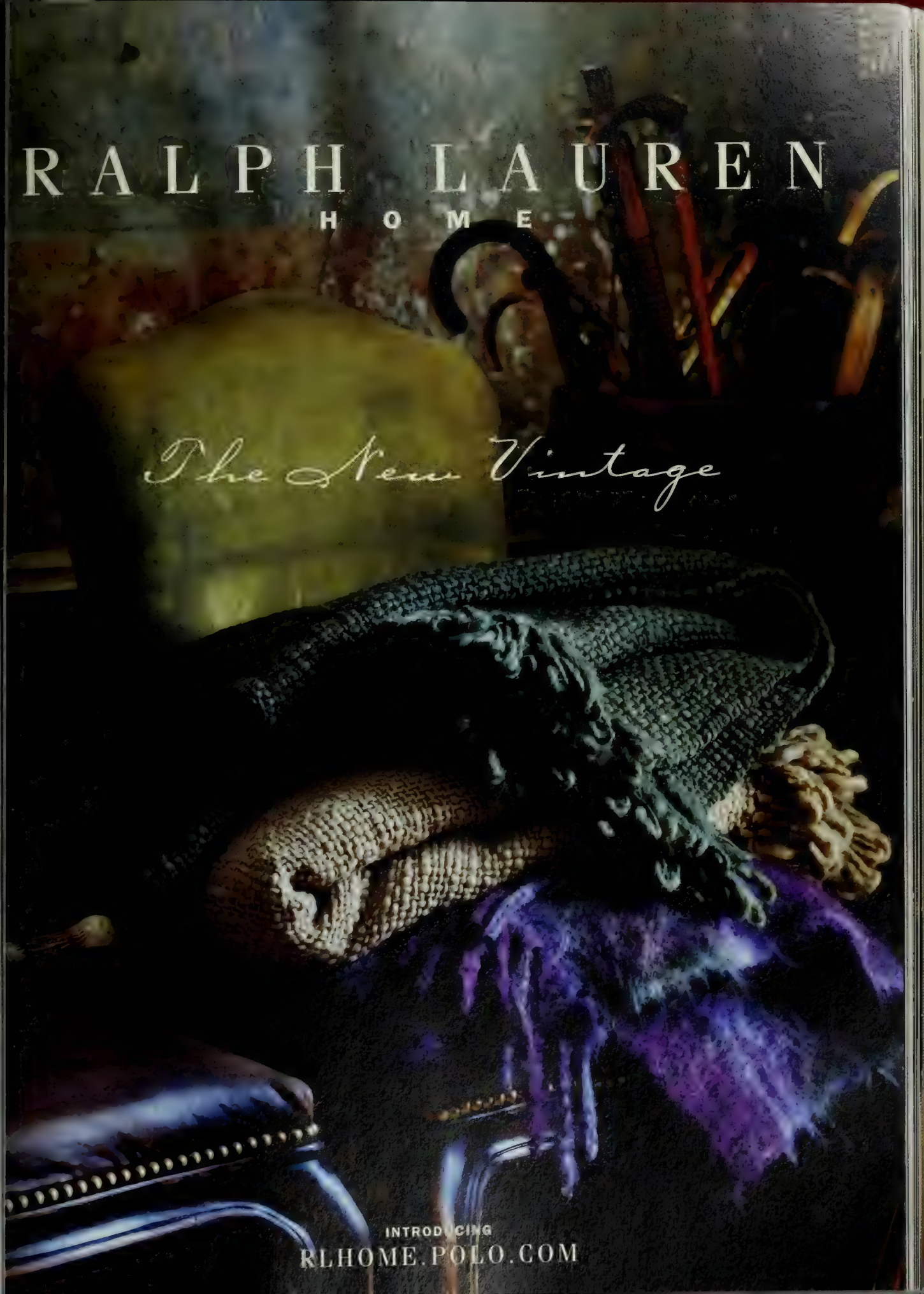
DEGAS AND THE DANCERS A definitive exhibition opening this month assembles 150 of Edgar Degas's paintings, pastels, monotypes, and sculptures. Exploring the obsession behind them, John Richardson reveals what led a conservative bachelor artist to focus his greatest work on the painful beauty of ballet 330

ROCKWELL ROLLING Mark Seliger and Evgenia Peretz spotlight Sam Rockwell, the star of George Clooney's directorial debut, *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind* 336

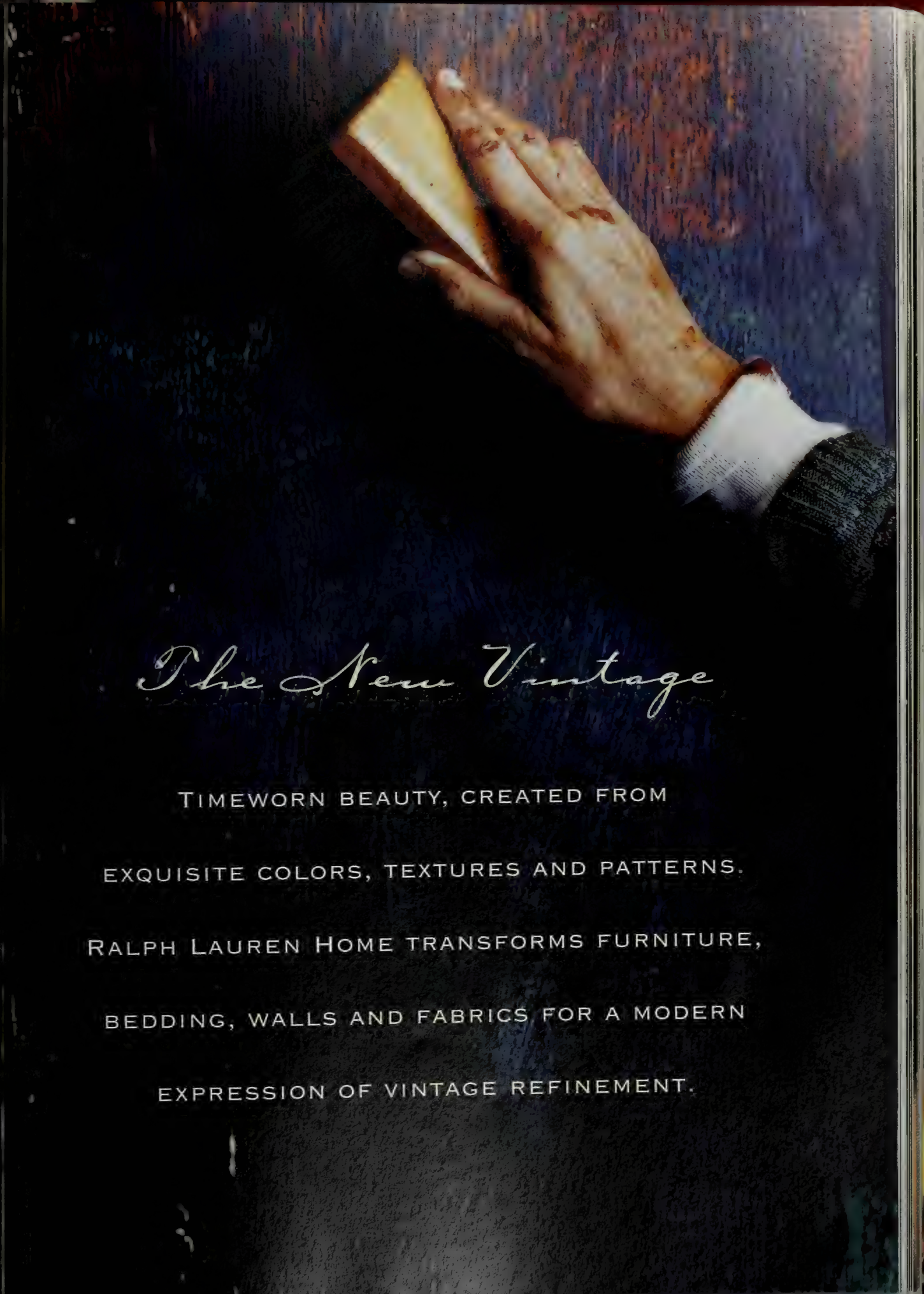
GOLDEN IN GREENWICH While the Hilton girls became "Page Six" stars, the Noel sisters have taken a more understated approach. With 14 children and nary a table dance among them, the five Connecticut beauties give Kristina Stewart a family recipe for gracious goodness. Photographs by Bruce Weber 338

TO BE A ROCKEFELLER Driven by the example of his famous father, John D. Rockefeller Jr. raised his own children to further a legacy of power and philanthropy. In an excerpt from his *Memoirs*, David Rockefeller, the youngest son of the third generation, describes his extraordinary childhood and his family's role in creating Rockefeller Center and the World Trade Center. Portraits by Nigel Parry 342

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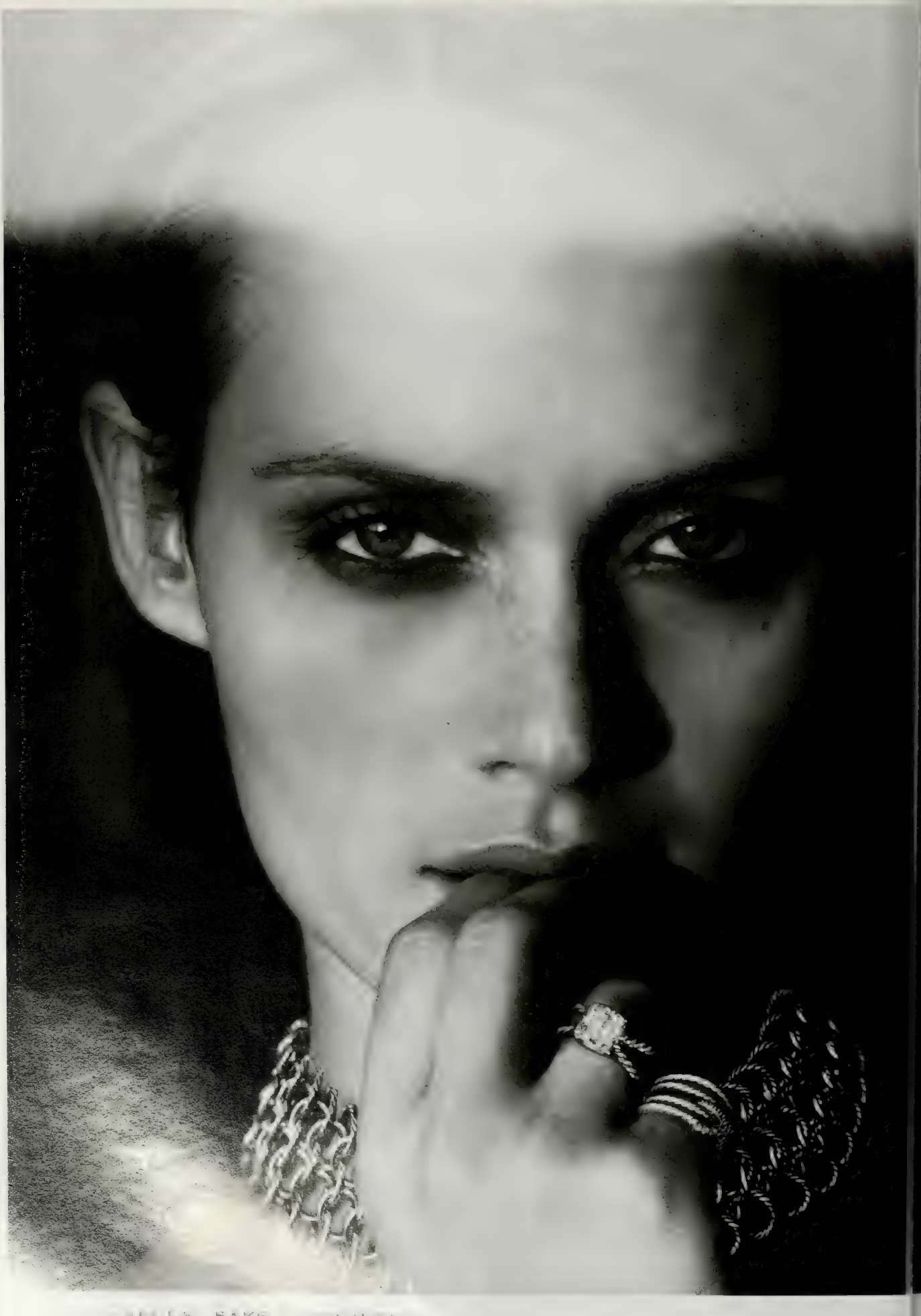
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VANITY FAIR®

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Fanfair

31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE
Sweet Tartt—Elissa Schappell on *The Little Friend.* Hot Reels: Bruce Handy reviews *Auto Focus* and *Eight Women;* Coming Attractions—Walter Kirn picks *White Oleander.* Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Leslie Bennetts reviews Francine Prose's *The Lives of the Muses.* Anne Fulenwider on visual books for fall; Laura Jacobs salutes Alexey Brodovitch. A. M. Homes on art dealer Marian Goodman; Evgenia Peretz on Versace's new exhibition. Patricia Bosworth revisits *The Misfits;* Henry Alford remembers the Ridiculous Theatrical Company's Charles Ludlam. Michael Hogan on post-punkers Interpol; Jeremy Eichler on opera singer René Pape. Brenda Cullerton on Dolce & Gabbana's new digs. Cynthia Rowley shows her stuff; Hot Looks; Go Fig—David Colman on fig fragrance 143

Columns

OXFORD'S REBEL ANGEL Beyond the magic act of J. K. Rowling and the Christian tradition of C. S. Lewis lies the dazzling fantasy world of Philip Pullman, a former Oxford schoolmaster whose subversive trilogy treats innocence as overrated. Christopher Hitchens falls under the spell. Portrait by Christopher Simon Sykes 174

THE PENANCE OF PIRATES Not since the 1980s has the nation clamored so loudly for the heads of white-collar offenders. James Wolcott examines America's punishment principle and predicts a future parade of celebrity ex-cons atoning on the morning talk shows 182

OF BUTLERS AND BILLIONAIRES With two big-time trials (and a novel) in the offing, Dominick Dunne devotes this month's diary to the charges against Princess Diana's butler, a new Safra autopsy report, and the threat to a venerable Hollywood cemetery 188

ENEMIES IN THE BOARDROOM The beginning of the end of Jean-Marie Messier's Vivendi reign may have been his acquisition of Universal. But despite his all too apparent flaws, Messier still had the support of his French directors, *oui? Non.* Vicky Ward files a boardroom postmortem 194

GLAMOUR WITH ALTITUDE In the 50s and 60s, a white-gloved lipstick elite sought love and liberation at 30,000 feet. Before deregulation, political correctness, and 9/11, Bruce Handy recalls, stewardesses—uniformly young, single, and desirable—put the alluring mystique in the golden age of air travel 214

THE UNSINKABLE ELOISE After a 40-year drought, there's new trouble at the Plaza Hotel. Get ready, warns Amy Fine Collins: *Eloise Takes a Bawth* is about to flood a nightstand near you. Illustrations by Hilary Knight 228

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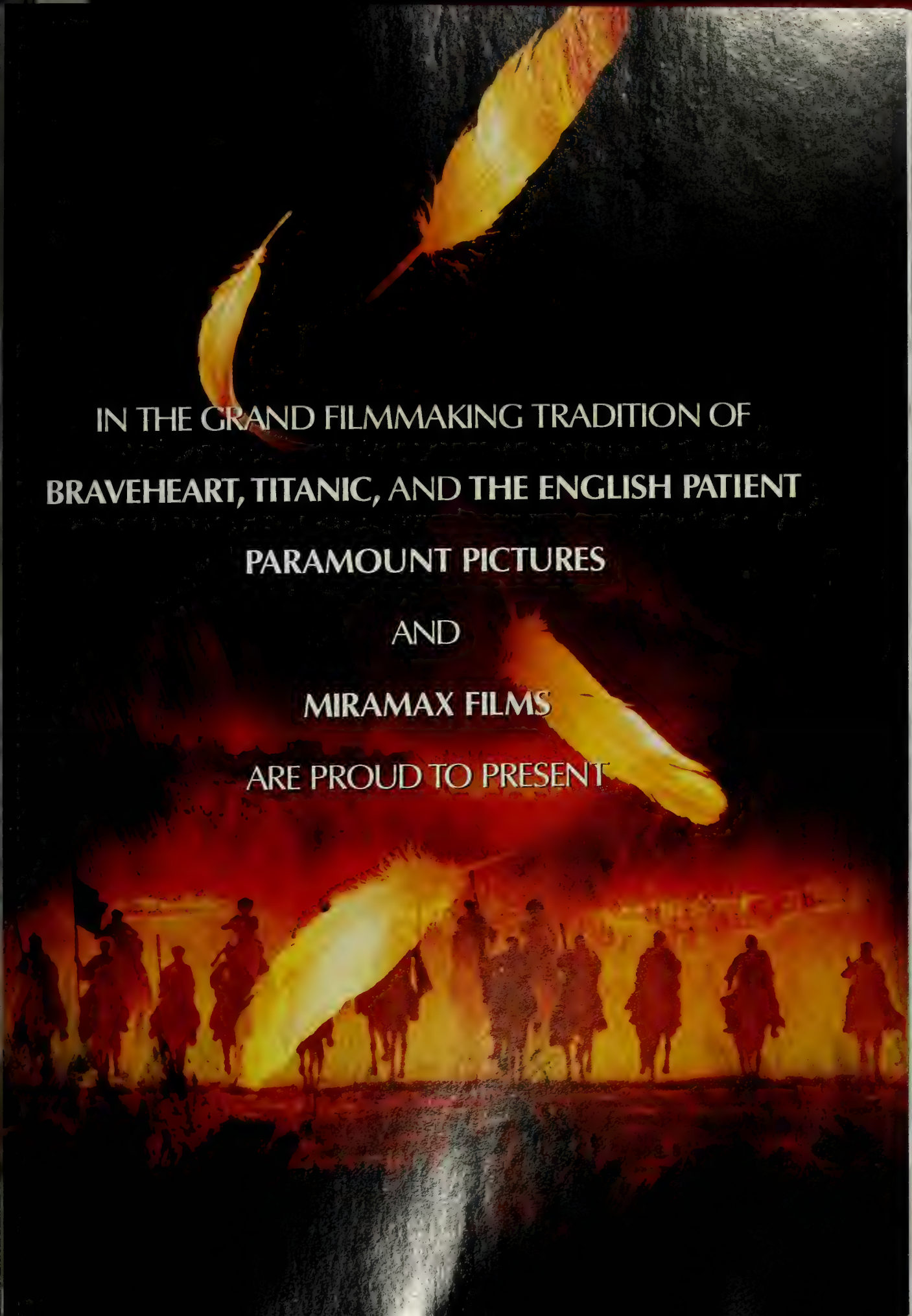
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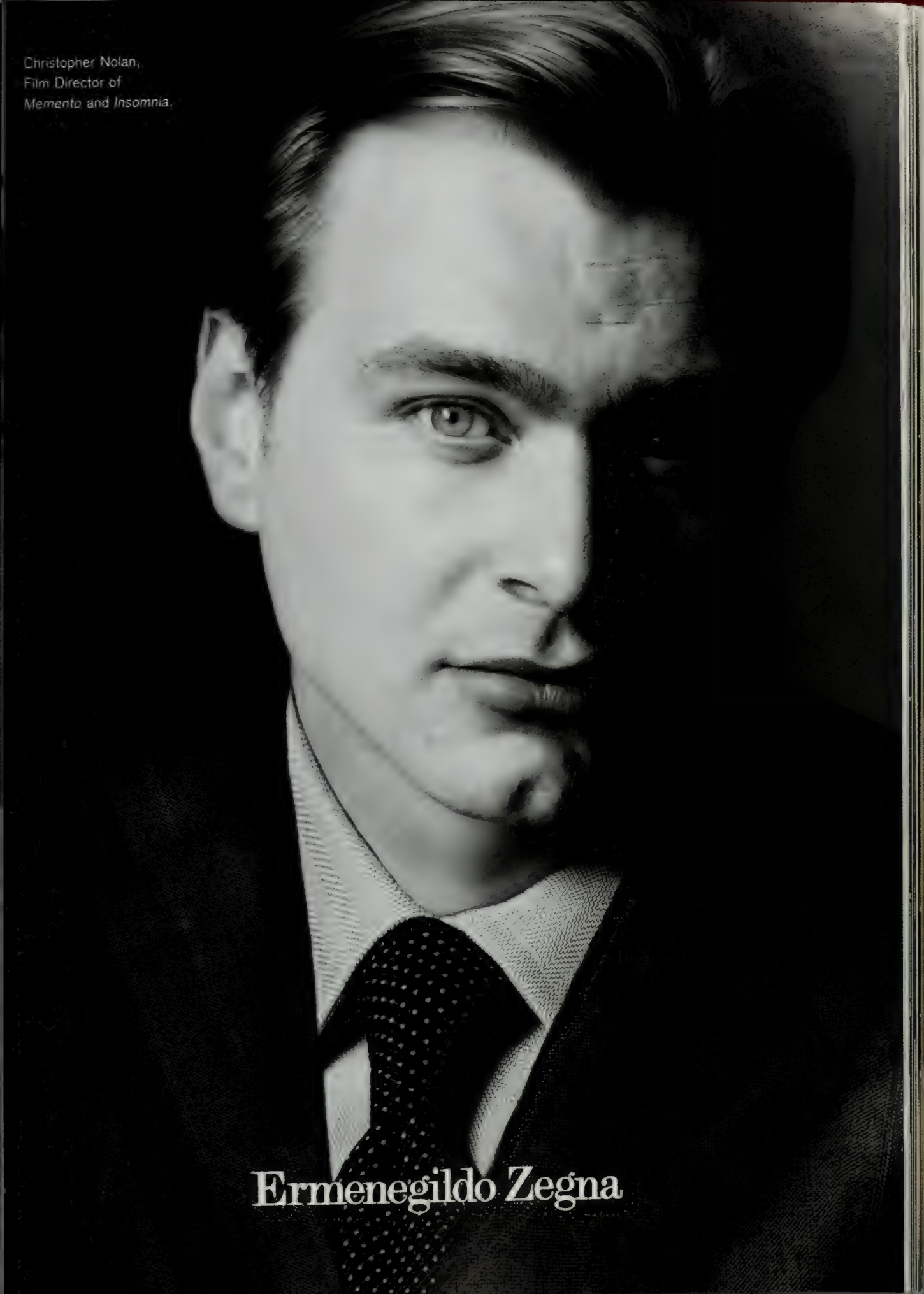
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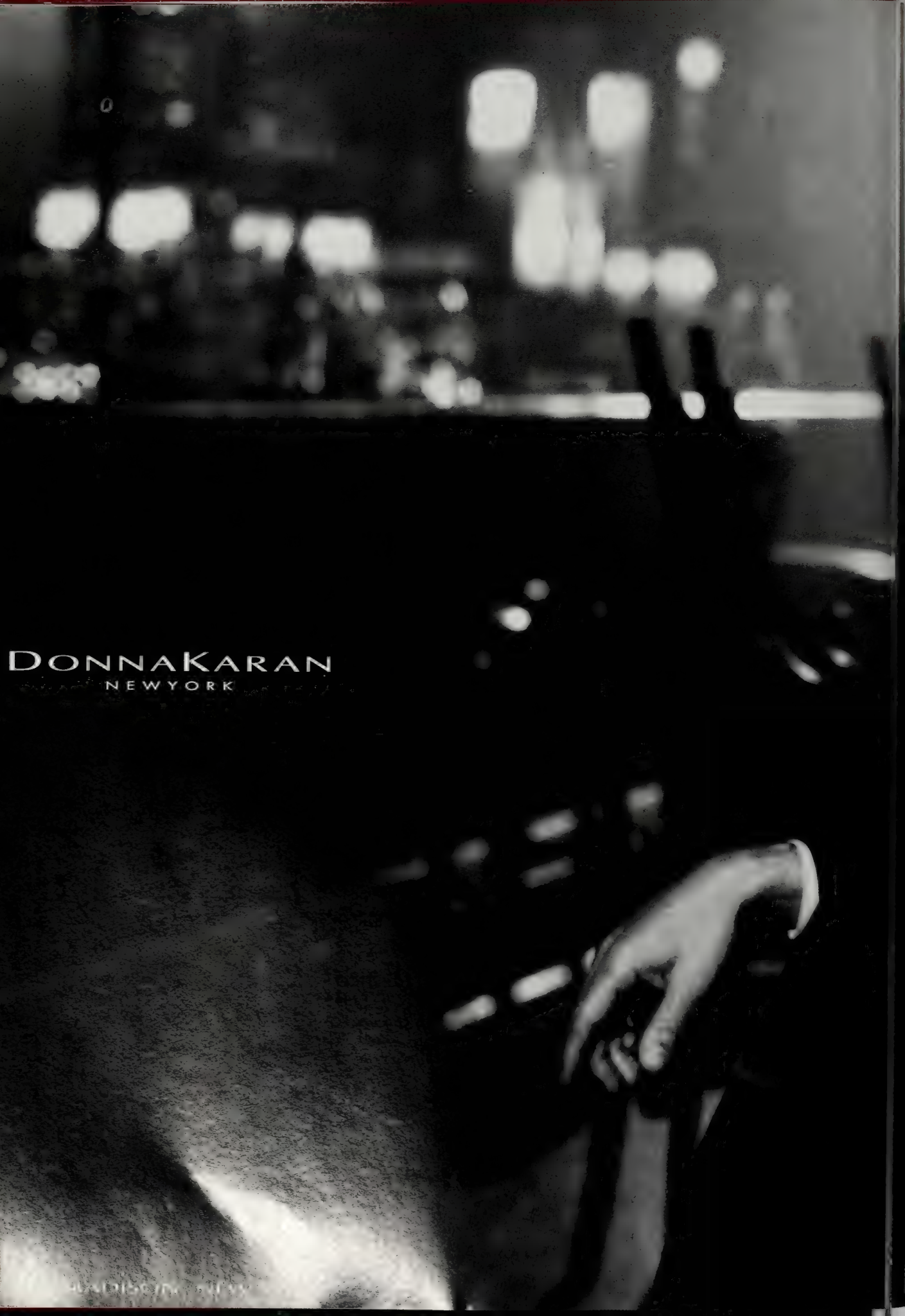
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This fall, *Vanity Fair* will host the first-ever *Vanity Fair* "In Concert" Series. From New York to Chicago to Los Angeles, some of music's biggest stars—including pop ingenue Vanessa Carlton—will take the stage to benefit Step Up Women's Network.



Above: Grammy-nominated hip-hop artist Missy Elliott.

THE CONCERTS

Vanity Fair will kick off the "In Concert" Series with a celebrity-studded V.I.P. event in New York. The concerts will begin in Manhattan on October 22 with the industry's hottest artists, culminating in an all-star musical celebration of Aaliyah titled, "Where My Girls At," featuring Missy Elliott, Tweet, Eve, and other special guests. Chicago will play host to a headlining musician in an intimate setting, while the grand finale concert in Los Angeles will feature a roster of A-list musical talent performing for 2,000 people at the famed Wiltern Theatre.

STEP UP WOMEN'S NETWORK

All proceeds from the *Vanity Fair* "In Concert" Series will benefit Step Up Women's Network, a nonprofit membership organization committed to advancing philanthropy and volunteerism in partnership with the entertainment and media industries. Step Up uses these relationships to affect social change for women and girls through community outreach programs, mentoring opportunities, and fund-raising activities that support women's health issues and advocacy organizations.

Visit www.stepupwomensnetwork.org for the complete details on the *Vanity Fair* "In Concert" Series and Step Up Women's Network.

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SEAGAL UNDER SIEGE Steven Seagal is an aging action hero with a penchant for concealed weapons and Buddhism, but neither guns nor Zen could protect him from what appears to have been a Mafia extortion scheme. Ned Zeman taps the goombah connection—part *Sopranos,* part Deepak Chopra—between Hollywood and Staten Island 236

Special Report

THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT 2002 *VF*'s annual ranking of the 50 most powerful leaders of the Information Age has familiar faces mingling with fresh blood (Tom Hanks), new attitudes (a media-friendly Bill Gates), and some rather eccentric tastes (office plushies, Miller Genuine Draft) that speak of a yearning for reassurance on the edge of the precipice 253

Vanities

JUST JOSH Ed Coaster's family affair. Q&A: George Wayne shares the company of actor John Ritter. Dame Edna restores civility to society. Neal Pollack's media memoir; Out & In: Michael Jackson, Snakehead, and Traficant 289

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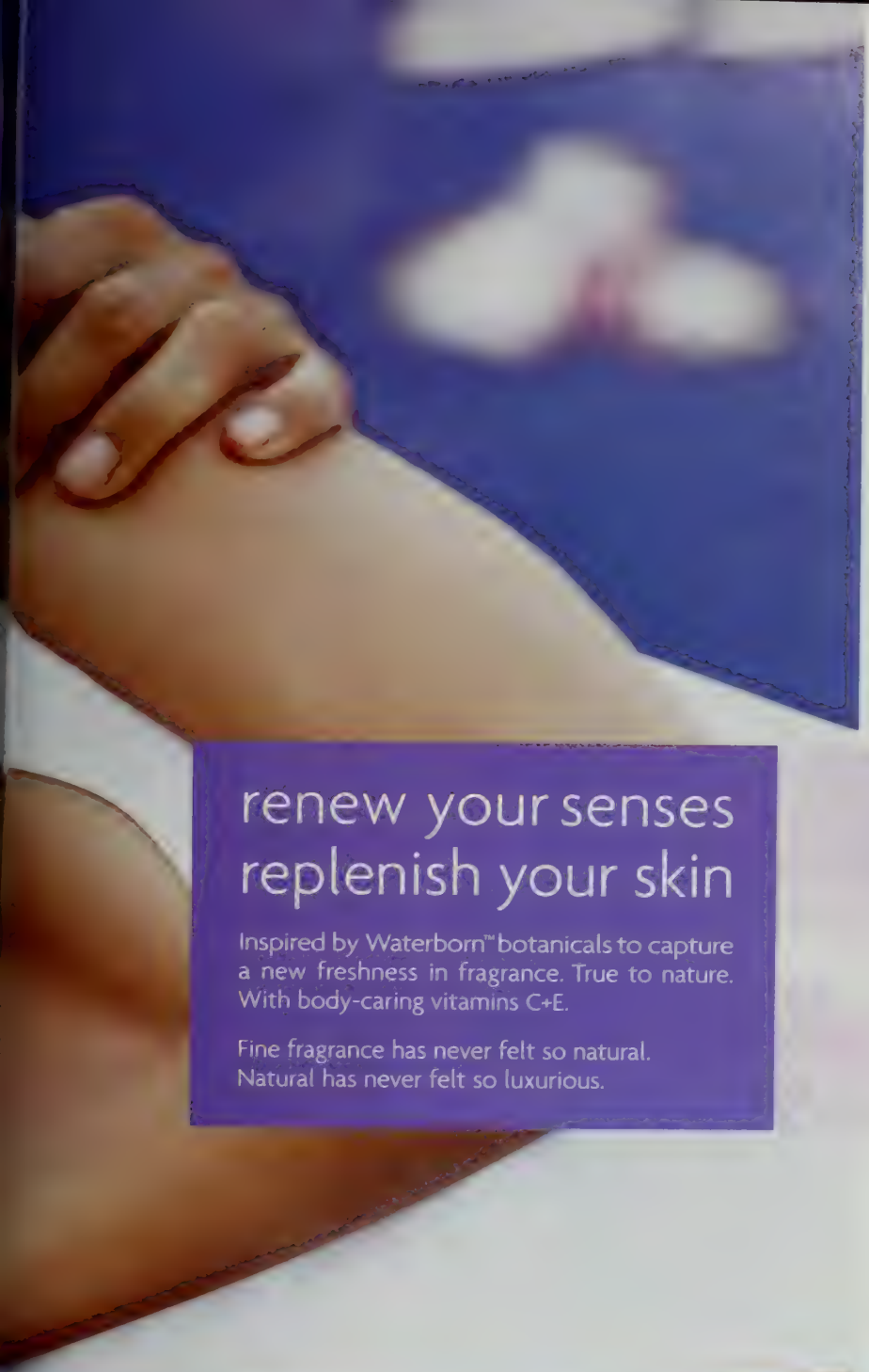


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Above: The Concert Hall at The Performing Arts Center at Purchase College.

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Temples in the Sky



Anyone who lives in this fabulous, skyscraping metropolis is very likely to have his own little patented architecture tour for interested friends and out-of-towners. If the day is cooperative and the guests are willing, I can keep my exploration going for hours. But I have also divided it into segments so that the poor souls I'm spiriting around can bail without appearing rude or uninterested. I have literary and political tours. A modernist tour. A turn-of-the-century one. And I have a tour in which I just point out quirks and oddities that spark my imagination: apartments with ballrooms or swimming pools; a building erected on a layer of cork to cushion it from the rumble of the trains beneath; the reliefs in the lobby of the Woolworth Building depicting Frank Woolworth and his architect, Cass Gilbert. The tour I never tire of is my skyscraper one. It is the expedition that most reflects my own wide-eyed hunger for the city when I moved here from Canada 24 years ago.

New York attracted the architectural stars of the last century like no other city did. How could it not be so? Locked to an island where horizontal sprawl was out of the question, dreamers and tycoons, aided by the invention of the elevator and the excitable minds of designers with thirsts for immortality, took to developing what could never have been imagined before—the heavens. This issue of *Vanity Fair* is rife with soaring architectural marvels built out of stone or steel and glass, ones that always make cameo appearances on my New York tours. In "Forever Modern," on pag 318, Matt Tyrnauer tells the story of th building and recent renovation of Leve House, Gordon Bunshaft's tall, coc drink of water on Park Avenue. If gre modernist architecture is about flot tion, Lever House, now a half-centur old, veritably shimmers above the sid walk between 53rd and 54th Streets.

No family has had quite the impact on New York's skyline th the Rockefellers have. And in an excerpt from his new memoi on page 342, David Rockefeller recalls the arc of a family dynast that created two of the city's iconic landmarks: Raymond Hood romantic 1930s epic, Rockefeller Center, and Minoru Yamasaki spare World Trade Center towers. (So derided when they wer built; now so terribly missed. And so large! Each floor was almo big enough to house two entire 24-story Lever Houses.)

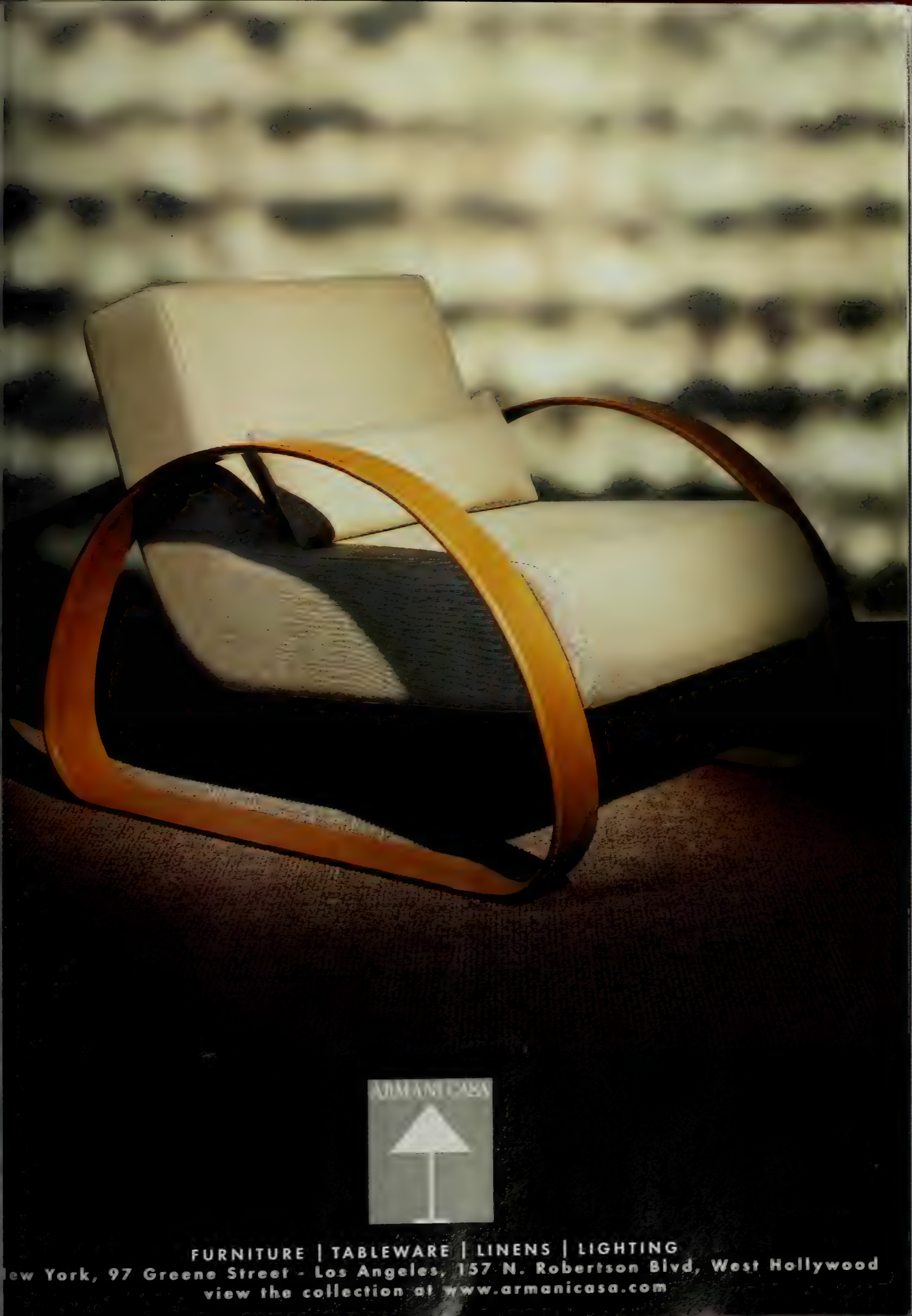
Across the continent is another architectural jewel, Paramou Studios. I remember driving through the Bronson Gate for th first time more than two decades ago and shuddering with excit ment at the lush lawns, the soundstages, and the low-slung wri ers' bungalows. I was outside the gate again this year for a hi toric group photograph by Annie Leibovitz of 90 stars who ha been gathered together to celebrate Paramount's 90th annive sary. The result of that shoot, a three-panel keepsake, "The Par mount Century," appears on page 305. By the way, I have a L.A. architecture tour as well. And that glorious Paramount lot a major stopover.

—GRAYDON CARTE



PARK AVENUE MODERN

PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD EBERLE FOR COVER DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE


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Above, left to right: Mario Polit, Curt Bartsch, Jonathan Cropper, and Alison Eastwood; *below, left:* Alison Eastwood and Michael Combs relaxing outside the party.



VANITY FAIR AND INFINITI HOST A STAR-STUDDED NIGHT OF FASHION

On July 16, *Vanity Fair* and Infiniti hosted the launch party for Eastwood Ranch's new clothing line, designed by Alison Eastwood, daughter of legendary screen actor Clint Eastwood. Chadwick restaurant in Beverly Hills—co-owned by chef Benjamin Ford, son of actor Harrison Ford—played host to a bevy of celebrity guests including the Eastwoods, Ali Landry, Natasha Henstridge, Shiva Rose McDermott, Ming-Na, Natalie Raitano, Shannon Elizabeth, and Gretchen Mol.

One of the evening's highlights was a display featuring the new 2003 Infiniti G35 sport coupe, which was accompanied by an interactive display that allowed guests to learn more about the car. Throughout the night, guests sipped specialty cocktails as they viewed Eastwood Ranch's summer and fall collections and enjoyed a sneak peek at the spring 2003 collection. The Eastwood Ranch clothing line is available at select retailers in the U.S., including Henri Bendel New York, Fred Segal Santa Monica, and E Street Denim Chicago.



Above: A passenger enjoying gifts from *Vanity Fair* and Tiffany & Co. en route to the Hamptons.

VANITY FAIR HEADS FOR THE HAMPTONS

This summer, *Vanity Fair* showered guests who traveled aboard the Hampton Luxury Liner with gifts from its prestigious advertisers. Traveling between Manhattan and the Hamptons, each guest received a bag filled with treats such as Ellen Tracy-branded Zagat's *Hamptons Restaurants* guides, Tiffany & Co. stationery, the Club Med fragrance, The Healing Garden products, postcards from E!, the Vera Wang fragrance, and issues of *Vanity Fair*. In addition, Corum provided Liner guests with a VIP Access Card for London Jewelers' East Hampton and Southampton stores. Cardholders were able to receive a special gift compliments of *Vanity Fair* with the try-on of a Corum timepiece.



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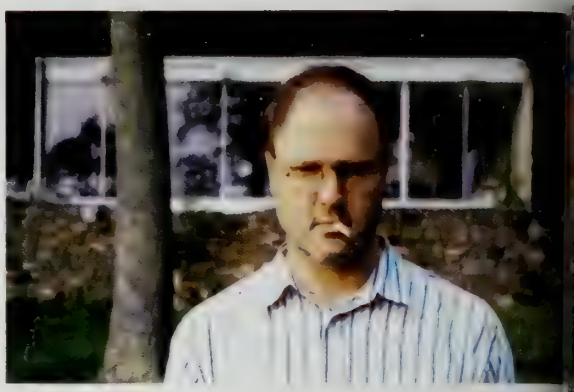
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96



For contributing photographer **Todd Eberle,** the chance to shoot the newly renovated Lever House not only fed his admiration for architect Gordon Bunshaft, but also held a personal connection. "Last year I was looking for property in Connecticut and happened upon a house designed by Louis Skidmore, Bunshaft's associate, that had been taken off the market becau no one wanted it," says Eberle. "I bought it that day." Eberle sees places such as Lever Hou as enlightened examples of modernism. "The greatest thing for me was that someone made decision that it was worthy of saving. I think in a world where they're tearing down Bunsh buildings, leaving things be and seeing how the tastes change is a great inspiratio



Editor-at-large **Matt Tyrnauer** often writes about design, from the high to the low and everything in between. This month, on page 318, he examine historic Lever House and its brilliant, enigmatic, and irascible architect, Gordon Bunshaft. "Bunshaft is one o the great modernists, but also one of the most unexplored and unappreciated Tyrnauer says. "Lever House was his first major building, and it turned out to be the glass box par excellence, a masterpiece that changed design forever." Tyrnauer also edited the New Establishment power list, which chronicles one of the most tumultuou years in the modern history of corporate America.



On page 324, contributing editor **Leslie Bennetts** profiles Heather Mills, now Lady McCartney. According to Bennetts, Mills "elicits very powerful reactions from people, who seem to either adore her or hate her." Bennetts, who met with Mills at her house on the southern coast of England, found her life story fascinating. "I was delighted to be able to spend time with her," Bennetts says, "since she is extremely angry about her treatment by the British press and very wary of reporters." Though Mills is still in the honeymoon phase of her marriage to Sir Paul McCartney, Bennetts believes the real test of her character lies ahead. "Now that she's Lady McCartney and can do pretty much anything she wants to do, her choices will be very revealing."

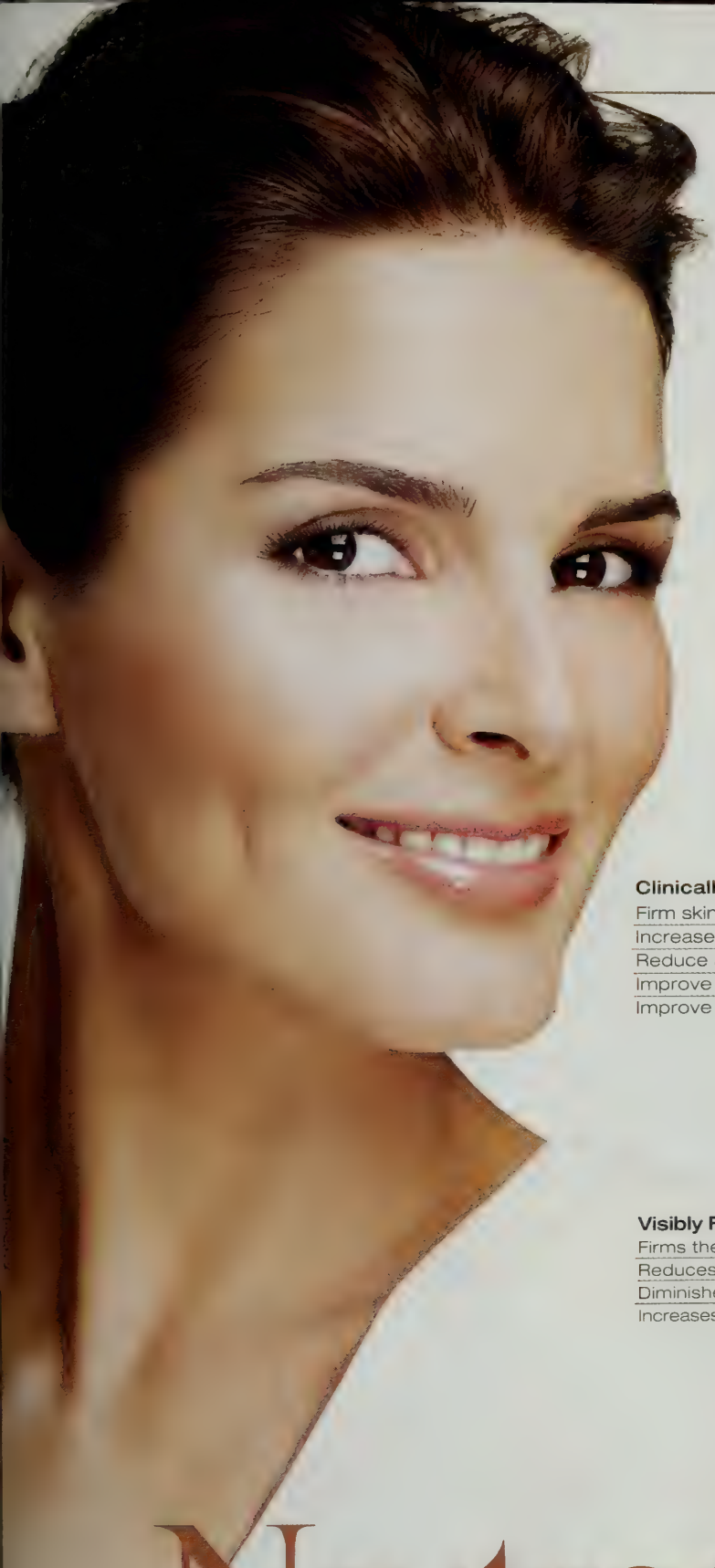
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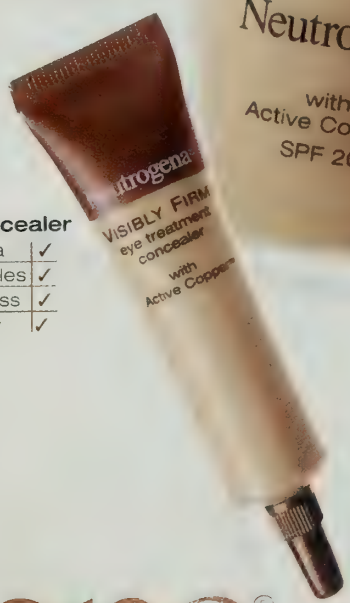
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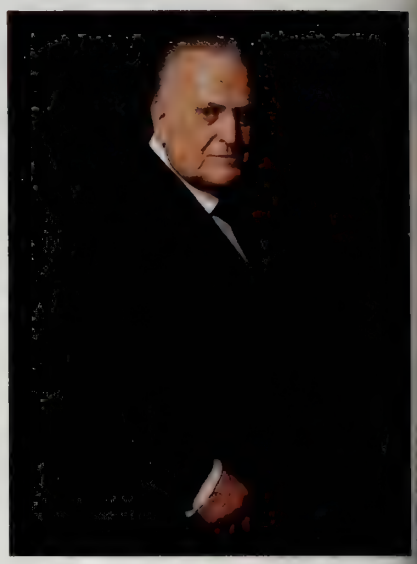
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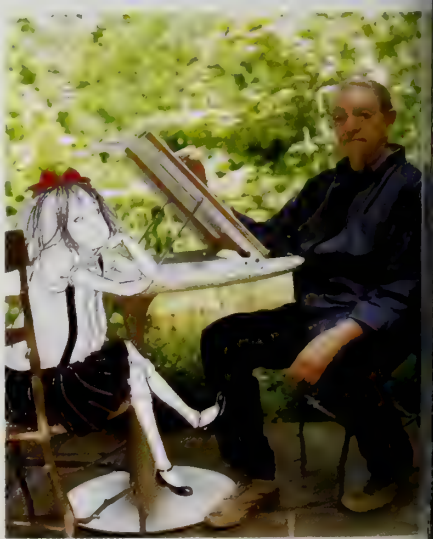
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On page 330, contributing editor **John Richardson** examines Edgar Degas's series of paintings of 19th-century French ballerinas (or "little rats," as the corps of dancers were then called). "What I'm trying to do is make people see Degas's dancers in a new light," Richardson says of the young women often captured in unglamorous and strenuous poses while at rehearsal. "Instead of sentimentalizing them, I portray them as victims of Degas's scathing, unromantic vision." Richardson, whose most recent book is *Sacred Monsters, Sacred Masters*, is completing the third volume of his award-winning biography of Picasso, to be published in late 2003 by Random House.



He has photographed stars such as Gwyneth Paltrow and Robert De Niro, but fashion photographer **Craig McDean** confesses that he doesn't "generally enjoy shooting celebrities." His experience with Madonna, whom he captured in an iconic Man Ray style for this month's cover story, may change that, however. "Usually you just show up," McDean says, "but Madonna is so image-conscious that she wants to meet you beforehand and to know how you plan to represent her." A native of Manchester, England, McDean is a regular contributor to *Vogue*. This is his first *Vanity Fair* assignment.

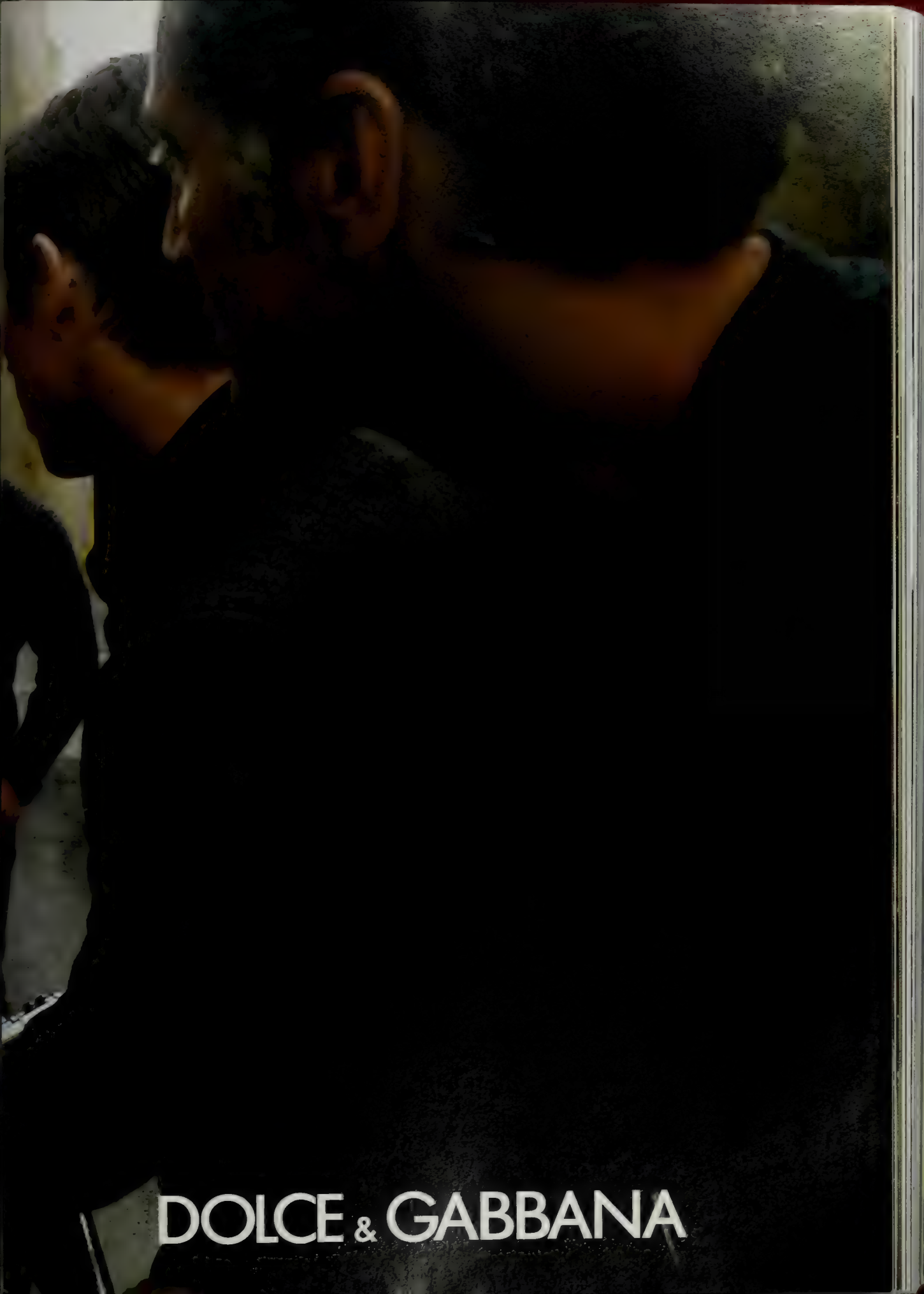


For contributing artist **Hilary Knight**—who brought everyone's favorite Plaza resident, Eloise, to life in four classic books—*Eloise Takes a Bawth* was "an opportunity to re-do something I didn't absolutely love, 40 years later." The original idea was conceived in the 1960s, but both he and author Kay Thompson decided not to publish it, agreeing that it was not their best work. Fast-forward to 1998, when *Vanity Fair* reproduced some of Knight's sketches and sparked a new interest in the little girl. The text was edited, new drawings rendered, and the long-awaited book is due out this month. "So here's Eloise fresh from her 40-year bath," Knight says. "Wrung out, starched, and ironed. Completely refreshed and still only six."

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DOLCE & GABBANA



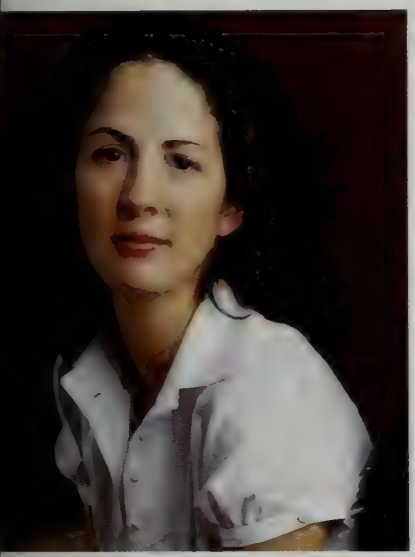

DOLCE & GABBANA


DOLCE & GABBANA
EYEWEAR

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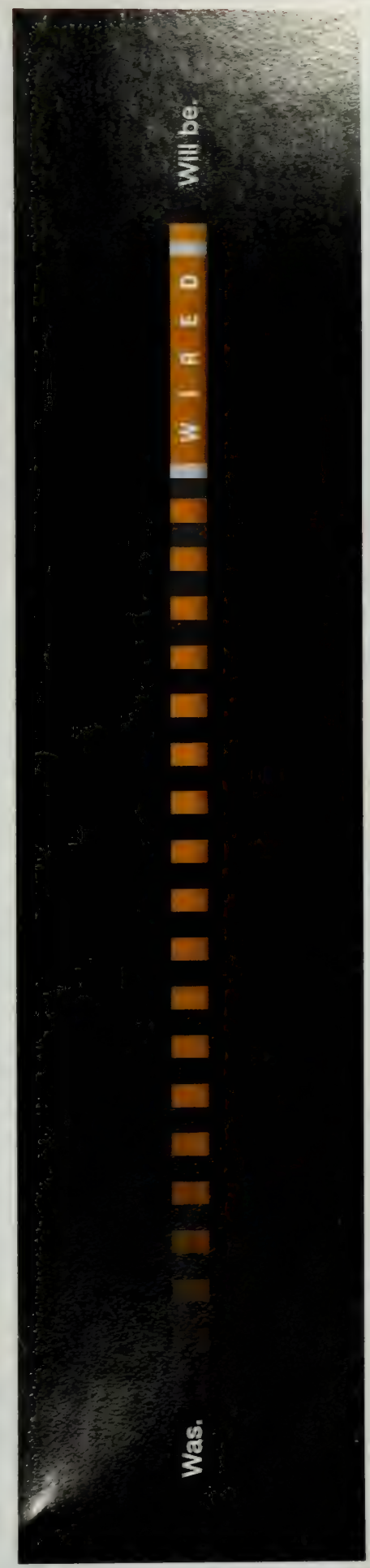
During his 18 years as a *V.F.* contributing photographer, **Bruce Weber** has shot his share of gorgeous creatures, Carolyn Bessette Kennedy and Jude Law among them. This month, Weber hit the mother lode, photographing the five stunning Noel sisters. "I was lucky when I got a chance to photograph them because all five are intelligent and beautiful, play hockey, and sing at their best friends' weddings," says Weber, whose black-and-white portraits start on page 338. "And," he adds, "they don't have to worry about clothes for all their children, because their mother [Monica Noel] has been making the most beautiful clothes for years." Weber is currently working on a new film about C. Z. Guest, as well as a new book, due out this fall.



Growing up with fashion designer Carolina Herrera as her mother, **Patricia Herrera** insists, did not predetermine her career as *Vanity Fair*'s fashion editor. She admits, however, that "my mom's closet was a pretty great place to play dress-up in." Now when a photographer imagines a *V.F.* photo subject in, say, 19th-century riding clothes, Herrera and her colleagues search everywhere from Manhattan's Lower East Side to flea markets in Paris to find the perfect match. This fall she prepares her biggest project yet—her wedding. Her fiancé, Gerrity Lansing, a stock trader who owns his own company, is proof that opposites attract. "He has no idea about shopping," says Herrera. "He doesn't even know where Barneys is."



For this month's issue, **Nigel Parry** photographed David Rockefeller at his residence just north of Manhattan. "He was perhaps one of the most humble people I've ever photographed," Parry says. "It was also very poignant because he was instrumental in building the World Trade Center. He described his sadness for the poor people who were in it when it fell." Parry's most recent book, *Sharp*, is a collection of his black-and-white work. He is currently collaborating with photographer Melanie Pinea on a book, *Precious* (Powerhouse), for the Starlight Foundation, a charity for terminally ill children. "It's all about what different sorts of people find precious about their body."



A 90-STAR SALUTE

Everybody was somebody, but they were all happy to take their places for ANNIE LEIBOVITZ in honor of Paramount's 90th



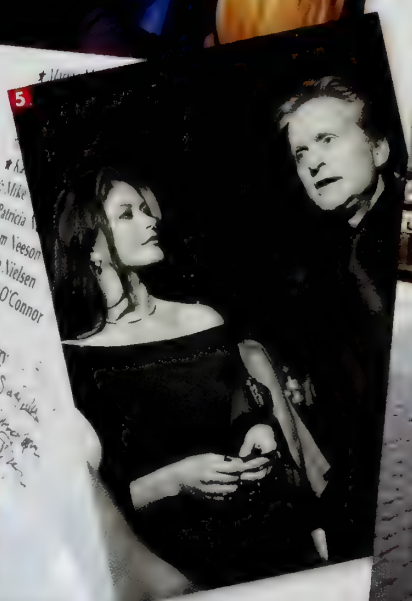
"We look to movies as a reflection of our dreams, our fantasies—even a little bit of reality," Annie Leibovitz said before she took the first shot of the 90 celebrities assembled for the 90th anniversary of Paramount Studios. "You are America's history." The stars were out that night, young and old, every one of equal importance. Some had seen one another the day before. For many it had been decades. Jim Carrey, Hilary Swank, Sidney Poitier, James Coburn, Kirsten Dunst, Nicolas Cage, Jessica Lange, Tom Cruise, and Penélope Cruz all contributed to the dazzling wattage. Liam Neeson told how Jodie Foster had turned him on to his great passion—fly-fishing—while they were filming *Nell* in North Carolina. Annie Leibovitz hadn't seen Demi Moore—whom she photographed nude and pregnant for *V.F.*'s August 1991 cover—since having her own baby, so Demi demanded to see pictures of little Sarah. It was an occasion for meeting idols and basking in the overwhelming talent gathered in one place. —KRISTA SMITH





A-LIST EFFORT
(1) Tom Cruise holds court while James Caan, Al Pacino, and Demi Moore share a laugh. (2) Jessica Lange and Sally Field. (3) Jim Carrey gets a hair fix. (4) Jane Russell signs in. (5) Catherine Zeta-Jones and Michael Douglas. (6) Annie Leibovitz and Sherry Lansing kid around before the shoot.








BURBERRY

DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS

Michael Ovitz experiences some bad Karma; claws are out for papa Steve Bing; fresh hell for Father Paul Shanley; mourning Daniel Pearl; here's to you, Dominick Dunne; and more

In Hollywood, it's screw or be screwed—Michael Ovitz knows this ["Ovitz Agonistes," by Bryan Burrough, August]. I'm sure David Geffen and others had a hand in his downfall, but that's just part of the game. As Ron Meyer pointed out, Ovitz is his own worst enemy and has his own fingerprints on his demise. He had a good ride and should take his wife's advice and just goof off.

PAUL JENDRASIAK
Grand Rapids, Michigan

NOTE TO MICHAEL OVITZ: Corporate America is vicious. You didn't complain when you reaped the rewards of capitalism, but when your good fortune suddenly changed, you vilify the very system you benefited so handsomely from.

ALLYSON VAUGHAN
Arlington, Virginia

HAVING BEEN AN AGENT trainee at CAA and having worked for Michael Ovitz in the late 70s during his rise to power, I find it satisfying to know that what goes around comes around. Ovitz thrived on destroying people and he deserves this fate.

J. GERSTEL
Los Angeles, California

IT'S DIFFICULT TO FEEL sympathy for someone who required me (and all assistants) to avert my eyes when he passed in the halls of CAA.

T. BRIGGS
Santa Barbara, California

AS THE FATHER of the referenced 15-year-old boy (then) dying of cancer, I can't judge whether Ovitz's mentioning my son to the writer was a "naked bid for sympathy." Let me assure you, however, that Mike's concern, as well as his mental and emotional engagement in our plight, was real. Though we were introduced only via E-mail through a mutual friend, he moved quickly and earnestly to get us connected with the best minds at U.C.L.A. Medical. Thanks to the kindness and caring of people like Mike, my son is on the path to remission. I'm forever grateful.

STEVE SEABOLT
Atherton, California

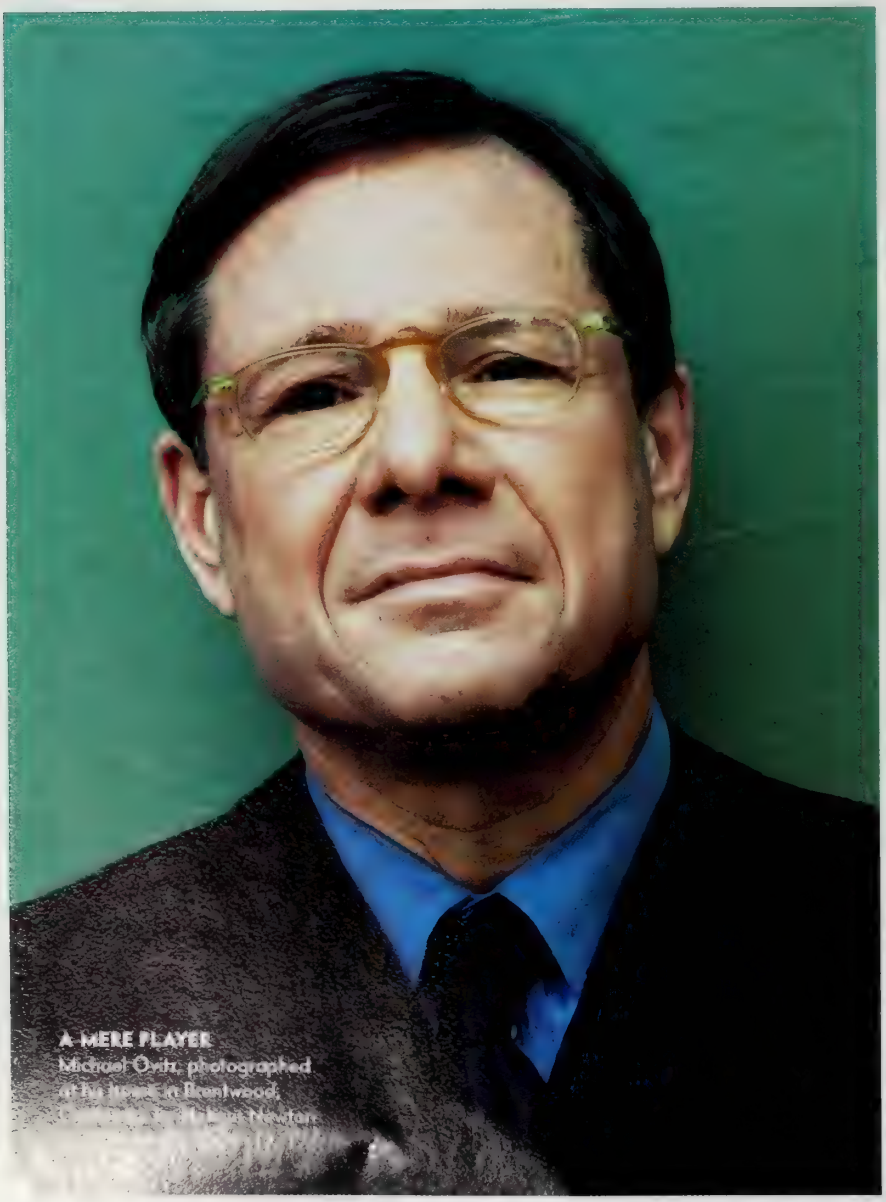
THANK GOD SOMEONE with heft finally had the guts to finger Hollywood's "Gay Mafia." Although the once brave Mr. Ovitz has subsequently apologized, explaining that he "made some statements that were inappropriate" and that the lavender-mob slur "does not reflect my true feelings or attitudes," this turnabout pussyfooting only confirms the fearful fact that powerful gays exist.

MARSHAL PHILLIPS
Los Angeles, California

WHAT DOES SEXUALITY have to do with any of this? Of the numerous people mentioned in the article, only two men were identified as being gay. Besides the ridiculous notion of a Gay Mafia, two men do not a Mafia make.

JEFF PIMENTEL
DENISE ROSS
Palmyra, Pennsylvania

BRYAN BURROUGH LEAVES your readers with the unfair impression that the Gay Mafia is a concept invented by a paranoid, homophobic Mike Ovitz. In fact, Ovitz was



A MERE PLAYER
Michael Ovitz, photographed at his home in Brentwood, [illegible]



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Evelyn H. Lauder, Founder & Chairman

simply using a term which has long been in common usage in Hollywood and which makes general reference to a powerful, closely knit gay media elite.

To make reference to a Gay Mafia in Hollywood is hardly more out of the ordinary than to make reference to an "old boys' club" on Wall Street. Indeed, there is no "club" and there is no "Mafia," but the idea that there exist closely knit groups of men who travel in the same social circles and who have strong business alliances is undoubtedly valid.

Given this context, David Geffen's shocked reaction is exaggerated. Reading the article, one would think that the first time Geffen had heard the words "Gay Mafia" was from Bryan Burrough's lips.

PETER CHERNOFF
Brooklyn, New York

THE CURRENT ATTACK on Mike Ovitz reminds me of the opening sequence in Sam Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch,* in which a scorpion is being devoured by hundreds of ants.

Today's critics of Ovitz are the same people who, not long ago, were worshiping him and kissing his derrière for a moment of his time or for his blessing on one of their projects.

ALEX LUCAS
Budapest, Hungary

WHILE DOING ALL HIS STUDY of Eastern philosophy, Ovitz seems to have entirely missed the chapter on Karma.

MICHAEL McBLANE
Windsor, California

MIKE HAS ACHIEVED more success than any of his enemies. They know it, Mike knows it, Hollywood knows it. Keep your head up, Mike.

BRIAN A. KIRK JR.
St. Louis, Missouri

I RECENTLY READ this quote of U.C.L.A. coaching great John Wooden: "You aren't a failure until you start blaming others for your mistakes." This fits Michael Ovitz like an Armani suit.

BOB BRUNNER
Northridge, California

I BECAME INCREASINGLY irritated with the Ovitz article because of the many allusions to Shakespearean characters, most of them inappropriate. Macbeth, Goneril, Iago . . . by the time I got to Falstaff, I gave up reading. If Bryan Burrough felt a burning need to use this gimmick, I would have tolerated King Lear.

PATRICIA FELMAR
New York, New York

[illegible] regular people" [illegible] Bryan Burrough's piece highly entertaining. For us regular people, watching these power-starved lunatics get in too deep, only to come out bitching and moaning to anyone who will listen, is hilarious. When will we ever tire of hearing the first-person woe-is-me tales of fallen Hollywood?

ERIKA HEGGIE
San Francisco, California



GREENER DAYS
Steve Bing and Elizabeth Hurley at the Bridgehampton Polo Club in July 2001, about nine months before the birth of baby Damian.

STEVE BING'S BABY BOOM

SO, STEVE BING says, "Sure I'd like to have kids . . . kids, that is, that I voluntarily play a part in conceiving" ["Modern Paternity," by Vicky Ward, August]. Maybe Mr. Bing should use a condom every time he "voluntarily" has a sexual encounter with one of the many stars, models, and strippers whom he frequents.

LINDA MOTYKA
Clifton, New Jersey

STEVE BING'S QUOTE that he would like to "voluntarily play a part in conceiving" is ludicrous. Is he accusing Ms. Hurley of rape?

JANE SULLIVAN
Seattle, Washington

I LAUGHED OUT LOUD when I read the quote by Mary Bing that her brother, Steve, had been "reproductively taken advantage of." How absurd. The man has been following his pecker around Hollywood for years, and apparently has never heard of a condom.

RHONDA LIPPMAN
Thousand Oaks, California

ONE CAN ONLY HOPE that Steve Bing's sister is no longer employed as a social worker.

VIRGINIA GAMBRELLE
Charlevoix, Michigan

I'M SURE that, at the Playboy Mansion at age 18, being taught by James Caan to "treat the women well" is a fine lesson in morals for any young man.

MEGHAN RYE
Huntington Beach, California

I GUESS JAMES CAAN, while imparting life lessons to a young Steven Bing at the Playboy Mansion, forgot the speech about men having an equal responsibility with respect to birth control.

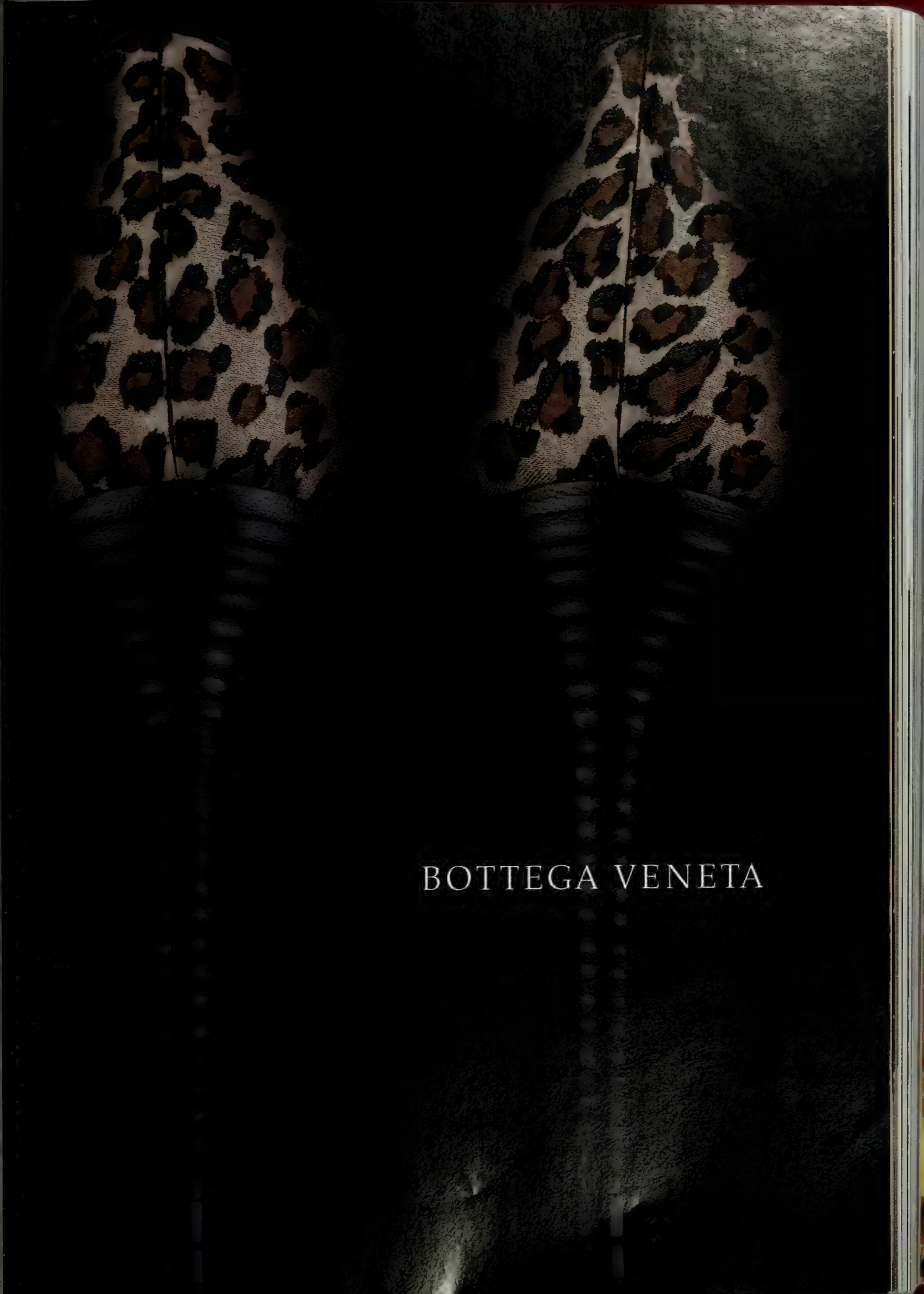
BRENDA SPEELZIEK
Brantford, Ontario

PERHAPS MR. CAAN could provide his friend with a box of Trojans as well as the sage advice he has given him in the past.

ANDREW F. FORROW
Key West, Florida

DEVIL IN A BLACK FROCK

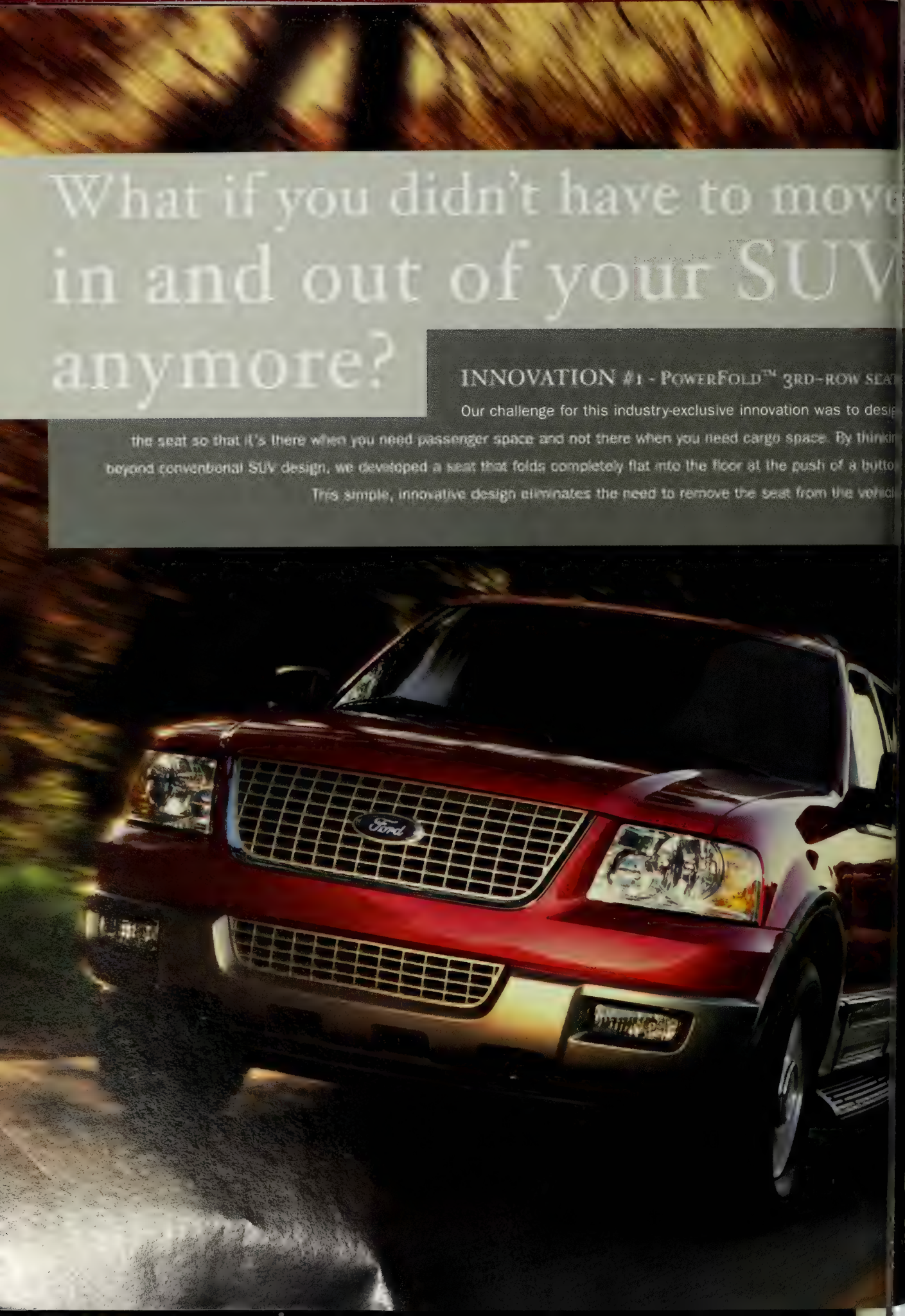
MAUREEN ORTH'S STORY on "Father" Paul Shanley ["Unholy Communion," August] is truly one of the most horrifying stories that I have ever read. If, in fact, Shanley is guilty of these allegations, there will be no adequate punishment in our justice system for the atrocities he committed. It makes me wonder if Shan-


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ley has ever thought about the "rewards" awaiting him in the afterlife.

LESLIE MICHELSEN
Van Nuys, California

IT IS INCOMPREHENSIBLE that the Catholic Church is not being held responsible for turning a blind eye to Paul Shanley's grotesque abuse of children, and, indeed, that it continues to pay him a pension of $1,000 per month.

HEATHER VERDI
New Britain, Connecticut

I COULD NOT SLEEP after reading the Paul Shanley story.

When will the Catholic Church take responsibility for its complicity? When will the Vatican acknowledge that a serious lack of consciousness exists within the practice of their religion? And when will the church finally deal with the issue of celibacy in the priesthood?

Thankfully, these members of the clergy can no longer hide behind their crucifixes, dark robes, and hush money. It is time to make a change so that this can never happen again.

SANDRA BOISSIER
Los Angeles, California

IN THE EYES of the Catholic Church, my 30-odd years of marriage are considered sinful because of a previous three-year, Catholic-ordained marriage that I refused to get annulled.

If I am a sinner, what is Mr. Shanley? The Catholic Church had better get its list of sins in proper order. Fathers, heal thyselves.

ALICE SAWA
Yardley, Pennsylvania

"UNHOLY COMMUNION" shed even more light on what America has come to know as perhaps the Catholic Church's darkest hour. However, I was dismayed by the fact that you printed the photograph of Father Paul Shanley at "gay skating night."

It's hard enough to be gay in a country whose citizens often seek to ostracize or morally convict homosexuals for simply existing. It's worse to come across a picture that might imply a connection between homosexuals and those who prey on children or adolescents.

TIMOTHY LEYLAND
Spokane, Washington

I APPLAUD MAUREEN ORTH and *Vanity Fair* for having the courage to write and publish the article on Father Shanley. The horror Shanley inflicted is unimaginable and the complicity of the church unforgivable. Yet the conundrum of being Catholic is that we continue to need to practice, thereby implying our forgiveness. Our need for the divine somehow transcends the sins of the church. Would that Rome showed its faithful similar grace.

E. S. T. WHEATLEY
Washington, D.C.

ONCE AGAIN MAUREEN ORTH has courageously told it like it is, this time regarding the Catholic Church sex scandal. By doing it, she has given true evidence of the Catholic laity's faith and trust in God.

LUCILLE SOCCIARELLI
Fall River, Massachusetts

IN THE BARRAGE of news accounts about abusive priests and complicit bishops, too little attention has been paid to the horrific toll of human suffering that results from these crimes. Your story helped to remedy this imbalance and to remind us what this scandal is fundamentally about: the spiritual, emotional, and physical safety of kids.

DAVID CLOHESSY
National director
Survivors Network of Those Abused by Priests
St. Louis, Missouri

DANIEL PEARL'S FATAL QUEST

HAVING CRIED while reading Robert Sam Anson's article on Daniel Pearl ["The Journalist and the Terrorist," August], I felt compelled to write. Anson wrote with such humanity that we are once again left in mourning over Daniel's death. The article highlighted what we are loath to dwell on: the barbaric nature of humanity under the guise of religion. The only redemption we can find is in the memory of Daniel himself and the fact that, in the face of ugliness, good people continue to seek the truth.

GRACE STEPHENSON
Dublin, Ireland

IT APPEARS THAT Daniel Pearl was so intent on "getting the story" that he threw all caution to the wind, which sadly cost him his life. What also puzzles me is how Ahmed Omar Saeed Sheikh, a product of a caring family and a quality education, could grow up to become so pathetic. I do, however, think his statement that "holy warriors ejaculate at the moment of death" is possible. Imagine the shock of opening your eyes and, instead of seeing Muhammad and a bunch of virgins as promised, you're looking directly into the eyes of Satan.

SANDRA CROWLEY
St. Louis, Missouri

AND JUSTICE FOR MARTHA

THE GUILTY VERDICT in the Skakel case is not only justice for the Moxleys but also a slap in the face to all the "privileged" who

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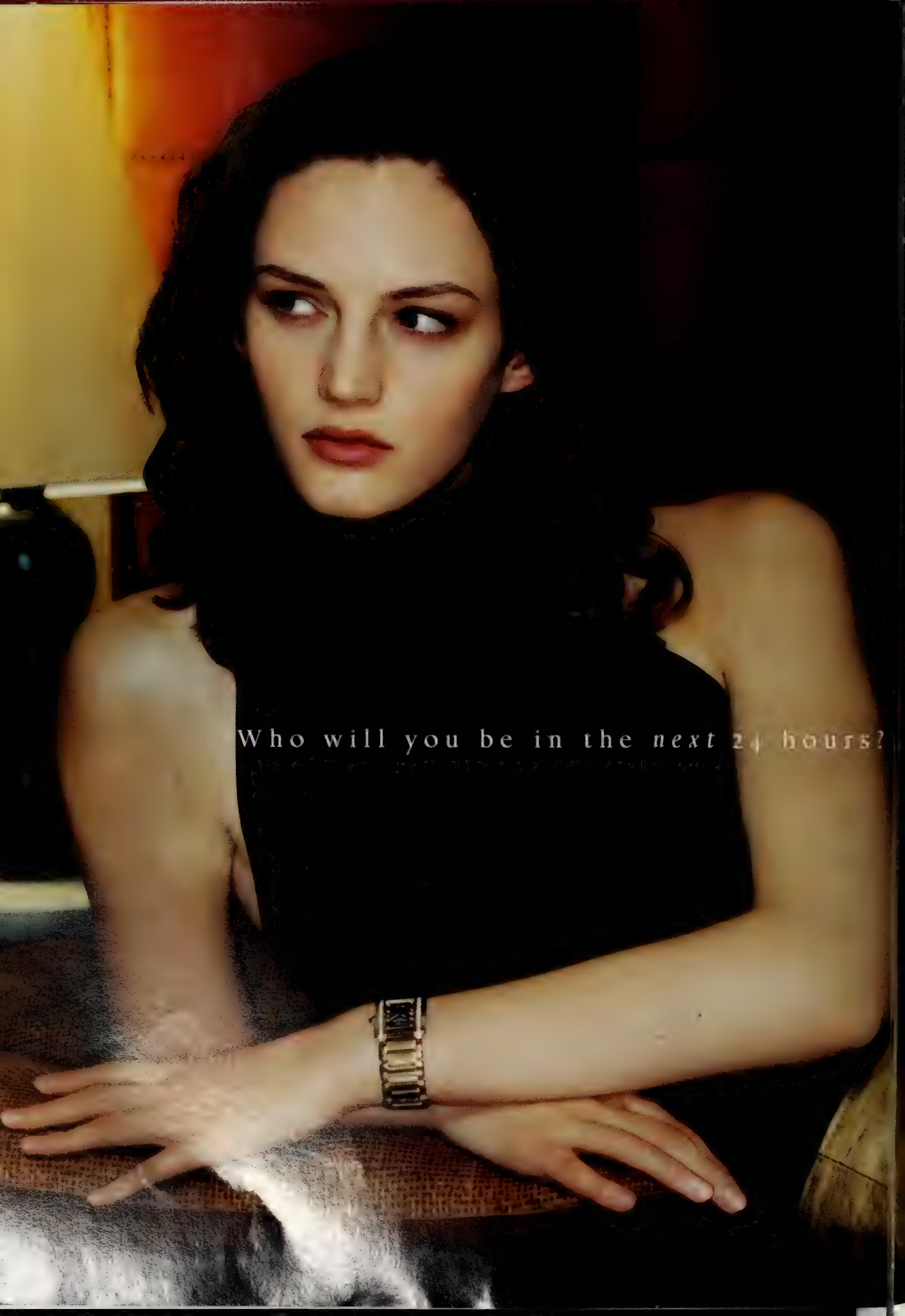
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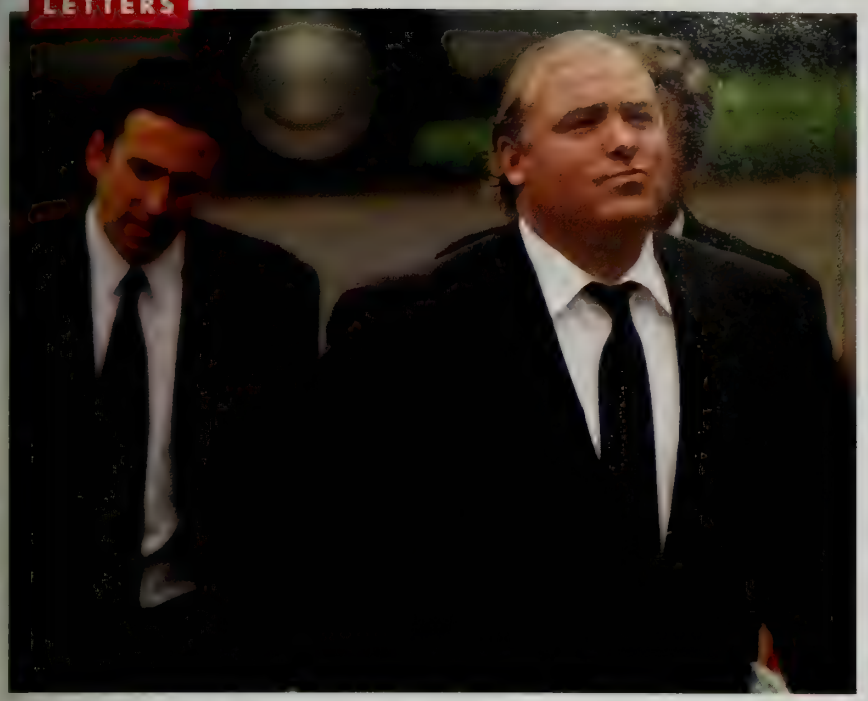

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DATE WITH DESTINY
Michael Skakel heads into court in Norwalk, Connecticut, on June 7, 2002. Later that day, he would be convicted of the 1975 murder of Martha Moxley.

may believe they can get away with murder ["Triumph by Jury," by Dominick Dunne, August].

The work Dominick Dunne has done following this case, starting with *A Season in Purgatory,* has been remarkable. The emotion with which he wrote this last chapter on the verdict of the Moxley trial was vivid and palpable. I almost wept while reading the words in his final paragraph: "Here's to you, Martha Moxley and Dominique Dunne, who got gypped out of your lives. I send you both my love." Beautiful, simple, and sincere.

SILVIA HOLE
Shawnee Mission, Kansas

IN "TRIUMPH BY JURY," Dominick Dunne wrote from his heart and in the process brought some closure to the pain of Dorthy Moxley and to his own anguish in having lost a daughter. It was his finest hour as a writer.

RICHARD DE THUIN
New York, New York

ELAINE'S SILENT PARTNER

EVERY TIME ANOTHER Elaine's anniversary rolls around I dread the onslaught of articles in which my late father Donald Ward's contributions to the launching of the restaurant are conveniently ignored. However, I find those previous omissions far preferable to the treatment he received in A. E. Hotchner's piece ["Queen of the Night," July].

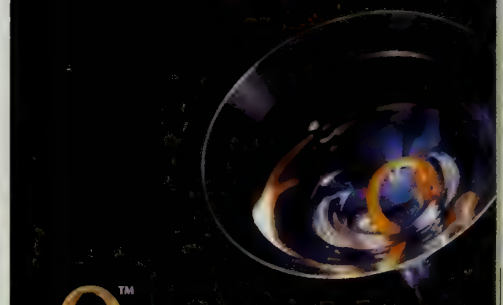
Elaine Kaufman deserves all the credit in the world for the enduring success of her business. There is no doubt that her talent, hard work, and determination are responsible for its evolution into a New York institution. If the dissolution of the partnership between her and my father had ended with his gaining control of the business, it is at best questionable whether there would still be anything left to write about. Yet to characterize him as nothing more than a temporary impediment to the prosperity of Elaine's is untrue and unfair.

That he spent too much time "at the bar, drinking," is undeniable. At that time my father was in the early stages of alcoholism, a disease that would slowly and methodically ravage his entire life. Whether or not he refused Mr. Capote entry, we have no choice but to take Elaine's word as fact, since both parties in question are no longer alive. Whether in doing so he used the words "I'm not letting fags in here," we are again forced to rely on Elaine's recollections, which do seem a little fuzzy at times. One particular assertion ("Mary Ann Madden, who brought Ring Lardner") seems curious, since my mother, Mary Jane Lardner, is his niece.

At his worst my father was difficult to work with and surely said things to people that he probably shouldn't have. However, he was by no means the inept, homophobic boor described in Mr. Hotchner's piece. My father was as progressive, tolerant, and sensitive a man as one could hope to find in that period. When he was "on" he was charming, gregarious, and added a colorful spark to those early nights in

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Elaine's, and he was an integral part of its early success. He was also painfully aware that his own shortcomings caused him to squander a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for himself and his family. It was a realization that hounded him right up to his end, on the edge of a straight razor in the summer of 1991.

I wish Elaine only continued success and happiness. She was a warm and loving presence for my sister and me when we were small children running under the tables, scavenging for jukebox money. She has continued to be gracious and generous, even allowing me to film a scene for my first movie there, helping me embark on a new career. I only wish that she, Mr. Hotchner, and your magazine could have shown my father the sympathy and compassion that he was never able to find for himself.

DONAL DIONYSIUS LARDNER WARD
New York, New York

A. E. HOTCHNER REPLIES: The recollections about Donald Ward are not mine, they are Elaine's, and she, in this article, as in life, is straightforward and honest about the people she has been involved with. Donald does deserve commiseration, as do many of the people who appear in the article, but that's another story.

THE BARON AND THE BARNYARD

I VISITED the Museo Thyssen-Bornemisza, in Madrid, a couple of summers ago, and although I was mesmerized by the splendid selection of art, I was underwhelmed by the larger-than-life, ego-enhancing portraits of the Baron and Tita that greet visitors at the entranceway.

Perhaps that may explain how my eagerness to absorb "Treacherous Inheritance" [by Michael Shnayerson, August] slowly transformed into the feeling that I had entered a surrealistic barnyard where the various species intermingled, snorted, and rutted.

JC DRISCOLL
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

CORRECTION: On page 374 of the September issue, the name of James Schamus, the screenwriter of The Hulk *and co-president of Focus Features, was misspelled.*

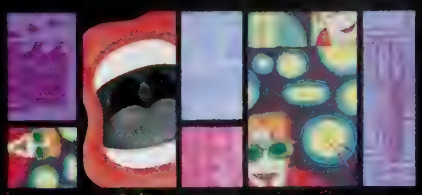
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QUIM LLENAS

GRAND ILLUSIONS
Visitors at the Museo Thyssen-Bornemisza in Madrid take in portraits of the late Baron Hans Heinrich Thyssen-Bornemisza and his fifth wife, Tita. The couple had been embroiled in one of the most expensive legal battles in history, against the baron's children.

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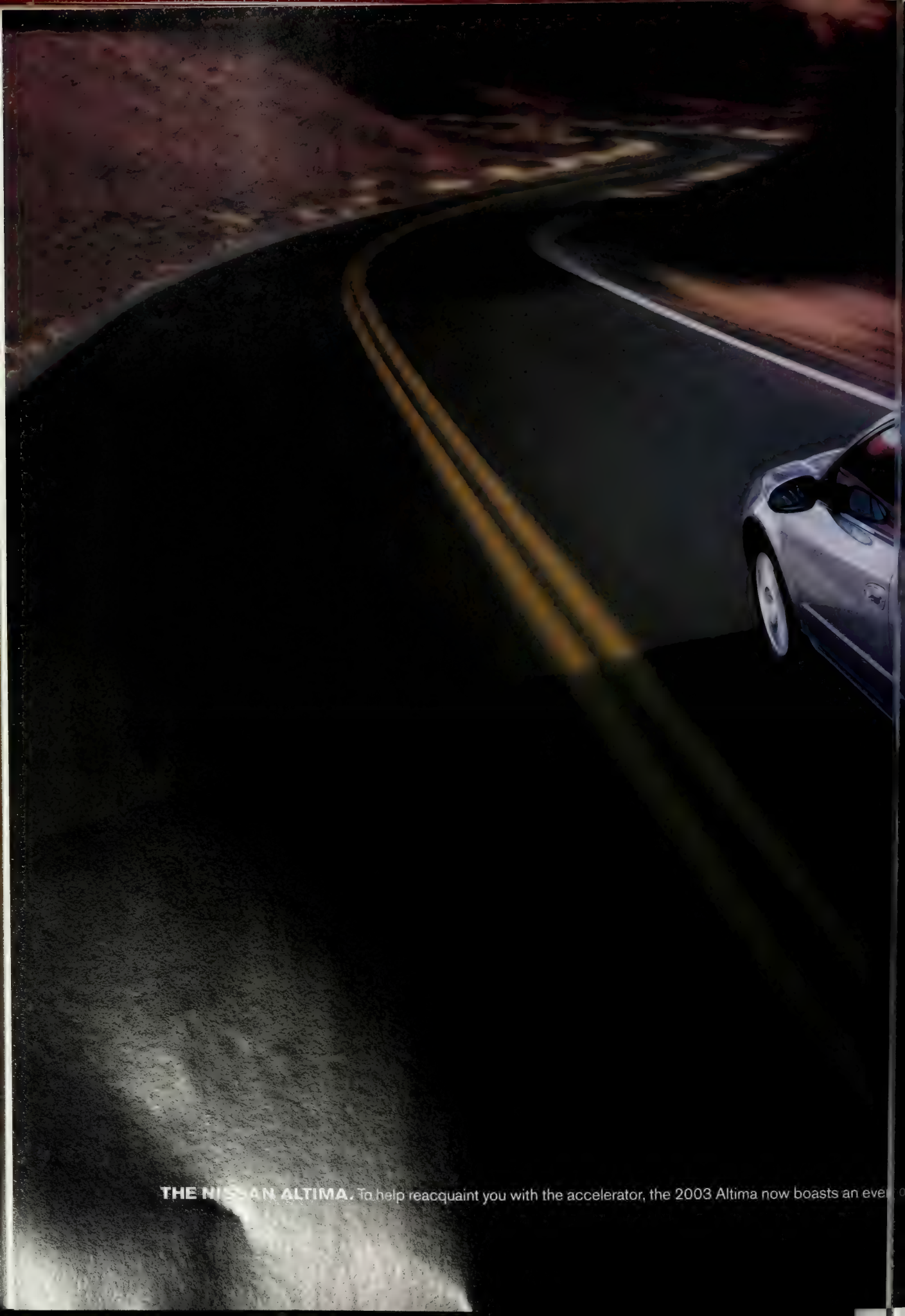
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FANFAIR

31 Days in the Life of the Culture

October 2002



Bella Donna

Donna Tartt, whose debut novel, *The Secret History*, took the literary world by storm in 1992, has emerged from 10 years of mysterious silence. Her long-awaited second novel, *The Little Friend*, comes out from Knopf in November. Photographed in New York City on July 20, 2002.

See story on page 156.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN JEAN ROY



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LOUIS VUITTON

October

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY



A dragonfly buckle, circa 1900, at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts.

1 Richard Strauss's *Salome*, at the New York City Opera. Ways to Deal with Unrequited Love, No. 1,077,333: Ask your stepfather to bring you your beloved's head on a silver platter.

2 Gala-opening benefit concert at Carnegie Hall. The strings: plucked, bowed, retightened. The elegantly dressed women of a certain age: plucked, bowed, retightened.

3 Tomorrow at the Beverly Hills Library: Mineko Iwasaki, the most revered geisha in Japan, signs copies of her memoir, *Geisha: A Life*. Elsewhere, *Memoirs of a Geisha* author Arthur Golden spends day regrouting bathroom.

4 Maggie Smith and Judi Dench open in David Hare's *The Breath of Life*, in London's West End. Both actresses are dames; this show is dame-heavy.



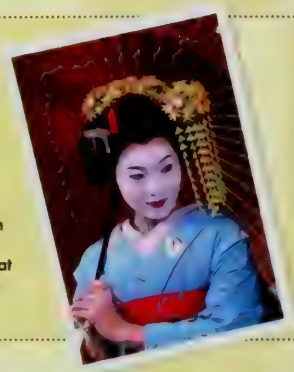
5 "Celebrating Art Nouveau," at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, in Richmond. Symbolist, Jugendstil, and Liberty-style work on display, much of it melty.

6 Cities in thrall to brilliant performers this weekend: Springsteen plays Philadelphia, and Savion Glover finishes his run of *Bring in Da Noise, Bring in Da Funk* in Atlanta.



7 N.Y.C.'s Fashion Institute of Technology prepares "Scaasi: Exuberant Fashion," to open next week; L.A.'s Book Soup hosts Irvine Welsh (*Trainspotting*) reading from his new book, *Porno*. Today's word is "unapologetic."

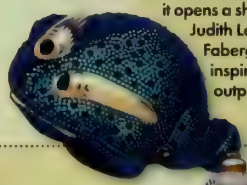
8 The San Francisco Ballet kicks off—a little ballet humor for you—its 70th season by performing at N.Y.C.'s City Center.



10 Night No. 3 of Tony Curtis—playing Osgood Fielding III, not Josephine—in the musical version of *Some Like It Hot*, in San Francisco for four weeks. Speaking from a camp perspective, this could be rich.

11 Joan Cusack turns 40. Intelligent goofiness has a moment.

12 Greta Garbo and Hillary Clinton have enjoyed her handbags. Now Washington's Corcoran Gallery does, too, apparently: today it opens a show of Judith Leiber's Fabergé-egg-inspired output.



13 "Deceptions and Illusions: Five Centuries of Trompe l'Oeil Painting," at Washington, D.C.'s National Gallery. Your oeils are gonna be totally tromped!

14 *Dance of the Vampires*, based on Roman Polanski's *The Fearless Vampire Killers* and starring Michael Crawford, opens on Broadway. Think *plasma*.

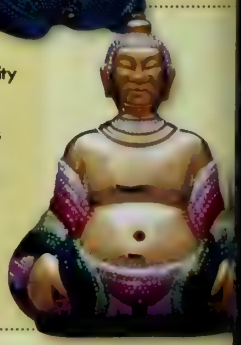
15 A civil servant discovers he can walk through walls (dull jobs lead to *all* sorts of fanciful thinking) in the new Broadway musical *Amour*, in its last week of previews.

16 London's National Gallery explores how Madame de Pompadour—Louis XV's official mistress—created her image for social and political gain. (Highly effectively, we're guessing.)



17 Dame Edna in New Haven. Bugle beads, Yalies: worlds collide.

18 Exciting opportunity to use the word "Shavian": Costa Mesa, California's South Coast Rep opens both a new theater complex this month and Shaw's *Major Barbara* today.





21 This month the National Breast Cancer Awareness Program auctions off, yes, popcorn buckets designed by celebrities, including, yes, Al Roker.



22 "Femme Fatale: Fashion and Visual Culture in Fin-de-Siècle Paris," at N.Y.C.'s Fashion Institute of Technology. Tea gowns, insouciance.



23 Work by Herzog and de Meuron, the recent (Swiss) winners of the Pritzker Architecture Prize, at the Canadian Centre for Architecture in Montreal. *On regarde!*

24 Today's theme is Surprising People Taking the Reins: former N.Y. Philharmonic honcho Kurt Masur conducts the San Francisco Symphony, Peter Jennings hosts a charity art auction at the Gagosian Gallery in Chelsea, and Twyla Tharp choreographs Billy Joel's music on Broadway.

25 Kevin Kline turned 55 yesterday; Jaclyn Smith turns 55 tomorrow. Today, though, we experience a brief lull in the pageant of Older Can Be Sexy.

26 This week, London's Tate mounts the largest-ever show of Thomas Gainsborough (1727–1788). (Historical note: in the late 20th century, the name of the artist's most famous painting—*Blue Boy*—was used by a gay-porn rag.)

27 Tomorrow: Comedy Central's hilarious *Daily Show* starts taping in Washington, D.C., for midterm elections. Satirists descend.



29 "New Hotels for Global Nomads," at N.Y.C.'s Cooper-Hewitt museum, explores the escapist experience of the modern hotel. "I'd like a week / [illegible] Martinique / [illegible] get away / To [illegible] ray . . . "

30 Work by the four nominees for the Turner Prize (Keith Tyson, Fiona Banner, Liam Gillick, and Catherine Yass) is shown at London's Tate Modern. It's an honor—or, actually, an exhibition—to be nominated.



31 Halloween. Masks are donned.



—BY HENRY ALFO



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BOOGIE KNIGHT

Top, Greg Kinnear as Bob Crane, and Maria Bello as Patricia Crane. *Above*, Willem Dafoe as John Carpenter, with Kinnear.

Bare Bob

PAUL SCHRADER EXPOSES THE SECRET LIFE OF BOB CRANE IN *AUTO FOCUS*

Bob Crane, the star of the 60s-and-early-70s sitcom *Hogan's Heroes,* was bludgeoned to death in an Arizona motel room in 1978. The murder weapon is thought to have been a tripod, likely one that Crane, the **Samuel Pepys** of amateur pornography, had used while documenting his numerous sexual encounters. A *Man Has to Have a Hobby* could have been the title for the new Crane biopic; *Auto Focus* is. But if that sounds clinical—and the director is the often clinical **Paul Schrader**—this funny, sordid, sometimes messy picture is anything but. **Greg Kinnear** gets the wry, processed charm of the star's public veneer just about right. More important, he captures the internal disconnect of a man who even in his most intimate moments can't stop performing, if only for an audience of one—Narcissus with a video camera (and playmate as prop). It's a wonderfully off-balance performance, a voyage of queasy self-discovery that inverts Hollywood's usual follow-your-dream puffery. Co-starring is **Willem Dafoe,** thrillingly sycophantic as the video salesman who became Crane's partner in debauchery, or, as we would now say, his enabler. Together, they throw off the same ambiguous sparks Joe Buck and Ratso Rizzo did in *Midnight Cowboy*—it's the two actors' chemistry that really makes the movie hum, because, as with most biopics about people whose lives come to abrupt conclusions, the climactic violence can't cover up the fact that *Auto Focus* is driving down a narrative dead end. But that's life. This being a movie, you still get to see Colonel Klink go wild in a group grope. **(Rating:** ★★★★**)** —BRUCE HANDY

(And if you want to learn more about the real Bob Crane, be sure to visit bobcrane.com. It's run by one of his sons and offers streaming XXX videos of Dad. Major credit cards accepted!)

HOT REELS

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Trailer of the month: *White Oleander.* **Directed by:** Peter Kosminsky. **Starring:** Michelle Pfeiffer, Alison Lohman, Robin Wright Penn, Renée Zellweger. **Coming to a theater near you:** October 11. **The essentials:** When her foxy stalkerish mother (Pfeiffer) is jailed for murder, soulful L.A. teen cutie (Lohman) drifts through a series of eccentric foster families and rebellious adolescent poses, ultimately falling victim to the goth look. **Attack of the Breck girls:** In an epic display of cinematic blondness not seen since the films of Leni Riefenstahl, Robin Wright Penn and Renée Zellweger round out the blindingly fair-haired cast. **Hubba, hubba!** Hot action as the gorgeous gals slap each other, hiss, and bare claws. Men, you don't want to miss this. In-vixen-credible! **(Rating:** ★★★★**)**—WALTER KIRN



Alison Lohman and Michelle Pfeiffer in *White Oleander.*

Femmes Fatales

EIGHT WOMEN, FRANÇOIS OZON'S ODE TO *LES FEMMES*



FRENCH TWISTER

From left: Ludivine Sagnier, Virginie Ledoyen, Catherine Deneuve, Danielle Darrieux, Isabelle Huppert, Firmine Richard, and Emmanuelle Béart in *Eight Women.*

The title is *Eight Women,* and that's also its selling point—eight great actresses, and French ones to boot. The breakdown: three legends (**Catherine Deneuve, Fanny Ardant, Isabelle Huppert**), one possible future legend (**Emmanuelle Béart**), three relatively new faces (**Virginie Ledoyen, Ludivine Sagnier, Firmine Richard**), and one grande dame (**Danielle Darrieux**). The director, **François Ozon,** is best known in the U.S. for last year's hushed *Under the Sand.* This one throws some elbows. The bitchy screenplay—a housebound whodunit—mouths off like what you might get if **Clare Boothe Luce** rewrote **Agatha Christie.** The real fun, as hysteria, catfights, and revelations of "sapphism" ensue, is in watching three-star dishes like Deneuve and Huppert pretend to be **Joan Collins.** Or possibly **Charles Ludlam.** The movie's press materials would have you believe it's some kind of salute to French womanhood, and maybe that's true, but its spirit is more drag show than **Eric Rohmer,** and the moral seems to be that *les femmes* would just as soon ball-bust as breathe. With loopy song-and-dance numbers and, here and there, improbable outbursts of genuine feeling. **(Rating:** ★★★½**)** —B.H.


OPIUM
FRAGRANCE FROM
YVES SAINT LAURENT

FANFAIR

HOT TYPE











From below: Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor, photographed by Gianni Bozzacchi in Portofino, 1971; a lucky 8 from *Five-Fold Happiness; Self Portrait at Easel*, 1932, by Charles Sheeler. *Top right,* the first Harley-Davidson motorcycle, Serial Number One, 1903–4.

Here come the warm jets—the literary big guns don't get bigger than these: **Umberto Eco** presents an epic of the Middle Ages, *Baudolino* (Harcourt), in which a gifted linguist and liar searches for a priest-king who lords over a phantasmagorical world populated with eunuchs and fair maidens. Hmm . . . sounds like Washington. Two expats return to Prague after 20 years and resume their romance in **Milan Kundera's** *Ignorance* (HarperCollins). A dying man ruminates on the collapse of meaning, language, and art in the highly anticipated final novel of the late **William Gaddis,** *Agapē Agape* (Viking).

Also this month: **Ha Jin's** *The Crazed* (Pantheon) is sparked with the angry ranting of an aging Chinese literature professor. Hoping to deliver George Orwell out of the "saccharine tablets and moist hankies" of those who would sentimentalize his mentor, *V.F.* columnist **Christopher Hitchens** argues *Why Orwell Matters* (Basic Books). A 30th college reunion reunites 1960s chums in **Tim O'Brien's** boomer epic *July, July* (Houghton Mifflin). **Aleksandar Hemon's** *Nowhere Man* (Nan A. Talese/Doubleday) trails an ex-Sarajevan as he navigates the exotic moral and physical landscapes of Chicago. In **Zadie Smith's** second novel, *The Autograph Man* (Random House) is on a quest for enlightenment, as well as a silent-movie star's scrawl. **Michael Chabon** aims for readers of all ages in *Summerland* (Miramax Books), a fat-and-jolly-little-people-from-Middle-Earth-save-the-world saga. Cultural critic **Stanley Crouch** sets up *One Shot Harris* (Abrams), a collection of photographs by Charles "Teenie" Harris, who captured the mid-20th-century African-American urban experience. **Ed Sikov** scratches the veneer of the eccentric comic genius Peter Sellers in *Mr. Strangelove* (Hyperion). *The Photography of Charles Sheeler* (Bulfinch) illuminates the great modernist's transformation of the American industrial landscape into art. **Diane Keaton** goes looking for Mr. Good-Clown in *Clown Paintings* (Powerhouse), with essays by such sillies as Woody Allen and Jonathan Winters. In *Parallels and Paradoxes* (Pantheon), conductor **David Barenboim** and literary scholar and critic **Edward W. Said** offer elegant riffs on music and society. No one looks at a snowbank quite like photographer **Evelyn H. Lauder,** as her "nature-scapes" demonstrate in *An Eye for Beauty* (Abrams). Peaches and paw up, **Vivien Sung** unlocks the secrets of Chinese good luck and prosperity in *Five-Fold Happiness* (Chronicle). **Alan Flusser** masters "permanent fashion" in *Dressing the Man* (HarperCollins). **Nicholas Haslam,** interior designer to rock stars and royalty, plumps his cushions in *Sheer Opulence* (Watson Guptill). **Patricia Corbett** swoons over America's crown jeweler, Sicilian duke Fulco di Verdura, in *Verdura* (Abrams). **Cathi Hanauer** edits *The Bitch in the House* (Morrow), a no-holds-barred collection of essays on motherhood, madness, and the need for a room of one's own—by the kind of girls you wouldn't necessarily want to take home to meet Mother (yes, yes, darling, I am in it)! From full-dressed hogs to geezer gliders, **William G. Davidson** revs up *100 Years of Harley-Davidson* (Bulfinch). *Bobbi Brown Beauty Evolution* (HarperCollins) is the missing link to a lifetime of top-of-the-food-chain gorgeousness. In *Elizabeth Taylor: The Queen and I* (University of Wisconsin), **Gianni Bozzacchi,** La Liz's personal lensman for more than a decade, gives the violet-eyed lady the royal treatment. Your tireless quest for divine libations is over: L.A.'s top-drawer party planners **Alexandra** and **Eliot Angle** serve up *Cocktail Parties with a Twist* (Stewart, Tabori & Chang). I'd like mine dirty with three olives, please . . .


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Sweet Tartt

DONNA TARTT UNVEILS HER SECOND NOVEL, *THE LITTLE FRIEND*



THE *LITTLE* AUTHOR Donna Tartt, photographed in New York City, July 2002.

What ever happened to **Donna Tartt?**

Over the last 10 years, when talk turned to writers whose debuts were so auspicious they left readers afroth, no one's name was bandied about more than Tartt's. Her best-selling novel, *The Secret History*—the tale of an elite coterie of New England college students who, steeped in the philosophy and values of the classical Greeks, murder a farmer in a blood-soaked bacchanal and then turn on one of their own—questioned ideas of morality and the seductiveness of evil. Tartt's long-anticipated new novel, *The Little Friend,* out from Knopf this fall, begins with the death of a boy and takes place down in Tartt's native Mississippi, affording her the opportunity to flaunt her southern-gothic roots in telling the story of a family's decimation after the beloved nine-year-old is found hanging from a tree in the yard. A decade later, Daddy has moved out, Mama is still bedded down with her grief, the elder daughter, who most likely witnessed the killing, stumbles about in a state of near somnambulation, and our hero, the pugnacious 12-year-old Harriet, robbed of her own childhood, is on a dangerous quest to avenge her brother's death—even if it means tussling with serpent-handling preachers, speed-dealing freaks, and her loopy maiden aunts. Will Donna Tartt rise again?

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL

The Muse Complex

FRANCINE PROSE CHRONICLES *THE LIVES OF THE MUSES*



STRIKING PROSE

For millennia it's sounded like a pretty good gig: inspire the artist, enjoy his adoration, be immortalized in his work. After all, the whole idea started with goddesses. What could be bad? An awful lot, as it turns out. While being a muse may sound glamorous, it's a job fraught with horrors, according to **Francine Prose,** who turns her alternately amused and appalled eye on nine exceedingly disparate women and the artists they inspired in *The Lives of the Muses,* out from HarperCollins this month. **Elizabeth Siddal,** the tortured wife of **Dante Gabriel Rossetti,** was consumed by her laudanum addiction (and her husband's infidelities). After **Charles Dodgson**—better known as **Lewis Carroll**—was inspired by 10-year-old **Alice Liddell** to write *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,* their relationship was abruptly terminated by her mother when Dodgson, well known for cultivating scores of "child-friends," became "too affectionate." **Lee Miller,** the beautiful model who inspired **Man Ray,** eventually gave up her own photography and slid into a "downward spiral" of alcohol, drugs, depression, and thwarted creativity. The stories are as riveting as slow-motion train wrecks, from choreographer **George Balanchine's** fixation on ballerina **Suzanne Farrell** to **John Lennon's** on **Yoko Ono.** One of the most spirited muses is **Hester Thrale,** whose long friendship with **Dr. Samuel Johnson**—which facilitated some of his best work—ended when she married her second husband and Johnson cut off contact. London society blamed Thrale for his death, but instead of succumbing to self-destruction Thrale thoroughly enjoyed the second act of her life. Six hundred guests celebrated her 80th birthday in Bath, where Thrale danced with "astonishing elasticity," as one of her younger male admirers put it, until five A.M., wearing a headdress of white plumes. In a role generally characterized by built-in obsolescence, Thrale made the best of muse-dom.

—LESLIE BENNETTS



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3rd	Belvedere	Poland
4th	Ketel One	Holland
5th	Stolichnaya Gold	Russia
6th	Absolut	Sweden
7th	Absolut Mandrin	Sweden

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THE SEASON'S BOUNTY OF VISUAL BOOKS





PHOTO FINISHES
Clockwise from below: women in Bihar, India, 1967, from *Aperture* No. 105; law enforcement at the march from Selma to Montgomery, Alabama, 1965, by Bruce Davidson; Helena Christensen, photographed by Peter Lindbergh, 1990; *Unitarian Church, San Rafael, October 6, 1968,* by Pirkle Jones.





The items displayed on a coffee table, if interpreted correctly, can be read like tea leaves. Does the glossy photography book, placed just so, imply exquisite taste or extreme pretension? This season's offerings are particularly heady: Aperture, the photography institution founded by **Ansel Adams, Dorothea Lange,** and friends, celebrates its 50th anniversary with *Photography Past/Forward: Aperture at 50* (Aperture). **Peter Lindbergh's** 10-year run in the fashion world, snapping the likes of **Kate Moss** and **Naomi Campbell,** has given him plenty of material for *Peter Lindbergh: Stories* (Arena). Photographers **Ruth-Marion Baruch** and **Pirkle Jones** were granted unprecedented access to the Black Panthers' inner circle, stunningly documented in *Black Panthers: 1968* (Greybull). **Bruce Davidson's** 1961 bus trip with a group of Freedom Riders from Montgomery, Alabama, to Jackson, Mississippi, inspired him to spend four years exploring the civil-rights movement, pictured in *A Time of Change* (St. Ann's). **Philip Johnson** gets his own oversize steely monograph in *The Architecture of Philip Johnson* (Bulfinch), bound to turn up on more than a few Philip Johnson coffee tables. —ANNE FULENWIDER

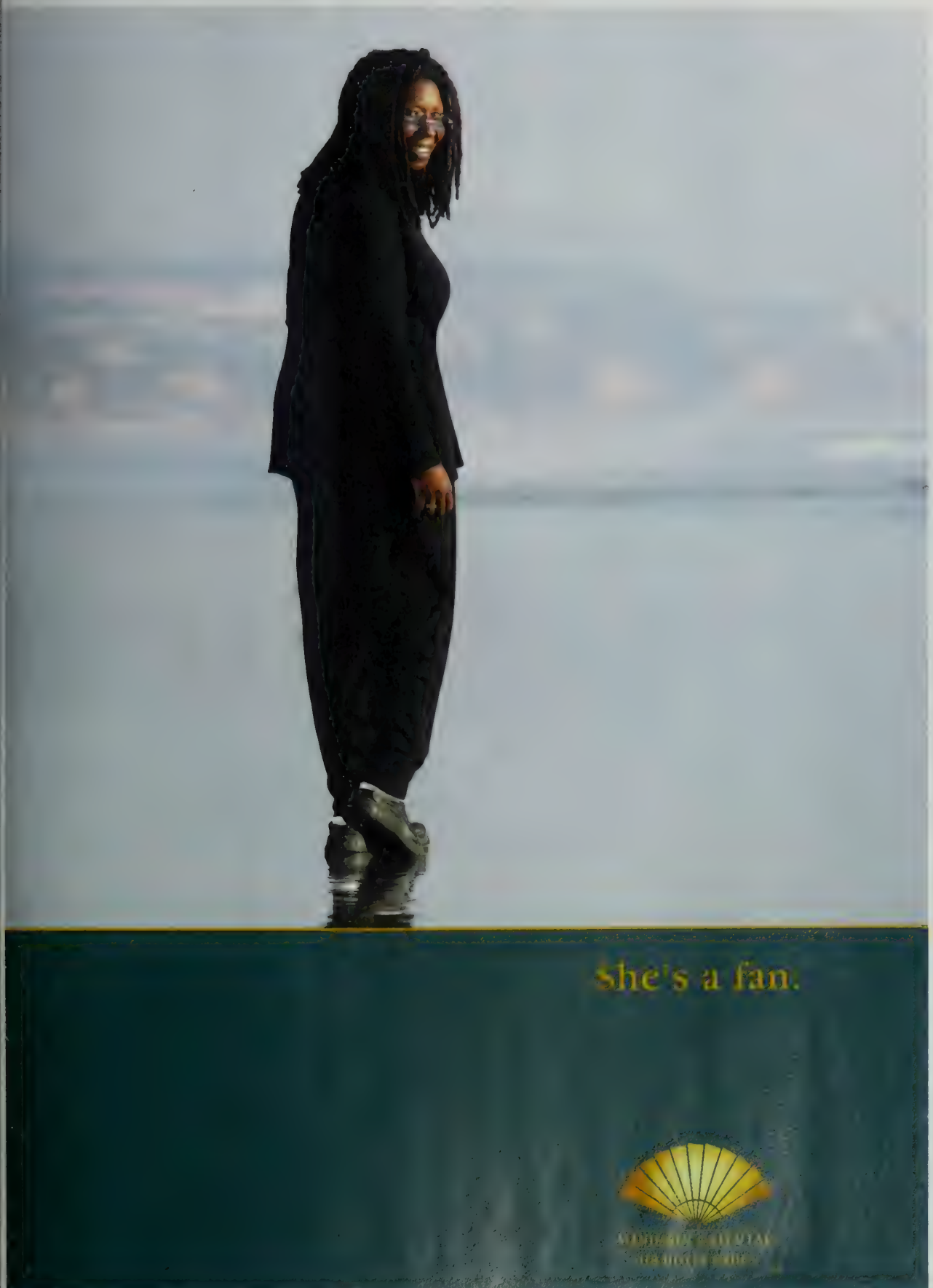
Living for Design

ALEXEY BRODOVITCH REMEMBERED

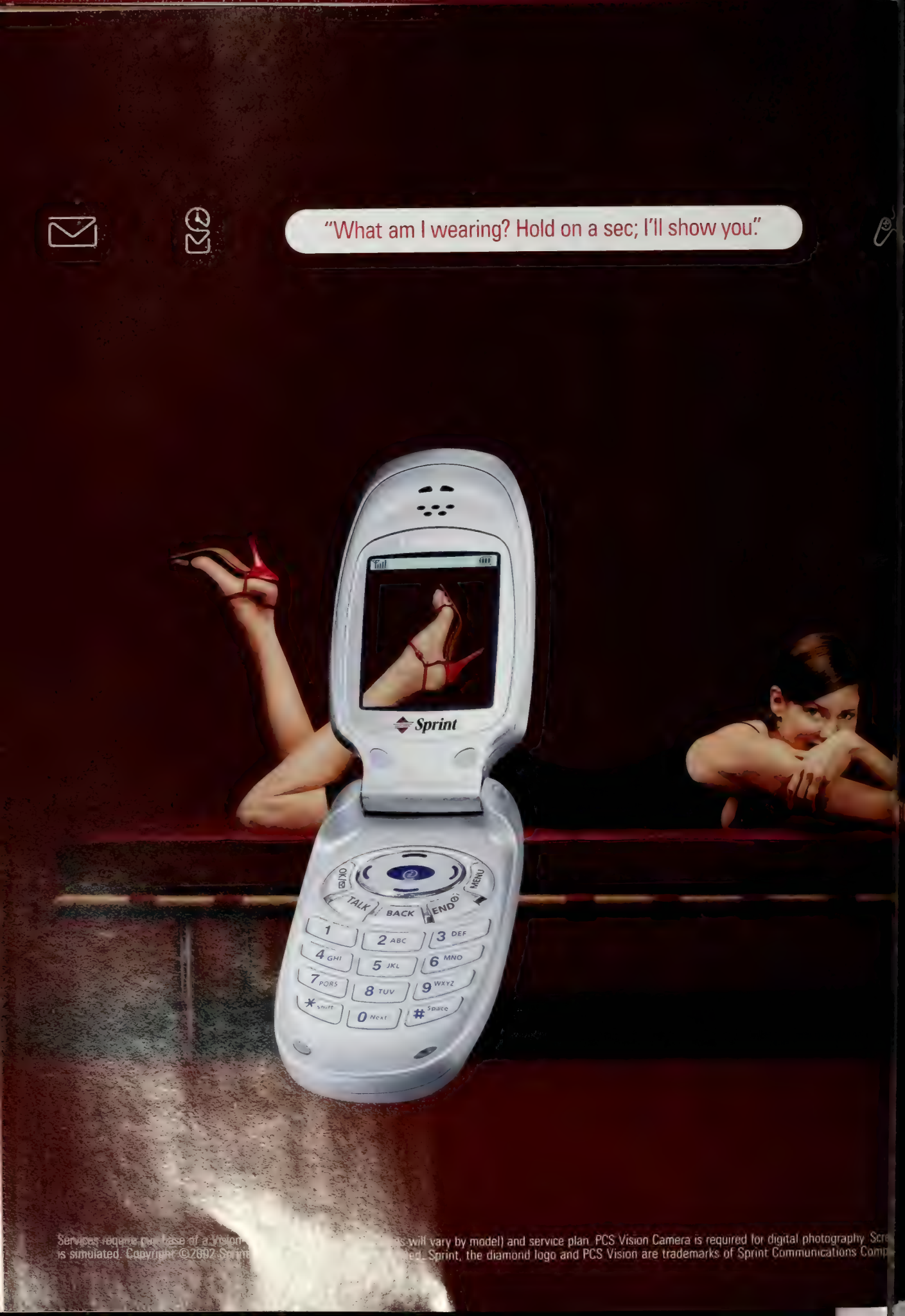


IN BROD WE TRUST
Brodovitch designs: *left,* "Calder," from Portfolio No. 3, 1951; *below,* "Tips on Your Fingers," *Harper's Bazaar,* April 1941.

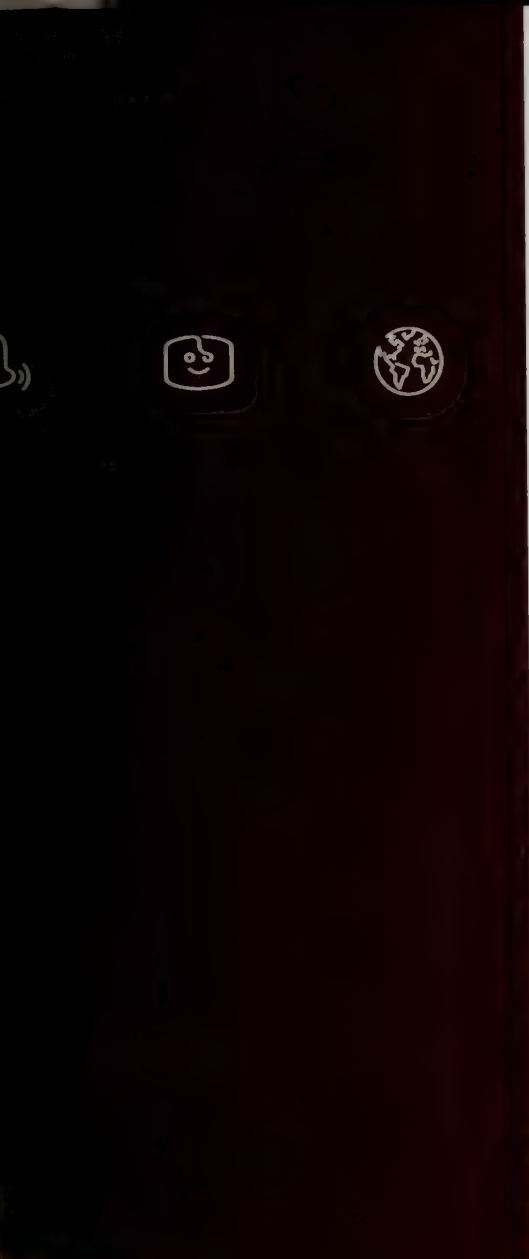
For the last four generations of photographers, graphic designers, and art directors with and without ponytails, "Brod" is God. To the rest of us he is **Alexey Brodovitch,** the man who made *Harper's Bazaar* the most continuously inventive fashion magazine in history. Brodovitch was a one-man visual revolution, and *Alexey Brodovitch,* a gorgeous new book from Phaidon by **Kerry William Purcell,** lays out the history: his cultured Russian upbringing; his early émigré days designing for **Diaghilev's** [illegible] book design, and photography; and the inner life of his Design Lab, a leg[illegible] judgments without blinking, hoping to do something new enough, [illegible]lusion of Brodovitch's book *Ballet*—now as expensive [illegible]etaphysics on seeing masquerading as a souvenir [illegible] photography we now call "the New American [illegible]s Brodovitch who demanded kinetics from the [illegible]e space a place of cool contemplation, too [illegible] that the artist never settles. And, a stern [illegible]d, he never did. —LAURA JACOBS



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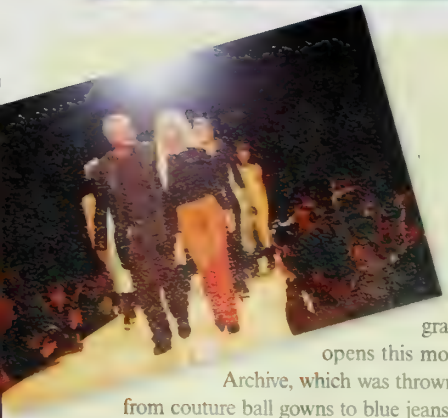
DISPATCHES FROM THE ART WORLD

THE ART OF THE DEALER
Marian Goodman in her home in New York, July 21, 2002.



Formidable, deeply intellectual, indefatigable—**Marian Goodman** is not a frivolous person. But when this shy power broker talks about the artists she represents, she glows. At her galleries in New York and Paris, Goodman is known for exhibiting serious, sometimes difficult work—art with substance. Within the next year, 15 of her artists will have solo shows at museums around the world: **Gerhard Richter** at San Francisco MoMa, **Thomas Struth** at Los Angeles MoCa, **Maurizio Cattelan** also in L.A., **Tony Cragg** in Bonn, **Tacita Dean** in Düsseldorf, **Rineke Dijkstra** in the Netherlands, **Steve McQueen** in Portugal, **Juan Muñoz** in Chicago, **Thomas Schütte** in Essen, **Lawrence Weiner** at the Wexner in Ohio—and **William Kentridge's** hybrid theater piece will be performed in Paris in the annual Festival d'Automne. "I feel that I have an advantage," Goodman says. "I never started to work with an artist who was at the height of his career. There's a level of trust that's important. I don't want to have a store—I want to feel that I can contribute my fair share." Goodman travels constantly, heading to Europe every six weeks to visit her artists and attend their museum openings. What compels her to work so hard? "Artists who have a vocabulary that enlarges the way in which ideas are presented—the kind of artists who can enrich our lives. Sometimes it's just somebody's brilliance that fills your heart with joy or sorrow. I can't say that it's functionally useful, but it would be a very sad world without it." —A. M. HOMES

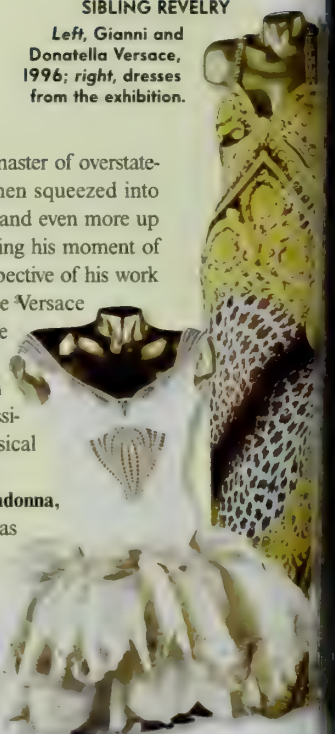
WORLD BEAT Late nights in **Paris**, go to Studio 287 (55 Avenue de la Porte d'Asnieres), but not until six A.M., for the after party.... In **Singapore**, Swissotel's the Stamford (2 Stamford Road) has taken dining to new heights—the 69th through 72nd floors.... In **Dublin**, everyone's heading underground to Tiger Bees, in the basement of La Stampa Hotel (Dawson Street).



Viva Versace

LONDON HONORS THE ITALIAN FASHION LEGEND

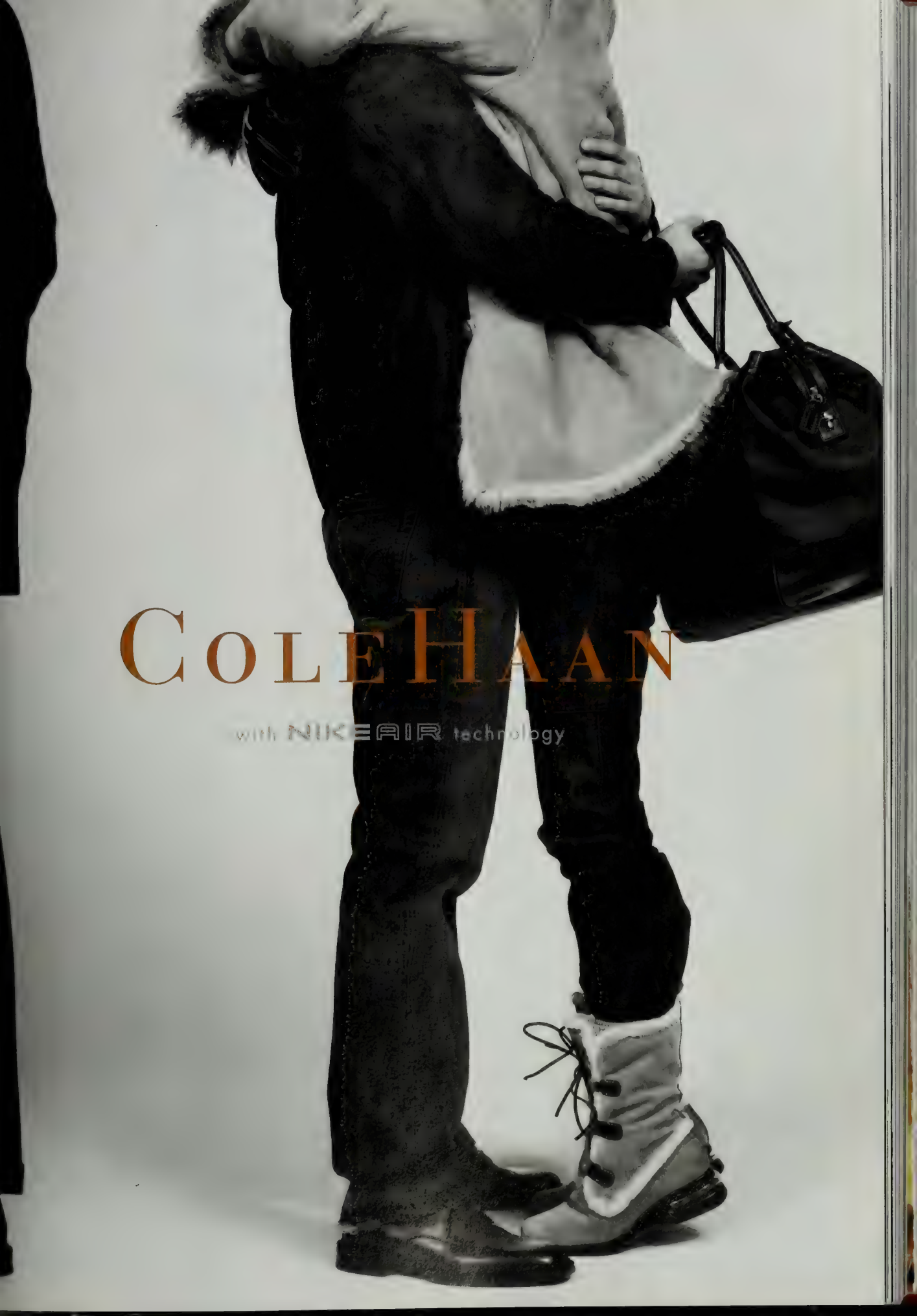
SIBLING REVELRY
Left, Gianni and Donatella Versace, 1996; *right,* dresses from the exhibition.

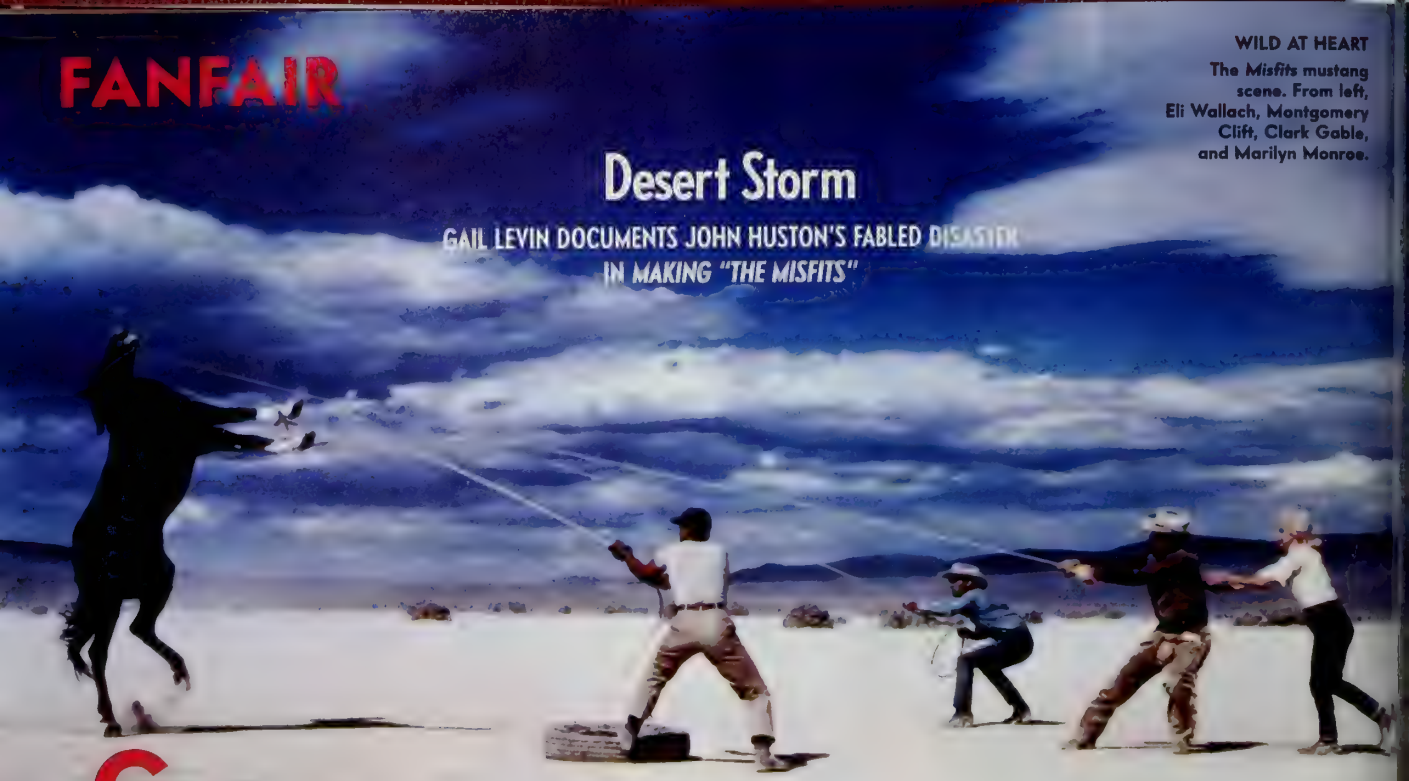


Gianni Versace may have gone down in fashion history as its master of overstatement—the one who envisioned a wonderful world of women squeezed into Technicolor leather, dripping with gold baubles, up for sex, and even more up for spending money. But five years after his death, it seems he's getting his moment of gravitas, courtesy of London's Victoria and Albert Museum, whose retrospective of his work opens this month. The show features more than 130 of his designs, culled from the Versace Archive, which was thrown wide open by sister **Donatella,** who has continued the line. They range from couture ball gowns to blue jeans, to things made of rubber. There are pieces inspired by artists such as **Jim Dine** and **Andy Warhol, Alexander Calder** and **Gustav Klimt;** cool swatches of fabric, such as metal mesh, which visitors are invited to handle; and costumes he made for the opera and ballet. "He returns again and again to classical themes," says the show's curator, **Claire Wilcox,** with Ph.D. earnestness. "From drapery, which records classical statuary, to printed key patterns and Medusa heads, the love of classical art really informed his work."

And so did his love for famous people. Larger-than-life, somewhat anxious celebrities, such as **Elton John, Madonna, Princess Diana,** and **Liz Hurley,** basked in Versace's openhearted energy and dove into his repertoire whenever it was time to make another headline. As expected, these numbers—Diana's light-blue beaded gown, which heralded her independence; Hurley's safety-pin dress, which announced she was a star—are given royal placement in the show. But more than just a fashion exhibition, the project was a chance for the person closest to him to remember his spirit. "Going through the archives took me on an inspirational journey," Donatella says. "The clothes are reminders of so many special times in my life."

—EVGENIA PERETZ


COLE HAAN
with NIKE AIR technology



WILD AT HEART
The *Misfits* mustang scene. From left, Eli Wallach, Montgomery Clift, Clark Gable, and Marilyn Monroe.

Desert Storm

GAIL LEVIN DOCUMENTS JOHN HUSTON'S FABLED DISASTER IN *MAKING "THE MISFITS"*

Gail Levin's documentary *Making "The Misfits"* (to be shown on PBS's *Great Performances* on October 2) tells the riveting story of what happened behind the scenes on that legendary film. Directed by **John Huston** in Nevada, *The Misfits* starred **Marilyn Monroe, Clark Gable,** and **Montgomery Clift.** The screenplay, about three misfit cowboys who all try to connect with Roslyn, a melancholy, misfit blonde, was written by **Arthur Miller** as a valentine to his then wife, Marilyn.

Famous sequences from the movie are highlighted in the documentary, including Clift's laconic phone conversation with his mother, Marilyn's hysterical tirade in the desert, and Gable's capturing the wild mustang—which was the last scene shot and was so strenuous that his wife blamed it for his death six days later. These scenes are interspersed with grainy newsreel footage of 1960s Reno, and shots of the smoky confines of the Mapes Hotel casino, where Huston often lost up to $50,000 a night.

The Magnum photo agency won exclusive access to the production and sent some of its most celebrated photographers to take candids on and off the set. Many of their evocative images are woven throughout the documentary, such as **Inge Morath's** series of a zonked-out Marilyn dancing barefoot in the moonlight. The devastating portrait Morath took by chance of Miller and Marilyn in their hotel room, together but not speaking, became emblematic of both their marriage and their relationship on the set. Everybody who was interviewed for the documentary blames Marilyn for the chaos during shooting. The movie ran over schedule because Marilyn was always late. She didn't know her lines. She was on too many pills, depressed, suicidal. "She was despicable to Arthur," script supervisor **Angela Allen** says. However, Arthur Miller defends his former wife. "Marilyn didn't trust people. She was disappointed." Forty years later, he earnestly contends that making *The Misfits* was "a wonderful experience artistically." Although, he adds, "it was terrible to watch Marilyn suffer so."

When *The Misfits* opened in 1961, critics hated it, and it was a box-office disaster. "*The Misfits* just didn't work," says assistant director **Ed Parone.** Paradoxically, *Making "The Misfits"* does work, both as a wonderful piece of cinematic history and as a subtle visual record of one of the world's most famous couples caught uncomfortably off-guard. Don't miss it. —PATRICIA BOSWORTH

Drag King

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THEATER IMPRESARIO CHARLES LUDLAM

Drag is the new mime. But before drag was co-opted by the mainstream, one of its most talented practitioners was **Charles Ludlam,** the founder of New York City's Ridiculous Theatrical Company. **David Kaufman's** new biography, *Ridiculous!,* nimbly charts the course of the theatrical-avant-garde impresario's life, from his birth in a sanatorium on Long Island in 1943 to his death from AIDS in 1987—an event which made the front page of *The New York Times.* Working in the Ridiculous's productions as writer, director, and actor, Ludlam is best compared professionally to Molière and Shakespeare; as for his personal life, think more along the lines of Orton, in a turban. Indeed, if your notion of people who work [illegible] toward diabolically impatient narcissists prone to [illegible] and intransigence, Ludlam's your man. Yes, the phenom [illegible] n Bette Midler and **Madeline Kahn** to **Tony Kushner** and **Paul R** [illegible] which, as reading experiences go, makes his story all the sweete

—HENRY ALFORD



MAD HATTER
From left, Zelda Patterso Charles Ludlam, and Black- Susan in Ludlam's 1983 pl *Le Bourgeois Avant-Gar*


CANALI
MILAN LONDON MOSCOW TOKYO

American Gothic

NEW YORK'S INTERPOL DEBUTS *TURN ON THE BRIGHT LIGHTS*



BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY Interpol, from left: Daniel Kessler, Sam Fogarino, Paul Banks, and Carlos D., in Williamsburg, Brooklyn.

PHOTOGRAPHS TOP BY ERIC OGDEN BOTTOM, BOTH BY THIERRY BOUET. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

In New York's relentlessly retro rock scene, basing your sound on something other than the Stooges or the Ramones almost qualifies as being original. By that measure, Interpol is practically avant-garde, drawing comparisons to Joy Division, the Cure, the Chameleons, and other angry-and-sad post-punk bands of early-80s Britain. "I think there is a post-punk vibe to the music we do," guitarist **Daniel Kessler** concedes. "There's an aggression to it. It's not punk, but there's a little bit of sophistication above it—after it." The core of Interpol coalesced in 1998 at N.Y.U., where Kessler, singer-guitarist **Paul Banks,** and bassist **Carlos De** met as students. By the time drummer **Sam Fogarino** joined, in 2000, the band had already made waves in Europe on the strength of two EPs and a few live shows. Earlier this year, the tastemaking indie label Matador Records signed the dapper foursome (they wore their own clothes to *V.F.*'s photo shoot) and sent them to the studio, where they recorded the achingly beautiful but, yes, aggressive *Turn on the Bright Lights.* Interpol explores emotional blues but never, ever plays the blues, relying instead on anxious guitar hooks and Banks's wry and powerfully plaintive vocals. "I'm influenced by hangovers, substances, and girls—in all sincerity," explains Banks, whose idol is **Neil Young.** "I just had this huge amount of pain from age 14 on, where I would fall so head over heels with girls and couldn't have contact with them. I felt that if I can't have that beauty in my life, then I have to create something comparable." Sure, everyone feels that way at 14, but Paul Banks and Interpol succeed in refining *their* angst into art rock.

—MICHAEL HOGAN

Deep Impact

THE SOUND AND THE FURY OF GERMAN BASS RENÉ PAPE

As he stood hurling the notes of "Le veau d'or" from Gounod's *Faust,* **René Pape** was a man possessed. His eyes were flecked with madness, and his intensity edged toward the demonic. It was as if the dashing 38-year-old German bass had forgotten that this was a light gala concert at Lincoln Center—an evening last fall of sonic bouquets from a coterie of stars. Minutes later, Pape was joined by soprano **Hei-Kyung Hong** for a steamy duet from *Don Giovanni,* and he massaged with sweetness the same air he had just pierced with fury. For those who know his extraordinary work, these performances came as no surprise. After all, Pape is the real thing: a commanding singer with a profound dramatic gift. His voice is dark and rich, deep and enveloping, highly cultivated and at the same time ineffably primal. When he is onstage, he inhabits his characters so fully that the distinction between acting and singing melts away. This year, he will help music director **Lorin Maazel** launch the New York Philharmonic's new season with Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and, next spring, will sing his first Gurnemanz in *Parsifal,* at the Met alongside **Plácido Domingo.** For Pape, international stardom has been a heady experience after coming of age in the former East Germany. "It was like being in prison for all that time, and then suddenly you are king and everything," he says. "It took three or four years to come down to earth again and just be a normal guy who sings"—he pauses knowingly—"and quite well."

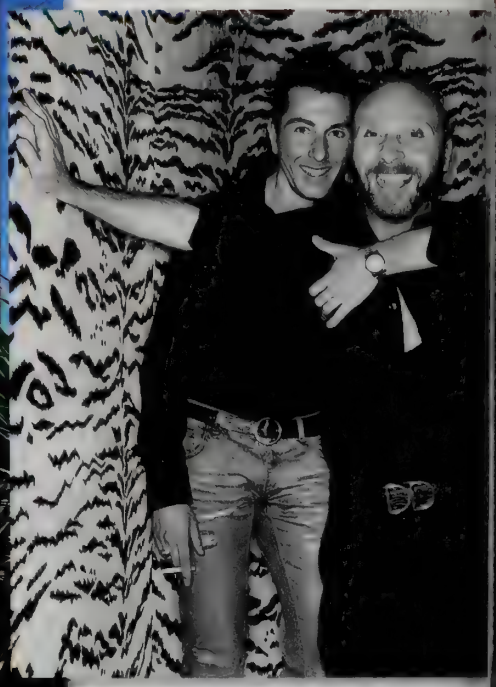
—JEREMY EICHLER



SONIC BOC Opera singer René Pape, photograph in Orange, Provence.


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The Dukes of Milan

FASHION'S DYNAMIC DUO GETS NEW DIGS

"The Benedictine monastery has this marvelous garden surrounded by walls that we can see from our offices," says **Stefano Gabbana,** describing one of the many virtues of his company's new, 108,000-square-foot headquarters on Via Goldoni in Milan. "And there is another Franciscan monastery down the street." Whether the occasional sounds of monks praying will inspire the future collections of two of Italy's most idiosyncratic and creative "men of the cloth" remains to be seen. But there is no question that the building itself is inspired.





ITALIAN STALLIONS

Clockwise from top right, Stefano Gabbana and Domenico Dolce, 2002; a dress from the fall-2002 collection; views of the new headquarters.

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2 oz. Premium Vodka, 1 oz. Grand Marnier, 1/4 oz. lime juice, 1 oz. cranberry juice.

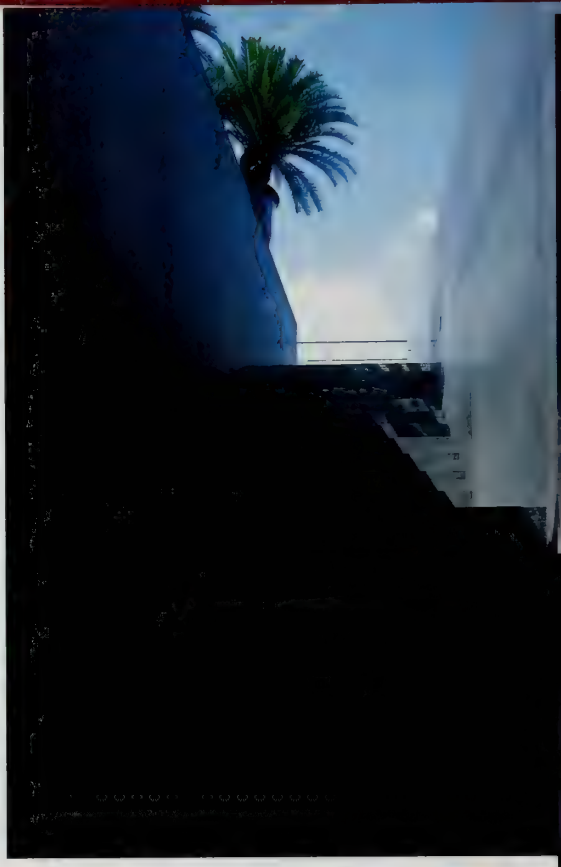
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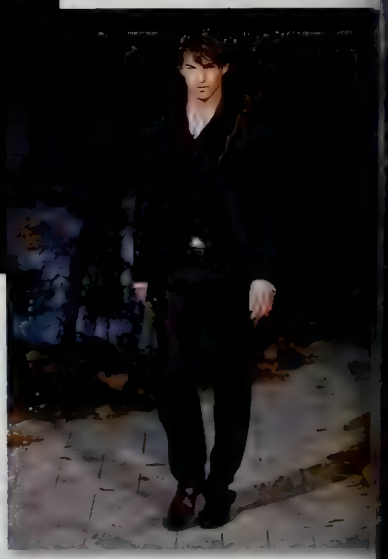
FANFAIR

HOUSE OF FASHION
Views of the new Dolce & Gabbana headquarters in Milan, and two runway shots from their fall-2002 collection.





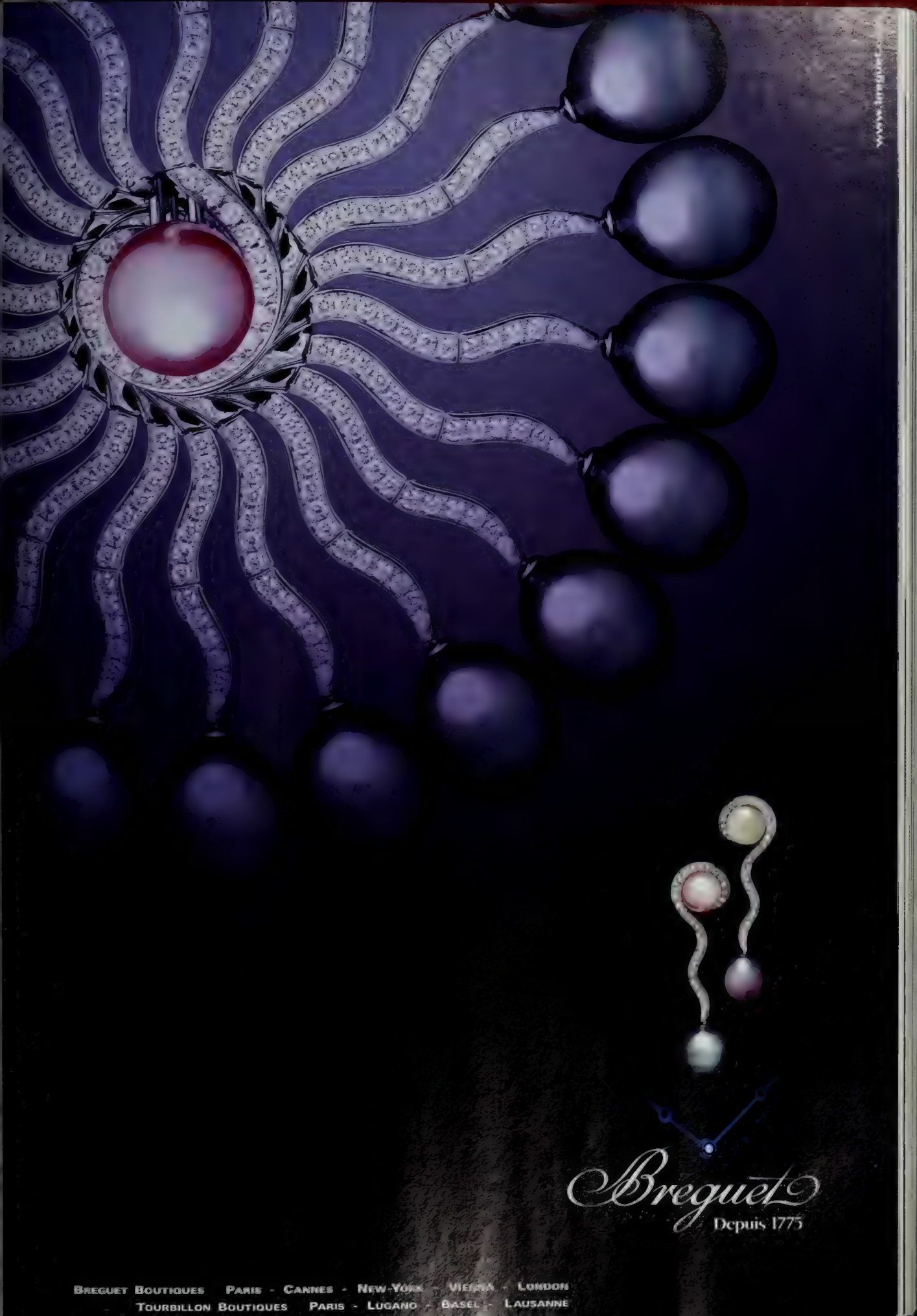






"For us, it is a perfect balance between tradition and modernity," adds his Palermo-born partner, **Domenico Dolce.** "There is a feeling of lightness and luminosity that we love."

Originally built in the 1960s and renovated by Studio & ARCH, the building exhibits allusions both to the Mediterranean and to the Sicilian roots of Dolce himself that are as discreet as they are unmistakable: gray volcanic-stone floors, majolica, a reflecting pool, and a series of volcanic-rock gardens featuring cacti, bamboo, and palm trees. With the sensuous use of sea-green lozenge-shaped skylights, rich teaks, and dark-stained wenge woods, the building is as serene as it is startling. Although the headquarters has yet to "officially" open—"We're still settling in," says Dolce—there is talk of a party during the upcoming collections. Presumably, the talk is not coming from a monastery next door. —BRENDA CULLERTON


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HOME BREW
Cynthia Rowley drinking her homemade Hi Braw beer in her Tribeca loft, June 2002.

MY STUFF

CYNTHIA ROWLEY

Since launching her line of schoolgirl dresses over a decade ago, Cynthia Rowley has expanded her empire to include shoes, handbags, makeup, and men's wear. This fall she and Ilene Rosenzweig launch their second book, *Home Swell Home,* and a TV show, *A Girl's Guide to Swell Movies,* on the Showtime Women Channel. On her way to becoming a domestic goddess, Rowley opens up her home, her closet, her refrigerator, and her garage for *V.F.*'s inspection.

Lipstick **Cynthia Rowley 29**
Mascara **Cynthia Rowley I, bright blue**
Moisturizer **Kanebo**
Perfume/cologne **Acqua di Parma: Classic, for night; Mandarin, for day**
Toothpaste **Rembrandt**
Soap **Kanebo and Neutrogena**
Razor and razorblades **Gillette Venus**
Cell phone **Motorola**
Detergent **Tide**
Beverage **Mi-Lem mixed in seltzer water**
Beer **Hi Braw, my own brew**
Jeans **Vintage Levi's**
Sneakers **Chinatown sneakers or Tae Kwon Do sneakers from Tokyo**
T-shirt **Uniqlo**
Car **1965 Ford Galaxy convertible and 1974 Porsche 911**
Sheets **Custom, for my round bed**
Coke or Pepsi? **Pepsi One**
Burger King or McDonald's? **Taco Bell**

This month, **Frédéric Fekkai** caters to the Mini-Me in all of us with travel sets of his Shea Butter and Technician Hair Care Collections. . . . **Christian Dior's** Addict is the latest fragrance from the atelier of Galliano, Slimane, and de Castellane. . . . Meanwhile, **Helmut Lang,** the man who revolutionized leather pants, offers up the aptly named Cuiron pour Homme. . . . **Aveda's** Sap Moss Styling Spray provides humidity-ravaged hair with the ultimate calm. . . . **Clarins's** red-and-white bottles are the embodiment of French chic; this fall it sets its sights on its customers' boyfriends and husbands with a line of men's skin-care products. . . . **Elizabeth Taylor** aims for eternity with her new scent, Forever Elizabeth.



HOT LOOKS



FRUIT OF THE GROOMED
From top Jo Malone's Wild Fig & Cassis cologne; Veronique Debroise's Wild Fig room spray; Fresh Fig Apricot soap; Marc Jacobs's new scent for men.

Go Figure

THE FASHION WORLD HAS A NEW FAVORITE FRUIT

Literature's first great seduction, when the master insinuator persuaded Eve to take a bite, brought man fashion—in fig-leaf form. But the fig itself has been no slouch in the sensuality department, its heady, ripe sweetness having lulled man for more than 5,000 years now. In addition to the Garden of Eden, figs were grown in the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, put into Egyptian tombs, and traded in Phoenicia; later, Attic figs were so prized that it was a crime to smuggle them out of Athens. But it's been downhill since then. One word: Newtons. And never mind that in Italy today the word for fig is a vulgar wolfcall (to which sex depends on whether you're yelling "*Che fica*" or "*Che fico*"). But the luscious fruit—which when overripe, almost bursting, is the last word in decadence, with more sugar content than any common fruit—is getting an image makeover courtesy of the world's top perfumers. Fashion-insider favorites L'Artisan Parfumeur, Diptyque, L'Occitane, and Demeter have all come out with prominent fig notes. Now even designers are climbing the ficus tree: **Marc Jacobs's** new men's fragrance is a figgy scent, and Fresh Index has a fig blend. "I love eating figs, and I love the smell," says London's scent mix master **Jo Malone,** whose Wild Fig & Cassis fragrance debuts this fall (the cassis's bitterness undercuts the fig's high sugar content). "Figs have a very chameleon quality—you can eat them as dessert, or in pasta, or with ham." Wild Fig & Cassis is for men or women and packs a sensual punch. *Che fico,* indeed!

—DAVID COLMAN

ARTICLE CONTINUES AFTER ADVERTISEMENT


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PULLMAN WAR
The controversial children's novels of Philip Pullman (here in the study of his Oxford home, May 1, 2002) have been denounced by Christians.

OXFORD'S REBEL ANGEL

Breaking with the Christian literary tradition of Lewis Carroll, C. S. Lewis, and J. R. R. Tolkien, Oxford schoolteacher Philip Pullman has written a fabulously subversive trilogy that blurs the line between adult and children's fiction. He's been condemned by the Catholic press, while readers find heaven in his pages

Here are three moments of unscripted excitement, even inspiration, of the sort which dreams are sometimes made from:

A middle-aged man sits in a shack in an Oxford garden, gripped by a tenacious writer's block and surrounded by crumpled sheets of paper. Then, as if his hand were being guided, he draws a sheet toward him and scrawls, "Lyra and her daemon." With these four words, he senses that he has struck gold, oil, diamonds, uranium . . .

A father sits in a tourist restaurant with his six-year-old son, delivering the latest of many oral installments of *The Odyssey.* The boy is raptly sucking the rim of his glass. As climax is attained, and Odysseus, returned to Ithaca, begins to string his mighty bow, the child bites right through the rim and shatters the vessel. "Thank you, Homer," says the father, under his breath.

A moth-ravaged father, sickened by J. R. R. Tolkien and C. S. Lewis and beginning to get bored by J. K. Rowling, is slumped over a cocktail scanning a children's book that he thinks might serve as a bedtime story. He stays with it so long that his daughter's bedtime is in the past by the time he shakes himself and looks up at the kitchen clock. Relieved, he furtively carries on reading.

The man in the first two moments is Philip Pullman, whose books have begun to dissolve the frontier between adult and juvenile fiction. The man in the third moment is your humble servant, engrossed in *The Golden Compass,* volume one of Mr. Pullman's trilogy, which debuted in 1995. But the "tipping point" in the first and third instances was rather the

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES


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PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES


Family Hour.
HBO

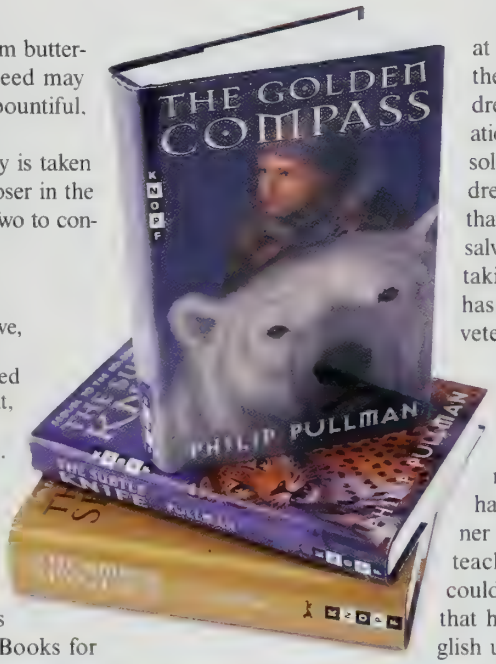
same. Right at the beginning of that fabulous trilogy, entitled "His Dark Materials," which will be published in paperback this fall, Pullman gifts his girl protagonist, Lyra, with a "daemon"—an animal familiar; a permanent sidekick, conscience, guardian, and pet companion—linked to her by an impalpable umbilical cord. As with him, as soon as it hit me, I thought it was the most delicious and seductive and intriguing innovation for children that could be imagined. Had I been favored enough to have conceived it, I might well have blessed my luck and left it at that. But Pullman refined the notion as he went along. All his humans have daemons. The daemons of grown-ups are fixed. After a certain age, you are stuck with your golden monkey or snow leopard or nightingale (I imagine myself bound indissolubly to Eeyore by now). But the daemons of children are quick-change artists, as protean as quicksilver, shape-shifting from butterflies to gulls to hedgehogs or lynx as need may arise. And this inexhaustible, trusting, bountiful, loving alliance lasts until puberty . . .

"Children don't necessarily want to be the hero in the tales they read. They want to be the hero's friend."

Puberty? The title of Pullman's trilogy is taken from Milton's *Paradise Lost,* where the loser in the war with heaven is compelled in Book Two to contemplate his options:

Into this wild abyss,
The womb of nature and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mixed
Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the almighty maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds . . .

Pullman's daring heresy is to rewrite the Fall as if it were an emancipation, and as if Eve had done us all a huge favor by snatching at the forbidden fruit. Our freedom and happiness depend on that "first disobedience." Books for children, he asserts proudly, should be "about how to grow up," not about how to remain childish.



BOOKS OF WONDER
Pullman's children's trilogy—*The Golden Compass* (1995), *The Subtle Knife* (1997), and *The Amber Spyglass* (2000)—has sold more than four million copies worldwide.

He lives in the haunted medieval city of Oxford. In this ancient setting, the rules of childhood fiction were long ago laid down and reinforced. The Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who wrote under the pseudonym Lewis Carroll, sent a pretty little girl down an Oxford rabbit hole into Wonderland (and beguiled his own lazy hours by taking photographs of her contemporaries which might now be banned from the Internet). Lewis pushed a group of children through a hole in his wardrobe. Tolkien reworked the Norse myths into a cumbersome Baggins saga. All three were ostentatious Christians, and they did their stuff in Oxford, a town which had been the Civil War capital of King Charles I, the last upholder of the divine right of kings. Philip Pullman is an unbeliever and a republican, and he says bullshit to all this—let us storm the heights of heaven and humanity on the throne.

Some of you will know this already, because the books are leaping off the shelves, but Lyra and her friend Will (as in free will) are Oxford children with parents they know or imagine to be dead. In their different ways, and via adventures with Gypsies, bears, witches, and hot-air balloons—into holes in the universe rather more capacious than the ones imagined by Lewis Carroll or C. S. Lewis—they come to realize that a fraudulent "god" figure has the world in thrall. The "church" that rules in the name of this god is planning unimaginable cruelty—cruelty which involves the human sacrifice of the innocent, and the animal sacrifice of their daemons. Venturing bravely through hell itself, the children force open the gates of an earthly paradise. In the process, not to mince words about it, they put god to death and put those who believe in him out of their misery. And then, again not to mince words about it, they repeat the daring dalliance first practiced by Adam and Eve. (I don't think the closing passage of the third novel, *The Amber Spyglass,* can be read in any other way.)

The *Catholic Herald* in London had already condemned all of this as the work of the Devil by the time I met Pullman. ("Worthy of the bonfire," it said. "Truly the stuff of nightmares"; though you might think the church would be a little more modest at the moment—at least when it comes to the question of upsetting or offending children.) He was very flattered by the denunciation. "Of course the Christians think it's absolutely fine that C. S. Lewis makes his children die in order to be happy," he says. "Or that Susan in *The Last Battle* is excluded from salvation—sent to hell in fact—when she starts taking an interest in lipstick and nylons." He has the authoritative and ironic manner of a veteran English schoolteacher, which was his full-time job before his novels began to win prizes and sell millions. He still appears rather like a teacher, with a herringbone-tweed jacket, a green open-necked shirt, spectacles, and receding gray hair, and he has that quizzical-but-dry manner that I remember from the classroom: the teacher who could make it interesting (and couldn't be messed around with). It turns out that he had the most conventional type of English upbringing. Born in Norwich in 1946, he was the first son of a fighter pilot in the Royal Air Force. Father moved the family to the colonies in Africa after the war, and was killed in action fighting the guerrillas in Kenya when—aha—the boy Philip was seven. "I remember crying, but simultaneously feeling that I was crying rather dutifully," he says. "I hadn't really known him." There followed his mother's marriage to another R.A.F. pilot, a move to Australia, and a return to England as a prep-school boy. His grandfather was a clergyman with the almost unimprovable name of the Reverend Sidney Merrifield, and from his library Pullman acquired a familiarity with, and later an immunity from, the stories of the Bible and the writings of C. S. Lewis. He can still discuss the nuances of Christianity with disinterested knowledge: "Tolkien was a conservative Catholic who thought that human-nature questions had been essentially settled, while Lewis was an Ulster Protestant and still 'wrestling' to some extent."

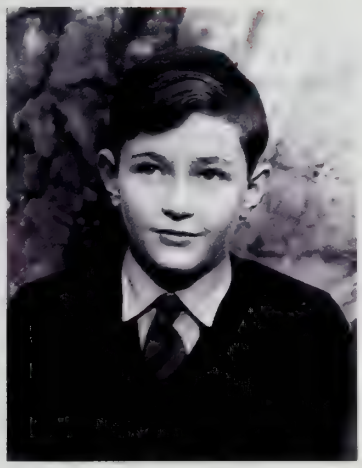
But aren't Pullman's works also based on fantasy and the supernatural? "Well, yes, they are in a way," he confesses, "though I dislike the word 'fantasy,' and you'll notice that the magic doesn't work all that well: the witches have to strain themselves, and they make all sorts of blunders." And doesn't he, like Tolkien, have a fascination with the Nordic? "Yes, but I write stories about what happens to real people. And about what it's like to be alive." It's


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no surprise to learn that when he was a boy he liked Richmal Crompton's "William" series, and detested the mawkish sentimentality of A. A. Milne. Look at the magical devices with which Pullman equips his characters. Bilbo Baggins's ring and Harry Potter's cloak of invisibility are one thing, but Lyra has an "alethiometer," a kind of medieval sextant or astrolabe which can determine the truth. And Will has a "subtle knife," the blade of which can cut metal with one edge and slice through to a parallel universe with the other. These are tools of inquiry and struggle, not magic wands.

Pullman's experiences as part orphan and part stepchild were not wasted on him. "When you are a child your feelings are magnified, because you haven't had any experience with which to compare them," he says. "So the smallest hint of injustice prompts you to think—which is itself unfair—that 'my real father wouldn't have treated me like that.'" His occasional loneliness prompted the insight "Children don't necessarily want to be the hero in the tales they read. They want to be the hero's friend. All this stuff about 'identification' is nonsensically overstated." As a partial result, his fictional children are not born with special powers, and they have to use the ordinary resources of bravery and intelligence in order to vanquish evil. And, as Pullman says with distinct relish, "I learned from Raymond Chandler that when in doubt have a man come through the door with a gun."

Pullman's fictional children have to use the ordinary resources of bravery and intelligence in order to vanquish evil.



TEACHER'S PET
Philip Pullman as a 12-year-old schoolboy in Wales, ca. 1958—40 years before he would become a best-selling author.

This is a great understatement of the narrative verve which has won Pullman literary prizes, such as the Whitbread, that are normally reserved for adult fiction. In the fall of 2000, at about the moment when *The New York Times* was forced by the success of J. K. Rowling to print a separate best-seller list for children's books, the London *Observer* went the other way and reviewed *The Amber Spyglass* at the front of its respected review section, "just as we might Kazuo Ishiguro, Tom Wolfe, or Julian Barnes," wrote the literary editor, Robert McCrum:

> We are not under any illusion that this will change the way people look at children's literature, but we do rather fervently hope that it will help to have Philip Pullman evaluated as an important contemporary novelist who happens to write in a certain genre, a significant writer to be spoken of in the same breath as, say, Beryl Bainbridge, A. S. Byatt or Salman Rushdie.

The cleverness—no, the intelligence—of Pullman's work is this: A child reading it can be entranced by the daemons, stirred by the intrepidity of the youngsters, and impressed by the remoteness and coldness of some adults, as well as by (my own favorite) the huge armored bears which do battle on the side of the kids. A grown-up can take pleasure spotting the references to Milton and Blake and Homer, and follow the implied argument about human nature, free will, and religion. In effect, parents and growing children can overhear snatches of each other's conversation and make surmises about what the others think and believe. The only other novel I know which creates this intimate double effect is Kingsley Amis's *The Alteration*, which was also set partly in Oxford and which also proposes a world, still recognizable to us, where the Reformation never took place and the Papacy managed to prevent the rise of science and reason and industry. In *The Alteration* the awful secret uncovered by the children is that the church intends to take one of them and make him into a castrato for the Vatican choir. In "His Dark Materials," the gruesome irony is that the church proposes to slice the children away from their daemons, which are in fact the nearest thing to a "soul" that they can hope to have.

The crucial "material" in the trilogy is known as "Dust"—a subatomic particle which contains the secret of the universe. We are instructed in Genesis 2:7 that "the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life." But we find in the trilogy that this is a dangerous misreading, and that god and humans are formed of the same matter. "It's as subversive as I could make it," says Pullman cheerily. "Ms. Rowling gets accused of Satanism, and her books are burned in the Bible Belt. I am not at all a Satanist, though William Blake said of Milton that he was 'of the Devil's party without knowing it.' I just think that the real world is all we have, and that it's beautiful, and that there ain't no elsewhere." One chapter heading of *The Amber Spyglass* cites Blake and his ardent desire to "shew you all alive the world where every particle of dust breathes forth its joy."

Sitting in his Roald Dahl–like shack at the end of the garden, Pullman now devotes at least one day a week to answering letters from children. These range from the one sent by a boy near Seattle who is trying to bring a lawsuit against him for insulting the Deity to Pullman's personal favorite, which arrived while he was working on *The Amber Spyglass*. "Here is a picture of a very cute squirrel," said the letter. "Please admire it. Now that you have admired it, I want you to remember your book, which the world has spent eons waiting for.... Finish your book or else this squirrel will die. Anonymous. P.S. We are watching you. We know what you are doing. You may not be able to see us, but you know that we are out there. Fear us, Mr. Pullman, and pity the poor squirrel." I could not help noticing that on the very first page of *The Amber Spyglass*, when it eventually came out, the woods were full of "the chitter of insects and the cries of small arboreal mammals." Good teachers pay attention, just as good children must.

I worry slightly that this recognition of Philip Pullman as a grown-up writer will go too far.[3] (The latest things are that Nicholas Hytner, the new director of London's Royal National Theatre, wants to adapt "His Dark Materials" for the stage, and Tom Stoppard is busily interpreting it for the screen.) Like the author of the squirrel missive—who later turned up at a Pullman reading and proved to be a charming little girl—I want to keep him for myself and make sure that he stays in the world where bears forge their own armor (the right to arm bears?), where every child has a personal friend and confidant to help explain the plot, where witches can foul up, and where the Oxford Botanic Garden can become the setting for Eden and a fresh start. Even for children it is true that "in dreams begin responsibilities." Do we have free will? Of course we have free will. We have no choice. □

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THE PENANCE OF PIRATES

Not since 1987, when Ivan Boesky topped the Wall Street perp walks, have there been so many white-skinned, white-collar defendants facing trial. Forget prison reform: even liberals are gleefully anticipating the harshest fate (with jail rape an added bonus) for guilty executives—who'll then do media contrition as celebrity ex-cons



BOOK 'EM, DANO
Top row: James McDougal, Jeffrey Skilling, Sam Waksal, Susan McDougal, Andrew Fastow, Alfred Taubman. *Second row:* Jack Grubman; Michael, Timothy, and John Rigas; Diana Brooks. *Third row:* Robert Blake, Lizzy Grubman, Michael Milken, Peter Bacanovic, James Traficant. *Bottom row:* Gary Winnick, Bernard Ebbers, Ivan Boesky, Martha Stewart, Ken Lay, Dennis Kozlowski.

America, land of the free, is also home of the caged. The cell-door clang on *Law & Order* could be our heavy-metal anthem. With nearly two million people under federal, state, and local lockup, we're the world's No. 1 nation of incarceration, the leading warehouser of warm bodies. Percentage-wise, we can more human sardines than any Western democracy, dictatorship, rogue state, or desert monarchy. A recent editorial in *The Economist* compared the U.S. to early Australia, implying that we are regressing into a vast penal colony. America, however, is not an equal-opportunity jailer. As Amnesty International documented in a controversial study last year, our federal and state justice systems are "riddled with racial discrimination." Take the War on Drugs—the downtown crackhead is far more likely to find himself scrunched in the backseat of the squad car than the uptown cokehead. And why is it always black rap- and basketball stars being chaperoned into court on weapons s sense of fairness demanded that the scales of alanced. Unfortunately for brothers and sisters of col- t translate into letting any of them out. It means making room among the nickel-and-dimers Which is to say that in the summer of 2002 the jaws of justice craved tender white meat. Corporate executives, Wall Street analysts, pedophile priests, alleged Hollywood shoplifters, disgraced congressmen—it was time to turn the perp walk into a Caucasian Day parade.

Anything to make Robert Blake feel less alone.

Nineteen eighty-seven was the previous heyday of the paleface walk of shame. It was the year Ivan Boesky was convicted of conspiracy, and a raptor-beaked U.S. attorney in Manhattan named Rudy Giuliani shocked Wall Street and sharpened his political profile by having investment bankers handcuffed and hauled out of their offices during business hours in front of their stunned colleagues. Nineteen eighty-seven was also the year Tom Wolfe published the best-selling novel *The Bonfire of the Vanities,* where his protagonist, bond trader and "Master of the Universe" Sherman McCoy, was led like a virgin bride through a worked-up, voyeuristic mob (Fay Wray bound for King Kong). It was Wolfe who stylized the perp walk into a sacrificial rite. And in December of that year, director Oliver Stone released *Wall Street,* whose anti-hero Gordon Gekko preached the gospel "Greed is good," which summed up the acquisition side of the 80s. The decade ended

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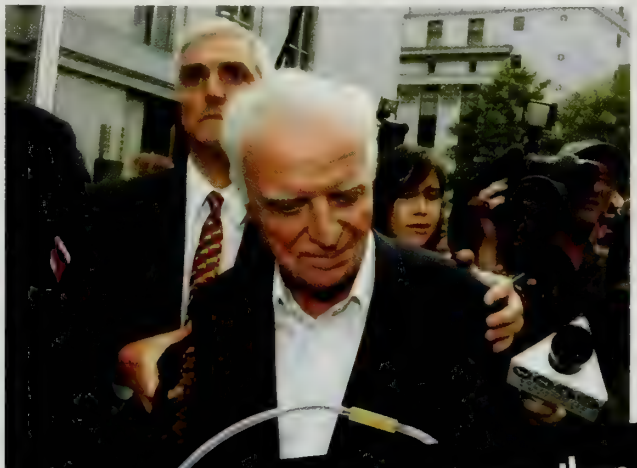
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with "junk-bond king" Michael Milken going to prison for securities fraud, demonstrating that greed is good only if you've got a getaway plan.

The Sherman McCoy sandman shuffle got less play in the 90s, when President Clinton's libido and a diddly-squat land deal called Whitewater aroused more prosecutorial interest than the fuzzy math being practiced in the conning towers of corporate America. The most memorable perp walk from that period probably was done by Susan McDougal, who was put away for 21 months for refusing to cooperate with Whitewater investigators. (Her former husband, James McDougal, also was convicted on Whitewater charges and died in prison.) Business got a free pass that we're all paying for now as greed swapped its power ties for casual-Friday garb, the New Economy acquiring a New Age grandiosity that made *Wired*-magazine visionaries and venture capitalists alike feel as if they could download the future. The hype and exponential growth of the tech boom promised to democratize wealth-creation through stock options and 401(k)s.

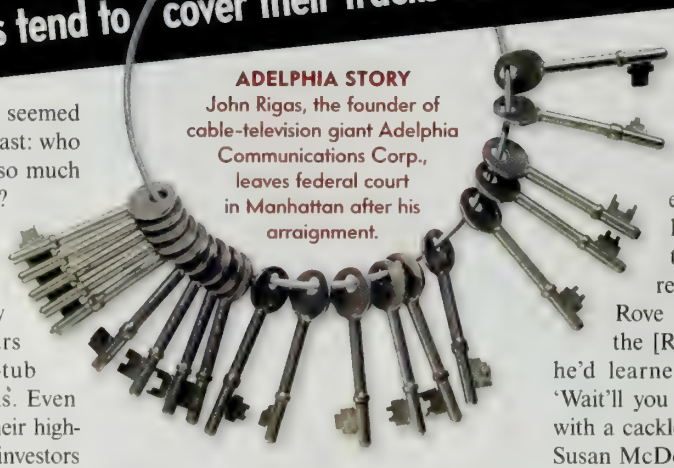


Wealthy defendants tend to cover their tracks better than, say, stickup artists.

Ivan Boesky seemed like a golem from a primitive past: who needed shadowy inside tips with so much money gushing in broad daylight? Next stop, Dow 36,000.

Gravity intervened and down rained the debris. The most savage bear market since the early 70s destroyed trillions of dollars of wealth and drained the hot-tub dreams of millions of Americans. Even though some pundits dusted off their high-school Shakespeare and lectured investors that the fault, dear Brutus, was not in the stars but in ourselves, that we bought into the tech buzz (others, among them Ann Coulter, were cruder, dismissing Enron employees as crybabies), there was no question that the casino had been rigged. Worse, those who had cashed out while investors and employees were left holding empty socks showed no contrition or sense of restitution, making the robber barons of the 19th century look like Daddy Warbucks. The robber barons at least built museums, libraries, colleges, and opera halls with their plunder. The stock-bubble robber barons, however, have supersized their McMansions or gone boating as if living in their own private Monaco. Flaunting it in our faces! Day after day a media drumbeat built for a trophy head to mount on page one.

And there were so many prize pates to choose from. Ken "Frito" Lay, Andy Fastow, and Jeff Skilling of Enron. Dennis Kozlowski of Tyco. Bernie Ebbers of WorldCom. Gary Winnick of Global Crossing. Jack Grubman, the telecom analyst at Salomon who had buy signals on companies he ran interference for. Sam Waksal of ImClone. Peter Bacanovic, the golden-boy broker for Waksal's daughter and for Martha Stewart. And, of course, Our Lady of Decorative Place Settings herself, whose refusal



ADELPHIA STORY
John Rigas, the founder of cable-television giant Adelphia Communications Corp., leaves federal court in Manhattan after his arraignment.

to answer questions about her dumping of ImClone stock during the cooking segment on CBS ("I want to focus on my salad") was the camp highlight of summer TV. Mike Barnicle spoke for many—not me—when he said on CNBC's *Hardball,* "Happiness for me . . . would be the sight of Martha Stewart being carted off to court in designer handcuffs."

Insider trading wasn't limited to the commodities pits or futures markets. Alfred Taubman, the former head of Sotheby's, was convicted of price-fixing and sentenced to a year and a day in prison. The *New York Post* had fun with the reality check he was about to receive, comparing "Taubman Now" (millionaire, Brooks Brothers suits, palatial digs) with "Taubman Soon" (jailbird, green prison uniform, 8-by-12 cell). The tabs also remained stoked at the prospect of publicist and spoiled rich girl Lizzie Grubman being jailed for bowling over bystanders with Daddy's Mercedes S.U.V. at a Hamptons nightclub. But, for every Taubman doing time, there seemed to be 10 golden-parachuters enjoying *la dolce vita.* Flaunting it, I tell you! The frustration and outcry over the slow pace of indictments collected like a thunderstorm and orgasmically burst on July 24 when John Rigas and his two sons, accused of using Adelphia as their own piggy bank, were perp-walked in handcuffs in front of the press in Manhattan. The old man moved so fast it was more like a perp jog.

Here was the hallelujah moment the media had been dying for. The Dow rocketed almost 500 points, and Jim Cramer, the highly caffeinated co-host of CNBC's *Kudlow & Cramer,* nearly bounced out of his chair with joy. "America finally saw what it was waiting for today," he said. "A bunch of alleged bad guys being dragged off in handcuffs." Another interested onlooker was also tickled. "On a Bush fundraising trip the next night," *Newsweek* reported, "senior adviser Karl Rove accepted facetious kudos for the [Rigas bust], which he insisted he'd learned about from TV reports. 'Wait'll you see what's next,' Rove joked with a cackle. 'Orange jumpsuits!'" Well, Susan McDougal did look saucy in hers.

Rove's boss had to play catch-up with the corporate-cleanup campaign. An M.B.A. from Harvard, President Bush has an affinity with C.E.O.'s, particularly Texas C.E.O.'s with whom he's become nickname buddies. (As Johnny Carson pointed out in *Esquire,* once Ken Lay became politically radioactive, he was no longer "Kenny Boy" to Dubya but "Mr. Lay.") Yet a manly president must sometimes strap on the toy holster. With capital punishment losing public and judicial support, Bush, who mocked Karla Faye Tucker's plea for clemency when he was governor of Texas, still hankered to show the world he was sheriff of these badlands. Corporate governance would provide him with a politi-


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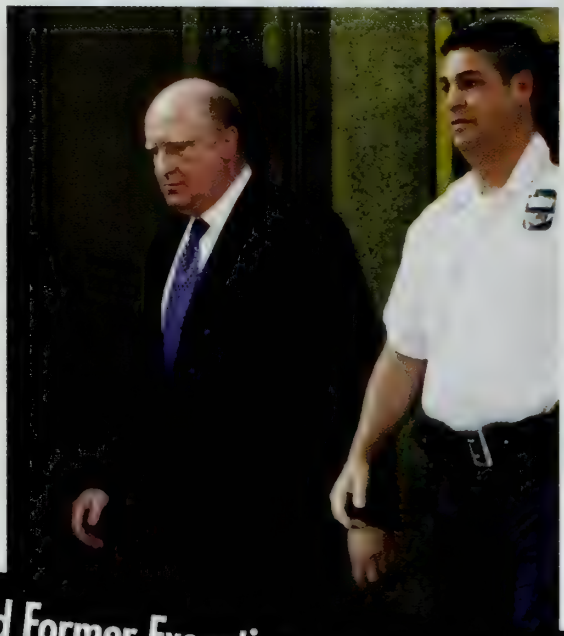
cal dose of photo-op Viagra. The day before he signed the corporate-reform bill, he gave a speech that warned bigwigs in stern tones normally directed at al-Qaeda. "If you are a C.E.O. and you think you can fudge the books . . . we're going to find you, we're going to arrest you, and we're going to hold you to account." We're going to smoke you out of the boardroom and chase you through the lobby.

CUFF-LINKED EXECS IN CUFFS
—*New York Post* headline following the arrest of WorldCom's David Myers and Scott Sullivan.

Rounding up rustlers is the easy part. White-collar hoods seldom face serious time in the coop. Wealthy defendants tend to be well educated and resourceful, cleverly covering their tracks better than, say, stickup artists caught acting like gangstas on bodega surveillance cameras (holding their guns sideways, that kind of shtick); the cases against white collars are often more complicated than juries can grasp; and even if convicted, these pillars of society can afford to hire lawyers whose leather briefcases are the envy of the business-class lounge to file appeals until they hit bingo with the right judge.

Perhaps this explains why so many columnists, politicians, and man-in-the-street crackpots are fed up with slowpoke justice (trials, what a nuisance) and hanker to dish out their own homemade brand of whupping. *The New York Times* ran an article titled "Mad as Hell: Hard Time for White-Collar Crime," quoting a law professor who said that her students, once they grasp the damage caused by the Rembrandts of creative accounting, "think these people should be hung up by their toes." Toe dangling wasn't enough for a viewer of Lou Dobbs's *Moneyline* (CNN), who E-mailed, "Lou, I personally feel that any corporate officer affiliated with company fraud should have all of their belongings, down to their toothbrush, sold at auction before being caned and jailed." Even the secretary of the Treasury, Paul O'Neill, a man capable of destroying five percent of the worth of the Brazilian currency with a single quote, got into the act, confusing himself with a posse leader and advocating that mangy varmints should be hanged from the "highest branch."

Comedians and radio hosts painted humid *Oz* scenarios of bending convict, crouching C.E.O. Author and comedian Al Franken tried to cheer up Martha Stewart in *TV Guide* by saying, Hey, it could be worse: "Worse than becoming the brand name for Insider Trading, of course, is becoming the brand name for Megasuccess Who Ended Up in Prison. Worse still is being branded Megasuccess Who Went to Prison and Was Badly Beaten and Sexually Assaulted by Other Inmates. That, I hope, will go to someone like Enron's Jeffrey Skilling." It wasn't that long ago that liberals like Franken espoused prison reform, humane treatment of inmates, rehabilitation programs. Today, liberals and conservatives grip the same billy club, their get-tough attitude differing only in the intensity of their grip. Prisons are punishment factories, rehabilitation is sissy talk, and rape is blithely considered part of the deal—the all-inclusive hellhole package.



DENNIS THE MENACE
Former Tyco International Ltd. C.E.O. Dennis Kozlowski is escorted out of New York State Supreme Court in Manhattan after his June 4 arraignment on tax-evasion charges.

We'll see Disgraced Former Executives sitting across from Connie Chung.

The perp walk is more than a public shaming: it symbolizes the first baby steps that lead to sodomy. It's as if Antonin Artaud's theater of cruelty had become a state- or federal-run institution. "Rape and H.I.V. in prison is eight to 10 times as high as in the general population," Lara Stemple, executive director of the advocacy group Stop Prisoner Rape, told U.P.I. Since the people most likely to be preyed upon in prison are also the ones most likely to be released back into the general population—that is, nonviolent, first-time offenders—we ought to think twice about wishing sexual assault on the Jeff Skillings of the world, since they could end up being the carriers of HIV and hepatitis C into the outside world. No one should be raped in prison, not even the pedophile priests for whom it would be poetic Karmic payback.

The flip side of brute insensitivity is a mawkish sentimentality that gets gooier in the culture each decade. You can see it in prison movies, which used to be lean, mean, wisecracking, socially conscious, and monochromatic (*I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, The Big House, White Heat, Riot in Cell Block 11, Birdman of Alcatraz*), and have become increasingly lush, baroque, self-conscious, prestige-laden, and spiritually redemptive (prime example: *The Green Mile*, with Tom Hanks empathizing hard enough to spring a leak). The crackdown posturing of the present will lead to a raft of sob stories in the future. We'll see Disgraced Former Executives sitting across from Connie Chung, Diane Sawyer, and Larry King, doing acts of contrition as they hold hands with their loyal, picture-perfect wives, assuming the spouse hasn't run off with the gardener. Some will find religion and appear with Chuck Colson attached to their hips. And some will be genuinely humbled by their experience. Or perhaps hollowed-out is the better term.

When the author of a survival guide for jailbirds was invited on *Crossfire* to discuss Congressman James Traficant, he sobered a studio audience expecting easy laughs about Traficant's jack-in-the-box toupee by saying that the first jolt he'd get was that, whatever he was on the outside, behind bars he's nothing, a nobody, "a zero." For millions of those stuck at the social bottom, being treated like nothing is par for the course, but for sheltered white perps it's the shock of the new. That's the real virginity they're robbed of. □

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Of Butlers and Billionaires

Did Princess Diana pass on unwanted gifts to her loyal butler, Paul Burrell, or did he make off with millions in royal booty? Hoping the Burrell and Safra trials don't conflict, the author has details on both cases–and on a "death industry" giant's ugly plans for a peaceful Hollywood cemetery



ON THE SCENE Dunne at *V.F.*'s shoot to commemorate the 90th anniversary of Paramount as Annie Leibovitz's crew starts to position the stars.

I firmly intended to spend every day of this past summer—with no interruptions whatsoever—at my house in Connecticut working on my new novel, *A Solo Act,* because the book is overdue, and Betty Prashker, my longtime editor at Crown, is getting very antsy. But all good intentions tend to evaporate, as mine did the minute I got the tempting call from *Vanity Fair* in July to go to Los Angeles for a photo shoot celebrating the 90th anniversary of Paramount Studios. You can read about that on page 304.

On July 31 the multimillionaire Alfred Taubman, onetime chairman of the board of Sotheby's auction house, checked himself into the Federal Medical Center in Rochester, Minnesota—a day ahead of schedule in order to avoid the reporters and photographers planning to show up for his arrival—to begin his sentence of one year and one day for collusion, or price-fixing, with Sotheby's great rival, Christie's. Taubman, 78 and unwell, had appealed his conviction, but the appeal was denied. The prison, which is in the same city as the Mayo Clinic, is no country club. "They mix up the armed robbers, arsonists, and drug dealers with the price-fixers," a person close to the family told me. Taubman will be up for parole for good behavior after 10½ months. He had spent most of the month of July with his wife, Judy, at their house in Southampton, where he quietly saw friends and said good-bye. He then returned to New York for a few days and flew with Judy to Detroit, where he is from and where he maintains a beautiful house on a lake in Bloomfield Hills. His old friend and early benefactor, the Detroit and Palm Beach multimillionaire Max Fisher, attended a farewell dinner at the Taubman residence the night before Taubman flew to the prison in his private plane from the airport in nearby Pontiac. He was accompanied on the 40-minute flight by his son Robert and his lawyer Jeffrey Miro. Reports from the prison indicate that it is not as dire as expected. It has ample grounds for exercise—with basketball and jogging facilities—and visiting hours five days a week.

There is a trial coming up in London that I hope to cover, if it does not coincide with the Monte Carlo trial of Ted Maher, the long-imprisoned nurse accused in the deaths by asphyxiation of the billionaire Edmond Safra and another nurse, Vivian Torrente. It is the trial of Paul Burrell, the greatly trusted and beloved butler of Princess Diana, who was bequeathed £50,000 ($77,000) at her death, and who was subsequently honored by

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Queen Elizabeth—for whom he had once been a page—with the Royal Victorian Order two months after Diana's death. There was nothing about the private life and romances of the troubled Princess to which Burrell was not privy. Diana referred to him as "my rock." To protect her privacy, her medical prescriptions were sometimes made out in his name. His wife, Maria, who was at one time a maid to Prince Philip, was the recipient of many of Diana's clothes and shoes when she was done with them, since she and the Princess both wore size 12, and his two sons often played with the princes William and Harry. Burrell continued to address Diana as "Your Royal Highness" even after she was stripped of that title following her divorce from Prince Charles. After Diana's fatal car accident, Burrell went to Paris and flew home with her body, even helping to dress it for burial, then maintained an all-night prayer vigil at her casket. He has previously turned down millions of dollars from publishers for his memoirs of Diana. As one newspaper put it, Burrell was sitting on a gold mine, but he refused to capitalize on his intimate information.

Then, through a fluke, an ugly wedding gift sent to the Prince and Princess of Wales by the Emir of Bahrain, which Diana had reportedly found "gaudy and tasteless," was spotted by an antiques expert at an auctioneer's gallery. This led to an investigation of other royal objects, which culminated in a raid on the house Burrell had purchased with his inheritance from the Princess. There the police found a cache of 342 objects in a loft, in wardrobes, and on shelves and display tables. The authorities allege that Burrell stole the objects, which they say are worth an estimated £5 million ($7.7 million). Richard Kay, a *Daily Mail* reporter who was a friend of Diana's, wrote:





ROYAL MESS Paul Burrell, *right*, former butler of Princess Diana, *above*, is charged with stealing an estimated $7.7 million worth of objects he says she gave him as gifts or for safekeeping.

> His trial will be the most sensational heard at the Central Criminal Court for years. It could well involve members of the royal family having to appear in the witness box for the first time since King Edward VII, as the then Prince of Wales, gave evidence in 1891 in a civil case of slander over a game of cards.
>
> The Burrell trial offers the infinitely more fascinating prospect of Diana's former husband, the present Prince of Wales, as well as their student son, William . . . being called into the oak-paneled, scandal-stained courtroom to take the oath and, in all probability, find themselves under close cross examination, especially about the established culture of the royal family showering unwanted gifts they have received on poorly paid servants.

The items themselves are not particularly valuable—one is a bullwhip used by Harrison Ford in *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*, which the actor gave to Diana at a royal premiere—except that they belonged to the Princess. Burrell claims that he was given most of the property as gifts or for safekeeping. English acquaintances of mine close to the situation tell me that Prince [illegible] and Prince William do not want this trial to take place. [illegible] are the ones pursuing the case, and there has been [illegible] between them and the royal family since Diana's brother, Earl Spencer, delivered a withering eulogy at his sister's funeral in Westminster Abbey. Diana's mother, Mrs. Frances Shand Kydd, and her sister Lady Sarah McCorquodale are expected to give evidence. On the other hand, such close friends of Diana's as Rosa Monckton, who was with the Princess on her last vacation, and Lucia Flecha de Lima, the wife of the former Brazilian ambassador to the United States and a very close friend, will both appear in support of Paul Burrell.

One of the many inexplicable things about the death of Edmond Safra in Monte Carlo in December 1999 is why he didn't come out of the fortified bathroom where he suffered an excruciating death, along with Vivian Torrente. Granted, he was overmedicated and paranoid, according to sources close to him, and one of his nurses told me he had terrible nightmares, screamed in his sleep, and was terrified of being murdered. But even though the smoke that would slowly kill him and his nurse kept seeping in under the door, he refused to open it. Now there's a new twist in the story. Apparently, Torrente, a 50-year-old married Filipina from New Jersey, *did* try to get out of the bathroom. In the recently translated French autopsy report, there are indications that a struggle may have taken place between Safra and his employee. According to information I have received, there was Safra DNA under Torrente's fingernails and Torrente DNA under Safra's fingernails. Furthermore, there were unexplained bruises on Torrente's body, as well as "combat-like" bruises on the back of her neck. I have long known about the back-of-the-neck bruise, but I had not heard about the other ones until recently. There was also blood in her thyroid, and Safra's blood was on her bra and undergarment. Several diaries back, I wrote that there had allegedly been an immediate payoff to Torrente's widower by the Safra estate. Even as I write, the famous medical examiner Michael Baden, whom I met at the O. J. Simpson trial, is studying the autopsy report. Baden and a host of other expert witnesses—on fire, police work, security, medical care, safe rooms—have joined the team being put together by Michael Griffith, the American lawyer representing Ted Maher. Griffith, who gained international fame as the lawyer for Billy Hayes, who was busted for drugs in Turkey in 1970 and whose story was made into the film *Midnight Express*, intends to prove that had it not been for the incompetence of the Monaco police and fire services Safra and Torrente would still be alive.

Charles and William do not want this trial to take place.

I find that novels I have written continue to have life long after they are published. In 1985, I wrote *The Two Mrs. Grenvilles*, based on a famous shooting on Long Island in 1955. It was made into a mini-series with Ann-Margret and the late Claudette Colbert, in her last performance, for which she received a Golden Globe. Recently, the most extraordinary letter was put into my hands by an acquaintance. It was written 46 years ago by a woman whose name means little to the general public today but who caused a great many headlines in 1955, after she shot and killed her husband, the millionaire sportsman William Woodward Jr., of the horse-racing and banking Woodward family, of New

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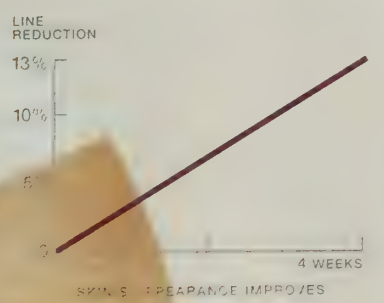


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York and Long Island. The woman's name was Ann Woodward. She had grown up in a farm community in Kansas and modeled a bit in a Kansas City department store before she moved to New York, became a showgirl, sang in clubs, and met and married the richest and handsomest bachelor in New York society, to the dismay of his aristocratic mother and four older sisters. I became fascinated by Ann Woodward. She was a beauty who quickly adapted to the elegant life she had married into. She won favor with her disapproving mother-in-law when she bore her husband two sons to carry on the family name. Bill and Ann owned Nashua, the top racehorse of the day, and they went tiger hunting with maharajas in India. There were shotguns in the Long Island house. And there were troubles in their marriage after he fell in love with another woman. One night they went to a Long Island party. They drank. They quarreled. When they got home, he took a shower. As he came into the hallway, naked, she shot him twice and told the police she had mistaken her husband for a prowler. It was the greatest scandal of its time, and *Life* magazine, which ran an 11-page story by Cleveland Amory, called it "the shooting of the century." Fearful of an even more scandalous trial, with a display of dirty laundry, her mother-in-law chose to go along with her story of the prowler. She was cleared by the grand jury, and the case never went to trial. Although her husband's family ostensibly stood by her, life was never the same. Ann committed suicide in 1975, after having read an advance copy of the issue of *Esquire* that contained an excerpt of Truman Capote's famous unfinished novel, *Answered Prayers,* in which he painted a notorious picture of her.





GRAVE MATTERS Ann Woodward, *above,* was never tried for the 1955 shooting of her husband. *Right,* Marilyn Monroe is the biggest name buried in Westwood Village Memorial Park.

The letter I received was a reply to a condolence note my acquaintance's father had written to Ann after the shooting. The father and Bill Woodward had been friends and classmates. It must have been a difficult note to write, to the widow and killer of your great friend. Under the circumstances, she probably hadn't received many condolence notes. Her handwriting was strong. So was her reply.

Words cannot express adequately how much it means to me to have your thoughts and sympathy during these dark hours.

A greater tragedy could not have happened to anyone.

I remember so well those happy days of football games at Harvard. Bill was such a wonderful person. Everyone who knew him admired all of his good qualities.

The understanding and encouragement of people like you who were devoted to him, can help give me strength and encouragement for his two fine sons.

Thank you again for writing—your letter was of such comfort.

Sincerely,

January 24, 1956 Ann Woodward

o fine boys she referred to both later committed suicide, stration. It remains one of New York's saddest stories.

When people think of a movie stars' cemetery, Forest Lawn immediately springs to their minds, and, indeed, that cemetery in Glendale is a Los Angeles tourist attraction of the highest order, with its history, its art, and its immortalization in Evelyn Waugh's devastating comic novel *The Loved One* and the film based on it. What most people don't know, however, is that there is another prominent cemetery, a small, 2.8-acre area in the Westwood section of Los Angeles called the Pierce Brothers Westwood Village Memorial Park, which dates back to 1888, when it was known as Sunset Cemetery. Long before it became known as "the Cemetery to the Stars," it was a hallowed burial ground for veterans of the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, and World Wars I and II. Fans know about it because so many stars are buried there, but it's not a tourist attraction. It's a serene and lovely place, difficult to find because it is hidden behind a high-rise and a parking garage. I visit it every time I'm in Los Angeles, because my daughter is buried there. I also have dozens of friends who are there, and I like to make the rounds when I visit. It was probably shortly after Marilyn Monroe was buried there in a white-marble mausoleum crypt 40 years ago that people in the motion-picture industry began buying plots in it. Natalie Wood, Truman Capote, Dean Martin, Donna Reed, Sammy Cahn, Frank Zappa, Burt Lancaster, Darryl F. Zanuck, Jack Lemmon, Walter Matthau, the parents of Elizabeth Taylor, and Billy Wilder are among the many famous individuals laid to rest there. The place has always been beautifully run. Recently it has come to light that a Houston, Texas, corporation called Service Corporation International (S.C.I.)—self-described as the world's largest conglomerate in the death industry—purchased the cemetery and mortuary 11 years ago from the highly respected Pierce Brothers, though no one seemed to realize it. Now S.C.I. has plans to increase the cemetery's capacity and expand the tiny space, which is virtually maxed out, by building a mausoleum with an elevator which will hold 463 bodies and a smaller, "family" mausoleum which will hold 12. At the same time, there are now sites on the Internet naming and picturing the celebrities who are buried in this cemetery.

"How dare you turn this into Disneyland for the dead?"

Ironically, the late Jessica Mitford, who wrote the 1963 best-selling exposé *The American Way of Death,* which detailed the scandalous practices of our funeral industry, wrote an update which was posthumously excerpted in *Vanity Fair* in March 1997, attacking the huge funeral conglomerates, specifically the very same Service Corporation International of Houston.

"Outrage" is the only word to describe the feelings of the families who have their loved ones interred in the cemetery. Audrey Wilder, the widow of Billy Wilder, who died last March, paid $200,000 for a plot for her husband and herself. She expressed the feelings of all the plot owners in her enraged letter to S.C.I., in which she said, "How dare you turn this beautiful and sacred place into Disneyland for the dead? . . . A pox on all of you." Subsequently, the Los Angeles Cultural Heritage Commission recommended that the city designate Westwood Village Memorial Park as a historic monument. The process would slow down and possibly change S.C.I.'s current plans, and the conglomerate's lawyer is actively fighting to stop it. □

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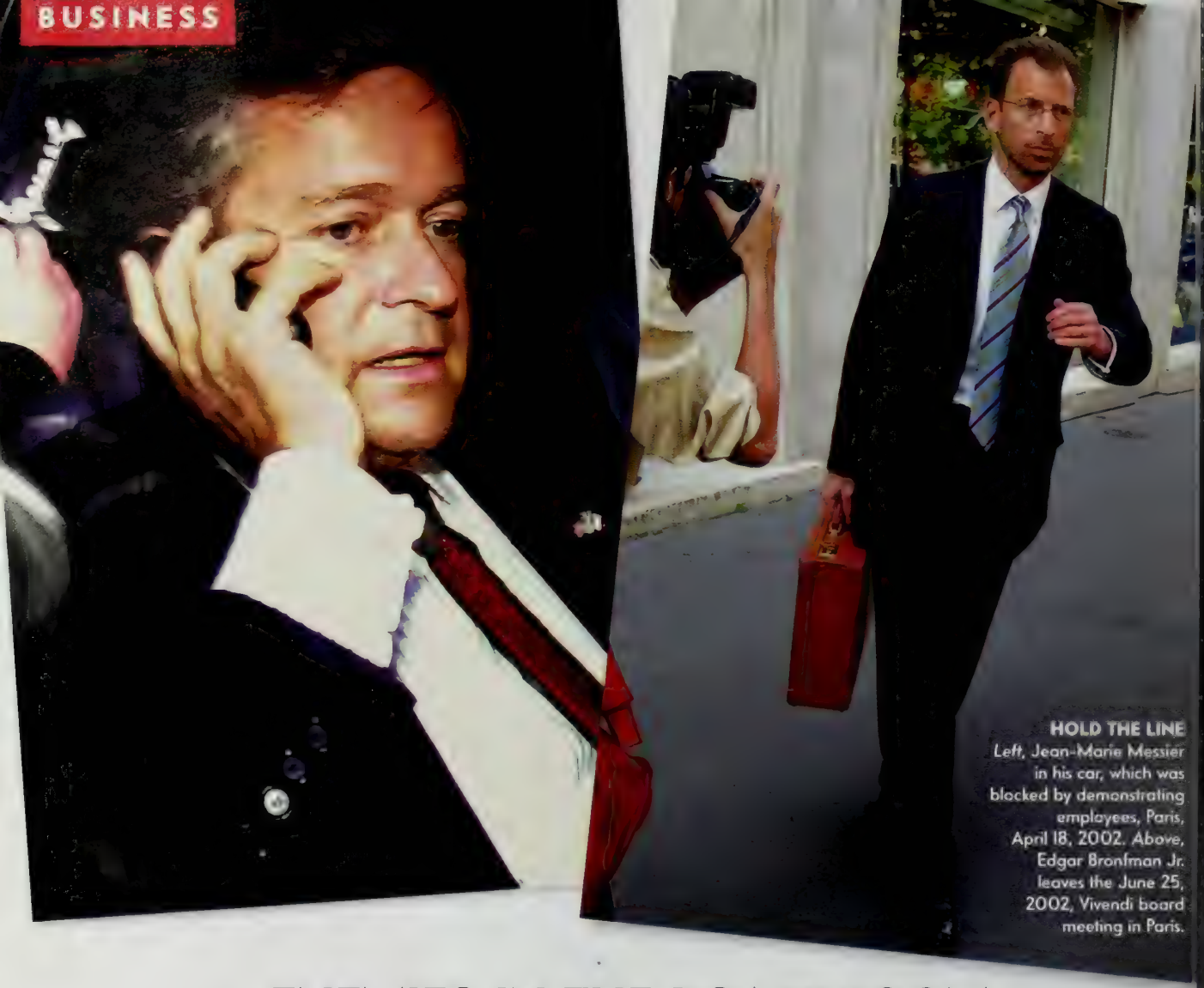
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HOLD THE LINE
Left, Jean-Marie Messier in his car, which was blocked by demonstrating employees, Paris, April 18, 2002. *Above*, Edgar Bronfman Jr. leaves the June 25, 2002, Vivendi board meeting in Paris.

ENEMIES IN THE BOARDROOM

Last spring, as C.E.O. Jean-Marie Messier cavorted in the spotlight, Vivendi Universal's boardroom turned into a battleground. The furious, high-decibel opposition from his North American directors, led by Edgar Bronfman Jr., should have given Messier pause, but the quiet backstage machinations of the French would prove far more lethal

BY VICKY WARD

On June 25, the 15 directors of Vivendi Universal, the world's second-biggest media company after AOL Time Warner, gathered for a pre-board-meeting lunch in the company's Paris headquarters, overlooking the Arc de Triomphe. The room was buzzing, since just that morning Bernard Arnault, the chairman of LVMH, the French luxury-goods conglomerate, had resigned from the board, as the fourth such resignation in six months, during which time the stock had plummeted nearly 70 percent. That afternoon, everyone knew, Edgar Bronfman Jr., the suave, bearded Seagram heir, whose family held the largest single block of Vivendi Universal shares, would call for a vote of confidence in Jean-Marie Messier, Vivendi's 45-year-old French chairman and C.E.O. The two men had breakfasted together hours before to discuss it, but Messier had been unable to dissuade Bronfman from his course of action.

At the meeting the five North Americans on the board—Bronfman; his father, Edgar senior; Samuel Minzberg, a lawyer representing Edgar senior's brother, Charles; Marie-Josée Kravis, the wife of Kohlberg Kravis Roberts founding partner Henry Kravis; and Richard H. Brown, chairman of Electronic Data Systems—were set to lobby hard for Bronfman Jr.'s motion. After lunch Minzberg approached the lone Englishman present, Simon Murray, the former C.E.O. of the book publisher Hutchinson and co-founder of the Orange phone network. By all accounts Murray appeared somewhat startled


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as Minzberg clasped him tightly and, in a voice quavering with emotion, apologized for having yelled "Fuck you" at him twice during a heated exchange at a board meeting in May. "Will you vote with us?" Minzberg asked. Murray said he'd listen to the presentations and decide.

During the previous few months Minzberg, whom a fellow board member describes as "ordinarily rather quiet," had been growing increasingly belligerent as the stock declined. He started sending daily "insulting" E-mails to Messier, says a source. The board member recalls, "Minzberg sounded like one of those lawyers in the courts who screams at everybody.... They [the North American board members] went into overdrive with Minzberg leading the charge and Edgar being charming and trying to pretend that Minzberg was some wild boar out of control."

MESSIER'S DISCOURTEOUS BEHAVIOR MAY HAVE SERVED TO HARDEN BRONFMAN'S PROFESSIONAL DOUBTS INTO A PERSONAL DISLIKE.

"They turned it into a personal vendetta," says one of the European board members of the North Americans' attempt to oust Messier. Board meetings grew increasingly hostile, with people shouting at one another. However, Messier was not worried—he knew he still had the support of the eight Frenchmen on the board and the French banks.



MASTER OF THE WORLD
Jean-Marie Messier at Universal Studios in Los Angeles in June 2001, a year after he acquired it.

First up for discussion at the June 25 board meeting was the appointment of a new board member, Dominique Hoenn, the chief operating officer of BNP Paribas, a major French bank. Messier argued that his appointment would quell the critics who were arguing that Vivendi Universal was facing a cash-flow crisis. But Minzberg at first refused to vote, stating that Hoenn had not been approved by Vivendi's human-resources committee. Messier retorted that the human-resources-committee chairman, Edgar Bronfman Sr., had been unavailable the previous day, when the motion had been put before it. "Clearly, Messier thought the inability of the board to [illegible] was deliberate," says a board member. [illegible]ote took place at Messier's insis[illegible] Hoenn was voted in: 10 Europeans for, five North Americans against.

Next up for discussion was a Goldman Sachs report that Edgar Bronfman Jr. had commissioned after the previous board meeting, on May 29. It concluded that Vivendi would be in serious financial trouble if it could not sell off a number of assets, such as a portion of Vivendi Environnement or Telepiu, the Italian pay-TV business, or if the ratings agencies downgraded Vivendi's debt again.

"Goldman Sachs sounded alarmist," says one board member, "but it was remarking on the obvious. No one disagreed with it."

Then Bronfman Jr. raised the question of confidence in the C.E.O. He used a phrase, "the Messier discount," claiming it was the presence of the C.E.O. that was driving the share price down. Serge Tchuruk, the C.E.O. of Alcatel, a French telecommunications company with a stock performance nearly as bad as Vivendi's, and Simon Murray argued that Messier should stay. Murray speculated that removing Messier would create instability and hurt the share price further. Bronfman's motion was voted down. The North Americans were with him, the Europeans against.

The meeting was adjourned. Messier felt sufficiently optimistic to tell analysts on a conference call that he would be happy to remain C.E.O. for the next 15 years.

That weekend, while on business in Japan, Murray got a phone call from Edgar Bronfman Jr.: Messier was resigning. The French directors had suddenly—and inexplicably—changed their minds.

Henri Lachmann, the chairman and C.E.O. of Schneider Electric, who had been among Messier's biggest fans in the boardroom, was apparently the key turncoat. Lachmann and another French board member, Jacques Friedmann, had gone to see Messier and told him that the French banks were threatening to refuse further credit lines to the company if Messier stayed. When Simon Murray heard this, he resigned as well.

That hot Sunday night in Paris, Messier sat stunned in his office with his chief financial officer, Guillaume Hannezo, and two Lazard Frères bankers. "He was like a guy in the boxing ring," says a person who was there. "I've never seen him like this. He always smiles, he always talks. That night he was not talking or smiling.... It was as if he'd been hit by a bus."

Why did his French colleagues turn so suddenly on Messier, who in just five years had transformed Vivendi from a stodgy utility company into an international colossus? He had been hailed as the savior of modern French capitalism, a mold breaker, an expansionist of Napoleonic proportions. He was spoken of in the same breath with News Corporation mogul Rupert Murdoch, with whom he was obsessively competitive. But whereas Murdoch started with a family fortune and spent a lifetime building his empire, Messier, with no family money, rose to the top in less than a decade. After he moved to America last September, his renown became international. He was the C.E.O. of the moment—sought after for press interviews, museum boards, speaking engagements. Part of that, it's true, was Messier's doing. He loved publicity, never seemed happier than when he was sharing the stage with the rock stars his company represented.

But all that was over in a single weekend.

In France, Messier's failure is considered a national disaster. "He was going to help the French economy move towards a globalized world.... In that sense the French business establishment and also to some extent the political establishment had a stake in his succeeding.... He was the poster boy for all that stuff," says *La Tribune*'s New York correspondent Thierry Arnaud. "Which makes the fact that he failed all the more painful."

In truth, the summer was a mean season for media-company executives of all stripes, who seemed to collapse like dominoes. "Did you notice Koogle, Levin, Messier, Pittman, Middelhoff left.... There may be something CONTINUED ON PAGE 205


GUESS
BY MARCIANO










GUESS
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 198 happening in the media industry—no?" Messier asked *V.F.*, referring to the sudden departures of Yahoo's Tim Koogle, Time Warner's Gerald M. Levin, AOL's Bob Pittman, and Bertelsmann's Thomas Middelhoff. But Messier's professional demise remains the most startling because it happened with such extraordinary suddenness. "Other C.E.O.'s survive when their share price is low," says a former colleague of Messier's, adding, "but that's because they are either owners or they have friends."

Messier, it seems, has few friends.

"Messier thinks there was a conspiracy," says a close friend. "He blames three things for his downfall: [French president] Jacques Chirac, Claude Bébéar [the chairman of the French insurance monolith AXA, who would join the Vivendi board after Messier's resignation], and the Bronfman family," says a source. (When asked about this, Messier says, "No comment," but claims he harbors no "paranoia.") Right after he stepped down, Messier told the newspaper *Le Point* that "the lobbies" had moved against him—in particular, he believes that the French business elite, many of whom are Freemasons, were responsible. His closest allies don't disagree, but they think that's not the whole story. "*Il a creusé sa propre tombe,*" says one, which translates as: "He dug his own grave."

Until November 2001 "the little Frenchy," as Messier once referred to himself (he is only five feet seven inches tall), seemed to possess a gift for empire building. In France, everyone knew his tale: Messier, the son of an accountant in Grenoble, attended all the right schools and married his childhood sweetheart, Antoinette. Working in the French finance ministry under Edouard Balladur, he privatized many state-run businesses; then he entered the private sector as one of the youngest partners ever at Lazard Frères, the French investment bank. There, he shone: "He's the one guy I've met in my career that you would say of, 'Even if I'm lucky, even if I work hard, I'm not playing in the same league,'" says a former colleague.

Messier worked so hard he acquired the nickname Robocop. Because of the large number of lucrative deals he brought in, his superiors forgave him idiosyncratic work practices, such as not returning E-mails—even to Michel David-Weill, the head of the firm.

Messier was making a name for himself outside the company as well. He became the equivalent of a boldfaced name in a country that doesn't really have them. For his 10th wedding anniversary he held a party that got written up in all the gossip columns. "He was only 34," says the French writer Nazanine Ravai. "All the ya-ya people were there." The guests included Cabinet members as well as colleagues from Lazard Frères.

In November 1994, Messier left to work for one of his clients, Guy Dejouany, the 75-year-old head of Compagnie Générale des Eaux, the giant 150-year-old water company that also owned Canal Plus, Europe's leading pay-TV station. In 1996, at only 39, Messier took over from Dejouany. He renamed the company Vivendi and made it plain that his ambitions had to do more with the Canal Plus part of the company than the sewers and purification plants. He bought the Havas media group; 44 percent of Cegetel, which controls SFR, one of the leading mobile-phone operators in France; as well as 24 percent of BSkyB, Rupert Murdoch's satellite-television company. He also joined forces with Vodafone, the mobile-phone company, to start an Internet portal known as Vizzavi, which he intended would become his main means of content distribution.

"HE BLAMES THREE THINGS FOR HIS DOWNFALL: PRESIDENT JACQUES CHIRAC, BUSINESSMAN CLAUDE BÉBÉAR, AND THE BRONFMANS."

Then he turned his attention to America. In June 2000, in what was a clear attempt to echo the AOL Time Warner merger, he acquired Seagram, the liquor company founded by the Bronfman family, by giving the Bronfmans $34 billion worth of Vivendi stock. (In 1995, under the stewardship of Edgar Bronfman Jr., Seagram had acquired Universal Studios and MCA, which became the Universal Music Group, the largest music company in the world. These were the assets Messier had coveted.) The new, merged company was rechristened Vivendi Universal, and, as a group, the Bronfmans became its largest shareholder. Bronfman Jr. became C.O.O. of the new company, with direct responsibility for the music group.

That deal had barely closed when Messier invested $372 million in MP3.com, the music Web site, then $1.2 billion in Elektrim, a Polish telecom company; this was followed by $2.2 billion for 35 percent of Maroc Telecom, then $2.2 billion for the American book publisher Houghton Mifflin. Then he invested $1.5 billion in the American satellite-television company EchoStar Communications Corporation. In November 2001, shortly after he'd moved himself, his wife, and four of his five children—Claire-Marie, Jean-Baptiste, and twins Nicolas and Pierre—to New York City (Anne-Laure remained in France), he spent $10.3 billion to buy USA Networks, run by Barry Diller, 43 percent of which was already owned by Vivendi. Diller, who had once run the Paramount and Fox movie studios, was an executive revered by Wall Street. It was thought he would never again work for anybody. But now he was working for Messier.

In one year Messier had spent $50 billion. He promised investors that 2002 would be the year of consolidation.

Messier's strategy was not just one of senseless acquisition. He had a genuine interest in bridging the gaps among cultures. Michael Jackson, the chairman of Universal's entertainment units, recalls how Messier liked to show his employees a video of Khaled, an Algerian singer, and Noa, an Israeli, performing John Lennon's "Imagine" together at the World Economic Forum in New York in January. "Every time, he was in tears by the time the tape was finished," says Jackson. "There was something romantic about him.... You know, that badge he wore with the Tricolor and the Stars and Stripes on it."

That was partly why at the World Economic Forum he was hailed as a hero by celebrities and business leaders alike as he staged a concert with, among others, Bono, Quincy Jones, Peter Gabriel, and India Arie. The overarching message was unity, but the event undeniably served to put him in the headlines as one of the event's main attractions, on a par with Bill Gates.

Many who worked with Messier say that his other driving force is a love of publicity with perhaps a touch of megalomania. Though he signs himself "J2M" in E-mails, he sometimes goes by "J6M," short for Jean-Marie Messier, Moi-Même, Maître du Monde (Jean-Marie Messier Myself, Master of the World)—which was from the immodest title of his 2000 autobiography, *j6m.com*. Colleagues complained that he accepted far too many speaking engagements and that he was indiscriminate with press appearances. Rupert Murdoch recently described Messier to the *Financial Times* as "never having met a journalist he didn't give an interview to." Messier was featured in *Paris Match* three times in 18 months. Last

year at Herb Allen's annual power summit of moguls in Sun Valley, Idaho, Messier rented a cabin in which to hold meetings with the likes of Liberty Media chairman John Malone, Murdoch, Disney's Michael Eisner, and Comcast's Brian Roberts. "It was like a royal receiving line," says a former colleague.

"[We told him], 'Stop and let the news of the company be the platforms for your visibility when we have an acquisition, [or] when we have a dispersal . . . because we're too visible, and we don't have the components that justify it,'" says one former member of the Vivendi communications team. "But Jean-Marie has this habit of listening to you intently and then doing completely the opposite."

WHEN ASKED IF HE WISHES HE'D HANDLED LESCURE'S FIRING DIFFERENTLY, MESSIER REPLIES, "YES, MUCH EARLIER."

When Edgar Bronfman Jr. first met Messier, in Paris in October 1999, three months before the AOL Time Warner merger was announced, there was no agenda. The soft-spoken, elegantly dressed Bronfman had requested the meeting, mainly out of curiosity, although in the back of his mind, he says, he was wondering how to take Seagram to the next level.

"We were going to sell Seagram at some point, because my father has seven children and 22 grandchildren. And we don't have any special voting rights," says Bronfman Jr., sitting in a conference room in the Lever House building, situated opposite Vivendi's headquarters in the Seagram Building, on Park Avenue in Manhattan. What he means is, as the generations passed, the family's control of the company would dissipate because their ownership rights were no different from any other shareholder's.

Though it was an unlikely pairing—the tall, calm Bronfman is languidly patrician, and the diminutive Messier blusteringly intense—the two hit it off so well that breakfast lasted well over an hour and a half. "When you meet Jean-Marie, he is a compelling person," says someone close to Bronfman. "I call him Clintonesque in that sense."

Messier's international vision had appeal for Bronfman, who figured that Canal Plus provided a major European distribution arm for Universal's content. Though he knew Messier had a burgeoning reputation for egocentricity, Bronfman wasn't worried—as others were—that Messier's track record did not qualify him to run the world's second-biggest media company. Within less than a year the two had hammered out the deal for Vivendi to buy Seagram.

When Messier presented the deal to his board, he was the hero of the hour. Even Jacques Chirac, who reportedly didn't like Messier and is said to have previously refused social invitations from him, offered his congratulations. Henri Lachmann, on the Vivendi board, was particularly effusive, sending Messier congratulatory notes, says one banker employed by Vivendi. "He was *the* Messier fan club," says the banker. "The only thing he would do every time we went to them [the board] with a transaction was to say, 'I've got nothing to say. Jean-Marie's a genius, and everything he does or will do I will always support.'"



CRASH LANDING
Pierre Lescure with Messier, June 2001. Messier had made him head of Vivendi's television and film divisions, even though he had lost money for four consecutive years at Canal Plus.

Messier also had the crucial support of 57-year-old Canal Plus C.E.O. Pierre Lescure, a glamorous former TV anchor, who is widely loved by the entertainment industry in both France and America. A habitué of Studio 54 in the 1970s and a former boyfriend of Catherine Deneuve's, he helped found Canal Plus 18 years ago. In 1994, after his partner André Rousselet resigned, he assumed the role of C.E.O. with dismal financial results. The once profitable company began hemorrhaging money, posting a loss of more than $400 million for last year. But to win Lescure's support Messier had made him Vivendi's joint chief operating officer, with responsibility for the American entertainment assets as well as Canal Plus.

Given Canal Plus's losses, Bronfman thought the appointment was a mistake. He had hoped that Messier would replace Lescure without dishonoring him. He thought it nonsensical that senior executives at Universal Studios were effectively having to report to Canal Plus in Paris. "We didn't execute the merger," says Bronfman, meaning that the potential of the merger was never realized. Even Messier himself says, "Pierre never really took his marks."

Chaos was evident behind the scenes during preparation for the first presentation of the merger to Wall Street. "I've never seen such a helter-skelter lack of direction in my life," says one member of the communications team, who points out that the share price dropped "like a rock" after regulators approved the merger. "It was obvious that, for all our panache, folks [i.e., analysts] were out there saying, 'I don't get this.'"

In London during one road show promoting Vivendi's purchase of Seagram, Bronfman Jr. told the audience that the best thing about owning an entertainment company was selling it! "It was clearly a slip of the tongue, but Messier looked thunderstruck," says one investor who was present. On another occasion Messier started quoting Celine Dion, only to be gently reminded by Bronfman that Dion is not on Universal's roster of artists.

"It was actually visible he [Messier] didn't like that Edgar was too present," says a former member of the communications team. "Yet it was only logical. He [Bronfman] was there to say, 'It's my money,' but Jean-Marie, he loves . . . to hear his own voice. He's like a child."

Messier's dislike of sharing a platform with Bronfman became more and more obvious. At executive-board meetings Messier had a habit of calling on Bronfman when there was only a short time left. "Oh, we have to talk about music," he would say. "Can you do that in five minutes, Edgar?"

But there was also a more dangerous aspect to Messier's love of public performance: he got himself into trouble by prematurely announcing deals. At a meeting in Orlando, Florida, Messier, wearing a T-shirt emblazoned with "No. 1," blithely told an audience of the company's top 300 executives that he was buying Houghton Mifflin for $2.2 billion. Pandemonium struck. "The


GUESS
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lawyers went batshit," says one of the executives, who had to scramble back to New York and set up press conferences before the market opened the following day. Messier believed that the announcement involved merely "a question of confidence and trust with your main managers," as he puts it.

Increasingly, Bronfman felt there was little or no logic behind Messier's continuing acquisitions. He could barely conceal his dismay when Messier announced that he was buying the 35 percent stake in Maroc Telecom for almost $2.1 billion. In private, Bronfman told Messier he thought that it was a nonsensical deal, that it sent the wrong signal to the market. "All of Asia is opening up, and we're going into North Africa!" an executive close to Bronfman says.

"MESSIER WAS LIKE A GUY IN THE BOXING RING.... HE WAS NOT TALKING OR SMILING. IT WAS AS IF HE'D BEEN HIT BY A BUS."

Messier's relationship with Bronfman continued to decline. A former Vivendi employee says Messier planned all along to cut Bronfman loose from his executive capacity, playing him and Lescure against each other. At any rate, his discourteous behavior toward Bronfman may have served to harden professional doubts into a personal dislike.

After relocating to New York, Messier tried to move a Bronfman-family Rothko, hanging in a reception area on the fifth floor of the Seagram Building, into the $17.5 million Park Avenue apartment he'd rented from the company, until someone told him this was simply unacceptable. So he brought it into his office instead. An executive recalls how he sent an assistant marching into Bronfman's office to discuss where other pieces of Bronfman art could be moved to. (When asked about this, Messier replies, "[That is a] crazy question. I had no time for that.")

In June 2001, Steven Spielberg asked Bronfman for an introduction to Messier. Bronfman set it up in his suite at the Hotel Bel-Air because he felt it was more conveniently situated for the film director than Messier's hotel, the Beverly Hilton. When told of the location, Messier booked a suite at the Bel-Air himself and insisted the meeting take place there. In the end he arrived late, and the group, which included Universal Studios president and C.O.O. Ron Meyer and DreamWorks co-principal Jeffrey Katzenberg, had assembled in the restaurant.

In March 2001, Bronfman was asked by Messier to attend the opening of Vivendi's theme park in Osaka, Japan. The theme park had been an idea formulated, funded, and executed by Bronfman before the merger, but when he looked at the itinerary he saw there was no role for him. He ended up not going.

The final breakdown with Bronfman occurred in December of 2001 when he resigned from his position as executive vice-chairman—he claims he had always planned to find something else to do. In June he announced that he was buying 40 percent of Asprey and Garrard, the British jewelers and silversmiths, and assuming the position of co-chairman.



OFF WITH HIS HEAD
Demonstrators outside Canal Plus's Paris headquarters protest Messier's dismissal of Pierre Lescure, April 17, 2002.

But it was hard to see it as mere coincidence that on December 17, less than two weeks after the resignation, Messier announced what he no doubt saw as his *pièce de résistance:* the $10.3 billion merger with Barry Diller's USA Networks, and the hiring of Diller as chairman and C.E.O. of Vivendi Universal Entertainment. Bronfman had sold Diller the USA and SciFi cable networks and Universal's television-production division in 1997, with Bronfman keeping 43 percent of the stock. Though at one point the two men had been sufficiently close for Bronfman to consider making Diller his child's godfather, they had subsequently fallen out when Bronfman helped thwart Diller's ambition to buy NBC. Vivendi insiders claim that right from the start Bronfman told Messier that he did not want Diller running his company. (Bronfman and Messier say this is not so; Bronfman points out that two years before the USA Networks deal he, Diller, and Gordon Crawford, a director of the Capital Group, a leading institutional investor, had gotten together to see whether they could figure out a way to work more synergistically. "There's always ups and downs with Barry," says Bronfman, "but I've known him for 30 years. I haven't known Messier for 30 months.")

To Bronfman's way of thinking, there was no rush to purchase USA, since Vivendi already owned 43 percent of it and would be given first dibs on the rest if Diller ever wanted to sell. There was also the sobering fact that Bronfman would be buying back a company at two and a half times the price he had sold it for four years before. "There was this great myth out there [that] Barry was really clever," says one Vivendi employee, but the reality was "Barry got really lucky." To Jean-Marie Messier, who was eager to win over the Hollywood establishment at apparently almost any price, the deal was evidently worth it. "He imagines that one day he will be at the same level as Murdoch," says another former employee.

According to an insider, the biggest price that Messier paid in terms of the deal with Diller was that Edgar Bronfman Jr. became more active in the boardroom.

Bronfman says it was not the Diller deal so much as two others that happened around the same time that led the entire North American contingent on the board to voice their extreme unhappiness with the C.E.O. First, in December, without the approval of the board, Messier spent $1.5 billion for 10 percent of EchoStar, which Murdoch had previously tried to buy and failed. "What was the rush?" Bronfman and the others asked. It wasn't as if EchoStar was going to turn down the option of distributing Universal's movies on its television stations. Many thought that Messier had done the deal simply to spite Murdoch. (Messier says the deal was "approved unanimously during a board meeting in Novem-


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Then, after having announced in November to the market that he would cancel 33 million treasury shares, in January Messier instead dumped 55 million Vivendi shares on Goldman Sachs and Deutsche Bank in a "bought deal," meaning they would be stuck with the stock if they couldn't sell it. With AOL Time Warner's earnings warning, issued later that same day, the market was worried, and, in fact, the banks could not unload almost one-third of the shares. Vivendi's stock in turn dropped 24 percent by the end of January. The North Americans on the board were furious. "No C.E.O. is obliged to lie to the market," says Bronfman of Messier's flip-flop. "You say, 'We haven't decided' or 'We might' or 'We have several alternatives.'" (Messier says, "Everything was rightly stated and disclosed at the right time.")

The situation got worse. In March, amid calls from analysts and investors for greater "transparency" with regard to accounting methods, Vivendi took a goodwill write-down of $13.6 billion, the biggest loss in French corporate history; this was an acknowledgment that it had overpaid egregiously on its acquisition binge. By the end of April the stock was down 43 percent from the start of the year.

Furthermore, the North American board members were appalled to discern from the annual report that the company stood to lose up to $770 million in an options deal that Messier negotiated when the stock was much higher. "If you read the notes, you saw it, but [with something like this] you expect the C.E.O. to come forth and say, 'We've made a huge mistake,'" says one board member. (Messier says it was "normally disclosed as recommended by ... auditors.")

But the North American board members felt that their complaints were falling on deaf ears. When the French did not understand something, they either broke into side conversations in their own language (which some of the North American members could not understand) or said nothing at all. Marc Viénot, who heads the audit committee, once told Bronfman Jr. he was "overreacting" about the company's cash situation, according to a board member; at a board meeting earlier in the year, another of the North American members noticed the French "joking" throughout a presentation. "Can't we discuss serious things rather than numbers all the time?" one of the French board members asked.

Meanwhile, though he did sell some small assets to try to shore up liquidity, Messier continued to spend money on what many considered superfluities. In February, during the Winter Olympics, he'd held a company retreat in Salt Lake City. "He paid to have Bill Clinton address him.... I don't want to know what that cost," one employee grumbled. Then, in March, he held a meeting in Deauville, France, where senior executives spearheaded groups ordered to come up with new strategies. Many thought that no original ideas had been forthcoming. Michael Jackson told colleagues that "people came away from that, unfortunately, feeling worse about the organization they work for, that it was chaotic....

AFTER MESSIER SURVIVED THE JUNE 25 BOARD MEETING, HE KNEW THERE WAS A REPLACEMENT WAITING IN THE WINGS.



NEW KID ON THE BLOCK
Jean-René Fourtou, a former pharmaceutical-company executive, on July 3, 2002, after he succeeded Messier. Later in the summer, Fourtou received regular correspondence from Messier.

Although what did come over was just how impressive the group of assets were."

Adding to the directors' irritation was Messier's seemingly never-ending love affair with the media. In February he gave an interview to *Paris Match,* for which he was photographed ice-skating in Central Park. "It was a two-hour shoot, when he should have been attending to business," says one former Vivendi staffer. "Jean-Marie hates skating, because he had an accident when he was a child. The whole thing was so contrived. It made him look like he was giving the finger to France."

At least one major French institutional shareholder rang up journalists at *La Tribune* and told them he'd been so sickened by the *Paris Match* story that he sold every Vivendi share.

In March, Messier gave yet another interview, this time to *La Tribune,* in which he issued an ultimatum to Canal Plus C.O.O. Denis Olivennes and Pierre Lescure, who had been pushed from his perch atop Vivendi's television and film division when Diller assumed the chairmanship (Lescure claims not to have minded—he and Diller go way back, he says): they had two years to turn Canal Plus around or else ... Lescure and Olivennes were totally unprepared for this front-page admonition. Messier E-mailed Lescure that he was sorry for the headline, but he did not apologize for the crudeness of letting him know his job was on the line through the media.

"The way he handled this showed chronic misjudgment," says a member of the board. "He already had problems with the U.S. contingent—why did he go out of his way to alienate the French too?"

Messier had started his French problem with a throwaway comment at the USA Networks merger announcement in December that the French "cultural exception"—the large slice of funding that the government gives each year to the French film industry—was dead. Some people thought he meant that the Canal Plus part of the exception—the company is required to commit 20 percent of its revenue to the production of French films—would be terminated. Chirac and the French entertainment industry were alarmed. Messier says now that he doesn't regret the comment, because it was intended "entirely around cultural diversity." Why did he say it? Those who were at the meeting thought that Messier had "looked like he couldn't quite believe he'd hired Diller," and had simply gotten carried away.

Lescure felt that the *La Tribune* article deserved a direct response, since one of the main reasons for Canal Plus's losses was Telepiu, the money-losing Italian pay-TV company. Messier initially refused to relinquish it, some thought, because Murdoch wanted it and would gain a monopoly in Italy if he got it.

Lescure and Olivennes sent out an E-mail to all Canal Plus employees saying that they

should not be disheartened; certain financial indicators were up. Messier saw this as a flagrant breach of his authority. He told the staff at the Deauville retreat that what Lescure had done was "totally inappropriate."

Olivennes resigned soon after in protest, and on April 16, Messier fired Lescure. The reaction in France was electric, serving to emphasize Messier's political isolation. There were demonstrations in the streets; Lescure supporters stormed Canal Plus's television studios and disrupted live shows. Now, when asked if he wishes he'd handled Lescure's firing differently, Messier says, "Yes, much earlier."

"NO ONE MENTIONED MESSIER," SAYS A CONFERENCE PARTICIPANT. "A FRENCHMAN'S NOT THERE—SO WHAT?"

Despite the hubbub, it is possible that Vivendi's French board members might never have been stirred to rid themselves of Messier had not the firing of Lescure wakened a sleeping giant in the form of the venerable French businessman Claude Bébéar, who decided that urgent intervention was needed.

Bébéar, 67, a passionate lion-hunter renowned for keeping rifles in his office, is the "godfather" of French business; the chairman of AXA, he is considered, along with Gucci owner François Pinault and Arnault, one of the nation's greatest entrepreneurs. "He is from the old, serious school," says Nazanine Ravai, "the school that frowned on Messier as an upstart who came too fast too soon. Bébéar took years to build his business."

As a founder of the prestigious club Entreprise et Cité, whose members include Friedmann, Lachmann, and Arnault, to name a few, he has an octopus-like reach into French political and business spheres. When Bébéar set out to take over Friedmann's insurance company, UAP, according to a French investment banker who knows both men, Bébéar told him, "Here is my offer, and you have three days to accept it or I crush you."

In April, Bébéar let it be known that he was worried that Vivendi's plight might have wider repercussions for the French economy. Neither he nor Jacques Chirac, a friend, wanted to see any of Vivendi's key assets in foreign hands. Bébéar quietly started to lobby each of the French board members to consider finding a replacement for Messier. In May, Vivendi's share price fell further, and Bébéar turned up the heat. At the end of a radio interview, he said that Vivendi had a "strategy and a decision problem."

That brief statement was as lethal as a guillotine. "Basically, Messier was toast from then on," says a French investment banker. But Messier continued to fight. He assured Bronfman that Bébéar was going to retract what he'd said. The retraction never came.

To raise cash, Messier negotiated to sell Vivendi's stakes in BSkyB and Telepiu. At the eight-hour board meeting on May 29 he took up Bronfman's initiative to let the board form its own corporate-governance committee in an attempt to show the market he was creating greater transparency. This only caused his French detractors to give him a new nickname: J.P.L.M.—*Juste pour le Moment.*



CRY, THE BELOVED COMPANY
Messier weeps as he leaves Vivendi headquarters in Paris, July 2, 2002. In a company-wide E-mail he said he had run out of time, but a board member says, "He ran out of money."

If anything, Messier's precariousness seemed to spur his defiance. When *Le Monde* journalist Martine Orange wrote that there were whispers suggesting Vivendi had liquidity problems, she says Messier called the paper and demanded to have her fired. They refused, so Messier pulled Vivendi's ads. Messier says this anecdote is "a *galéjade*—it's ridiculous and false." Yet Orange stands by the story.

Meanwhile, an insider claims Messier asked Bronfman about deferring dividends that were owed to the Vivendi shareholders, in order to avoid $350 million in taxes in France. Bronfman says he asked him outright if there was a cash shortage, and was told no. So Bronfman said that, if he deferred, it would send terrible signals to the market.

"Essentially," says one board member, "Messier had his back against the wall—and he wouldn't tell us the truth: that he was running out of money."

On June 17, Messier announced that he would be selling a stake of a little over 15 percent in Vivendi Environnement (the original, water-company assets)—in direct contradiction to what he'd said a month earlier.

In an indication of how desperate Vivendi's need for cash had become, it emerged on June 21 that Deutsche Bank had already received almost 13 percent of Vivendi Environnement as security for a $1.48 billion short-term loan. It was hard to escape the conclusion that Messier had been hastily attempting to justify something he had already been forced to do. The market feared the worst.

Bernard Arnault was furious: since April he had been asking to see financial documents and had been turned down. Someone close to him says that this was the last straw—on June 25 he quit. (Messier points out that in the previous few months Arnault had often been absent from board meetings.) Murdoch turned the situation to his advantage and it was leaked that he was going to renegotiate his deal for buying Telepiu from Vivendi.

After Messier survived the June 25 board meeting, he says, he knew that Claude Bébéar had a replacement for him waiting in the wings: Jean-René Fourtou, the retired C.E.O. of the pharmaceutical company Rhône-Poulenc. Very few people know exactly what pressures were exerted to get the French board members to change their minds. Almost certainly Bébéar, who has known both Marie-Josée Kravis and Charles Bronfman for many years, had formed a secret alliance with the North Americans. In the preceding few weeks, Minzberg had paid several visits to Bébéar. Some speculate Messier's sale of a stake in Vivendi Environnement alarmed the French business right, which has a heavy concentration of Freemasons. A source close to Messier says, "My feeling is a lot of money flows to politics and the Freemasons, and that they



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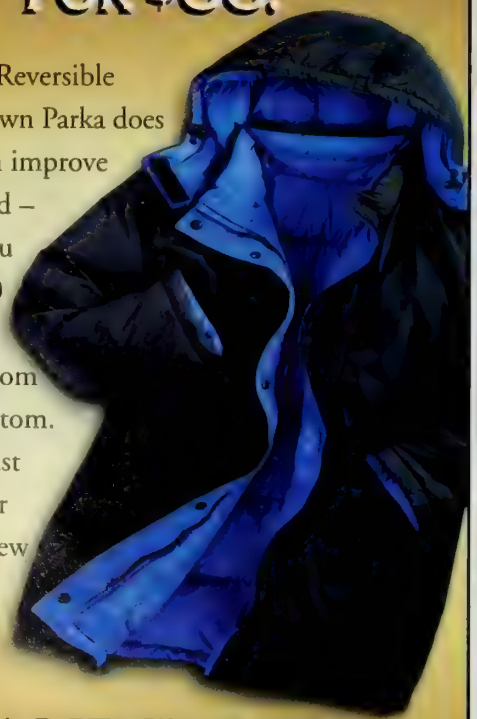
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feared a sale of Vivendi Environnement could stop the flow."

Whatever happened, it worked.

Once it was set in motion, the machinery of the old-boy network worked quickly. Lachmann and Jacques Friedmann reportedly went to see the two bank presidents who were extending credit to Vivendi—Michel Pébereau, the chairman and C.E.O. of BNP Paribas, and Daniel Bouton, the chairman and C.E.O. of Société Générale, both members of Bébéar's business club.

A few hours later both bankers allegedly told Messier that they would not extend him credit lines—unless there was a change of management. Then Lachmann and Friedmann—"two exceptional men," sneers one of Messier's confidants—went to see Messier and told him that he would lose if there was a vote of confidence.

Messier played the only card he had left—one which has exposed him to charges of gross hypocrisy. According to French bylaws, only the chairman has the right to call board meetings within 60 days of the previous one. Messier told the board that if it did not come up with a suitable severance package he would defer the board meeting—required to elect Fourtou—for 60 days, by which time the company would be bankrupt.

This from the man who in his memoir had criticized Philippe Jaffré, the president of Elf Aquitane, the French oil company, for taking a golden handshake of almost $19 million. Messier had vowed in his autobiography never to do the same. When the news broke that he'd been promised around $18 million, TV anchors around the country opened the evening news quoting from the relevant passage.

Messier cried as he exited the Vivendi building in Paris on July 2, after having sent an emotional company-wide E-mail that said he had run out of time. His board didn't see it quite that way. "He didn't run out of time, he ran out of money," says one member.

A confidant of Messier's says now that Bébéar, Fourtou, and Lachmann, three key players in Messier's undoing, rotate in using Messier's old office: "They're all semi-retired, they take turns . . . because there are weekends and hunting parties and golf courses to play. . . . They're like little boys playing Monopoly."

Bébéar has joined the board, as has Gerard Kleisterlee, the president and C.E.O. of Royal Philips, the Dutch electronics company. Bronfman says he thinks the new C.E.O. is "honest" and "strong." Even so the stock price continued to tumble, hitting an all-time low of $9.76 on August 16, amid grave reports that the company was dangerously close to bankruptcy.

An unexpected by-product of Messier's fall was that it has reunited Barry Diller and Bronfman. The two men flew together from New York to Paris for the board meeting at the end of July. Afterward, Diller made a press statement praising Bronfman as "one of the unreported heroes of this process . . . who, potentially, has not slept for a month while he has worked to stabilize [Vivendi] financially." In August, according to a former Vivendi employee, Bronfman offered to buy 10 percent of Vivendi Universal's entertainment assets, with the right of first refusal on the rest. The French board members turned him down. The Bronfmans deny this. Messier, a source says, feels that the new friendship is purely opportunistic on Diller's part.

And despite having lost over $4 billion, thanks to his investment in Vivendi, Bronfman does not seem to have lost the respect of his peers. Viacom chairman Sumner Redstone reportedly called him just before the Herb Allen Sun Valley conference and said, "Don't let these guys get you down. . . . You've got value you can recapture here."

After his fall, Messier went on vacation to Colorado and then Montana. For the first time in years, he did not attend France's elite annual Aix-en-Provence music festival—a venue which is de rigueur for all "classy French businessmen," according to Pierre Lescure. Languishing in America, Messier was evidently homesick. "He was on the phone wanting to know how it was, who was there," says Nazanine Ravai.

This was just the first item in a long list of hasty social retreats on both sides of the Atlantic. Messier's keynote address at the Allen conference, to which six years earlier he'd lobbied for an invitation, was quickly canceled. "No one [at the conference] even mentioned him," says a conference participant. "Suddenly a Frenchman's not there . . . So what?"

Messier's exit from Establishment circles didn't quite go as seamlessly as he might have hoped. The week after his resignation people around the world received invitations from the Appeal of Conscience Foundation for a black-tie dinner on October 1, co-chaired by Paul Fribourg, chairman and C.E.O. of Conti-Group Companies, philanthropist John C. Whitehead, and former Federal Reserve chairman Paul Volcker. They were invited to pay up to $100,000 to honor Messier, who was receiving an award. (The office of the foundation's president, Rabbi Arthur Schneier, quickly confirmed that Messier would in fact no longer be attending.)

The New York Public Library's staff congratulated itself for scheduling its annual corporate-sponsor dinner, at which Messier was the guest of honor, for June 10. "We would have had to give a lot of money back [if it had been two weeks later]," said a spokesperson.

In August, Messier relocated to the South of France, from where he wrote that he was "taking the sum of holidays I've missed over the last 20 years." There were rumors that he might be personally bankrupt due to a $25 million loan he'd taken out to buy Vivendi stock before it slumped. A close friend said it was true; Messier's self-confidence was such that he was "prepared to bet on himself."

"For sure I do believe in V.U. and V.U.'s strategy," Messier responds. "That being said, the information [about the bankruptcy] is wrong."

When asked what his long-term plans are, he says, "I will stay [in America]. I have some unbelievable stories," he says, "and one day I will tell them." However, he refutes press reports that he is currently writing a tell-all memoir called *How I Was Betrayed.*

I ask him if he has reconsidered the merits of his dream to unite content and distribution across two continents. "The future will say for V.U. as for many others. . . . It wasn't a dream but a vision, and it's still the right one, even in a different time frame," he says.

It's a view he wasn't keeping to himself. Among those receiving regular correspondence from the fallen mogul, according to one board member, was Jean-René Fourtou, the new chairman of Vivendi Universal.

Fourtou, meanwhile, wrote an open letter to Vivendi employees and investors on August 18, discussing his effort to save the company from drowning in $18.6 billion in debt. While he is trying to secure a $2 billion loan in order to avoid a fire sale of assets, he has already arranged to sell $9.8 billion worth of them, including Houghton Mifflin and EchoStar Communications. For the time being he has decided to hold on to Cegetel, Canal Plus, Universal Music, and Vivendi Environnement, to maintain the option of reviving the company as an "international media group" in some form. Vivendi stock finally edged up in response to the moves.

Rupert Murdoch didn't comment publicly on Messier's demise, but few people doubted he was happy about it. After all, Messier used to joke that Murdoch was just a smiling dinosaur. But a[illegible] was all over the dinosaur was still roaming the world—alone





GLAMOUR WITH ALTITUDE

The jet age spelled adventure for the elite sisterhood of pretty, single, bright, young women known as stewardesses. But it wasn't all Pucci uniforms and carving Chateaubriand for wealthy potential husbands–there were girdle checks and "Fly me" ads, too. Nonetheless, they were starlets of the skies in a way today's flight attendants can only imagine

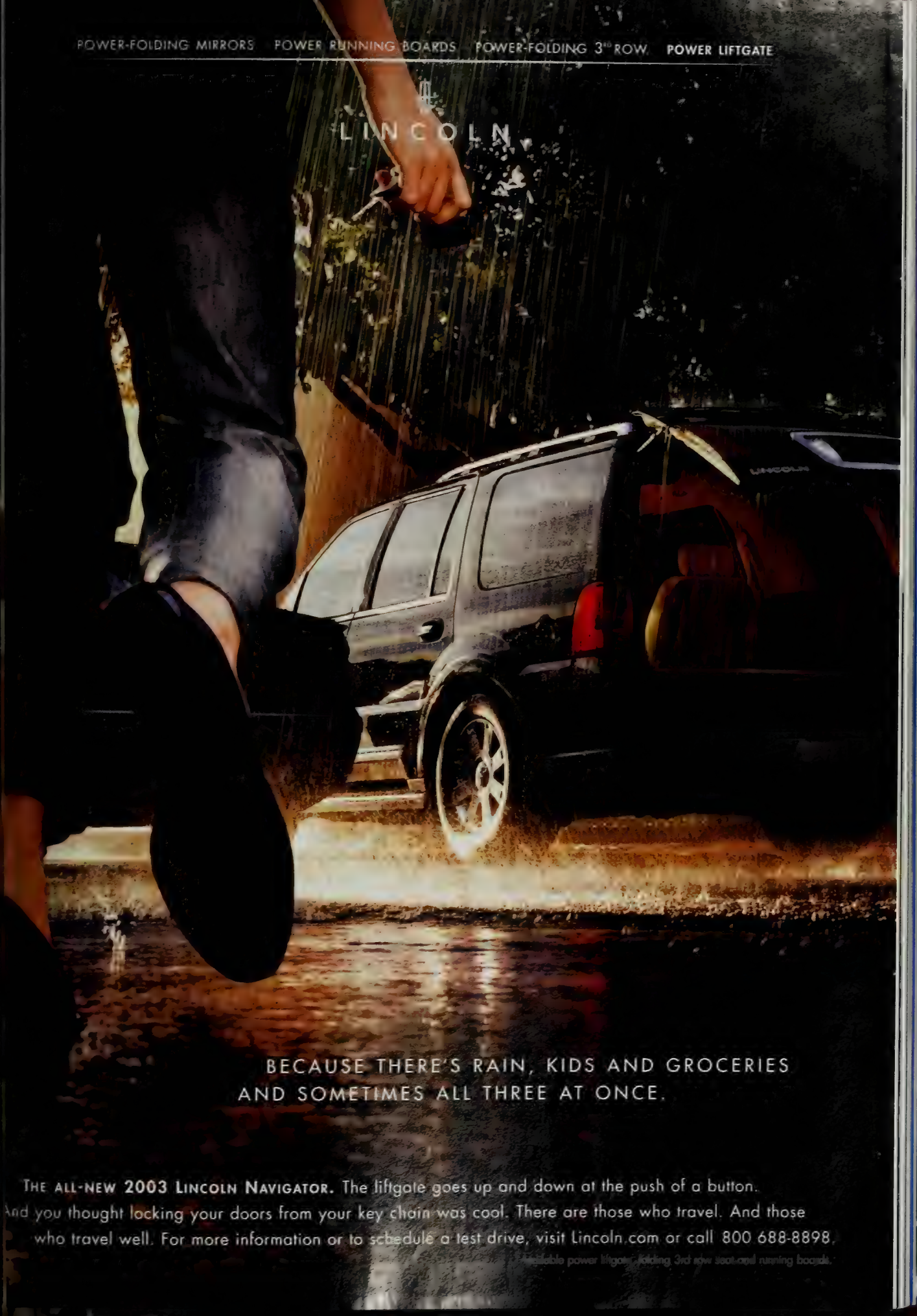
BY BRUCE HANDY

You've probably always been told that flight attendants hate being referred to as stewardesses, that to do so is a faux pas on the order of asking for a Turkish coffee in a Greek café. But this isn't entirely so. Many flight attendants are proud of having been stewardesses, and well they should be. They were the best-dressed, best-groomed runaways the world has ever seen.

Readers who grew up in the 1970s or later may need to be reminded that stewardesses are what flight attendants were called once upon a time when they were uniformly young, single, slim, attractive, and female. A good smile (all teeth, no gums) and some abil-



HIGH-FLYING BIRDS A pair of BEA (British European Airways) stewardesses brighten a Trident plane on a runway at London's Heathrow Airport, 1973


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ity as a conversationalist were further prerequisites. Sonnie Morrow Sims, for one, fit the bill in all particulars. In the early 1960s she might have been described as a leggy blonde; then, as now, it was a skill set that could open many doors. As a 20-year-old college dropout, she began flying for American Airlines in 1962, a time when air travel in general was a far more rarefied experience than it is today: even on routine flights she would pass out roses to women passengers and serve seven-course meals on fine china and linen tablecloths. She also flew on special charters such as the plane that took the Beatles from city to city in 1966 on their last U.S. tour and the government-contracted flights that ferried soldiers to Vietnam and, if they were fortunate, back home again. Flying with the Beatles was fun: she saved the utensils and everything else they touched in airsickness bags and sent it to her kid sister back home in Minnesota. The Vietnam flights were fun, too, in their way, though when the young soldiers she had just spent hours getting to know deplaned in Saigon or Da Nang, she would lock herself in the bathroom and sob, unable to say good-bye.



PLANE JANES Two aspiring stewardesses learn the finer points of grooming at the American Airlines Stewardess College in 1958. The school, which had opened outside of Dallas in 1957, was the first of its kind.

Not every stewardess at every airline had the opportunity to knock a bowl of cereal into John Lennon's lap (he refused to laugh it off) or get shot at during takeoff by the Vietcong (they missed), but, for most, flying was an adventure in and of itself at a time when the average woman got married at the age of 20 and when opportunities outside the home were limited to teaching, nursing, and the secretarial pool. "None of that appealed to me," says Sims. "I just really wanted to travel." Well, sure. And for tens of thousands of young women like her, women who were spirited and daring, who may have wanted to meet Mr. Right, but not before a bit of larking about ("This morning, sight-seeing in New York—and in about five hours, I'll meet my date for dinner in San Francisco," read a 1961 recruiting ad for American Airlines), the draw was obvious. "Marriage is fine! But shouldn't you see the world first?" asked a 1967 United Airlines ad. *Yes,* most stewardesses would have answered, endorsing both sides of the equation.

"The job means more to me than a spot in the line with the Rockettes," said one aspiring stewardess in 1965.

"These women almost to a person were kind of the black sheep of their families," says Laurie Power, who flew for TWA for 29 years, beginning in 1963. "They left"—home, college, other jobs—"because they couldn't stand the drudgery of everyday life, which was marriage or teaching, and washing on Monday and ironing on Tuesday. So life as a stewardess took on a more dramatic, rather more interesting scale." In Power's case, that would translate into invitations to parties thrown by big-shot Hollywood producers, to countless hotel and restaurant openings, and, once, to a cruise on a yacht owned by John Theodoracopulos, one of the richest men in Greece. "A bevy of flight attendants in any gathering was always a good thing," she says. "A bunch of pretty girls sitting around a pool—people were always inviting us here and there and everywhere, because we were sort of like icing, I suppose."

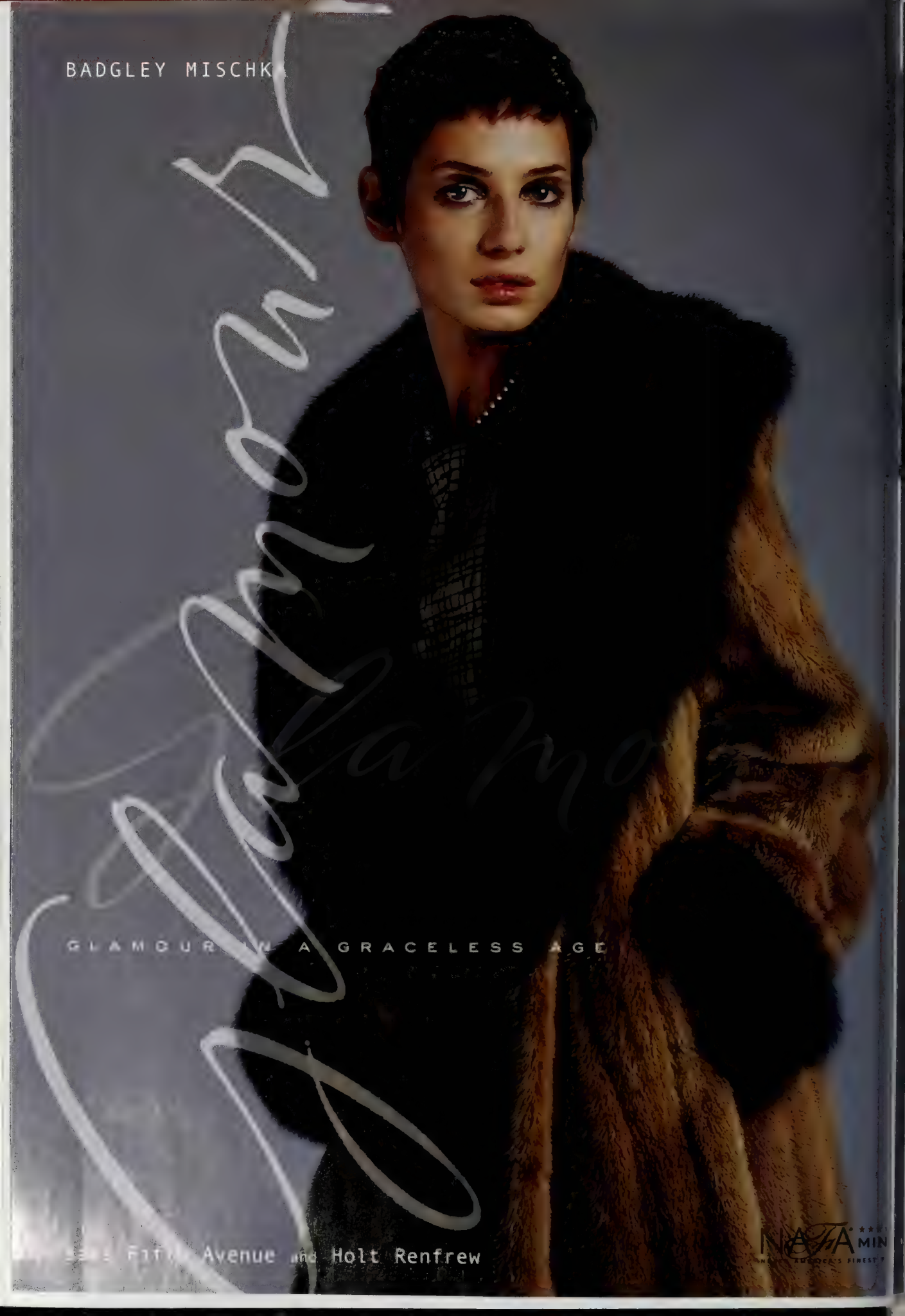
It would be only a slight overstatement to say that stewardesses in the 1960s were to glamour what firefighters and cops have more recently been to heroism. "We were almost on the same level as a movie star," says Sonnie Sims. "People admired us when we walked through the terminal. I remember our uniforms—they were all custom-fitted. They were just sculpted to your body, so everybody looked fabulous. We were all thin and had these great figures and wore white gloves and hats. You walked through the terminals with your head really high and you knew everybody was staring at you." Sex, of course, was part of the equation, crystallized by the publication in 1967 of *Coffee, Tea or Me?* Purporting to be the "naughty" and "uninhibited" memoirs of two stewardesses, the book—frank but not particularly salacious—sold more than a million copies and spawned three sequels. Its most commercially significant revelation: that some "stews" on some occasions had sex. No doubt the same could have been said about any group of young unmarried women, but most young unmarried women weren't already pursuing a career in which they were winging their way to the farthest reaches of the globe—a mobility that was historically unprecedented for anyone, let alone America's unchaperoned daughters. "I thought I'd died and gone to heaven," says a former Pan Am stew recalling how one of her very first flights ended with a layover at a Lisbon beach hotel.

The prerequisites were largely the same no matter which airline you hoped to fly for: with rare exceptions, you needed to have two X chromosomes; to be no younger than 20 and no older than 27; to be no shorter than five feet two inches or taller than five feet nine inches; to have a slender, "well-proportioned" figure (as a United recruiter once explained, "We are not looking for the Jayne Mansfield type"); to not, in any case, weigh more than 140 pounds; to agree to retire at the age of


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32; to not currently be married (though it was permissible to be widowed or divorced); to not have children; and to absolutely, positively not be pregnant. In short, you needed to be both desirable and, at least in theory, available.

Like starlets under contract to Louis B. Mayer's MGM, stewardesses were told how to stand, how to walk, how to style their hair, how to make themselves up. Their "look" was as polished as the marble in a corporate lobby, and quality control was no joke: a woman who flew for TWA remembers that, aside from garden-variety infractions such as forgetting one's hat or getting caught smoking in uniform, stewardesses could be suspended if their milky complexions were darkened or freckled by too much time in the sun. A former Eastern Air Lines stew recalls being plucked from a flight for having a bruise on her leg, as if she had been a damaged piece of fruit blighting a grocery-store display.



ON THE TOWN Scandinavian Airlines System stewardesses sightseeing in uniform, New York City, 1958.

What they really were was bait, corporate geishas trained to please the male passengers who formed the bulk of the airlines' passenger rolls—as much as 80 percent in the late 60s, by one estimate. An ad for United made the pitch with a frankness that would be disarming if it weren't also appalling: "Every [passenger] gets warmth, friendliness and extra care. And someone may get a wife." In fact, this was a two-way selling point: Eastern Air Lines, for one, boasted to potential stewardesses that its Miami-based flight-attendant training center was the "finest school for brides in the country." In case you're keeping score, some graduates did quite well for themselves. Henry Fonda's fifth wife, Shirlee, was an American Airlines stewardess. Susan Gutfreund, the second wife of John Gutfreund, the former C.E.O. of Salomon Brothers, had briefly flown for Pan Am (as was invariably mentioned with a snide flourish in 1980s magazine articles recounting the couple's greed-is-good excesses). The Sultan of Brunei, as you might expect, has an ex-stewardess wife.

On the one hand, stewardesses were placed on a pedestal; on the other hand, not to put too fine a point on it, they were pimped. Feminists would point out that this is a dual role that pre-dates in-flight movies (which, by the way, were fleetingly introduced in the 1920s). But what about feminists who also happen to have been stewardesses? One such is Patricia Ireland. A lawyer, she was the president of the National Organization for Women from 1991 to 2001, but in the late 60s she had worked as a flight attendant for Pan Am. Yes, she says, the job "carried a certain prestige, but at the same time it was, you know, one step above cocktail-waitressing." She cites her resentment at being forced to wear a girdle, which was then an industry-wide requirement—"I thought there was no better prescription for varicose veins than to go in a pressurized cabin with the equivalent of rubber bands around your thighs"—as one of the seeds of her subsequent activism. (Before quitting, she also forced the airline to extend its health-insurance policies to stewardesses' families.) And yet, she adds, "My concept of what women could do in the workplace was really very limited.... I look back now with awe at the blinders I had on, but it seemed to me at the time just the price of admission to the workplace in a job that was very exciting." Or, as the authors of *Coffee, Tea or Me?* put it, "[We] were both from small towns and anxious to take a fling at the big, bad world. That's true of most girls flying today."

Were stewardesses the first lipstick feminists? Their definition of liberation may have been full of contradictions; it may have been as much about glamour as it was self-determination; it may have bought into traditional notions of femininity with a rigor surpassing that of any cake-baking, *Redbook*-reading housewife of the era—it may have been feminism as only a Gabor sister could understand it. Still, you could do worse in charting what happened to women over the last 40 years than by examining the lives of stewardesses.

Most airlines have flight-attendant alumni organizations with chipper yet wistful names evoking age, or flightlessness, or both. TWA and United have Clipped Wings clubs, Continental has the Golden Penguins, National has the Sundowners, American the Kiwis (named, like the Penguins, for a flightless bird). If you attend a meeting or party given by one of these organizations, three things will happen. First, more than one still-slender, well-groomed woman in her 50s or 60s will ask if you need a drink. Second, you will meet at least one set of identical twins; ex-stewardess ranks are full of them. This is because airlines used to like twins the way farmers used to like 300-pound zucchinis (boffo photo op). And third, you will hear a lot of stories, and among them will be some common themes:

The "coffee, tea, or me?" jokes got old awfully fast.

There wasn't as much fooling around as you'd think.

Pilots were great.

Pilots were jerks.

But what you will hear more than anything else, over and over again, is how the very nature of air travel has devolved, how a mode of transportation that was once luxurious and exclusive—a "privilege," some former stewardesses say—has become, even at its best, merely endurable. Once upon a time, you may be told, boarding a plane was such an event that stewardesses took souvenir Polaroids of passengers as if they were sailing on an ocean liner or catching a dinner show. Once, there were planes with piano lounges. Once, a first-class meal might have included turtle soup served from a tureen, Chateaubriand carved seatside, and cherries jubilee. Steaks would be cooked to order—eggs, too, on breakfast flights. This is a world that, for obvious reasons, is even harder to conjure after Sep-

tember 11. (Carving knives on an airplane?) There could be a Blanche DuBois quality to many in-flight reminiscences if most of these women hadn't seen enough of life in the air to not be overly sentimental about it. For one thing, many former flight attendants will confess that, for all the bygone show, airline food was never any good—which isn't to say they aren't nostalgic about the days of dishing out lobster thermidor and Polynesian pork.

Sonnie Sims: "If you think about it, we're paying almost the same amount of money to fly now as we were 30 years ago. Airfares really don't go up that much." In fact, in constant dollars, they've gone down. A peak-season round-trip ticket between New York and Paris went for $530 in 1967, or roughly $2,850 in 2002 dollars; since there were no discount fares in 1967, it's hard to make an exact comparison with today's seemingly whimsical fare structures, but you should be able to buy an equivalent ticket for well under $1,500—less than $1,000 if you plan ahead.

"Now it's like the Greyhound bus," says Sims, employing a simile popular among flight attendants, typically used with the same beaten disdain the editors of *W* might evince if forced to work for J. C. Penney. "In the 60s, everybody dressed up. Going on an airplane was a special event. Now it's just a mode of transportation. People get on wearing shower sandals and tank tops. And of course the service isn't as fancy anymore, either. We've taken away the caviar and everything else to save money. That's all to keep the fares down. People complain about it, but it's all so they can travel cheaply. And so they get what they pay for."

"Flying then was a lifestyle that can't be replicated," says Jane Rosenblum, a former Pan Am stew. "Our old first-class passengers now have their own planes. The old economy-class are now in first class. The rest of the world," she adds, "simply didn't fly."

If the passengers formed an elite class, so too did the women passing out pillows and carving meat with cavalier innocence. In 1965 a 20-year-old chorus girl from the Copacabana confessed to *Newsweek*, "I've wanted to be an airline stewardess since I was 11." She and "several dozen sleekly tailored and equally determined young women" were interviewed while preparing to meet recruiters for United. "Right now this job means more to me than a college degree," she explained, "or even a spot in the line with the Rockettes at Radio City." Thus was revealed the natural pecking order among glamour-pusses.

But if many were called, few were chosen: in 1958, the dawn of the jet age, only 3 to 5 of every 100 aspiring stewardesses got the job; nine years later, TWA boasted that it hired fewer than 3 percent of its applicants—meaning it was easier for the class of 2006 to get into Harvard this year (the college's acceptance rate was 10.5 percent) than it was to serve martinis over the Atlantic during the Johnson administration.

FIT TO FLY
An exercise class at the American Airlines Stewardess College in 1958, when there was a weight limit of 130 pounds for flight attendants.



Supervisors routinely gave "girdle checks," a procedure that consisted of flicking an index finger against a buttock.

According to popular mythology, the airlines had distinct preferences when it came to their stewardesses. American and United were said to go for the girl-next-door or fraternity-sweetheart type. TWA and Pan Am, which flew international routes, supposedly went after the more sophisticated—or, in some eyes, snobby—sort of stewardess (or "air hostess," the no less patronizing term TWA made a point of using). National, Braniff, and Pacific Southwest, smaller airlines with southern centers of gravity, were allegedly staffed by high-octane sexpots. As is often the case, there was some truth to the stereotypes: most of American's stewardesses came from small towns in the South and Midwest, while Pan Am, which required knowledge of at least one foreign language, hired nearly as many European women as it did Americans. Some airlines asked for a year or two of college; some didn't.

Having survived the initial winnowing—aside from multiple interviews, the screening process might have included I.Q. and psychological tests (if only the F.B.I. were as thorough)—potential stewardesses were dispatched to training centers for what was typically a six-week course of instruction. The facilities could be quite lavish: some had swimming pools and tennis courts; some were actually on the grounds of resorts. Given that their female charges had been selected for pheromonal impact, the schools had unique security issues. Most came equipped with curfews and guards. A few went further: the dorm-room balconies at Braniff's International Hostess Training College in Dallas had cage-like bars, allegedly because too many would-be suitors had tried to scale them. Perhaps for similar reasons, American's Stewardess College near Dallas was at one point surrounded by an eight-foot-high electrical fence. "One likes to think that the fence was to keep the intruders out, rather than the students in," notes *Wings of Excellence*, a semi-

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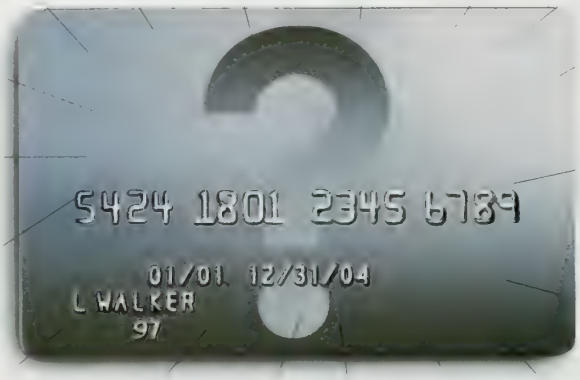
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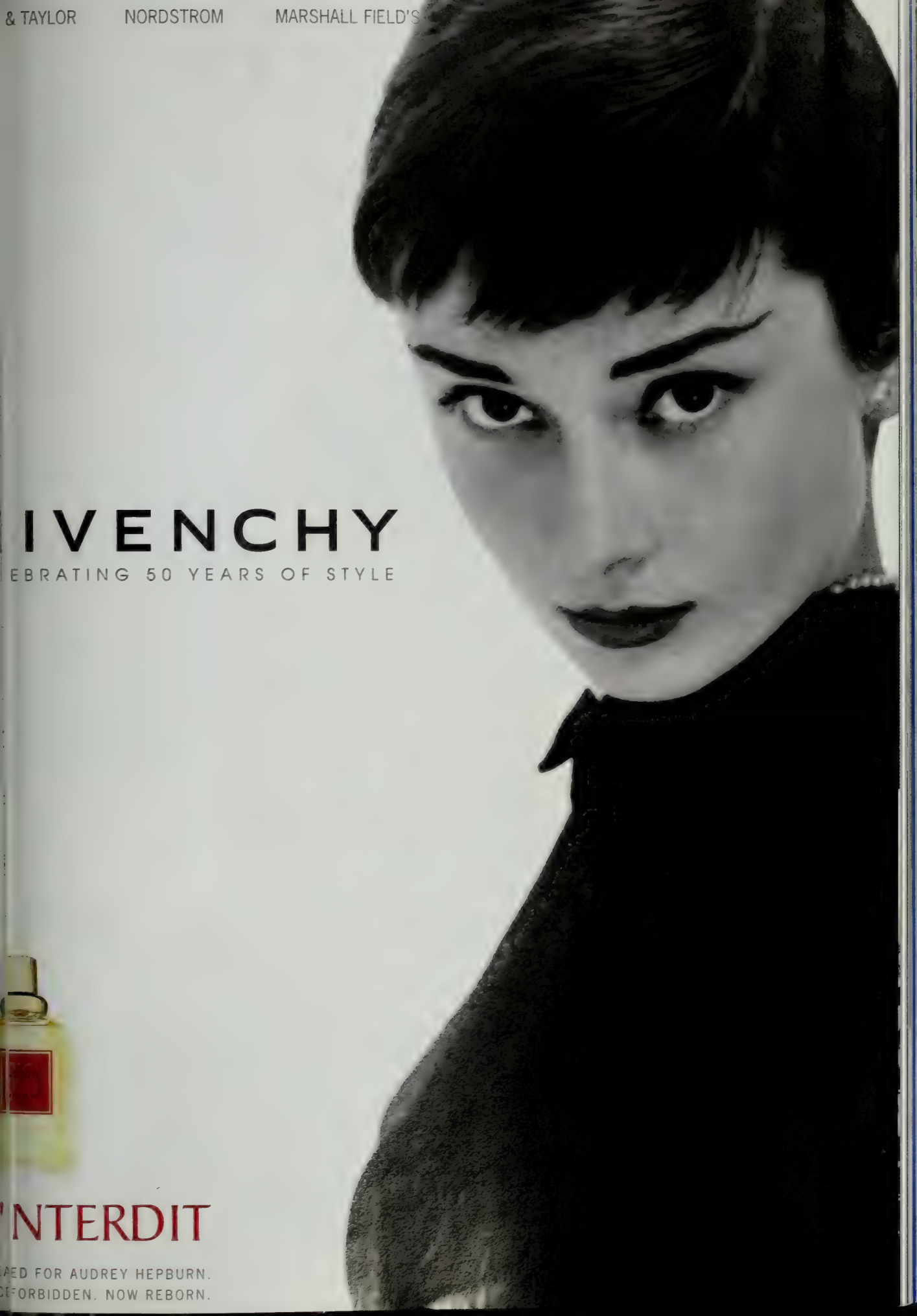
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official history of American's flight-attendant corps. If you can conceive of a cross between Acapulco and a P.O.W. camp, that seems about right.

As for the curriculum, it was generally divided between safety training and this sort of thing, taken from the outline for a 1964 lecture at United's training center:



SMILE-HIGH CLUB
A flight attendant serves coffee to passengers relaxing in the on-board lounge, circa late 1960s.

A. Coat: 1. How to carry properly; 2. How to put on properly.
B. Together Look: 1. Coat always buttoned; 2. Wear gloves; 3. Carry everything on one side if possible; 4. Ways to carry purse; 5. How to carry gloves; 6. Scarf in summer raincoat.
C. Review: 1. Posture; 2. Standing; 3. Walking.

If this wasn't enough to drive her mad, the fledgling stewardess would also be subjected to rigorous instruction from "grooming supervisors." Some airlines had regulation shades of nail polish and lipstick: Revlon's Persian Melon at TWA, for instance. At Braniff, false eyelashes were encouraged but not mandated. The stewardess author of *Flying High,* a 1970 guide for prospective flight attendants, describes being forced by her unnamed airline to wear "sickly green" eye shadow during training, "which tended to make those of us with faintly sallow skin look as if we had contracted hepatitis."

A student would be assigned an ideal weight, based on her height and figure, from which the needle on her bathroom scale was not to budge—as pre-flight "weigh-ins" would later ensure—and even one who was on the gaunt side of well proportioned, as a young and bony Patricia Neal discovered, she was forced into a girdle. The theory, as another woman phrases it: "At eye level, walking up and down the aisle, they wanted everybody to look smooth." Supervisors routinely gave "girdle checks," a procedure that consisted of flicking an index finger against a buttock. Perceptible jiggle meant failure—and a possible suspension.

Occasional public scandals involving stewardesses and airline personnel only enhanced their image as Playmates with wings.

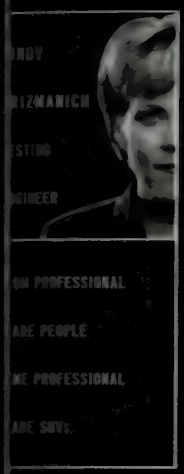
For those lacking seniority, scheduling was unpredictable and erratic. Pay was lousy for everyone, forcing many women to sleep four or five to an apartment in dormlike "stew zoos." "If you wanted to eat," says a former flight attendant, "you had to find a boyfriend real quick." In 1960, a stew starting out with American might have made, depending on her schedule, at best $4,000 a year—the equivalent of $24,400 today.

If women had enlisted to escape drudgery, they were disappointed to find plenty of it in the air. An Eastern stewardess described the job to *Newsweek* in 1968 as "food under your fingernails, sore feet, complaints and insults." Another woman cited in the same article claimed to have tied a pedometer to her leg on a turnaround flight between Chicago and San Francisco; by the end of the day, she had clocked 17 miles. "The only glamorous part of this job is walking through the terminal," a third stewardess complained.

And then there were the situations for which no amount of training could prepare one. A TWA hostess was in the middle of the meal service on one of her first flights when she came to the seats of two men who were "fondling" each other without benefit of a blanket. "I had these two meal trays, and all I could think to say was 'Would you like dinner now or later?'" A Pan Am stewardess remembers a flight with Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher while they were on their honeymoon. At some point the plane hit turbulence. "We wanted to check their seat belts, but we didn't dare." And why not? "They were under the blankets—use your imagination!" (As a general rule, even when retailing ribald anecdotes, former stewardesses maintain a Doris Day–like level of decorum.)

It is said that one is statistically more likely to die crossing the street or driving to a supermarket than in an airplane accident. Whether or not you take comfort in that when boarding a plane, it was decidedly not the case in 1930, when the first stewardesses in America, or anywhere else, were hired by Boeing Air Transport, a forerunner of United Airlines. At that time, passengers had to worry not only about frequent crashes but also about sudden drops of altitude, which, in unpressurized planes, could rupture one's eardrums. That stewardesses were required to be registered nurses and were initially outfitted with white, hospital-style uniforms was intended to be comforting, to reassure nervous fliers that they wouldn't spiral into a cornfield on the way to Grandma's or the anvil salesmen's convention (though one could just as easily imagine the medical motif having the opposite effect). It was also hoped that the fact that stewardesses were women would have a galvanizing effect on male passengers—not in the *Coffee, Tea or Me?* sense but rather: These girls are man enough to fly—what are *you* scared of?

In terms of her more concrete functions, an air hostess's duties in the early 30s might have included such pre-flight chores as loading baggage, dusting, making sure all the seats were screwed down tightly, and joining in a "bucket brigade" to fuel



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the plane. En route, she might have had to restrain passengers from throwing garbage and cigarette butts out open windows. These were not the glamour days that ex-stewardesses are so fond of talking about.

By the 1950s, after the introduction of faster, safer, and pressurized planes, flying had evolved into a much less dodgy proposition; passenger complaints now had more to do with lost luggage than with getting killed. At some point during the decade, the number of air passengers in America first exceeded those who traveled by train; in 1957, a similar tipping point came for transatlantic crossings by air versus sea. In those days, commercial aviation was highly regulated. Among other things, the government dictated where and when the airlines could fly and how much they could charge; on transatlantic flights even the amount of legroom and the number and type of courses that could constitute a meal were prescribed by international agreement. (In 1958 there was a minor furor over what the word "sandwich" meant after Pan Am accused some of its European competitors of stretching the definition to include virtual smorgasbords.)

With innovation so creatively discouraged, there were few ways for airlines to distinguish themselves. This was when industry leaders began to realize that the very femaleness of stewardesses was a marketable asset. (Through the 1930s and 40s, many airlines had preferred hiring male stewards, partly in emulation of train and ocean-liner service.) As *The Saturday Evening Post* noted in 1954, "Because service is one of the chief areas of competition among the lines, the companies increasingly are stressing the importance of the girls." That same year American became the first airline to impose the mandatory retirement age of 32, thereby hoping to ensure its stewardess corps's ongoing pulchritude. It was, perhaps, a largely symbolic gesture, given that the average stewardess flew for only two years anyway, most of them quitting in order to get married—a high turnover rate that would last into the 1970s. Gwen Mahler, a former TWA hostess, is a statistical case in point: she started flying in 1955 at the age of 20, retiring a year later to marry a pilot she had met over a malted at New York's LaGuardia Airport three months into the job. (She got the conversation rolling by admiring his uniform.) As for colleagues who took a more careerist approach, "I can remember thinking, Oh, this gal has been flying for four, five years? I wonder what's wrong with her?"

It was on October 26, 1958, that Pan Am flew America's first regularly scheduled commercial jet flight, its Boeing 707 taking off for Paris from New York's Idlewild airport. By the early 60s all the major carriers were flying jets on their most significant routes. The fastest comparable propliner, the DC-7, took more than eight hours to get from New York to San Francisco or Los Angeles. A 707 made the same trip in a little over five hours.

Not only did jets offer a faster, quieter, and smoother ride ("You'll be able to stand a half-dollar on edge.... You'll be able to hear the ticking of a watch. The flower you bought when you left will be fresh when you arrive," gushed an ad for the 707), jets were sexy in the same early-60s way that the Kennedy administration and James Bond movies were, all kept aloft by an atmosphere of sleekness, power, and Cold War technology. For those who could afford it, jet travel made the world accessible in a way we now take for granted—and have maybe even begun to fear a bit—but was intoxicating at the time. This was when the jet set was born, when the fanciful premise of Frank Sinatra's "Come Fly with Me," of casually floating down to Peru or sipping exotic booze in far Bombay on a whim, became a reality—at least for movie stars and international playboys.

This was the cultural breeze that lifted stewardesses to their apex as icons of glamour. Their uniforms had traditionally taken many of their stylistic cues from the military, but now it was time for something new in the air, and in 1965 the advertising executive Mary Wells persuaded Braniff International Airways to hire Emilio Pucci to redesign its stewardesses' uniforms with his op-art patterns and palette of Lilly-Pulitzer-on-acid colors. He wasn't the first name designer to dress stews (Oleg Cassini, for one, had created uniforms for TWA in the 50s), and he wasn't being entirely fair when he observed that "most airplane stewardesses are dressed as if they were traveling by bus in the year 1925." (Many stewardess uniforms were beautifully tailored and split an interesting difference between classicism and the stray space-age flourish.) But he was the first to take the implicit come-on of the stewardess's role and bring it into line with the new decade's louder, more in-your-face sensibility. The airline's ads were soon smacking their lips: "Does your wife know you're flying with us?" Braniff's stock, which had been trading around $24, was goosed up to $120.

"We were envious of the Braniff uniforms," admits one former Pan Am stewardess, who along with her sisters was still stuck in wool suits that looked like "something Tippi Hedren might have worn" (as





PUCCI COUP
Below, Braniff stewardesses show off their new Pucci uniforms at Love Field in Dallas; *bottom*, Pucci's Plexiglas bubble cap was designed to shield Braniff stewardesses' heads from wind and rain.


BALI
LORD & TAYLOR • HECHT'S • STRAW
OLEY'S • ROBINSONS-MAY • FILENE'S
KAUFMANN'S • FAMOUS-BARR •
THE JONES STORE • MEIER & FRANK

V.F. contributing editor Laura Jacobs once put it). The owners of Braniff's rivals were certainly envious of its stock price, and soon every carrier's stewardesses had to have modish uniforms. Hems went up, colors got bolder, fabrics became more oil-based. United's new outfit was punctuated by a bright orange hat that looked like a cross between a jockey's cap and a mailbox. National promoted "uniforms that purr," with hats and jackets made of simulated tiger fur—allegedly designed with the input of the stews themselves. The nadir, arguably, was the paper uniforms TWA introduced in 1968 to promote certain of its destinations. They came in four styles: a Roman toga, a faux-lamé miniskirt that was meant to represent Paris, "penthouse pajamas" from Manhattan, and an English "serving wench" getup. The ads promised "the end of routine travel with hostesses to match," and this proved to be true, since there was nothing routine about watching a flight attendant whip out a roll of masking tape to repair her uniform, or, worse, catch on fire. (The uniforms' manufacturer had quickly run through its supply of nonflammable paper). The promotion lasted just seven or eight months.

The airlines' advertising agencies also followed the Braniff lead. Pan Am's radio commercials asked, "How do you like your stewardesses?," as if they themselves were the cuts of meat they were cooking to order. Continental, which had long painted its planes with splashes of gold, introduced the slogan "The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail." Since the airline's stewardesses were dressed in golden uniforms, this was widely perceived as a clumsy double entendre in the new sex-sells climate.

This was the era of the swinging stew, first enshrined in popular culture by the 1965 play *Boeing-Boeing,* in which a bachelor—played by Tony Curtis in the same year's film version—juggles three unwitting stewardess girlfriends, thanks to the miracle of dovetailing flight schedules. The subsequent success of *Coffee, Tea or Me?* in 1967 prompted its paperback publisher, Bantam, to exhume a dud airline novel from 1960 and republish it as *The Fly Girls* with a new front cover featuring half-dressed hostesses and back-cover copy that pretty much defines the narrow genre of stew lit: "Underneath their uniforms, they were simply girls—warm, soft, yielding creatures who lived too fast and loved too recklessly. Everyone thought they were such angels. . . . They didn't know about those passionate nights in those strange hotel rooms such a long, long way from home . . . "

Occasional public scandals involving stewardesses and other airline personnel only served to enhance their image as Playmates with wings. At a 1962 presentation on flight safety for Congress, a TWA flight engineer showed pictures he had taken with a hidden camera of, in newspaper columnist Jack Anderson's description, pilots "cavorting with stewardesses in flight." Flight attendants periodically made headlines by being arrested for prostitution. Was there a natural affinity between the two professions?

Like starlets under contract to MGM, stewardesses were told how to stand, how to walk, how to style their hair, how to make themselves up.

A lawyer for five such women explained the connection to *The New York Times* in 1971: stewardesses "meet men easily and are able to see them in the afternoon." But a flight attendant defended her colleagues against the "unfair" aspersions: "If you took all the secretaries in the Empire State Building, the percentage [also getting paid to have sex] would be about the same."

When quizzed about the "swinging" issue, former stewardesses roll their eyes with the politest annoyance imaginable, much the way the president of a sorority house might if asked to give a disquisition on binge drinking. Oh, it may have gone on. There may have been certain "types" who went in for that sort of thing—can we talk about our charitable work now? "Well, there was as much as you wanted, that's for sure," says a former stewardess, the "much" being male companionship. "But among my colleagues," she continues, "very few of them took as many chances as I did. They were more gently reared, I suppose." Indeed, the general sense you get after talking to dozens of stewardesses is that the profession's libidinal reputation has been oversold, an impression shared by previous reporters: as the *Saturday Review* assured readers in 1971, flight attendants had been "badly misjudged" and were decidedly not "vixens."

But special mention must be made of the stewardess-pilot relationship. The airplane was a workplace in which hierarchy, thanks to the gender divide, was infused with a jolt of sex—always a provocative dynamic, as doctors and nurses will also tell you. "Back in the 60s, we were just stupid," says Kay Moran Tolhoek, who flew for Eastern for five years, beginning in 1962. "These captains would hit on these flight attendants right out of Arkansas or some damned place, and they'd end up having affairs for six, seven, eight years. And you knew the captain wasn't going to divorce his wife. The majority of them were just fooling around, and it really was the naïve girls that these captains zeroed in on."

"I suppose there is as high an incidence of stewardesses involved in an affair with the married captain as there is of secretaries who have affairs with their married bosses," writes the author of *Flying High.* "You are not fated to have a mad affair with a married pilot if you become an airline stewardess, but if you want to, you can certainly find an attractive one to have it with." Attractive, maybe, but not likely a big spender: to this day, pilots are saddled with an industrywide reputation for skinflintiness and a bent toward tackier forms of moonlighting. One representative anecdote, which may put the eroticism of the pilot-stew relationship in perspective: A former stewardess remembers inviting a captain back to her place for what she thought would be a "hot date." Instead, he arrived with Amway samples.

The 1970s proved to be as awkward a decade for air travel as they were for everything else in which taste is a consideration. A quick way to chart the industry's growing glamour gap: In the 1970 film *Airport,* the stewardess heroine was played by Jacqueline Bisset, a renowned European beauty. In *Airport 1975,* the equivalent role went to Karen Black—as fine an actress, but also the one who could just as convincingly play a Denny's waitress.

Reflecting the times, the airlines' advertising was becoming increasingly crude. "It was really quite unbecoming," says Laurie Power, "but it was part of that era when they had nothing else left to sell. Everybody had movies, everybody had multi-course meal services, everybody had everything, you know—what else could they do?" Marketing studies said essentially the same thing. And so it was in 197 that National introduced a slogan that soon became infamous (at least among stewardesses, who hated it): "I'm Linda [or Cheryl or whoever]. Fly me." Building



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of flavors awaits – dark plum, black-
picked as summer yields to autumn, a
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on the momentum of its "Proud Bird with the Golden Tail" campaign, Continental now boasted that "we really move our tail for you." Reinforcing this message with unintended synergy was the 1969 film *The Stewardesses,* a soft-core drive-in favorite in which it was revealed that stewardesses spent their free time trying on bras, showering, and practicing yoga poses in the nude.

All of this had a cost. The sex sell, according to Laurie Power, "subtly changed the attitude of passengers toward flight attendants. Instead of it being kind of a cachet to go out with a flight attendant, it became 'Let's see who can get the flight attendant for sport.'" She remembers carrying a tray of dirty glasses up the aisle when a passenger stuck his business card into a half-filled wineglass with the invitation "Here, honey. Call me." Pinching incidents, and worse, were on the upswing. "We're the cat's scratching pole" is how a Braniff stew put it at the time.

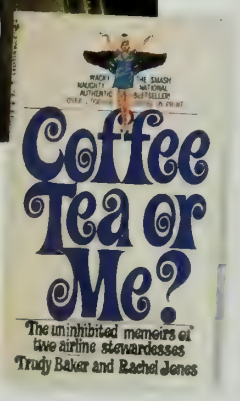
Perhaps this was all a male-chauvinist rearguard action, because stewardesses and their union, now known as the Association of Flight Attendants, were at the same time pressing legal battles that would transform the job from a two-year adventure into an actual career. Using the leverage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, federal courts in 1968 had struck down the rules forbidding marriage and forcing thirtysomethings into retirement. In 1970, restrictions against flight attendants' being pregnant were, under pressure, voluntarily withdrawn by many airlines. And in 1971, in the decision that would arguably do the most to put an end to the "coffee, tea, or me?" era, the Supreme Court ruled that airlines could not discriminate against men.

The stewardess was now, officially, a flight attendant. (By 1986, men would make up 14 percent of United Airlines' cabin crews, to give one example.) Among other things, this change professionalized the job in a way that no amount of feminist critique ever could have, since no one of either sex likely wanted to see male flight attendants in paper serving-wench outfits.

At the same time, the very nature of commercial aviation was changing. After experiencing explosive growth from the 1950s to the mid-1960s—the number of airline passengers in the U.S. doubled between 1958 and 1965, from 50 million to 100 million—the industry had projected similar increases into the 1970s. But when jumbo jets were introduced in 1970, the expected hordes of new fliers didn't materialize to fill the "acres of empty 747 seats," as one aviation history puts it. With a recession and an oil crisis on top of that, layoffs and cutbacks in service were inevitable. "As long as we're no worse than the competition, that's all I can ask," a TWA executive told *Business Week* in 1971, reflecting the no-can-do spirit that would suffuse America's service industries throughout the decade. By the time the Carter administration deregulated the airlines in 1978, ushering in the era of supersaver fares and no-frills service, whatever glamour clung to the industry was already as faded as whatever glamour still clings to the Hamptons. Passenger loads increased, service became even more harried and minimal, beloved airlines went bust, and the world of air travel we know today—with the proverbial bag of peanuts as luxury's vestigial tail—was born. Thanks to deregulation, flight attendants remain perhaps the one group in America that can still find it within themselves to loathe Jimmy Carter.



LADIES OF THE FLIGHT
Glamorous Air France stewardess [illegible] and Tony Curtis in a scene from the 1965 comedy Boeing Boeing. Israel Horovitz's Line, Coffee, Tea or Me?, the sizzling 1967 memoirs of two stewardesses.



Mary Clare Haskin flew for United as a stewardess between 1959 and 1961, quit to marry, and then went back to the job in 1974 after the rules changed. She's still flying today, at the age of 63, and is only too happy to compare and contrast. It used to be, she says, "when you told someone you were a stewardess, you were really something. Now you say you're a flight attendant and they look down upon you. It's almost like it's demeaning—the waitress in the sky or whatever. We try to tell people we're not really there to do that. We're there for their safety." It is a serious job, and most people now realize that, especially after September 11. But it's also an increasingly irritating job, thanks to increasingly surly passengers, who, it must be said, have their reasons, too. (The titles of two recent flight-attendant memoirs, *Around the World in a Bad Mood!* and *Plane Insanity,* pretty well define the genre's evolution from a literature of titillation to one of grievance.) The job's old glamour, Haskin says, "came because people made you feel glamorous. And they don't anymore." Still, she adds, "I could never say I have regretted any minute of the time I have spent as a stewardess or flight attendant."

You hear that again and again from stewardesses turned flight attendants, that flying just gets in their bones, that they never lose the wanderlust that drew them away from small towns and circumscribed lives in the first place. Sonnie Morrow Sims, for one, is now in her 40th year with American. She lives in Las Vegas with her husband, Duke Sims, a former major-league catcher whom she met while working on the Los Angeles Dodgers' private jet. "I still love it," she says of flying. "In fact, I always said I was going to retire when I was 60, and my 60th birthday was September 11 last year—and if that wasn't the perfect time to quit! And you know what? I realized that sitting in your home and watching the news coverage of this horrible event was the worst thing anybody could do. I said, 'I have to get back on an airplane. I just—I just have to do it.' And once I did, I felt so empowered because I thought, Gosh, I feel so comfortable on the airplane. I feel so much better." □

The Unsinkable Eloise

Eloise Takes a Bawth is being published this month, after a 40-year saga during which Eloise's creator, the late, inimitable Kay Thompson, battled with her publisher, her own demons, and the artist who gave Eloise visual life, Hilary Knight. At last, all are invited to the Plaza's madcap aquacade

BY AMY FINE COLLINS



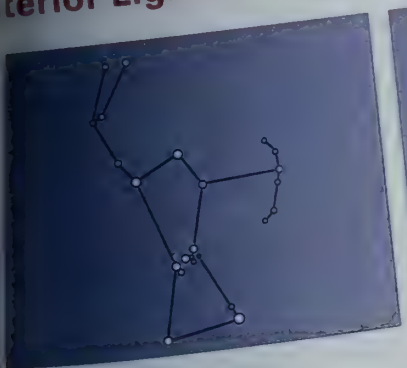


BEFORE THE FLOOD
Eloise contemplates her "bawth." *Inset*, Hilary Knight and Kay Thompson (with her pug, Fenice) in Rome, 1963.

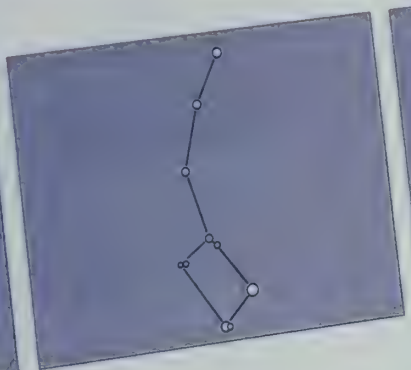
Around 1947, Kay Thompson—MGM vocal coach, singer, dancer, writer, and all-around grande dame—was running late to meet Hollywood choreographer Bob Alton, who was helping her with a nightclub act. Hell-bent on shortening her route, Thompson impetuously cut through a golf course and drove straight up to Alton's front door. "What's the idea of your being so late?" Alton demanded as she entered. The [illegible] Thompson offered the only excuse available to [illegible] she lisped helplessly. "And I am only six."

[illegible] one of the several myths of origin concerning Eloise, the fey, hotel-dwelling storybook waif. Thompson's goddaughter Liza Minnelli—who was nine when *Kay Thompson's Eloise: A Book for Precocious Grownups* leapt onto the best-seller list in 1955—maintains she was the inspiration for the mischievous urchin. "Kay always denied it," says playwright Mart Crowley, a close friend of Thompson's. "For Kay, Eloise was 'me, all me!'" Bea Wain, who sang with Thompson on the radio and appeared with her in the Republic film *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round*, remembers the entertainer assuming the persona of a naughty little girl as far back as the 1930s. And Thompson's sister Blanche has said tha

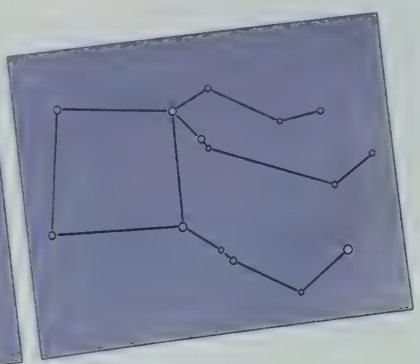
terior Lights



Orion



Ursa Minor



Pegasus

Operating instructions

1. Open top.
2. Gaze.

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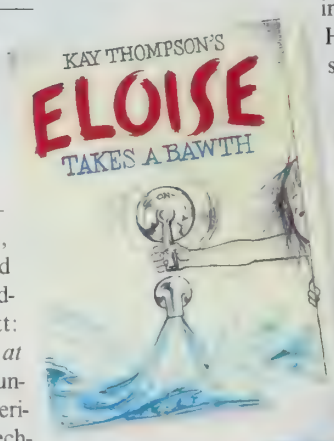
her sibling had been making up a wispy, puerile voice on and off since they were children. "I suppose at some point she simply gave it a name," Crowley says.

Artist Hilary Knight—who illustrated the four classic Eloise books and will be bringing out their long-awaited sequel, *Eloise Takes a Bawth* (Simon & Schuster), this month—says, "Kay certainly gave her a voice and personality, her own personality, but I invented the image of Eloise. I'd been drawing little girls like her since long before I met Kay." For him, Eloise's aboriginal ancestor is the watercolor of a bushy-haired, saucy girl painted in 1932 by his mother, Katharine Sturges, whose work appeared in *The New Yorker* and *Harper's Bazaar*. "It's the way she stands, the palette of black and pink," Knight says. In 1954 fashion editor D. D. Ryan, who had been urging Thompson to transfer her Eloise identity to

"Working with Kay Thompson was fantastic," says Hilary Knight, "so much fun that sometimes we had trouble getting started."

a more durable medium, introduced the versatile writer to the 28-year-old artist—a galvanizing encounter which led to the birth of their picture book the next year.

In quick succession the fecund pair produced three more Eloise adventures—the cosmopolitan *Eloise in Paris* (1957), conceived just after Thompson wrapped *Funny Face* in France (she played Vreeland-esque fashion editor Maggie Prescott: "Think pink!"); the bittersweet *Eloise at Christmastime* (1958), which sold in the hundreds of thousands; and the Cold War period piece *Eloise in Moscow* (1959). "My technique had fully matured with the Russian drawings—they are my best," Knight says. "In the earlier books, Eloise's appearance was inconsistent—her age and figure change from picture to picture." If anybody ever noticed these imperfections of draftsmanship, they certainly didn't care. By 1963 more than a million copies of the four Eloise books had been sold, and the gamine had generated a merchandising bonanza of toys, clothing, a hit song, and a TV special.



BAWTHING BEAUTIES *Left,* Knight's 1963 cover sketch for *Bawth,* drawn in Rome; this month, nearly 40 years later, the book, featuring the jacket below, finally hits stores.

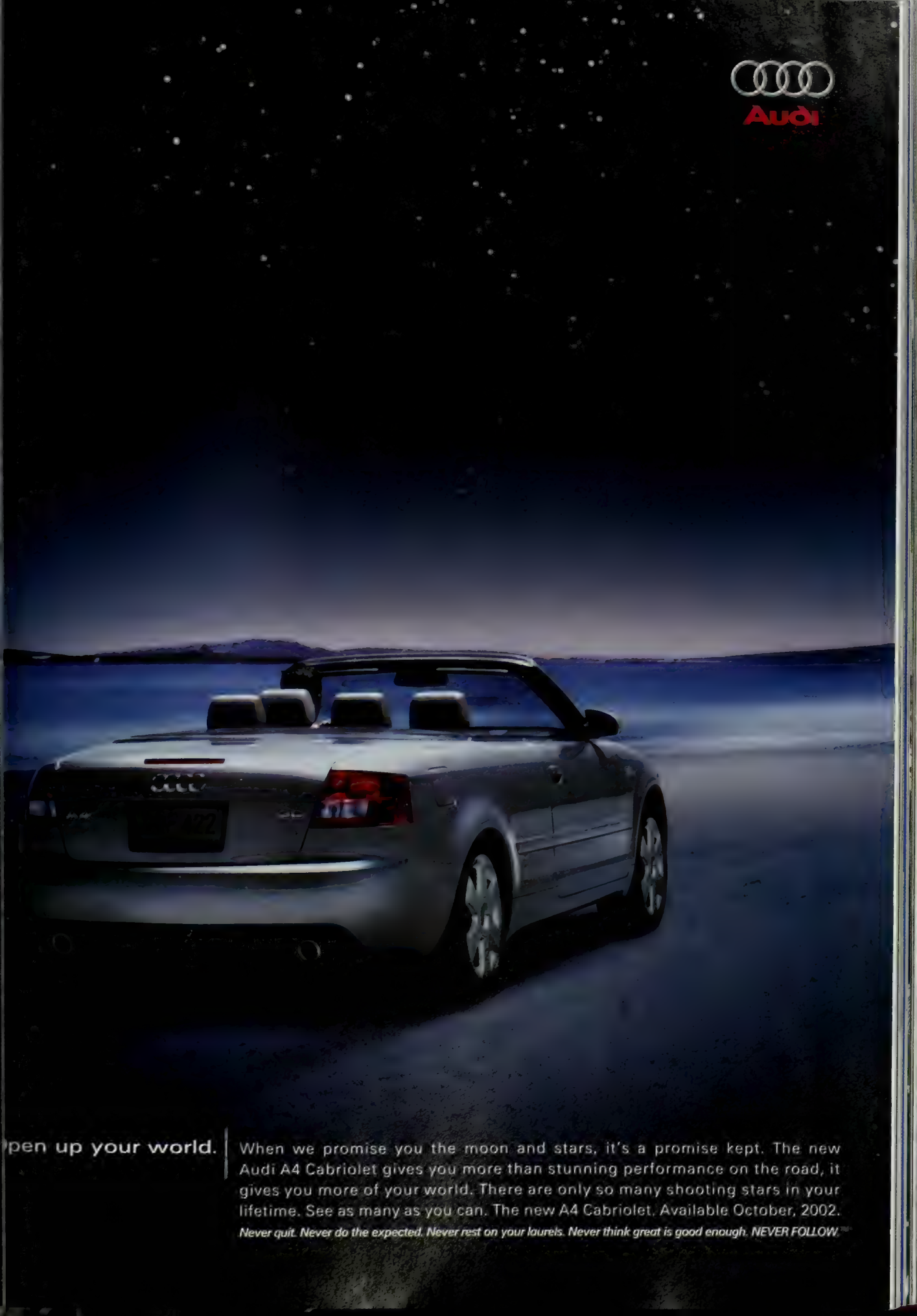


Around 1961, Knight approached Ursula Nordstrom, Harper & Row's revered children's-book editor, about creating a miniaturized boxed set of the four Eloise books for the publishing house's Lilliputian Nutshell Library series. Delighted with the artist's suggestion, Nordstrom asked to meet Thompson. "Ursula, of course, was immediately transfixed by Kay. Kay had an outrageous magnetism, a studied eccentricity. But I had committed one fatal mistake. You could never propose anything to Kay. She always had to suggest something herself. So of course she jettisoned my Nutshell plan right off the bat." But just as quickly Thompson replaced Knight's idea with another, more ambitious scheme of her own—a fifth Eloise book. It was to be ti- *Eloise Takes a Bawth,* and it would be the story of how a long, b leads to a leak that floods the Plaza Ho- ution from that first meeting is very hard says. "The gestation period was so long. re so many interruptions."

Bawth's progress was first thwarted by Thompson's impulsive move in 1962 to Rome, where she took an apartment on the top of the Palazzo Torlonia, near the Spanish Steps. There, Thompson diverted herself with another notion for a picture book, called *The Fox and the Fig.* Thompson requested that Knight illustrate it, using "a Chinese brush technique," he says. "But I don't work that way." She then asked for Tomi Ungerer. "I think he was too strong a personality for Kay," Knight says. Thompson also sought out Andy Warhol, but Nordstrom found the Pop artist's sample submission to her unsuitably decorative, so he was rejected as well. Thompson discovered her next candidate right in Rome. "I was sharing an apartment there with R. J. [Robert] Wagner," Mart Crowley says. "I was thinking about becoming a set designer. [Crowley went on to write the play *The Boys in the Band* and for the TV series *Hart to Hart.*] R.J. was in Rome filming *The Condemned of Altona,* and seeing Marion Marshall, who became his second wife, and who was divorced from Stanley Donen. Marion and Kay were friends from *Funny Face,* which, of course, Stanley had directed. Anyway, word got back to Kay about me, and so it was my turn for *The Fox and the Fig*"—an undertaking that also was eventually left to languish, unfinished.

Inevitably, Thompson's attention circled back to her true love, "me, ELOISE." She summoned Knight to Rome to resume their collaboration. "I spent maybe a month with her in Rome on that initial visit," Knight remembers. "I stayed near Kay at the Hotel Inghilterra, and we would meet every day in the office space she rented in the back of the Palazzo Torlonia, but never before noon. Working with her was fantastic—so much fun that sometimes we had trouble getting started." But when they were ready to get down to business, Thompson was a disciplined taskmaster. While he furiously sketched sheet after sheet, she would compose her lines by "talking them out, rattling them off in Eloise's voice. It was like having some kind of supernatural guidance going on in the background"—a regressive, showbizzy speaking in tongues. "She was incessantly rewriting," Knight continues, "and her secretaries were constantly retyping. She wore out at least two of them while I was there." Whenever Knight finished a sketch, he says, it would be hung up with paper clips in sequence "on a cotton cord strung across the room," like laundry on a clothesline. Thompson told him, "Think of it as a movie!"

Their sessions were "intense. We'd work straight into the evening. I'd be completely deflated, but then we'd go out to restaurants and eat incredible meals. There was one place that used to fix Kay's pug, Fenice, braised chicken livers. He'd sit on a chair and eat from the table." Afterward, Knight would "fall into bed," while his insomniac partner "stayed up all night revising our work. The next morning I'd find that she had changed everything completely." To Knight's lasting horror, in his absence Thompson had often smeared his pencil studies with "big globs of rubber cement," to which she then adhered scraps of blank paper. Her intent was to obliterate "everything that had been my invention—not hers." When Knight left for New York they shared the conviction that they had produced all the material required for *Bawth.* But after gaining some distance they both arrived at the same discour


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WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE
A movie star's Plaza Hotel suite gets deluged, thanks to Eloise's bawth-time antics.

The waterlogged hotel has become a communal hydrotherapy tank, and the Venetian Masked Ball is the *succès fou* of the season.

aging conclusion: the book was in fact still raw and unresolved.

In the mid-60s, Thompson called Knight back to Rome, where they resumed their writing and drawing marathons as before. But this time the magic between them never quite happened. "Kay was losing control of this property," Knight says. "My drawings were overtaking the book, and that was making her crazy. Here was a woman who excelled at everything—she was a dazzling songwriter, performer, dancer, arranger. The only thing she couldn't do was draw. She really hated that!"

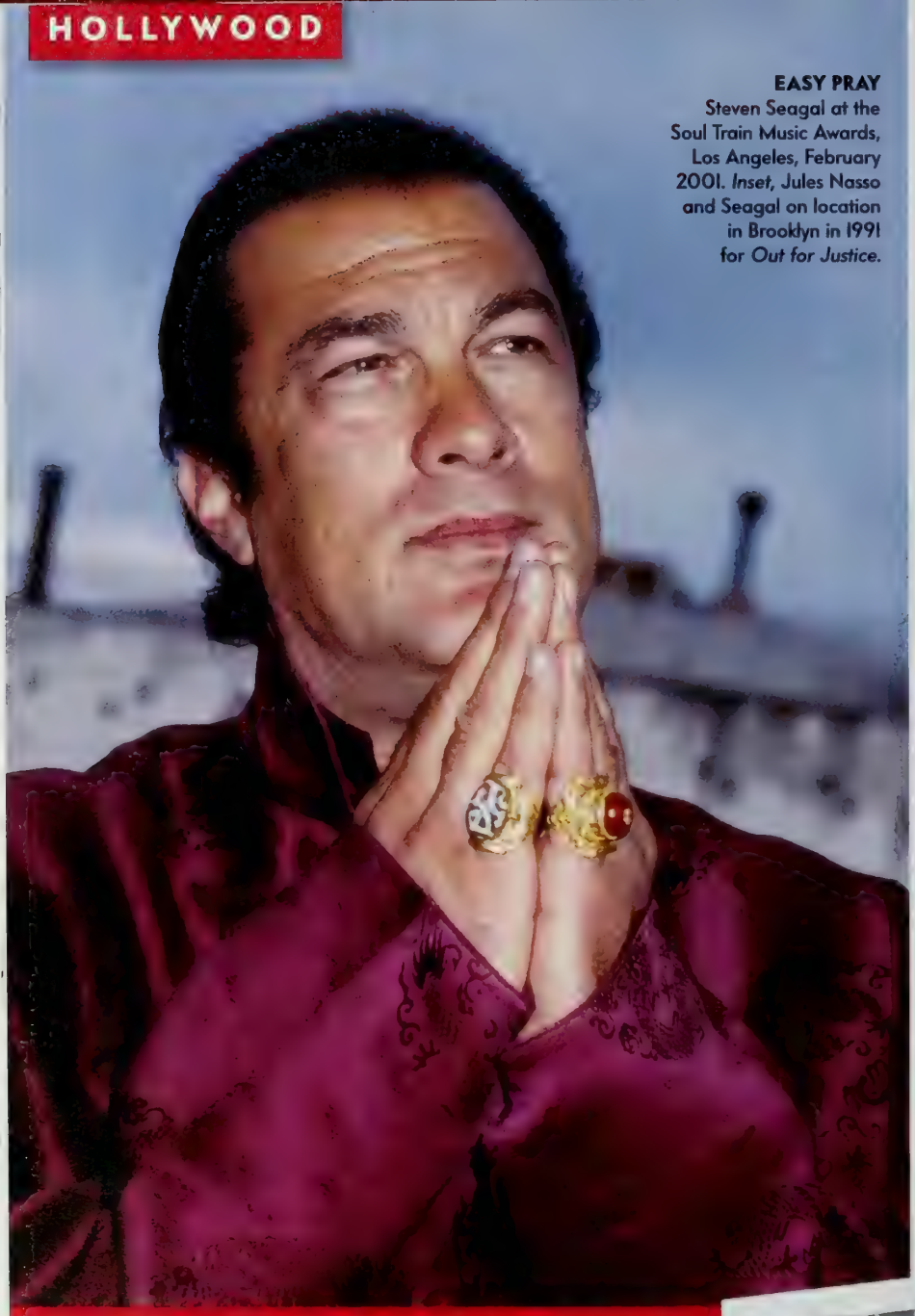
Finally—and anticlimactically—in 1966, Nordstrom received a completed manuscript, and Harper & Row was able to prepare *Bawth* for publication. Blueprints were dispatched to Thompson in Rome for her approval. The author wasted no time wiring her editor back. Her telegram to Nordstrom read, "This book cannot come out!" Knight recalls, "Ursula was stunned. But Kay was absolutely right to pull the plug on *Bawth*. My work wasn't any good. We had been labored over for years. Our brains were overtaxed."

Killing *Bawth*, Thompson discovered a pre-emptive—and hurtful—way to wield her power. "She found she had the right to [illegible] and *Christmastime* away from the publishers," Knight says. And so she exterminated them too, along with any further commercial ventures. She justified her conduct by insisting that the first Eloise book alone "was perfect," says Knight, "and therefore it all should begin and end there." The artist retained a 30 percent share of royalties from the one title that remained in print, but Thompson owned the copyright to all his Eloise drawings.

Thompson returned to New York permanently around 1967, where for the next seven years the Plaza put her up rent-free. "She came to my apartment," Knight says. "She had totally given up on *Bawth*. But during this visit—it was 1967—she said, 'Hilary, let's take this book out and look at it again.' And so I started noodling around with a drawing." As he drew, five tapering, pearly fingers descended on Knight's right hand and grasped it. "She took it, and she started pushing it across the page," he says. "She was trying to control my hand totally, make it hers! It was really creepy, an instinct, something she couldn't stop herself from doing. At that instant I knew that I would not, that I could not, work with her again. I told her to find someone else. So she hired an art student who tried to do copies of my work." Nordstrom's letters show that as late as 1969 the editor was still patiently hoping to see a new, finished version of the *Bawth* manuscript.

Mirroring Eloise's withdrawal from the public, Thompson retreated from the world. She communicated sporadically with only a few friends, mostly by way of telephone. Often over the wire she would revert to the impish voice of her six-year-old alter ego ("Hello, this is me, ELOISE"). She terminated her friendship with Hilary Knight in the 80s—"Kay did not like that I wanted to give Eloise another publicity boost," he says. Thompson filled the void with "paranoid fantasies about Hilary," Crowley says. Infirm and pixilated, she returned obsessively to one delu-


NOTHING ELSE WORKS LIKE LASZLO WORKS.
NOTHING ELSE LOOKS LIKE LASZLO SKIN.
LOOK LASZLO
ERNO LASZLO
KS FIFTH AVENUE BERGDORF GOODMAN NORDSTROM HARRODS NEIMAN MARCUS HOLT RENFREW



EASY PRAY
Steven Seagal at the Soul Train Music Awards, Los Angeles, February 2001. *Inset*, Jules Nasso and Seagal on location in Brooklyn in 1991 for *Out for Justice*.

SEAGAL UNDER SIEGE

It's tough separating myth from reality in Steven Seagal's world of C.I.A. black ops, concealed Colt .45s, and a reincarnated Tibetan master. But prosecutors say Seagal got genuine death threats, courtesy of his former producer Jules Nasso, and the fading action star appears to have tangled with a top crime family

BY NED ZEMAN

Somewhere between the large marble panther in his foyer and the large marble lion on his front staircase, the biggest player on Staten Island pauses for quiet reflection. Lately, and pretty much ever since Jules Nasso got jammed up, he's been in a pensive mood. Fortunately, his house is all about reflectiveness. The place is 8,500 square feet of pure Zen, featuring a lagoon-style pool and a purple-and-green master bedroom with fireplace, sauna, and a spiral staircase that leads to a kind of library-in-the-sky—not to mention the ocean view, which is, as they say locally, "primo." Villa Terranova, Nasso calls the house. That's Italian for "new world."

Nasso grew up in and around the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn, that famously Italian enclave, and the old neighborhood still informs much of what he does. And yet . . . and yet. Today, at 49, he's a long way from the streets of Bensonhurst, having parlayed a scrappy little pharmaceutical business into a big, honking career in motion pictures. With two Mercedeses in the gated driveway, there is success written all over his well-groomed, diminutive personage. "The biggest people in Hollywood have been here," Nasso says. He's got the studio-mogul look down—a white-and-yellow terry-cloth beachwear ensemble, off-yellow slippers, a gold bracelet, a silver-and-gold wristwatch, a lovely assistant serving him sliced melon, then oatmeal, then *noci cioccolati* on gold-embossed china.

"Chi," Nasso says, stroking his marble panther. He drifts past the screening room, the 20-odd model ships (including a five-and-a-half-foot-long *Lusitania*), and





LONGINES

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the giant peacock mural. The walls are painted with florid images that Nasso describes as "illusional." By which he means: "Look at them one way and they're just shapes. Look closer and they've got meaning." Indeed, closer inspection reveals that one of the images is that of a large thumb, and not just any thumb, either. "Danny Aiello's thumb," Nasso elucidates, nodding. Aiello, the gifted and voluble character actor, and one of Nasso's closest friends, took a shine to the murals one night. Next thing he knew, his thumb portrait's on the wall, not far from a mural composed of female body parts, rendered by Nasso's omnipresent decorator, Jimmy DaLuise, a tattooed, thickly muscled gentleman with the body of a linebacker and the hands of an angel. "See?" says Jimmy, pointing to a particular section of the mural. "It's an ass."



TRYING TIMES *Top, Seagal and Nasso filming 1994's On Deadly Ground; above, Nasso leaves court in Brooklyn, June 4, 2002.*

"It's not what it is," Nasso explains, speaking about the house in general. "It's what it gives off. It's Zen. It's chi. Like Mike Ovitz does it. It's Ovitzean."

Nasso traces both his chi and his "celebrityness" back to Hollywood's fallen Zen master. "Real gentleman, Ovitz," Nasso says. "Knows his Zen. Stand-up guy." After all, Ovitz discovered and groomed Nasso's former meal ticket, the swaggering [illegible]n star Steven Seagal, whose partnership with Nasso spanned some 15 years, [illegible] 986 until last year, and 10 films, including the hits *On Deadly Ground* (1994) and *Under Siege 2* (1995). For years, Seagal lived in a large guesthouse adjacent to Villa Terranova. The two men's friendship wasn't simply about money and stardom. They shared an interest in Zen. And chi. And the Tao, as well as the Dow—i.e., they both made money.

But what of their friendship today? Where'd all the Zen go? Seagal's film career is in a death spiral, thanks in part to his vile, simian behavior toward colleagues, women, employees, and reporters—not to mention his serial dissembling, his dime-store theology, and his all-around vulgarism. That he is Hollywood's longest-running bad joke is no news flash. But the headlines that broke in June were:



"Nasso is the most stellar person . . . the cleanest little bastard you'll ever meet," says Danny Aiello.

MOB SAID TO HAVE THREATENED ACTOR
Courts: Steven Seagal is widely believed to be the murder target in extortion case

As part of a 68-count extortion-and-racketeering case against 17 purported members of the Gambino crime family and associates, federal prosecutors had obtained wiretapped conversations in which Peter Gotti's fearsome number two, Anthony "Sonny" Ciccone, allegedly said that if Seagal didn't pony up millions of dollars the Gambinos were "gonna hurt him." On at least two occasions, Seagal was threatened until "petrified," Ciccone allegedly bragged. Then the kicker: on the other end of certain of the taped conversations was . . . Jules Nasso, who prosecutors say was a key player behind the extortion scheme.

It got curiouser and curiouser. In June while reporting on the dispute, *Los Angeles Times* reporter Anita Busch found a hole smashed in her car windshield, evidently by a hammer, and a handmade sign which read, STOP. No arrests have been made, but police suspect the crime is somehow connected to the Seagal-Nasso melodrama. On the windshield of the car was a large aluminum pan, and inside the pan were two items: a rose and a dead fish.

By July the *Get Shorty* jokes were flying around Wilshire Boulevard, Seagal was lying low, and Nasso was an accused felon, waging a zippy P.R. campaign and insisting that *he* was the real victim here—that he went goombal only after Seagal extorted *him*. This accusation was swiftly denied by Seagal's attorneys, who emphasize that their client stands charged with nothing. (Seagal declined *V.F.*'s numerous interview requests by way of his publicist Paul Bloch, who says, "We've been advised by his attorney that we're not to comment at all, any of us.")

Nevertheless, Nasso says, he's become a kind of prisoner in Villa Terranova, surrounded by security guards and Rembrandts. Actually, make that quasi-Rembrandts. "Don't say that I've got dozens of Rembrandts," he says, politely but firmly. "They're reproductions. Like on a movie set. I live on a movie set."

Trust is a big deal in Brooklyn; it's what distinguishes a stand-up guy from lowlife. Both Nasso and Seagal trace their early development back to Brooklyn and the fact that Seagal isn't from anywhere near there—he grew up in Michigan and California—has never really appeared to matter. From the moment they met, Nasso and Seagal seemed cut from the same cloth, right down to the fact that, despite Seagal's denials, both seemed to have had a Jewish parent—Nasso's mother and Seagal's father, who pronounced his surname the usual way: *See*-gul.

Seagal's biography is, like the man himself, sketchy—contradictions wrapped in half-truths shrouded in "poppycock," to use one of the action star's favorite words. Granted, veracity and candor have never exactly been the lingua franca of Hollywood actors, all of whom are 29 and just about The Work. Seagal, though, is in a class by himself. All we know for sure is that during the early 70s, when he was in his early 20s, he headed to Japan, married a woman named Miyako Fujitani (with whom he had two children), and studied aikido, the Japanese martial art. The rest is anybody's guess. At various points, Seagal has claimed to have run his own dojo, earned several black belts, and



THE DaVINCI OF DETROIT

Standing six foot four in his two-tone shoes, Harley Earl towered over every other giant of the American car business. Part Botticelli, part P.T. Barnum, this Renaissance man in the snap-brim fedora created the tail fin, the concept car, the auto show, and the very idea that a car not only could be — but should be — a public declaration of personal style. Welcome to the story, improbable but true, of America's greatest car designer, and of the car company where his spirit still lives today.



The 2003 Buick Rendezvous,[5] a customized creation offering the ride of a luxury car, the seating capacity of a minivan, capabilities of an SUV, and ingenious compartments for your cell phone and laptop

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THE TWO BIGGEST PURVEYORS of the American Dream, the car business and the film industry, grew up at the same time. In 1919, a shipping clerk for a small car company in Detroit wondered why so many of its cars were being shipped out west without bodies. After a short investigation, he got his answer. A young coachbuilder named Harley Earl, based in Hollywood, was ordering the naked platforms and using them to create customized cars for the early stars of the silver screen. He couldn't make them fast enough. The fledgling car business was booming, but its products tended to be spare and utilitarian variations on the horseless carriage theme. Harley Earl's flamboyantly customized creations filled the void with luxury and style.



Earl Family Archives

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TAKING THE WHEEL

BY 1927, GENERAL MOTORS had been incorporated and the Buick Motor Company was its premium division and most popular seller, and they sent for the one man in the country who could take them to the next level. The telegram reached Harley Earl on the 15th hole of the Los Angeles Country Club. He boarded the California Limited in Los Angeles, hopped off in Detroit, and never looked back. His first official assignment as GM's first official styling chief was to build a Buick *he* would want to drive.



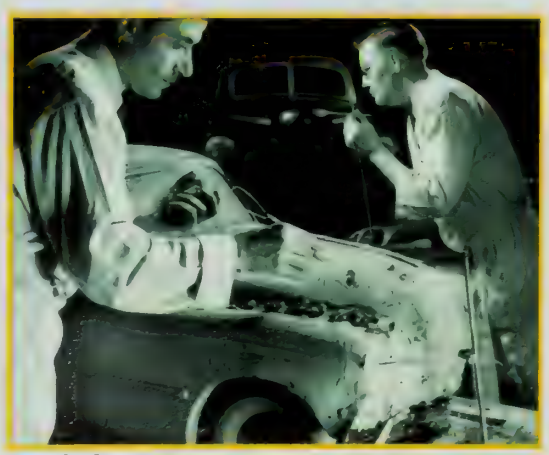
Harley Earl takes charge of GM design, and the entire automobile business turns a corner



Today's Buick LeSabre,® with dramatic curves, a swooping roofline, and industry accolades for safety and quality

LIKE PUTTY IN HIS HANDS

FRESH FROM CALIFORNIA, Harley Earl blew into Detroit like the Santa Ana winds. He started shaping the future of car design by sculpting models from clay instead of wood, which allowed for dramatic curves and swooping rooflines. "Longer, lower, wider" became his mantra. He pushed his design ideas to the extreme when he invented the concept of the "concept car." His first concept, the Buick Y-Job, emulated the streamlined look of fighter planes of the era. The most daring and radical experimental design of Harley Earl's career bore a name that still rides the road today: LeSabre.



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The introduction of clay modeling changes the shape of automotive design



The 2003 Buick Regal® GS, with the famed 3800 Series II 240-hp supercharged V6 engine, and in true Harley Earl fashion, an available interior designed by menswear designer Joseph Abboud

THE POWER AND THE GLORY

BY THE EARLY FIFTIES, Harley Earl's Buicks had become rolling icons of American grace and power. But their beauty was more than chrome-deep. Growling behind the grilles were some of the most sophisticated, most innovative power plants and drivetrains ever created. Bearing names inspired by his lifelong love of aviation, the Flight Pitch Dynaflow and Fireball Straight 8 powered Harley Earl's dream machines and fueled his philosophy that while surface styling is important, it's what's under the hood ornament that counts.



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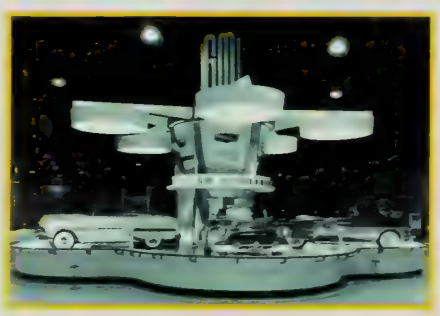
Harley Earl gives his visionary turbine-powered rocket car a pre-flight check



Buick's game-changing concept car, the LaCrosse, a tantalizing glimpse of the road ahead

SHOW BUSINESS ON WHEELS

AT THE APEX OF HIS CAREER, Harley Earl created Motorama, an annual extravaganza that started its season at New York's Waldorf-Astoria, then traveled the country in a convoy of air-conditioned trucks. Crowds came by the thousands for a sneak peek of Harley Earl's visions for the future, and maybe to catch a glimpse of the man himself. Blending chrome with couture, speed with fashion, Motorama was a dizzying and dazzling display of the mind of a man who long ago brought the glamour of Hollywood to the grit of Detroit. As the '50s became the '60s, the curtain fell on Motorama and the amazing career of Harley Earl. In 1959, he took the stage one last time, tipped his fedora to the crowd, bent his six foot four frame into a long, deep bow, and left a legacy that will live forever.



Fashion shows, song and dance numbers, but as always, the cars were the stars



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fought off heavies from Japan's notorious yakuza Mob—claims doubted by many, including Fujitani, whom he left in 1980, as he headed for Hollywood.

Nasso's heritage, by contrast, has never been in dispute—except perhaps for the time in the early 1990s when he claimed to a reporter that he and Seagal were related. (He's sure not claiming that anymore.) Little Jules was a classic Brooklyn scrapper, working his way through college at St. John's, in Queens, while climbing the ladder at Lowen's, a pharmacy not far from the Brooklyn Piers, which were lousy with mobsters who shook down the major shipping lines. (Nasso also earned a doctorate in pharmacy from the University of Connecticut.) One day, according to Nasso lore, a man from one of the docked ships came in looking for medical supplies, but Nasso didn't have enough on the shelves. When his stock boys finally assembled the requisite supply, the man paid up, then peeled off an additional $300. "A service charge," he called it.

That's when Nasso got smart. He hatched a business called Universal Marine Medical Supply, whose name pretty much said it all. By the early 1980s he'd gone national, stocking ships from Maine to Texas to California. It was a living, but it wasn't . . . magic. Magic was for other people, especially movie people. Nasso had seen it during his first trip to California, in 1979, thanks to a very good friend from Brooklyn, Joe Baio, who happened to be related to the 70s teen idol Scott Baio. Whenever Nasso made a business trip to Los Angeles, he drank in the "celebrityness." He saw it all, rubbing elbows on the sets of *Mork & Mindy* and *Happy Days,* on which Scott played that hoodlum-with-a-heart-of-gold Chachi.

By 1983 the magic found Nasso—in, of all places, Brooklyn—courtesy of the late spaghetti-Western director Sergio Leone, who was in town making his gangland epic, *Once upon a Time in America,* starring Robert De Niro. Leone needed an assistant, and who better than Nasso, who spoke *paesan* and was, at the very least, familiar with the subject matter? At age 29 Nasso became Leone's gofer, earning $35 a day while keeping his day job. "You're a doctor?" Leone asked him, embarrassed that a pharmacist was fetching him lunch. "What are you doing here?"

"You're the master," Nasso replied.

If ever there were a little taste of Brooklyn in Beverly Hills, it would be Madeo, a clubby Italian fixture famous for its prosciutto, its veal, and an atmosphere not inhospitable to gold jewelry for men. That's where Nasso and Seagal first met, in 1986. Seagal was there with his girlfriend, the actress Kelly LeBrock, best known for her role in the 1984 Gene Wilder comedy, *The Woman in Red,* and for a shampoo ad in which she famously said, "Don't hate me because I'm beautiful." Their romance had begun at Hong Kong's Peninsula Hotel, where she was on a modeling assignment and he was on a mission for love, having persuaded friends that LeBrock was his "destiny." Which evidently came as something of a surprise to Seagal's wife at the time, Adrienne La Russa, whom he'd wed while technically still married to Fujitani, and who subsequently filed for an annulment.





SHOTGUN WEDDING *Top,* Seagal and future wife Kelly LeBrock, 1985. *Below,* the couple at home in 1989; they divorced in 1995.

"It's the most incredible script," said Seagal. An exec asked, "Who wrote it?" "I did," he replied.

It turns out that Nasso knew LeBrock through a friend, and pretty soon Nasso and the lovebirds were tight. A sweetheart, Nasso recalls of Seagal at the time. Stand-up guy. No booze, no drugs. Thin and fit. He wasn't yet a star, wasn't even acting. He was teaching aikido at a dojo on La Cienega but had some private clients as well. One of them, as fate would have it, was then the most powerful man in Hollywood, Michael Ovitz, who ran the vaunted Creative Artists Agency. They had met through another mutual client, actor James Coburn.

Nasso and Seagal each had a foot in the door, and soon their two feet became a pair. Nasso became the godfather of two of Seagal's children, and, increasingly, Seagal's alter ego. While Nasso put in his time as a producer-apprentice, Seagal dazzled Ovitz, who saw big things for his superintense aikido master—so much so that he arranged for Seagal to display his wares at Warner Bros. The studio executives were impressed, and it was just Seagal's and Ovitz's good fortune—their dharma, if you will—that the studio's president, Terry Semel, had devised a business model in which Warner Bros. could make a few bucks off lean, mean, *Dirty Harry*–type action movies. (At the time, due to Schwarzenegger- and Bruce Willis–mania, action movies were hot.) The deal memos went out. In 1988 an obscure 37-year-old aikido instructor was cast as one pissed-off cop in *Above the Law,* which grossed a tidy $18.8 million and unleashed Steven Seagal on an international movie audience.

Nasso attached himself more or less officially as Seagal's producing partner. What he lacked in filmmaking savvy he made up for in other ways, contrary to what some in the industry were say-



STEVEN SEAGAL
Prosecutors say Seagal's ex-producer Jules Nasso used Mob muscle to attempt to extort $150,000 from him for every film he had made.



JULES NASSO
Nasso says he made less than a million dollars producing Seagal's films. "Never took a penny from him. Never took dick," says Nasso.



DANNY AIELLO
Character actor and longtime friend of Nasso's from Brooklyn. He will appear with Vincent "Big Pussy" Pastore in alleged mobster Danny Provenzano's new movie, *This Thing of Ours*.



ANTHONY "SONNY" CICCONE
Capo Peter Gotti's number two. Prosecutors claim he helped Nasso threaten Seagal. "You know, if some of the wrong people hear this thing," he warned Nasso, "that's the end."



PRIMO CASSARINIO
Allegedly worked for the Gambinos and helped Ciccone. After checking a rumor that Seagal was complaining about Mob threats, he described the action star as "running scared shit."



DANNY PROVENZANO
[illegible] and Seagal's current business associate. A reputed [illegible]

ing about him. "He's the one that kept the horse on track," says Steve Perry, who produced *Under Siege 2*. "To categorize Jules as just a tagalong guy that got to producer? No. Not true. There were other, bigger producers in some of their movies, but in a lot of their movies it was just Jules."

As ever, there were whispers about the duo's rather exotic origins—Nasso's in gangland, Seagal's in his own mind. Nasso, especially, had colorful connections. There was his Uncle Julius, whom federal authorities describe as having connections with the Gambino crime family, and there was his brother, whose wife's maiden name happens to be Gambino. "I've known the good, the bad, and the ugly," Nasso says. "On my block there's been a judge and a gangster." The latter would be Tommy Bilotti, who in 1985 was whacked alongside former Gambino boss Paul Castellano. "That's the way of life in Staten Island. We all do what we do, and then, when we go home at night, we're neighbors."

What? You don't believe him? See, that's the problem—the problem faced by every hardworking Bensonhurst guy who's trying to earn a decent living. Just ask Nasso's friend Danny Aiello. "If I were to swear on anyone I've met in this world of mental fuckin' midgets and physical assholes and computerized robots," Aiello says, with characteristic understatement, "this is the most stellar person I think I've met in my life.... This man is the cleanest little bastard you'll ever meet." He and Nasso are Brooklyn guys from way back, when the place was crawling with wiseguys. "Jules chose the same path as I—to be something different than those people are. But because we all grew up in the same neighborhood, some of us became F.B.I., some of us became cops, some of us became gangsters.... [Jules] is the type of guy, I suppose, who could've fallen into the hands of the mobsters, but he never did."

As Nasso's past receded, Seagal's moved to the fore. While barnstorming Hollywood in support of 1988's *Above the Law*, Seagal regaled journalists (and pretty much anyone who would listen) with dark allusions to his years in Japan working with, among others, the Central Intelligence Agency. "They saw my abilities, both with martial arts and with the language," he told the *Los Angeles Times*. "You could say that I became an adviser to several CIA agents in the field and, through my friends in the CIA, met many powerful people and did special works and special favors."

Seagal's not-so-secret history, it must be said, was a P.R. masterstroke, the beauty of it being that the C.I.A. never comments on personnel matters—if Tori Spelling claimed to be an agency assassin, no one could disprove her. So on Seagal went self-mythologizing in the grand Hollywood tradition. "Steven had to re-invent himself to fit in," says his friend Bob DeBrino, a former New York cop and all-around Hollywood dabbler. "Hollywood's a tough place to fit in, and he did a good job, man. Coming from nothing. Whether he lied, acted, or whatever, he made it and he became a star."

The C.I.A. story "became almost like his script, and he became very good at selling it," recalls talent manager Freddie Fields, who knew Seagal socially. "I always doubted the truth of it, but at first he was very fascinating. Whether he was bullshitting or not didn't matter, because the bullshit was kind of fascinating.... In a way, you kinda had to admire him because he had such a positive point of view on himself. And such an ego. He was going to be well past Mel Gibson. He was going to be the new McQueen. He was so sure of it that when it all happened it was amazing."

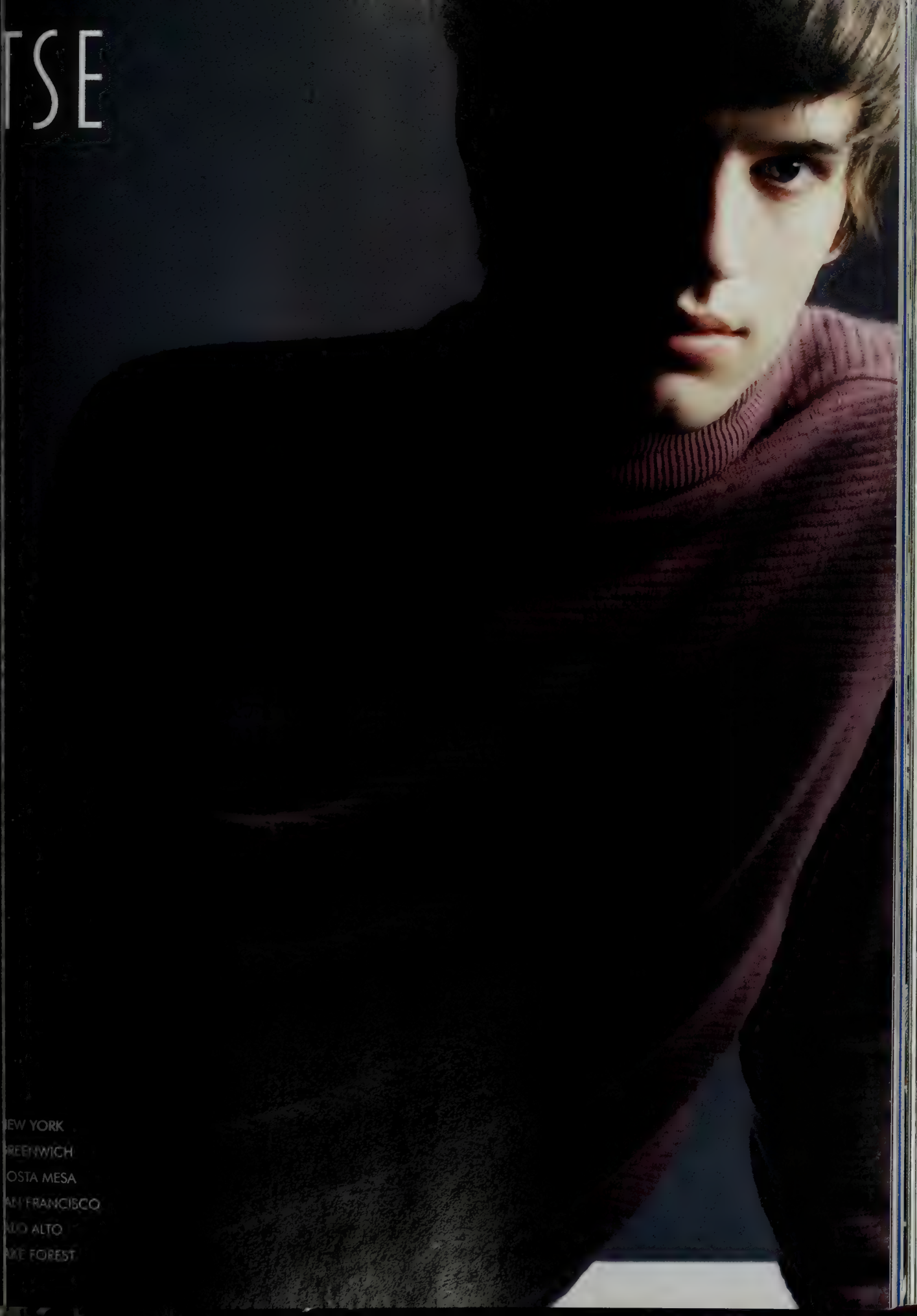
Never mind that his tales hardly sounded credible. "Not at all," says Fujitani, his first wife. "He was never in the C.I.A."

But, see, there's the rub. With international men of mystery, you never know. Seagal is an expert marksman, rides horses like the wind, and speaks four languages. That satellite phone he used in *Under Siege* came from a friend in the intelligence community, studio sources confirm. A famously quick study, Seagal once kept an executive waiting, a source recalls, while emissaries from a major auction house had him authenticate an ancient samurai sword. When the executive expressed incredulity over the actor's antiquarian skills, the emissaries said of Seagal, "Outside of the Far East he's probably the world's foremost expert on these swords."

When Warner Bros. conducted an extensive background check on Seagal, it turned up no official C.I.A. connection. And yet ... and yet. The studio determined that Seagal had hung out with some shady characters—shady "in a black-ops sort of way," says one studio source.

According to martial-arts experts, contradictions inevitably arose, such as the time noted Hollywood stuntman Gene LeBell choked Seagal unconscious during an informal exhibition of aikido. "He's a good martial artist and a great actor," says LeBell today.

Then, after publicly denigrating Chuck Norris's martial-arts prowess, Seagal ran afoul of Bob Wall, a champion black belt who seriously questions Seagal's skills. "I picked up the phone and called him


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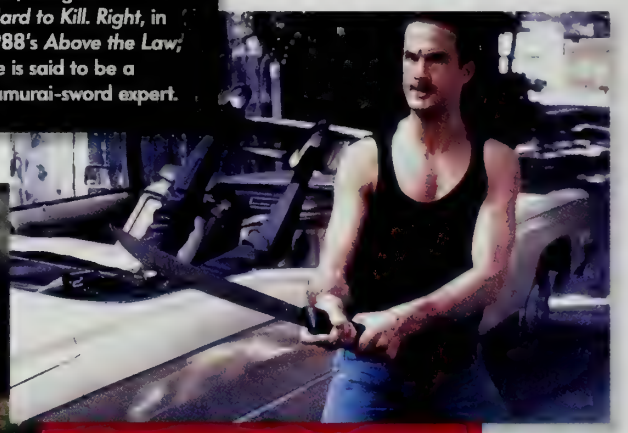
and said . . . , 'Just you and me. Man to man. I'll come down there at midnight if necessary—I don't wanna be arrested, you don't wanna be embarrassed. Let's just see what you got.' And he goes dead silent. And then he goes, 'Well, if you come down here, I'm going to shoot you.'" When finally mano a mano, Wall says, Seagal wouldn't shake his hand. "So I stood on his little foot and I placed my face gently in his face and he said, 'If you want to fight me, come to my school.' And I said, 'No, let's do it right here and right now because I'm going to rip your head off and shit in your neck.' And his knees went out, and he started apologizing and crying and that was the end of that."

Nasso says he never really bought the whole C.I.A. thing. But he was Seagal's right hand, and the right hand never questions what the left hand is doing. That was his credo—so long as Seagal/Nasso Productions was in clover, which it was well into the mid-1990s. By then Seagal was commanding upwards of $16 million a picture and was palatially ensconced in Mandeville Canyon, above Sunset Boulevard. He owned a ranch in Santa Inez, with a winery that bottled Cabernets.

Nasso certainly wasn't hurting financially, either, but despite appearances, Nasso claims, he earned only union-scale [illegible] during this period, while he mulish[illegible]lt up enough film credits for the Pro[illegible]s Guild of America to become a full [illegible] took a penny from him," [illegible]ys of Seagal. "Never took dick."

CUTTING EDGE? *Left,* Seagal in 1990's *Hard to Kill. Right,* in 1988's *Above the Law,* he is said to be a samurai-sword expert.





"I had to tailor the tux around two giant guns. Seagal said he needed 'cover.'"

In the mid-1990s, Seagal, having attained the stardom he so fiercely craved, swiftly became a caricature of himself. Studio executives, while pleased with his grosses, grew increasingly weary of the whole spy-versus-spy thing. One executive recalls how Seagal packed heat—usually a Colt .45 and/or a Browning 9-mm. "He always wore coats that had longer backs," recalls a source, who adds that Seagal once displayed a knife made out of a material that he claimed could pass through an airport metal detector. "He always had one gun, if not more. Often he had two." A stylist who fit Seagal for a tuxedo on Oscar night says, "I had to tailor the tux around two giant guns. He said he needed 'cover' in case 'they' rushed the stage on him. Who 'they' were, I have no idea."

When a studio executive asked why he needed to carry concealed weapons, Seagal replied, "They're out to kill me." "It was the C.I.A., or someone in the black-ops world, who was after him. Behind Seagal's back," a source says, "we all kinda laughed about it."

Well, up to a point. By the time *Under Siege 2* went to video, Seagal's box-office appeal had "plateaued." With each misstep, from *The Glimmer Man* (1996) to *Fire Down Below* (1997), Seagal became a bigger liability, his waistline increasing, his hairline retreating. When Warner Bros. put him on a strict diet and supplied him with a trainer, they found cookie crumbs on the fitness equipment. On the set of *Fire Down Below,* according to a source, Seagal was so overweight that the crew spent much of its time trying to find flattering camera angles—which, given the final product, seem to have been few.

In the meantime, Seagal wanted more creative control, more substance. He had big ideas for big scripts, such as the one he wrote about AIDS, which was, as he movingly explained to studio executives, hatched by the C.I.A. in order to eradicate blacks and gays. The studio passed.

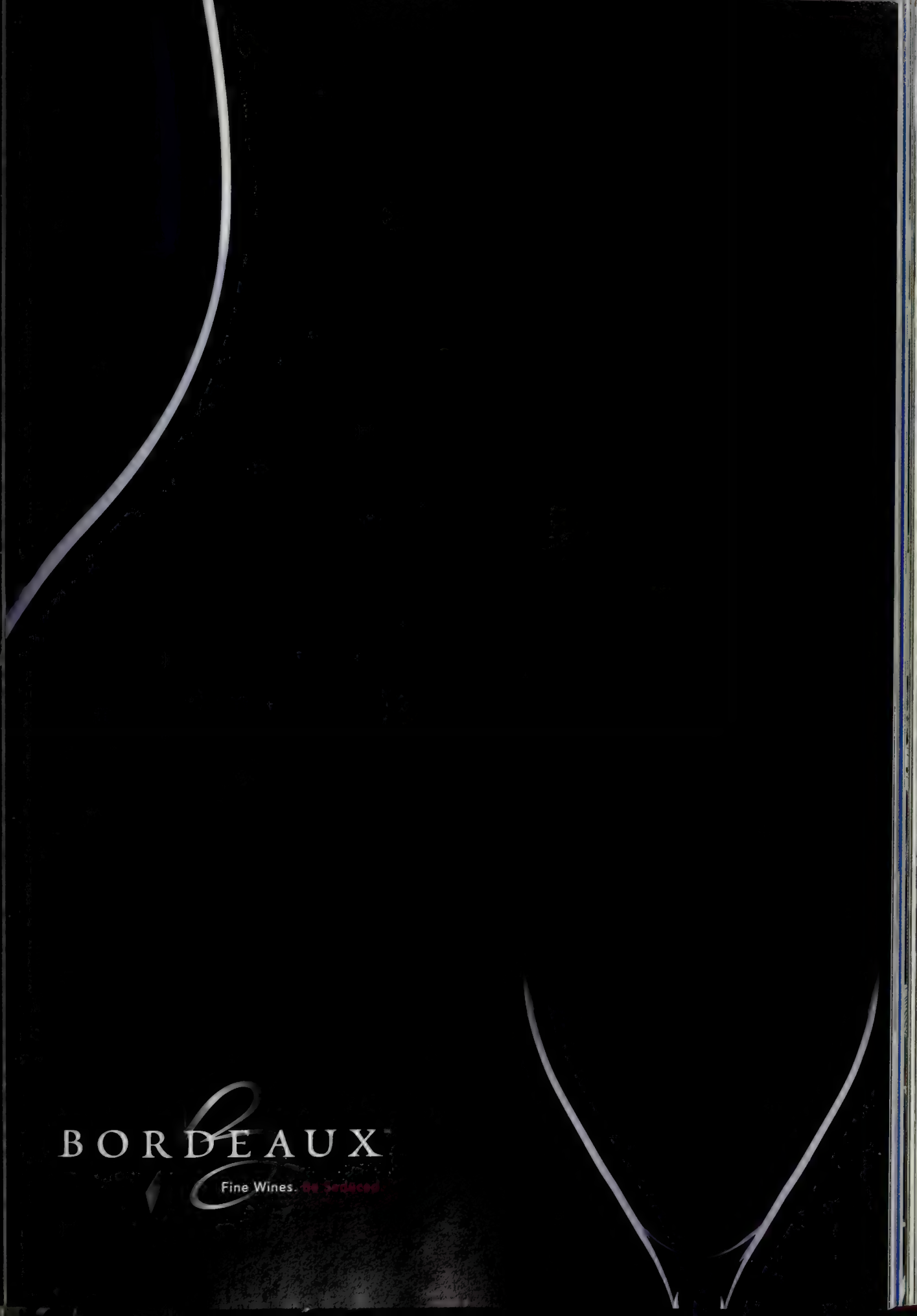
One day an executive walked into Seagal's trailer and found Hollywood's reigning manly man . . . weeping. "Oh, I'm reading this script," Seagal explained, still misty. "It's the most incredible script I've ever read."

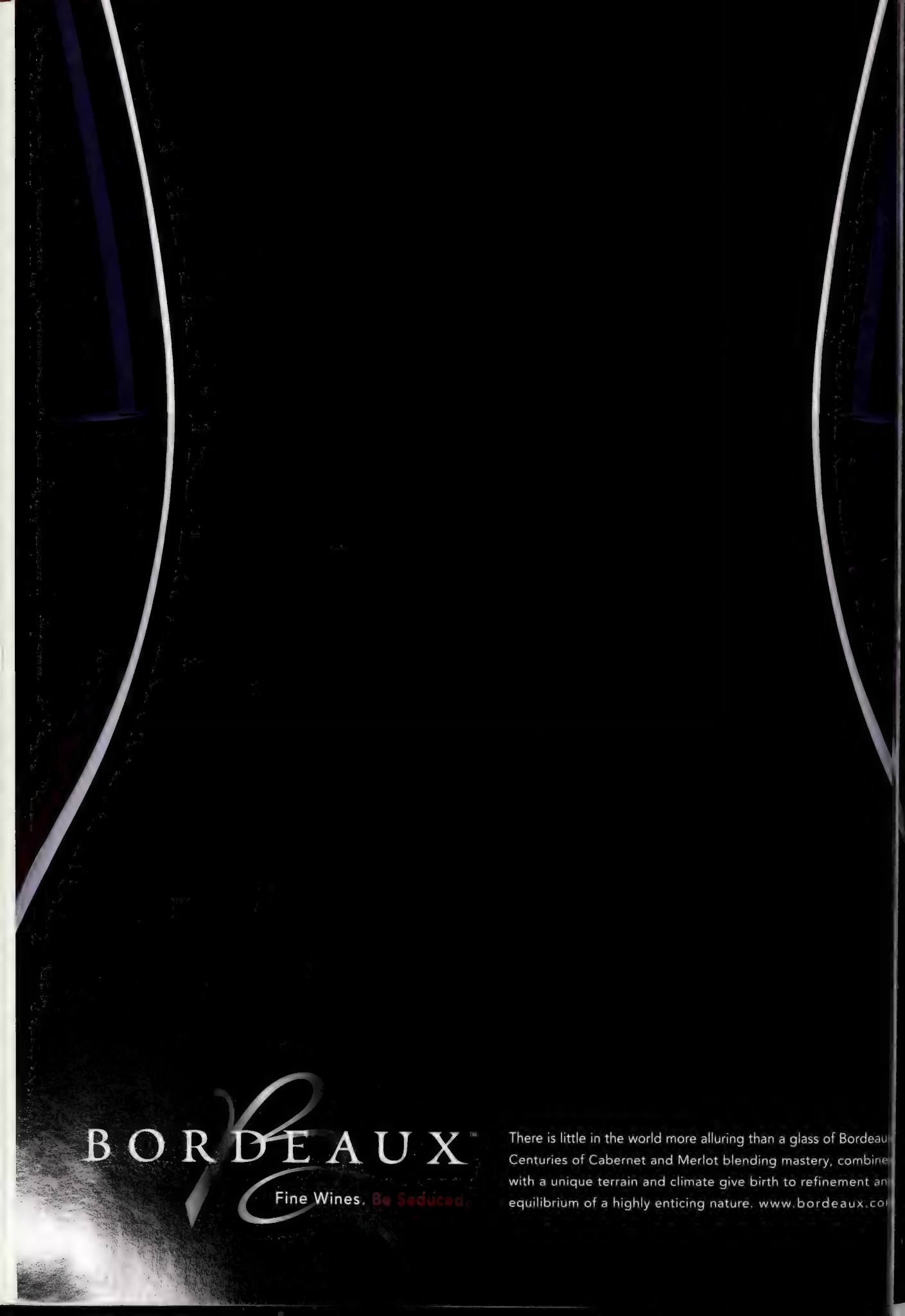
"That's fantastic," the executive said. "Who wrote it?"

Seagal didn't miss a beat. "I did," he replied.

At this point, it's probably worth noting that Seagal became a reincarnated Buddhist master. Specifically, he became a *tulku,* or incarnate lama—the embodiment of Chungdrag Dorje, who founded a small Tibetan monastery in the 17th century. Seagal became a *tulku* in 1997. Half a world away, in a remote Indian monastery, chants were chanted and horns were blown and Seagal was deemed to be Terton Rinpoche, which means "precious jewel."

Nasso says that the star's first religious dalliance came during the filming of *Under Siege 2,* in 1995, on a train in Colorado. On Halloween day, Nasso says, Seagal was served with divorce papers from Kelly LeBrock. "Holy shit!" he quotes Seagal as saying. Holy, indeed. Next thing you know, Nasso says, Seagal was flying in a Nigerian healer he'd seen on TV. Then more healers. Then a mysterious hippie high priestess named Mukara, whom Nasso accuses in court papers of brainwashing Seagal to the point of financial and personal ruin. As evidence, Nasso hands over several thousand dollars' worth of canceled checks, drawn on Seagal's bank account in late 1995, made out to Mukara and other lama types, with handwritten notations such as "healer" and "Buddhist stuff." These checks, he says, were just the tip of the iceberg that sank Seagal. Next he unfolds a piece of yellow legal-pad paper filled with pencil scribblings and arrows and the words "Spiritua Path." A concerned relative found the note in Seagal's house and spirited it out says Nasso, who calls it proof positive o


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Mukara's plan to separate Seagal from his friends and relatives. "Can't talk to children [or] Jules," says one scribbling. (*V.F.* was unable to locate Mukara. Martin Pollner, one of Seagal's attorneys, says, "The partnership did not dissolve because of Steven's religious beliefs." Pollner blames the dissolution on Nasso, whom he accuses of shoddy work habits and "clashes" with colleagues. For example, he says, "over the last several years, Nasso did not show up on the set"—a claim Nasso disputes.)

"It's really quite amazing," says producer Damian Lee. "The staff really treats Steven as a guru. When you go over there and you have a meeting with him, you may be sitting there and he will be served plates of fruit and meat. It's almost like obeisance and offerings. They call him Rinpoche. You're over there for a business meeting and you're not offered a cup of tea or a glass of water and you've been waiting and waiting. Rinpoche comes and he's served this and he's served that. You won't be served anything."

Seagal's religious awakening came as some surprise to the studio executives who'd laid out millions in expectation of more fetishistic screen violence. Seagal had other ideas. Out went the malevolent black outfits; in came aubergine robes and saffron-yellow satin jackets, which made their screen debut in *On Deadly Ground,* directed by Seagal himself. His character didn't merely save Alaska from the clutches of a land-raping oil baron (played by Michael Caine), but had a third-act peroration on the environment and spirituality that spanned 14 minutes. Alas, Warner Bros. cut it to a mere four.

But it wasn't all about renouncing the flesh and embracing the light. "He's the only Buddhist I know who can use the words 'cunt' and 'Dalai Lama' in the same sentence," says a source who has worked closely with Seagal. In 1991 four female office assistants on *Out for Justice* quit, alleging sexual harassment by Seagal. In exchange for their silence, three of the women reportedly received financial settlements from Warner Bros.—roughly $50,000 each. Around the same time, at least four actresses claimed that Seagal had made sexual advances, typically during late-night "casting sessions." "His message was clear," said one. "'Have sex with me and you get the part.'" Another actress claimed that Seagal summoned her to the Hotel Bel-Air and "started talking about spirituality and other stuff. Before I knew what was happening, he was showing me meridian and acupressure points on my body. The next thing I knew, he had taken off my blouse and was touching my breasts under my bra, showing me those 'meridian points.' When I finally was able to get him to stop, he told me I had the part."

Even uglier accusations came from other women, including one of Seagal's former housekeepers, Leah Bumgarner, who in 1995 claimed that Seagal had "sexually attacked" her four years earlier. (Bumgarner later pleaded guilty to possessing items stolen from Seagal.)



EAST MEETS WEST *Left,* Seagal in Paris, 1995; *below,* at the 1998 *Free Tibet* premiere with current girlfriend Arissa Wolf and Udgen Lama.



"Steven will be served fruit and meat. It's almost like obeisance and offerings."

Celebrities face nuisance suits all the time, often from no-account parasites grubbing for a quickie settlement. Seagal seems to respond to accusations with his own accusations followed by shadowy recriminations against the accusers, be they private individuals or professional journalists, whom Seagal routinely calls "scumbags" and "cocksuckers." Often, Seagal's wrath comes courtesy of his attorney Martin Singer, who once took the tack of suing a journalist before his story was even written. In 1993 a reporter who contributed to this article, John Connolly, began investigating Seagal for *Spy* magazine. Singer filed slander and libel suits against Connolly, alleging that he had falsely stated that Seagal associated with murderers and members of organized crime and had solicited murder.

After Connolly's article was published, the suits were withdrawn. The story contained bombshell allegations by former Seagal associates, including an ex–C.I.A. operative named Robert Strickland, who'd collaborated with Seagal on an aborted film project. In 1990, Strickland said, Seagal had opened an attaché case filled with $50,000 and asked him to kill a former friend and colleague of Seagal's. The article also quoted a "top-level security consultant" who claimed that in 1991 Seagal had asked him what it would take to "whack" a certain man from Chicago. Shortly thereafter Seagal denied the charge and questioned Strickland's sanity. (Note: *V.F.*'s editor, Graydon Carter, was a co-founder of *Spy,* and I was one of its writers, but neither of us worked there in 1993.)

Seagal's lawyers also attack the credibil-

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ity of John Connolly, accusing him of harboring a "personal vendetta" against their client. Beyond that, the attorneys declined to answer most of *V.F.*'s point-by-point questions, choosing instead to issue a blanket denial of all charges leveled by Jules Nasso, including his claims that Seagal "muscled" him. In a letter to *V.F.*, the attorneys wrote, "Mr. Nasso, already disgruntled by Mr. Seagal's severance of their relationship, now appears to be a desperate man seeking to discredit Mr. Seagal by inviting the media to publish as many defamatory falsehoods as he can muster."

Naturally, Nasso says he didn't know at the time about the stories in Connolly's article. Well, O.K., so he knew about some of it. "What can I say, it was *Fatal Attraction* without the sex," he says of his partnership with Seagal.

By 2000, Seagal's relationship with Warner Bros. was effectively over. The studio had given him one last shot, paying him roughly $3 million to play a supporting role in *Exit Wounds*, an action vehicle for rapper DMX. The film performed decently, grossing about $72 million worldwide, but Warner Bros., fed up with Seagal's work habits and bad Karma, walked away from its 49-year-old Frankenstein, whose per-picture fee has dropped to about $2.5 million.

Undaunted, Seagal and Nasso endeavored to finance and produce a slate of medium-budget Seagal vehicles, starting with a movie called *Prince of Central Park*. But shortly before production began, in 1998, Seagal backed out of the movie and was replaced by Harvey Keitel. (The movie had a limited theatrical run.) Seagal's abdication, Nasso claims, cost him credibility and caused cash deficits with the film's co-financiers, who'd invested based on Seagal's participation. Worse, Nasso says, Seagal pulled out of three other projects, forcing Seagal/Nasso Productions to cancel more than $25 million in foreign-distribution deals. Besides which, Nasso claims, Seagal still owes him $500,000 which Seagal had borrowed to pay his taxes.

Seagal's lawyers say their client never signed a contract to star in any of these projects, and Nasso hasn't provided one. But, Nasso says, Seagal unilaterally shut down their Los Angeles office, thus preventing him from accessing any and all relevant documentation. "Nasso says something like, 'Well, there should be contracts on file,'" notes one of Seagal's attorneys, Martin Perschetz. "First of all, that tells you something about the degree to which he thinks there really are. Second of all, there aren't. They don't exist."

Fair enough. But Nasso says Seagal's camp has yet to rebut persuasively the raf of noncontractual evidence suggestin Seagal's tacit participation in the slat of projects. In 1998, Seagal/Nasso's cor porate president, Phillip Goldfine, an nounced that Seagal would star in at leas two projects, most memorably the story of Genghis Khan. The company took ou full-page ads, featuring Seagal's name and face, in trade publications. "I alway understood and was told by Steven tha he was going to star in the movies," say Steve Perry, the producer. "We had a num ber of other conversations, and I under stood that they were going to pre-sell the foreign rights."

By 2001, Seagal was all but estrange from Nasso, who by then was wonderin why he'd earned a grand total of $850,00 from all those hit movies that had made Seagal a multimillionaire. Nasso date their final conversation to July 5, 2001 The subject, he says, was weapons. Nasso no longer wanted his or his company' name on Seagal's New York gun permit he says, and had gone to the police abou the matter. When Seagal found out, Nasso says, he called in a rage. Nasso says the conversation ended this way:

NASSO: Are you finished?

SEAGAL: Yes.

NASSO: You'll never hear from me again Go fuck yourself.

All was relatively quiet until this pas March, when Nasso hit Seagal with a $6 million breach-of-contract suit.

Three months later, on June 4, in lightning-fast pre-dawn sweep, polic in New York and New Jersey arrest ed 17 accused mobsters in 17 minutes charging them with 68 counts of extor tion, threats, and loan-sharking in an around the waterfront of both states. Th biggest fish by far was Peter Gotti, actin head of the notorious Gambino crim family and older brother of "Dappe Don" John Gotti, who would die in federal-prison hospital that same month Next in line were several Gambino heav ies, among them Anthony "Sonny" Cic cone, Frank "Red" Scollo, and Prim Cassarinio. One of the smallest fish though, was the most exotic: Jules Nasso who was awakened and arrested at Vill Terranova, and charged with "conspirac to commit extortion" and "extortion c an individual in the film industry." Nass was released later that day on $1.5 mi lion bail.

The "individual" went unnamed, bu everyone knew it was Seagal. In the week preceding Nasso's arrest, word got back t him that Seagal had been bad-mouthin him to a federal grand jury. Nasso didn

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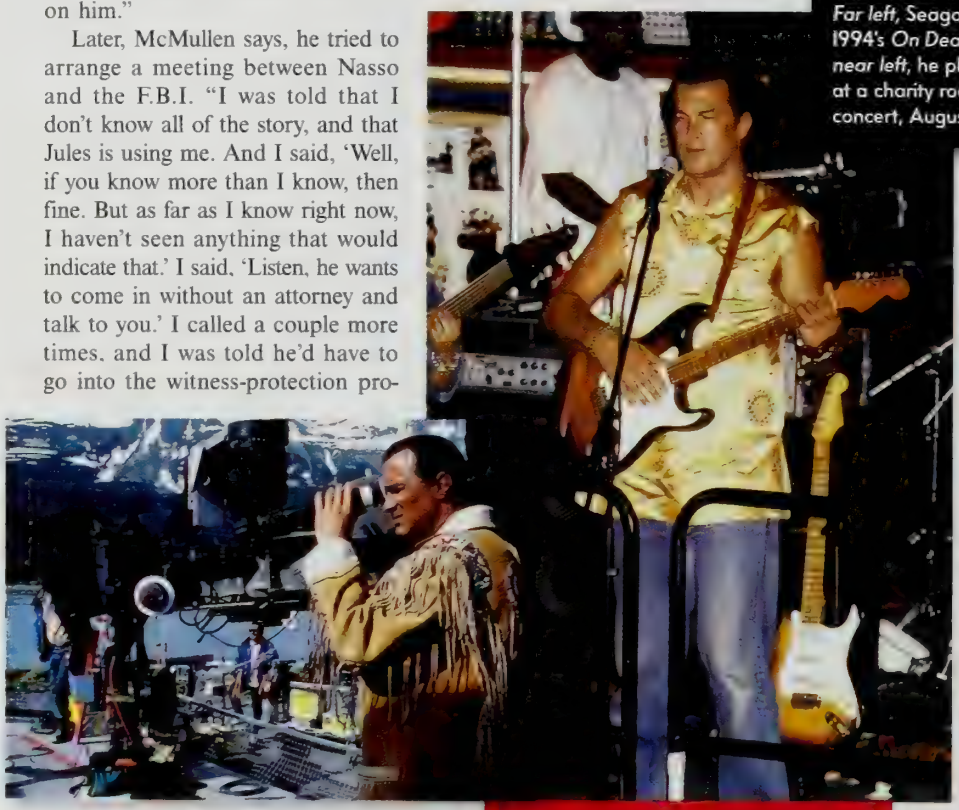
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take the news lightly. About a month before Nasso's arrest, his very good friend Bill McMullen, a former unit chief of the F.B.I.'s organized-crime division, contacted a law-enforcement officer. McMullen says. McMullen, who'd previously done some security work and technical consulting for Nasso and Seagal, says he told the officer, who would later arrest Nasso, "Listen, I have this friend of mine—I'm calling as a friend—and Steven Seagal is running around saying he's extorting money from him and putting contracts out on him."

Later, McMullen says, he tried to arrange a meeting between Nasso and the F.B.I. "I was told that I don't know all of the story, and that Jules is using me. And I said, 'Well, if you know more than I know, then fine. But as far as I know right now, I haven't seen anything that would indicate that.' I said, 'Listen, he wants to come in without an attorney and talk to you.' I called a couple more times, and I was told he'd have to go into the witness-protection program. Then I called Jules back and said, 'Jules, what the hell are they talking about here? Where is this going?' And he said, 'I don't know.'"



PLUCKY MAN
For left, Seagal directs 1994's *On Deadly Ground; near left,* he plays in L.A. at a charity rock concert, August 2001.

Nasso's news about Seagal was right, in that he had testified before a grand jury, in May. But federal prosecutors had much more evidence than Seagal's word in the hopper. They had damning wiretapped conversations among Ciccone, Cassarinio, Nasso, and Nasso's brother Vincent. Or so they claimed. During a bail hearing, prosecutors released only short, maddeningly oblique snippets of intercepted dialogue, which did little more than allow that Goombah Chic remains alive and well and dining on Staten Island. At one point, the irascible Ciccone says, evidently about rival heavies, "I don't give a fuck who they are.... I'm gonna go threaten this dirty cocksucker and they're gonna write it on my fuckin' [illegible] .. What are you, fuckin' kid[illegible]"

"You really gotta get down on him. 'Cause I know this animal. I know this beast."

Nasso's immediate response, after his arrest, was simple and utilitarian. He denied everything, via one of his attorneys, a big bear of a man named Robert Hantman, whose clients include a pagan sect called the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn and models who posed topless with N.Y.P.D. officers. Hantman denies even that it was his client on the tapes, on which Ciccone and Nasso allegedly discuss forcing Seagal to kick back $150,000 for every film he's made. "I don't think it's Jules at all," Hantman says, referring to the excerpts. "I think that's all they have. I think that what they've played—Sonny Ciccone berating or yelling at somebody, assuming he's yelling at somebody—is not Jules." Nasso sued Seagal for breach of contract in March, then Seagal testified in May. Ergo, Hantman deduces, "Seagal was hoping to use this as a way to avoid having to defend the civil suit." If Seagal was being extorted for at least a year, Hantman wonders, "why didn't he go after them earlier? Why would he wait til after the lawsuit?"

In July more detailed transcripts floated out of the U.S. Attorney's Office. Way more detailed. On February 2, 2001, according to just one of the government's 2,200 tapes, Seagal sat down in a Brooklyn restaurant with Jules and Vincent Nasso. Before they got down to business, though, Jules decided to switch locations—to Gage & Tollner, the venerable steak house near, of all places, the U.S. Attorney's Office in downtown Brooklyn. On the way over, perhaps so they couldn't be tailed, they also all switched cars. Once ensconced in a back room, they were joined by Ciccone and Cassarinio.

The action star was "petrified" by the location switch, Ciccone recalls after the meeting was over.

"I wish we had a gun on us," Cassarinio adds. "That would have been funny."

To which Vincent Nasso replies: "It was like right out of the movies."

On February 14, in a bugged Brooklyn restaurant, Ciccone asks a guy who sounds a lot like Jules Nasso whether he has asked Seagal for the $150,000 per movie.

"And did you do it? Did you carry it out?" asks Ciccone.

"Oh, I'll take care of it. I'll take care of it," says Nasso.

"We said that day that we were gonna tell him that every movie he makes, we want one-hundred-and-fifty thousand."

"Right ... a hundred, and I said want to get more for you."

In this same conversation, the guy who sounds a lot like Nasso encourages Ciccone to be even more forceful than he was at Gage & Tollner. "I think the first meeting that we had was a nice initial meeting to break the ice," Nasso says. "But the next one, you gotta get-I you really gotta get down on him. 'Cause I know this animal. I know this beast. You know, unless there's a fire under his ass ... "

Later, Ciccone, Cassarinio, the Nasso brothers, and another Gambino associate, Richard Bondi, paid Seagal a visit in California. They'd heard that Seagal had been complaining about their alleged threat. (What they hadn't heard was that they were under surveillance.) On June 5, Cassarinio tells Ciccone, "Your name was mentioned in a bad way [by] somebod[illegible]



you had a personal trainer in 10 different cities.

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over in California.... He's running scared shit."

In a later phone call that day, Cassarinio says that Seagal believes "if he doesn't come up with that thing ... " Then Ciccone finishes the sentence: " ... that they were gonna hurt him."

(Note, if you will, the artfully cryptic speech, devoid of names and specifics, honed and perfected during years of eavesdropping by the Feds. At one point, enraged that his minion was getting a bit too expansive, Ciccone rails at Cassarinio, "Primo, I might as well have this conversation in front of the fuckin' courthouse.... What the fuck is wrong with yous guys? I don't understand yous ... It's a phone. I mean, what the fuck? I mean, we're on phones.")

On June 6, Ciccone says, evidently referring to Seagal, that he'd directed Vincent Nasso to "smooth this guy over." His advice: "Be careful. You know, if some of the wrong people hear this fuckin' thing—you know what I'm talking about—that's the end." A month later, when Ciccone and Jules Nasso allegedly discuss the extortion of Seagal in detail, Ciccone is not happy. He says, "The reason I sound a little upset—and I'm gonna tell you why—'cause I got word that you been all over the fuckin' block."

"Who, me?" Jules replies.

"Yes, you.... Telling people that I gave you the right to sue [Seagal]. Which I did."

"You said to me, 'I'll cover you.'"

"I told you that. I didn't tell you to go out and put [it] in the fuckin' newspaper.... You been going around telling people that I said to you, 'It's okay to sue [Seagal].' ... Which I did. But I don't want the fuckin' world to know."

"I'm sorry."

At another point, Ciccone excoriates Nasso, allegedly for promising to kick back expected proceeds from the lawsuit to other wiseguys, from whom he'd previously received a business "favor." "I didn't get a dime for my motherfucker pocket," Ciccone rages. "I don't give a fuck who they are.... I don't do charity for fuckin' nobody."

"I know you don't," Nasso replies.

Nasso now says that maybe it is him on the tapes. But he can explain that. He was seeking help, he says, for the same reason that most people do—for protection, specifically from Seagal, whom he accuses of first trying to muscle him financially. That the law doesn't make exceptions for protective extortion seems, for now, incidental.

What really matters, Nasso says, [illegible] anyone here is shady, it's Seagal, whose [illegible]onship with heavies dates back to the 1990s. Never mind, says Nasso, that a reported Gambino associate was a technical adviser on *Under Siege,* or that Jerry Ciauri, a stepson of Mafia capo Robert "Bobby Zam" Zambardi, acted in *Out for Justice*—that is, before being sent away for conspiracy to commit murder. Never mind even the videotaped 1993 deposition Seagal gave while defending a civil suit brought by a parking-lot attendant who claimed that the star had roughed him up during a brief scuffle. The suit was settled, though not before a visibly agitated Seagal was asked whether he'd ever solicited murder. His response? He took the Fifth.

Forget all that. By Nasso's lights, the real action started in 1996, when Seagal ran afoul of his own Sonny, 79-year-old John "Sonny" Franzese, a feared capo in the Colombo crime family, not to mention a convicted bank robber. Franzese, Nasso says, was working for a man who'd complained that Seagal was chasing his wife.

"What can I say, it was *Fatal Attraction* without the sex," says Nasso.

"Steven was panicked," Nasso says. "He kept telling me that Sonny Franzese was going to kill him." But Franzese didn't kill Seagal. In fact, within a few years the two men were working together.

At this point, it would be easy to dismiss Nasso's story as a diversionary tactic, were it not for the fact that other sources have confirmed it. One of those sources, Danny Provenzano, knows whereof he speaks, given that he's a great nephew of Anthony "Tony Pro" Provenzano, the murderous Teamsters boss, who died in 1988 while serving a 20-year sentence for racketeering. In September, Danny goes on trial in New Jersey, facing his own set of racketeering charges—44 in all!—stemming from his connection to yet another crime family, the Genoveses.

In the meantime, though, Provenzano has been busy with a burgeoning film career (executive producer, *Vampire Vixens from Venus,* 1995). Lately he's been producing and directing a more personal work, *This Thing of Ours,* featuring Vincent "Big Pussy" Pastore, the ubiquitous Danny Aiello, and Provenzano himself. "I play a crook," [illegible]e told his local Bergen County paper, *The [illegible]rd.* "Can you believe it?"

In the fall of 2000, Provenzano paid a visit to his very good friend Steven Seagal on the set of *Exit Wounds* in Toronto. "There was a lot of talk between people of questionable merit and Steven," recalls Damian Lee, who was in town at the time. "[Seagal was saying to people], 'I have a problem. Can you help me with this stuff down in New York?' Some guys were muscling him." During Provenzano's visit, according to both Nasso and Provenzano, it was determined that Seagal would no longer be in business with Nasso. He'd now be working with Provenzano and his fellow producer, who was none other than Sonny Franzese. When *V.F.* asked Provenzano whether he had pushed Nasso out of Seagal's life, he replied, "'Pushed out' might be a little strong. But, yes, I took over his spot."

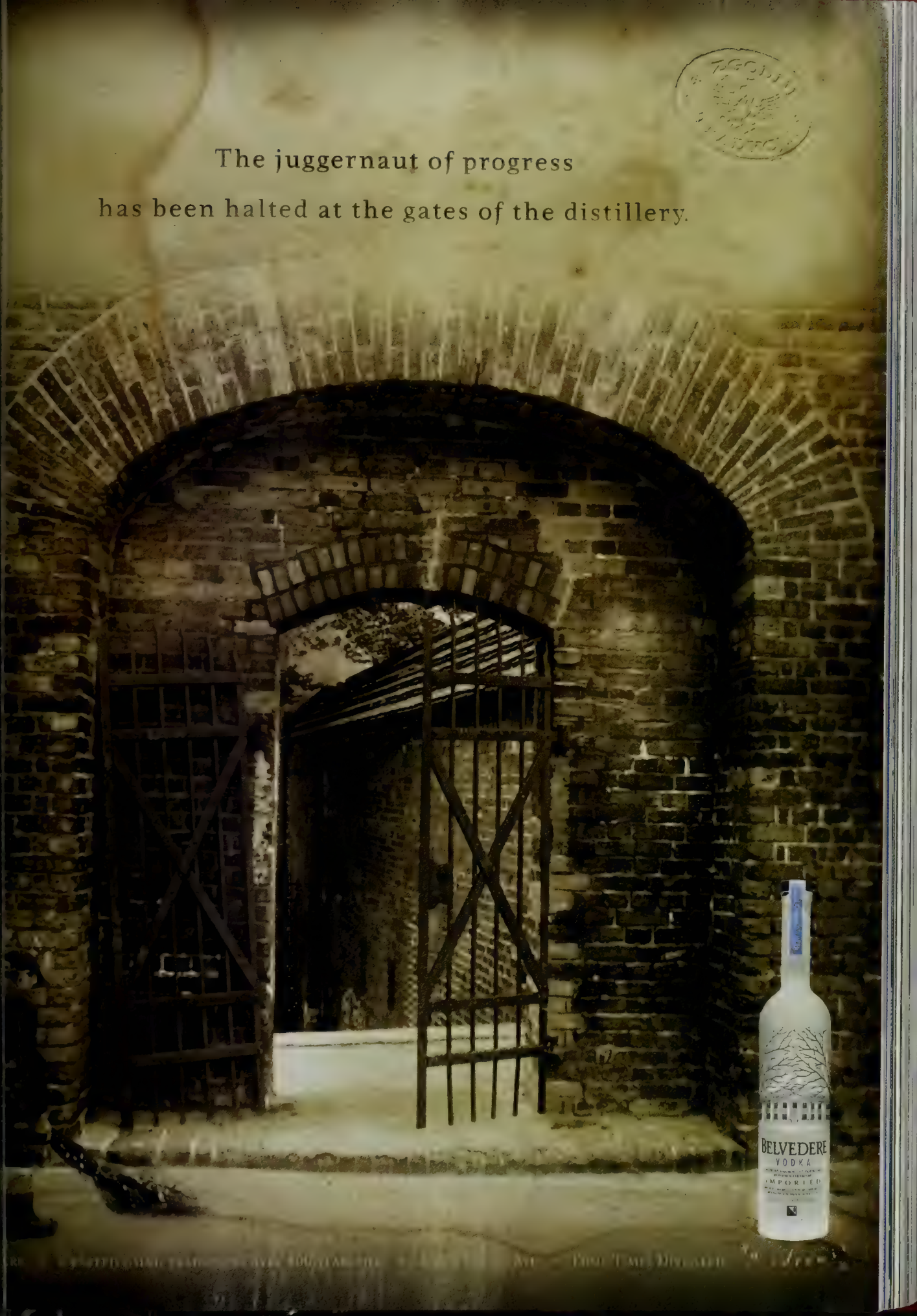
While filming in Rochelle Park, New Jersey, Franzese, Provenzano, and Seagal dined together at the South City Grill. "Danny is a good friend," Seagal said at the time. "I'm trying to get him involved in some bigger-budget projects."

Seagal's attorneys downplay Seagal's involvement with such fine, upstanding businessmen. "I have not done an investigation of all of Steven Seagal's friendships in the past," says Martin Perschetz, then deftly turns the spotlight back on Nasso. "But I don't think that it's particularly credible for somebody in [Nasso's] position to be making these kind of allegations about the person that the government alleges is the victim of this extortion." And where is said victim? Since throwing himself a birthday party at a Los Angeles club last April, he's been spending time with his girlfriend, Arissa Wolf, a former nanny to his children. Also, he's been working on a music career and traveling in the East. Current stop, Mongolia.

And as for Nasso? "You wanna know which one of us was the brains? Seagal's making straight-to-videos in fuckin' Bulgaria," he says, exaggerating for dramatic effect. "I've been making big-time movies." (That would be *Narc* with Ray Liotta, out this December.) Still and all, Nasso remains the prisoner of Villa Terranova out of fear, he says. "I was the one who was threatened," he says. "Why do you think I've got 24-hour security? You think it's all staged? Let's put it this way: my children are not allowed to come here. I was told to get security. I can't go to my office. Not allowed. Three weeks, I haven't been there." He waves toward the trees, the house, the ocean. "Can't see 'em, but they're there." He smiles that twinkly Nasso smile. "Trust me." □

Additional reporting for this article was done by John Connolly.

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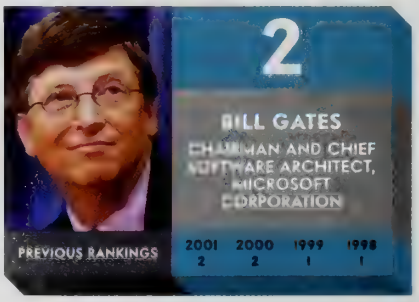
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V.F.'S ANNUAL RANKING OF THE LEADERS OF THE INFORMATION AGE

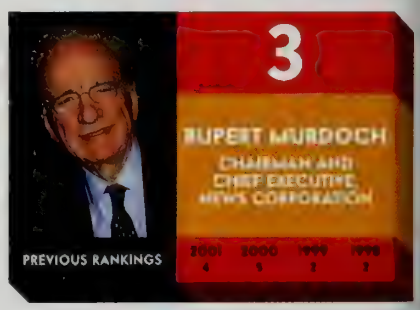
In the eight years *Vanity Fair* has tracked the members of the New Establishment, the ambitions of the moguls have become increasingly grandiose. In 2002, amid the worst bear market in 30 years, the rankings became a question of who forfeited the least, and who held on to their jobs. Newly unemployed executives included Gerald Levin and Bob Pittman of AOL Time Warner (Nos. 6 and 8 last year), Vivendi's Jean-Marie Messier (No. 7), and Bertelsmann's Thomas Middelhoff (No. 13). There is no patience for geniuses anymore. Now it's enough to make a few bucks, even if they come from the most prosaic of businesses. That's why Viacom's Mel Karmazin wore a T-shirt to an investors' meeting saying, WE WILL NOT DO ANYTHING STUPID.



NICKNAME: The Sumner of All Fears.
SIGNATURE LOOK: Ancient suits from Filene's Basement, with worn, torn lining showing.
BIG BUY: "I bought some shirts."
SIDE JOB: Something of an "expert nutritionist."
UNHEALTHY OBSESSION: Fighting succession.
VEHICLE OF CHOICE: Refuses to use the Viacom limo. "I don't like what it signifies. It's pretentious."
CRIBS: The modest Newton, Massachusetts, house he bought for $46,000 36 years ago. (Also an apartment at the Carlyle in New York.)
PET CAUSE: The Democratic Party (donated roughly $50,000 over the last five years).
MOTTO: "They can't kill me! Anyone who wants to get rid of me, forget it."
IN GENERAL: Redstone's empire, stretching from Paramount Pictures to CBS to the BET, MTV, and Nickelodeon cable channels to the country's second-largest radio group to Simon & Schuster books and Blockbuster video, had a novel strategy for facing the worst media slump in memory: ignore it. Thanks to the plunging share prices of its rivals, by measures of market capitalization, Viacom has catapulted into the top spot as the biggest media company on the planet. Now the perennial question at Viacom is not about the past but about the future: Redstone, 79, insists he and president Mel Karmazin are playing nicer after their frictions spilled into the press earlier in the year; Redstone has agreed not to discuss until year-end whether Karmazin's soon-to-expire contract will be extended. Redstone may have bigger fish to fry if, as some predict, he takes a (once unthinkable) run at the Walt Disney Co. "After CBS, I used to say, 'We're done,'" he says, answering a question about his potential interest in Disney. "But we're not done—we're never done. We look at everything that we should."
SHARE-VALUE LOSS: $2.2 billion.*
YEAR AHEAD: ➶

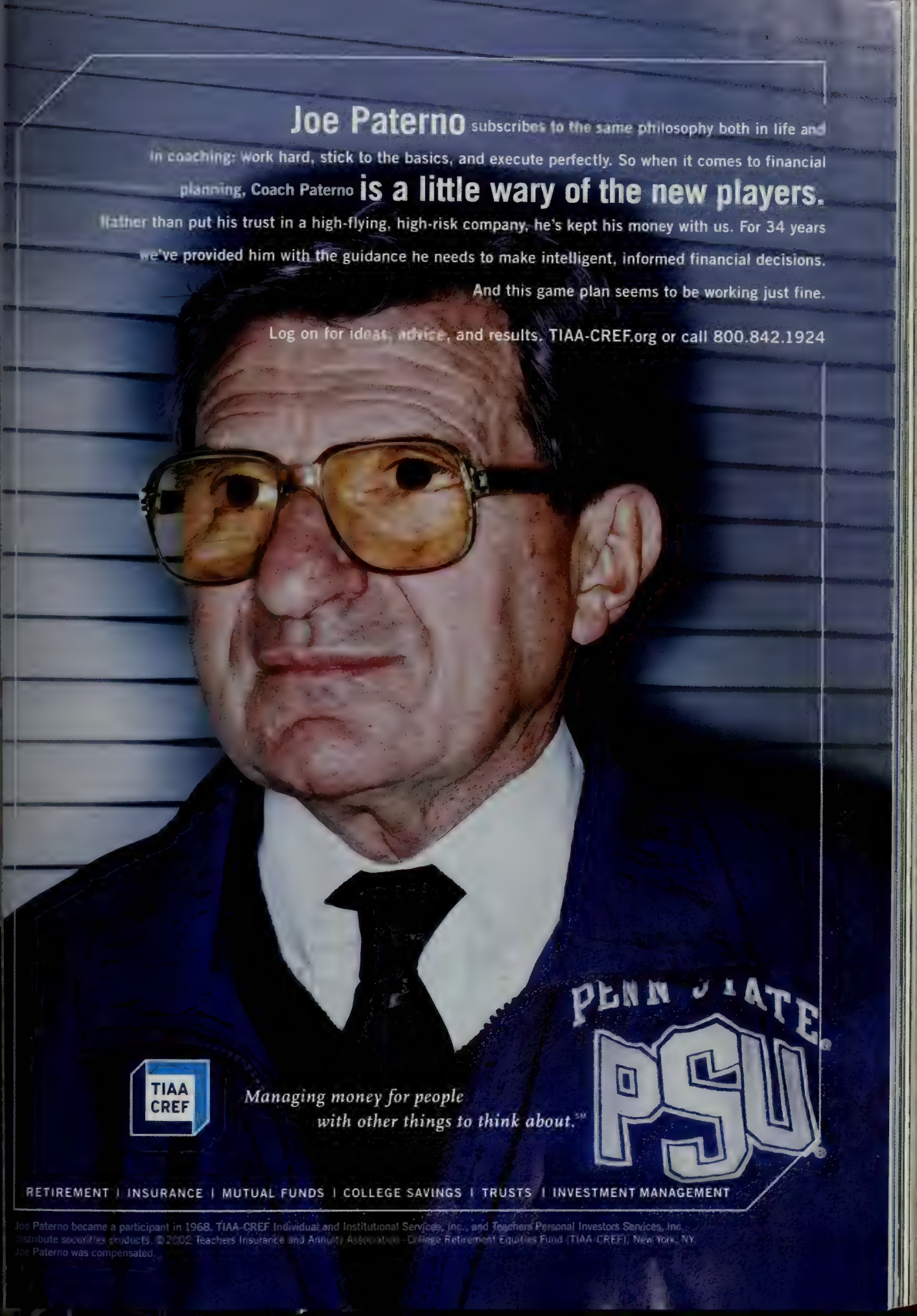


NATURAL FOE: Canada geese, some of which covered the grounds of his $100 million lakeside mansion with excrement until the park service agreed to kill them off.
OFFICE DÉCOR: Spartan office, with piles of papers on the floor.
AIRCRAFT: Bombardier Challenger 604.
BIGGEST TOY: An R&D lab full of technogeniuses with a $5.2 billion budget for 2003.
SWORN ENEMIES: Scott McNealy, Larry Ellison.
PET CAUSE: Global public health (contributed $2.5 billion since 2000, nearly five percent of his current wealth).
DODGED A BULLET WHEN: A federal judge in May refused to admit as evidence in Microsoft's anti-trust case an E-mail message to Gates from a Microsoft executive that allegedly revealed strong-arm tactics.
IN GENERAL: In April, Gates, 46, took the witness stand in the ongoing Microsoft anti-trust case in front of a standing-room-only courtroom. He impressed even skeptics with his refreshingly new attitude: a shrewdly conciliatory, cooperative, and polite posture, appealingly human and P.R.-savvy. It was a surprising contrast to his strange, self-destructive videotaped testimony in 1998. But the new Gates isn't the laissez-faire apologist of old. In May he told the United Nations that market capitalism wasn't enough to help poor children in the Third World, where 11 million die every year from malnutrition and preventable diseases.
SHARE-VALUE LOSS: $17.4 billion.
YEAR AHEAD: ➶



SIGNATURE LOOK: Italian turtleneck, black jeans.
OFFICE DÉCOR: 1960s Idlewild-airport first-class lounge, complete with "world dominator" wall of TV screens and newspaper rack.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: A recent BBC documentary that included footage of Murdoch mixing it up with his boxing coach.
SKELETON IN THE CLOSET: Kept a bust of Lenin in his room while a student at Oxford.
EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY OBSESSIVE BEHAVIOR: On his 70th birthday, he announced his calculation that he had 75,000 hours of work left in his life, after factoring out unavoidable distractions such as family and "endless meetings."
IN GENERAL: Rupert Murdoch's year has not been the smoothest. First, his 18-month quest to buy satellite king DirecTV fell short. Then there was the painful investment in the bank-

*Share-value gain or loss is estimated and represents the change in value of each individual's stock holdings in his/her public company, excluding options. Source: Aon Consulting's eComp Database. All data are derived from publicly available information, as filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission. Data were not available for private companies. Stock numbers are based on [illegible] adjusted and priced to the market August 7, 2001, and August 7, 2002.


Joe Paterno subscribes to the same philosophy both in life and in coaching: work hard, stick to the basics, and execute perfectly. So when it comes to financial planning, Coach Paterno is a little wary of the new players.
Rather than put his trust in a high-flying, high-risk company, he's kept his money with us. For 34 years we've provided him with the guidance he needs to make intelligent, informed financial decisions. And this game plan seems to be working just fine.
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Joe Paterno became a participant in 1968. TIAA-CREF Individual and Institutional Services, Inc., and Teachers Personal Investors Services, Inc. distribute securities products. ©2002 Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association - College Retirement Equities Fund (TIAA-CREF), New York, NY. Joe Paterno was compensated.



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rupt German media group Kirch, the purchase of overpriced N.F.L. rights, and the sliding stock of the interactive-programming-guide company Gemstar TV Guide. He insists that his sons, Lachlan, 31, and James, 29, will someday succeed him atop News Corp., but Murdoch, 71, counters that he plans on being in charge till he's at least 100. For now, he is focused on improving the results of a company whose film, TV studio, and cable-TV-channel businesses have at least kept News Corp. stock from tanking as badly as that of many of its rivals. If, as many predict, DirecTV comes back onto the market again soon, expect another overture. And Murdoch, being Murdoch, still makes time for mogulish high jinks such as using his U.K. newspapers to campaign against Britain's adoption of the euro.

YEAR AHEAD: ➔



NICKNAME: The Embalmer.
DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC: Screamer—had surgery to repair the damage to his vocal cords from excessive cheerleading.
SIGNATURE LOOK: Insurance salesman coming off a bender. (Named by *Fortune* as the worst-dressed C.E.O.)
BIG COOL FRIEND: Jack Welch.
LITTLE BUDDY: Fellow Harvard grad Al Gore.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Going too far in his hardball tactics with the nine states that persist in their anti-trust action. Ballmer has peevishly threatened to take Windows off the market if the states don't back down.
VEHICLE OF CHOICE: Lincoln Continental, out of loyalty to his Ford-employee father.
CHARITY: The Republican Party. He became a major contributor during Microsoft's anti-trust case.
LEGEND HAS IT: He listens to Dionne Warwick's version of "I Say a Little Prayer" before every big event in his life.
IN GENERAL: In his second year as C.E.O., Ballmer, 46, finally established clear control after repelling Bill Gates's many attempts at meddling. But Ballmer's big problem is that he, too, loves to micromanage. He has trouble giving the appropriate authority to the many lieutenants he needs to help him run Mi[illegible], a company with 50,000 employees. [illegible] No. 3 executive, chief op[illegible] Belluzo, after only a yea[illegible] parture: Linda Stone, a well-liked Silicon Valley veteran who was supposed to improve the empire's troubled public image. Microsoft's growth has slowed greatly, but it's hard to worry too much about a company that's still hugely profitable and has an astonishing $38.65 billion in cash (more than most banks).
SHARE-VALUE LOSS: $4.6 billion.
YEAR AHEAD: ➔



NICKNAME: Huggybear.
HAIR: Vaguely Mennonite beard.
SIGNATURE LOOK: Blue suit, blue button-down.
OFFICE DÉCOR: Cluttered judge's chamber with giant Tweety Bird and Scooby-Doo plushies.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: AOL Time Warner's having lost more market value in less than two years than the entire current market value of Viacom and News Corp. combined.
FORMER SWORN ENEMY: Rudy Giuliani, for whom he had an antipathy dating back to 1996, when Giuliani attempted to force Time Warner's cable service in New York City to carry the Fox News Channel.
CRIB: Il Palazzone, a vineyard in Tuscany, which produces Brunello di Montalcino.
POISON: Miller Genuine Draft, about which he can wax rhapsodic for an alarming amount of time.
IN GENERAL: At its January 2000 merger announcement, former C.E.O. Gerald Levin famously described the union of AOL and Time Warner as a "company of high fives and hugs." The celebratory blather, like Levin, is now a bitter memory. It is true that, while AOL's on-line business has stumbled, the company's "old media" engines, from CNN to *Time* to the Warner Bros. and New Line studios to Time Warner Cable and Warner Music Group, have held up reasonably well. Co-C.O.O. Robert Pittman's exit in July and the elevation of Time Warner veterans Don Logan and Jeff Bewkes had Parsons's imprimatur. But the 54-year-old, who is arguably the most powerful black executive in history, knows it will take much more to rebuild morale internally and credibility on the Street. Though he now takes counsel from two tycoons who couldn't be more unalike—chairman Steve Case and vice-chairman Ted Turner—Parsons is loath to make the kinds of bold promises that led to the sad state of what was the world's largest media company in the first place. "I'm a good puzzler—you give me a problem, I'll figure it out," says Parsons.
SHARE-VALUE LOSS: $1 million.
YEAR AHEAD: ➔



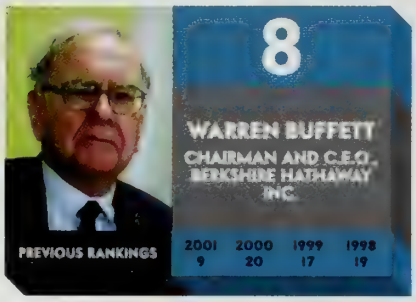
HAIR: Legally blonde.
OFFICE DÉCOR: Open cubicle with Mr. Potato Head (a product she managed during her years at Hasbro), a stuffed panda bear, a wine bottle, and other assorted tchotchkes.
STAB AT IMMORTALITY: Donated $30 million to her alma mater, Princeton University, to create Whitman College, a residential complex for 500 undergraduates.
DODGED A BULLET WHEN: She got out of a deal that obligated eBay to pay AOL $18.75 million a year for marketing and advertising, a price that made little sense in the Madison Avenue downturn. (Payments are now contingent upon AOL's meeting performance goals.)
IN GENERAL: While other 90s dot-com darlings such as Amazon and Yahoo were happy just to be among the few survivors, Whitman's Web site remained a sensation. The company's profits more than doubled from last year's second quarter to this year's, and its revenues rose 47 percent as its customers auctioned off practical items such as computers and cars rather than frivolous collectibles like the Pez dispensers and Beanie Babies of earlier years. Amid a swirl of collapsing Internet stocks, eBay's market cap of $16 billion is still larger than Sears's. *Fortune* wrote that Whitman, 46, may be the best C.E.O. in America, while a *Newsweek* cover called our land THE UNITED STATES OF EBAY.
SHARE-VALUE LOSS: $46 million.
YEAR AHEAD: ➔



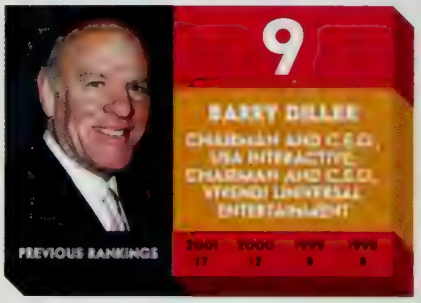
BIG COOL FRIEND: Bill Gates, who invested $1 billion in Comcast in 1997.
BIG PURCHASE: AT&T Broadband for $72 billion, swiping it away from AOL


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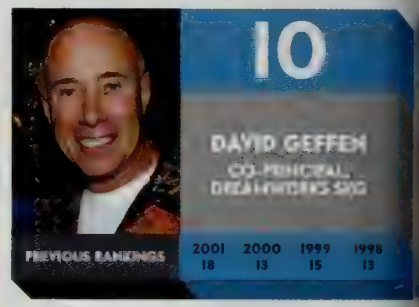
Time Warner and Cox Communications.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Comcast's Big Brother–like escapade of recording the Web-surfing habits of its cable-modem Internet subscribers.
IN GENERAL: Roberts, 43, wants to be the least flashy member on this list. He succeeds handily. But what he lacks in flamboyance, the gangly scion of the Philadelphia-based cable, sports, and QVC empire makes up for in drive. First, he succeeded in winning the bid to buy AT&T's cable systems, making Comcast the king of the cable world—it serves 22 million homes in 17 of the country's 20 biggest cities. Then he pushed through the approval of the deal while Comcast shares tanked, along with those of the entire cable industry. His family controls 33 percent of the combined company's votes while owning a mere 1 percent of its equity. Now Roberts needs to succeed where AT&T failed, and deliver everything from phone service to Internet access to video on demand over cable.
YEAR AHEAD: ➔



BETTER KNOWN AS: T-bone (his on-line bridge name).
SIGNATURE LOOK: Demented pharmacist.
BIG PURCHASE: Bought Fruit of the Loom for $835 million in April 2002 despite stating that he rarely wears underwear.
BIGGEST TOY: His Gulfstream IV-SP, *The Indefensible*. (He has said he would like to be buried with it.)
SOURCE OF PRIDE: Finally joining the technology world. After years of avoiding investing in this industry, Buffett bought a stake in Level 3 Communications, a yet-to-turn-a-profit fiber-optics company.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Berkshire's insurance operations losing $4.3 billion in 2001, leading to the company's first decline in net worth in its 37-year history. September 11 accounted for more than half of the insurance-related losses.
STAB AT IMMORTALITY: Pledging almost all of his billions to the Buffett Foundation, devoted to world population control, forsaking his children.
SIGNATURE MANAGEMENT TOOL: Publishes a special hot-line number for businesses hoping to be bought out by him.
OBSESSION: Cherry Coke (five a day).
IN GENERAL: Buffett looks good for having avoided the Internet bubble. And his irreproachable reputation is more valuable than ever in this era of Enron, insider-trading scandals, and pervasive mistrust of corporate governance. Admirably, he has kept his salary at only $100,000 a year for the past 21 years. Still, thanks to his stock appreciation, Buffett, 72, remains the second-richest man in the U.S. He has emerged as a high-profile leader in the debate over expensing stock options. He believes that the practice should be adopted by all companies. Coca-Cola, on whose board he sits, was among the first to adopt the practice. The Washington Post Co., where Buffett is also on the board, followed. At his six-hour annual meeting in May, people lined up at 4 A.M. to get seats for the 8:30 A.M. kickoff. Attendees were treated to a film of Buffett playing the ukulele and singing, "When NASDAQ's down, you'll never frown, Berkshire's here to stay." Later he led a visit to the local Dairy Queen, which he owns.
SHARE-VALUE GAIN: $674 million.
YEAR AHEAD: ➘



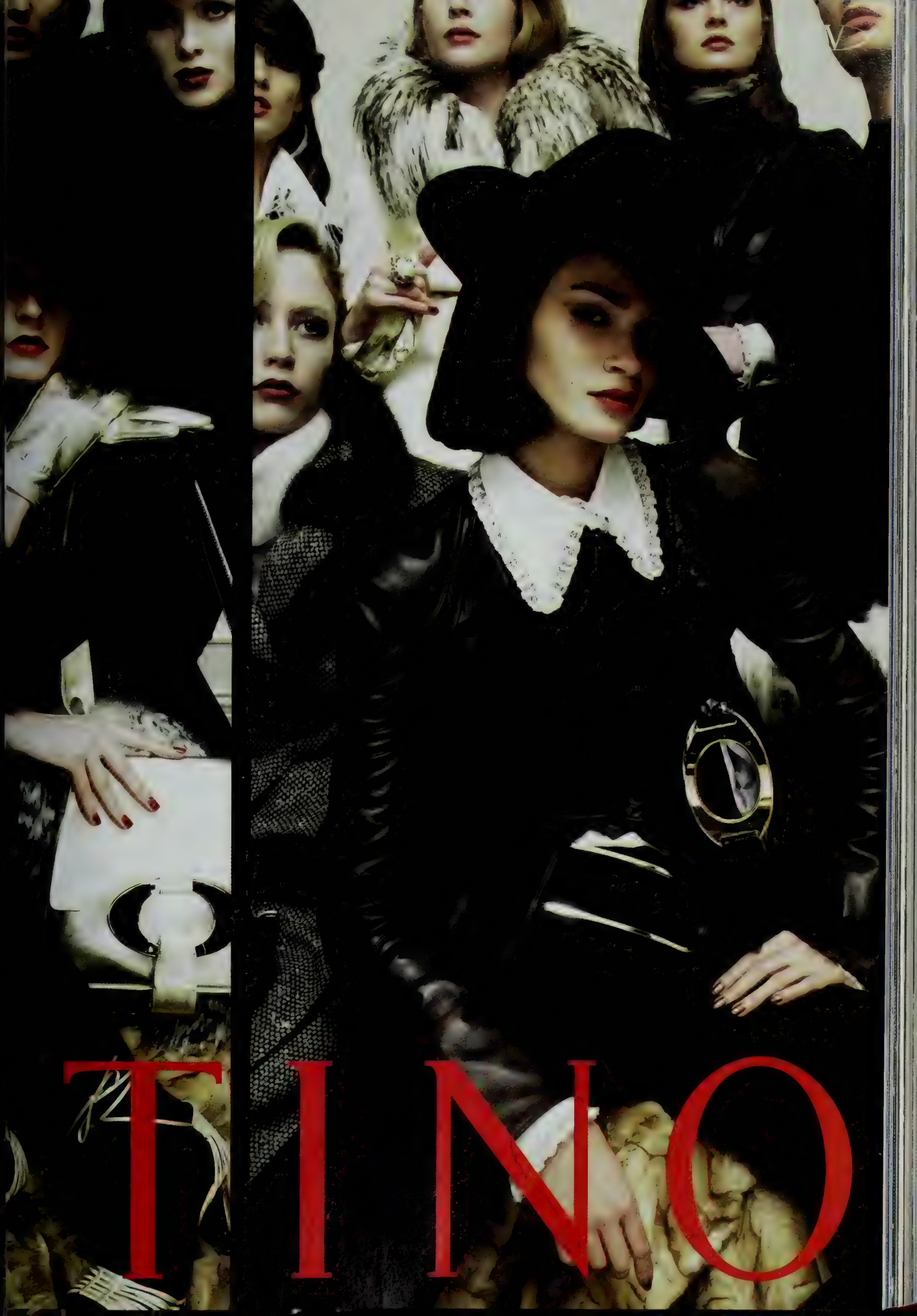
DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC: Has run more major studios—Paramount, Fox, Universal—than any mogul still standing.
HAIR: Full disclosure.
SIGNATURE LOOK: 80s yellow power tie.
MANAGEMENT TOOLS: The belittling stare, the Socratic interrogation.
SNACK FOOD: Listerine PocketPaks.
CAN BE PROUD OF: Selling a ratings-challenged USA Networks to Jean-Marie Messier for more than twice what he paid for it. Even smarter, Diller refused to take Vivendi stock as payment.
STAB AT IMMORTALITY: The Movie of the Week.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: John Edward.
SYNERGASMIC MOVE: $295,000 in 2001 for wife Diane Von Furstenberg's products offered on Home Shopping Network.
DODGED A BULLET WHEN: Postponing his plan to offer to buy the remaining stakes in subsidiaries Expedia, Ticketmaster, and Hotels.com—all of which he already controls—after watching the value of his stock plunge in reaction.
IN GENERAL: Diller, 60, could not have scripted the past year better: amid so much dot-com roadkill and Vivendi's fall, his $10 billion company, USA Interactive (USAI), has held share value remarkably well in its new incarnation, with e-commerce properties Expedia, Match.com, and Hotels.com as well as its Home Shopping Network and Ticketmaster. Last May, Vivendi Universal bought Diller's USA Networks entertainment properties for more than $10 billion, giving Diller an almost $3 billion war chest, a 1.5 percent personal stake in the new partnership, called Vivendi Universal Entertainment, and the duty of overseeing its film, movie, and TV assets. Then the company imploded and Messier was ousted. Ever since, Diller, who has no contract or salary at Vivendi Universal, has danced around the subject of whether he would purchase these entertainment assets, roughly $2.56 billion of a recent Vivendi write-down, should they become available.
YEAR AHEAD: ➚



SIGNATURE LOOK: Invented billionaire beach-bum aesthetic.
HOBBY: Feuding.
BODY: Second-buffest member of the New Establishment (after Tom Cruise), though recently laid up by a bad back.
PET CAUSE: Trying to halt the opening of a walkway near his Malibu house for plebeians' access to the beach.
STAB AT IMMORTALITY: Donated $200 million to U.C.L.A.'s school of medicine, the largest single gift ever made to a medical school. (Which also happens to nicely clobber Mike Ovitz's $25 million donation from 1997.)
MOTTO: "I'd rather win than be right."
IN GENERAL: Mike Ovitz's tirade in this magazine against the "Gay Mafia"—with Geffen as cabal leader—was perceived by Hollywood to be so barking mad that Geffen, 59, not only has won the moral high ground, but he looks positively sane. Other good news: Despite rumors to the contrary, Paul Allen, who has a 25 percent stake in DreamWorks, says he's sticking by it, and the company has just successfully refinanced its $1.5 billion credit line arranged by J. P. Morgan. Its film studio has had a boffo run, receiving top Oscar nominations the past four years—for *Shrek*, *Gladiator*, *American Beauty*, and *Saving Private Ryan*—and winning the last three. *Road to Perdition* could easily keep both streaks going. DreamWorks Records scored big with Nelly Furtado in the past year, but the company lost out in the television department when ABC decided not to renew *Spin City*, DreamWorks' only important TV product.
YEAR AHEAD: ➘


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GNATURE LOOK: Billionaire Boys Club.
G COOL FRIEND: Bill Gates.
TTLE BUDDY: Dubya (Dell gave the R.N.C. 250,000 in September 2000).
ATURAL FOES: Carly Fiorina, Steve Jobs, cott McNealy.
GGEST TOY: 33,000-square-foot, Charles wathmey–designed granite, sterling-silver, nd limestone mansion in Austin, Texas, re-utedly the most expensive house in the U.S.
G PURCHASE: Trying to bolster its stock rice by reducing the supply of stock avail-ble to the public, Dell, in an options deal, ought 69 million of its own shares for $3 illion, paying an average price of $43 a hare. It seemed like a safe bet, since it was e best-performing stock on the S&P 500 the 90s. Nonetheless, the price fell to $25 share, and Dell lost $1.25 billion on the amble.
GENERAL: His namesake company was tops in P.C.'s until the merger of erstwhile Nos. 2 and 3, Compaq and Hewlett-Packard. The huge deal pushed Dell down to runner-up, with 14.4 percent of the global market versus 17.2 percent for the newly combined colossus. Still, Dell continues to flourish: second-quarter revenue rose 11 percent, and its market cap is now greater than Oracle's, Sun's, and even the new H-P's. Better yet, Dell, 37, predicts that his company will double its revenues to $60 billion by 2007 and eventually capture 40 to 60 percent of the P.C. business. He's also set his sights on the strongholds of big corporate computer accounts long dominated by IBM, H-P, and Sun.
SHARE-VALUE LOSS: $1.2 billion.
YEAR AHEAD: ↗

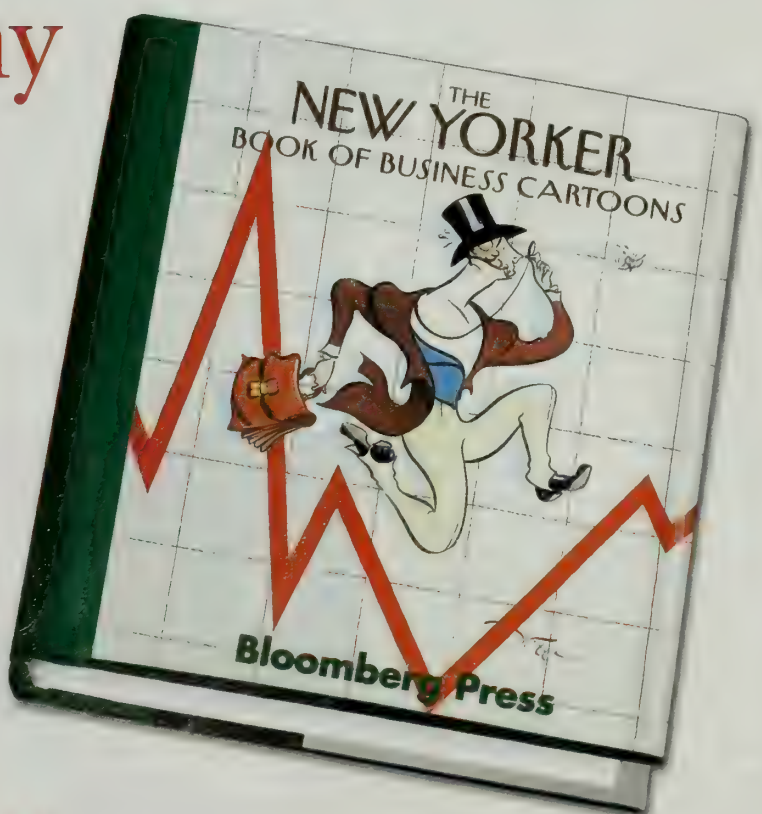


NEVER CALL HIM: Melvin.
NUMBER OF HOURS OF SLEEP EACH NIGHT: Four to five. "I find sleep boring."
WHAT HE WATCHES: Commercials on other networks, to check which advertisers aren't yet on Viacom's networks.
MAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE: All his paychecks go straight to his foundation, which then makes anonymous gifts.
IN GENERAL: By almost all standards, Karmazin had a fine year. With telecommunication debacles and star-crossed mergers all around him, the marriage he manages between Viacom and CBS is considered the one that really works. Its networks—including CBS, Nickelodeon, MTV, and UPN—complement one another; other components, such as Blockbuster video and a whole radio empire, fit in neatly, too. Also, Wall Street loves Karmazin, 58. There's just one hitch: something about Karmazin rubs his boss, Viacom chief Sumner Redstone, the wrong way. It's either his performance—while Viacom stock has fared better than the competition's, it has nonetheless declined—or his famously aggressive personality, or his temerity. Short of committing suicide, Karmazin can't do much about that. After leaning on the two, the Viacom board has papered over the schism, but the fault line remains. Karmazin's contract at Viacom runs through December 2003, but his future will be resolved long before then.
SHARE-VALUE LOSS: $48 million.
YEAR AHEAD: ↘

Very funny business, indeed!

Edited by Robert Mankoff, cartoon editor of *The New Yorker*

With an introductory essay by David Remnick, editor of *The New Yorker*



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insists on flying in coach to keep it real.
TRANSGLOBAL EXECU-MOVE: In June, Jennifer and their two school-age children moved back to her native England, with Stringer planning to commute between there and New York, and to stop over on his frequent trips to Japan.
MOTTO: "You get some medals for simply showing up."

IN GENERAL: The Tokyo-based Idei, 64, and his Stateside agent Stringer, 60, can take comfort in running probably the only media giant that hasn't recently made a gargantuan acquisition requiring a big, embarrassing write-down. On the other hand, now that the buzz for "convergence" has subsided, Sony's cool-electronic-gadgets-linked-to-entertainment-products strategy isn't really that much closer to paying off. It may not matter: rebounding from the Oscar disappointments of *Ali* and *Black Hawk Down,* Sony's Columbia Pictures set a year-to-date record on the July 4 weekend of more than $1 billion in domestic box office from movies, led by the mega-hit *Spider-Man,* and also *Men in Black II* and *Mr. Deeds.* When it comes to games, Sony's cash-spinning PlayStation 2 survived the first wave of attack from Microsoft's Xbox, and on-line multiplayer games could go to a new level with the launch of a *Star Wars* version. Looking at the carnage among some rival media giants, Stringer, who in August quietly agreed to extend his contract for a few more years, is happy to see corporate America's focus swing away from deals and back to operating businesses. The biggest challenge in the year ahead will be figuring out how to use Sony's coveted brand to get thieving Web-surfing teens to pay for music.
YEAR AHEAD: ↗

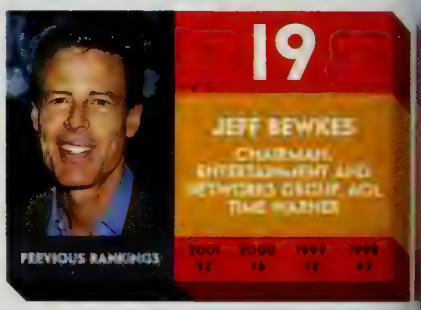


OFFICE DÉCOR: Nautical fantasy.
HAIR: Ivy League flop-over.
BIG COOL FRIEND: Rupert Murdoch.
SWORN ENEMY: C. Michael Armstrong.
HEROES: Ronald Reagan, Dwight D. Eisenhower.
BIGGEST TOY: *Ragtime,* a 64-foot commuter boat built in 1929 to ferry passengers from Long Island to Manhattan.
VEHICLE OF CHOICE: Gary Cooper's old [illegible] des.

INDULGENCE: Staying at truck stops.
BEST-KEPT SECRET: How to build a massive fortune working as little as one hour a day.
STAB AT IMMORTALITY: Gave $24 million to build a new engineering building at Yale.
DODGED A BULLET WHEN: He hedged the bulk of his investment in Sprint PCS, locking in a smooth $3.6 billion value as telecom stocks cratered.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: His failed attempt this year to take over the European cable market. Malone, who's attempting to become the world's largest cable operator, tried to acquire cable businesses in both Germany and Britain, but found his offers rejected. However, in August, Malone purchased Dutch cable operator Casema for $734 million.
IN GENERAL: "I used to be rich, not lately," said Malone, 61, at Herb Allen's annual Sun Valley gathering. No surprise, since Liberty has big stakes in such slumping giants as AOL Time Warner, Vivendi Universal, and News Corp. Even *his* company's stock has lost more than 50 percent in the past year. Malone went on record to say he wouldn't rule out buying (possibly with Barry Diller) some of Vivendi's assets, should they become available. And he couldn't have been pleased when the F.T.C. declined his request to be able to vote his stake in AOL Time Warner. Had it been approved, Malone could have teamed up with longtime friend Ted Turner to take over the company.
YEAR AHEAD: →



SIGNATURE MANAGEMENT MANEUVER: Ordering cutbacks on food budgets companywide. *Sports Illustrated* limited to nine pizzas on issue-closing nights. The days of free soft drinks at *Time* are over.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Oversees the largest magazine publisher in the world and rarely grants interviews.
SPORTS AFIELD: Spends most weekends jetting to and from his private bass-fishing lake in Alabama featuring "my own trained fish—when I go in, they know when to bite."
EXTRACURRICULARS: Movies, reads 100 books a year.
IN GENERAL: "I guess to a certain extent it may be ironic," says Logan, 58, the most successful magazine executive in the country, commenting on the fact that he has ended up overseeing the America Online Internet service along with two other large swaths of AOL Time Warner, its cable-TV concern and its publishing businesses. After all, several years ago it was Logan who famously described Time Warner's Pathfinder Internet service as giving "new meaning to me of the scientific term black hole," and now he is the head honcho of the country's biggest on-line company—and the black hole is what got the old Time Warner into the pickle it's in in the first place. Logan's first priority after being promoted from being the chief of Time Inc. was to anoint former USA Interactive executive Jonathan Miller as the new hands-on C.E.O. for the AOL unit. He also placed Time Inc.—and his legacy of 41 straight quarters of earnings growth—in the hands of former People Group chief Ann Moore.
YEAR AHEAD: ↑



HAIR: Envy of the corporate world.
SECRET OENOPHILIC HISTORY: Worked as operations director at Sonoma Vineyards Inc. in Healdsburg, California, while studying for his M.B.A. at Stanford.
MAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE: As head of HBO, Bewkes was often seen racing onto Sixth Avenue trying to flag a cab, since he did without the perk of a car and driver.
IN GENERAL: The 50-year-old suit who brought you Tony Soprano is now the mandarin of AOL's entertainment properties, overseeing the Warner Bros. TV and film studios, the Turner Broadcasting networks, HBO, New Line Cinema, and the Warner Music Group. Bewkes's ascension came as HBO, where he was chairman and spent 23 years, was hoping to deliver $850 million in earnings to the head office and reeled in 93 Emmy nominations. No wonder that one of AOL Time Warner C.E.O. Dick Parsons's first moves was to charge the funny, lanky Ivy League grad with one of the toughest issues facing the company: figuring out ways to protect Time Warner's music and video content from illegal downloading. Elsewhere, Bewkes was notably vocal about Steve Case's views on "convergence" at AOL strategy meetings earlier this year. Bewkes wanted him to lay off the dreamy plans and focus on running the company.
YEAR AHEAD: ↑

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SUBARU

The Beauty of All-Wheel Drive.®

The ABC's of Safety: Air bags Buckle up Children in back



WARDROBE: Khakis, way-too-big glasses.
DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC: The only member of SKG to wear proper shoes to the office.
MANAGEMENT STYLE: No detail is too small to pester about.
MANAGEMENT TOOL: All meetings he participates in should last no more than 22 minutes.
VEHICLE OF CHOICE: Black Mustang convertible.
HOBBY: Working out at the crack of dawn, often followed by multiple breakfasts.
OFFICE WHISPERS: Although he was famously, and cruelly, derided as "the little midget" by Michael Eisner, colleagues actually think he has a great body, and like to imagine what he'd look like in cool clothes.
IN GENERAL: Katzenberg, 51, proved that the days of being Eisner's "golden retriever" are way behind him when his baby, *Shrek,* won the first best-animated-feature Oscar, beating out Disney's *Monsters, Inc.* DreamWorks' *Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron,* with horses that don't talk, was seemingly riskier, but the upcoming animated movies *Shrek 2* and *Sharkslayer* (it's *The Sopranos* meets *The Godfather*) look like slam dunks. Otherwise, DreamWorks' success is largely in the hands of Tom Hanks, star of *Road to Perdition* and the upcoming *Catch Me if You Can.* With any luck, they'll make up for earlier disappointments, such as Woody Allen's *Hollywood Ending,* which grossed an embarrassing $4.84 million.
YEAR AHEAD: ↗



SIGNATURE LOOK: [illegible] sted Armani suit, [illegible]
BIG COOL FRIEND: [illegible]
LITTLE BUDDY: Scott [illegible]
HEROES: Himself, Steve [illegible] Jones
NEMESIS: Bill Gates.
RECENT PURCHASE: A $14 million, [illegible]

foot Tuscan-style house on Carbon Beach in Malibu. His new neighbors include David Geffen, Jeffrey Katzenberg, and Terry Semel.
MAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE: Gifted the manicurists at the hole-in-the-wall nail salon frequented by his longtime fiancée, romance novelist Melanie Craft, with all-expense-paid trips to Las Vegas.
MOGUL RELATIONS: Ellison sent an impressive arrangement of flowers to Hewlett-Packard's Carly Fiorina to congratulate her on winning her battle to merge with Compaq. But Fiorina reportedly took it as a patronizingly chauvinist gesture, and their relations have been chilly ever since.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: The scandal that arose after the state of California gave the company a lucrative $95 million software contract without competitive bidding only two weeks before an Oracle lobbyist donated $25,000 to Governor Gray Davis's re-election campaign.
STAB AT IMMORTALITY: Has bequeathed his replica of a 16th-century Japanese villa in Woodside, California, to Stanford University. The 23-acre compound, which includes an 8,000-square-foot main house, five guesthouses, an underground network of tunnels, a forest of cherry trees, a lake filled with purified drinking water, a teahouse, an indoor basketball court, and stables, took more than six years to complete.
IN GENERAL: Oracle's sales have slipped, its stock price has been halved in little more than a year, and its dominance in the database-software market is being challenged by Microsoft and IBM. Nonetheless, Ellison, 58, made $706 million last year by exercising old stock options. That's the most cash that any corporate executive has ever taken home in a single year.
SHARE-VALUE GAIN: $11.5 billion.
YEAR AHEAD: ↗



BIG SALE: Unloaded stock in pal Barry Diller's USA Networks for $569 million last May. He acquired the shares at $8 each and sold them at $28.50.
TRUE AMBITION: To replace the late Malcolm Forbes as party impresario of the international elite.
IMPERIAL EXPANSION: Building two 50,000-square-foot homes on 100 acres, next door to Rupert Murdoch in Beverly Hills.
BIGGEST TOY: His Boeing 757.
STAB AT IMMORTALITY: The Experience Music Project rock shrine in Seattle.
PET CAUSE: Donated $10 million to help Craig McCaw, his neighbor on Seattle's Lake Washington, in a bid for the 2003 America's Cup.
IN GENERAL: The 49-year-old billionaire maneuvered out of e-commerce investments and diverted more money into his growing cable empire (he owns a large stake in Charter Communications, the fourth-largest cable company), figuring that the TV and not the P.C. would be the way we'll all finally tap into high-speed digital networks. Allen could lose $350 million on an options deal that would allow AT&T to sell his cable stock at $26 a share while the current price is only $11.50 a share. (He gave AT&T the stock options in 2000 in exchange for cable subscribers.) And he tried to pay $3.5 billion to buy one million cable subscribers from scandal-ridden Adelphia Communications in May, but the company didn't like his bid and filed for bankruptcy one month later. Now, Allen's considering increasing his stake in Charter Communications (he already controls 55 percent) and taking the company private.
SHARE-VALUE LOSS: $6.4 billion.
YEAR AHEAD: ↗



ANDREW GROVE

DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC: Ultra-paranoid.
OFFICE DÉCOR: Eight-foot-by-nine-foot open cubicle.
INDULGENCE: Turkey-and-mustard sandwiches, no mayonnaise, to satisfy his fat-free freak tendencies.
BEST-KEPT SECRET: His Hungarian accent becomes thicker in the presence of attractive young women.
MOTTO: "Avoid random motion."
SHARE-VALUE LOSS: $109 million.

CRAIG BARRETT

DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC: Aggressive, but cool as ice.


Bombay Sapphire Martini
by Jonathan Adler
SAPPHIRE INSPIRED
PRODUCT OF ENGLAND
BOMBAY
SAPPHIRE
Distilled
LONDON
DRY GIN
IMPORTED

OFFICE DÉCOR: Eight-foot-by-nine-foot open cubicle with a cactus plant.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Ignoring the semiconductor slowdown. Consequently, the company had to lower its second-quarter sales targets, sending its stock tumbling nearly 19 percent in one day.
VEHICLES OF CHOICE: A Hummer and an R44 helicopter, which he pilots himself.
SHARE-VALUE LOSS: $35 million.

IN GENERAL: Grove, 66, was the outspoken leader of a gang of Silicon Valley mega-moguls—including Steve Ballmer, John Chambers, Michael Dell, Steve Jobs, and IBM's Louis Gerstner—in their fight against a Senate initiative (supported by Michael Eisner, Peter Chernin, and other Hollywood powerhouses) designed to stop consumers from sharing digital copies of copyrighted movies and music. Meanwhile, Barrett, 63, has struggled to steer the chip giant through the tech downturn. He hasn't got much time: he reaches mandatory retirement in two years. He has picked 28-year Intel veteran Paul Otellini, 51, as heir apparent.
YEAR AHEAD: ➔



HAIR: Execu-cut with Vegas plumping.
PRIMAL FEAR: Having to report to 31-year-old Lachlan Murdoch.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: *The Chamber, Temptation Island 1* and *2*.
MOTTO: "We have to be like Rupert. We have to institutionalize the imagination, nerve, and vision he represents."
IN GENERAL: "There are two [media] companies that make a lot of sense right now: Viacom and News Corp." So claims Rupert Murdoch's number two and main overseer of assets, including the hit-spinning TV production studio (*The Practice, Buffy the Vampire Slayer*), the Fox TV channel (*The Bernie Mac Show, 24*), regional cable sports networks, the Fox News Channel (Bill O'Reilly & Co.), and Twentieth Century Fox, which is now the second-most successful film studio in terms of market share. The studio is having its most profitable year ever, thanks to chairmen James Gianopulos and Tom Rothman and their recent string hits, including *Star Wars: Episode II, Minority Report,* and *Road to Perdition*. Some News Corp.'s former start-up divisions, such as Fox News, are finally in what Chernin, 51, calls "harvest mode." But Fox TV—the maverick network that turned 15 this year—has been in a serious slump. "Was our bad year an isolated occurrence or is something more endemic going on?" wonders Chernin about Fox TV. The beauty of conglomerates is that, with other parts of the empire carrying the load, Chernin can take the time to find out.
YEAR AHEAD: ➚



MICHAEL EISNER

SIGNATURE LOOK: Eerie resemblance to company mascot.
MAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE: Eisner gave $7 million to Cal State Northridge to help teachers better prepare for students with learning difficulties. The school will be renamed the Michael D. Eisner College of Education.
WAGS ARE SAYING: The big rumor at this year's Sun Valley retreat was that four members of Disney's board met privately with Eisner to ask him who his successor will be. When he offered them Iger's name, he was sent back to the drawing board.
DODGED A BULLET WHEN: Other media giants began to stumble, making Disney's extended run of disappointing financials seem less than unique.
BIG BUY: Paid $352 million to A. A. Milne's family for future rights to *Winnie the Pooh.*
SHARE-VALUE LOSS: $173 million.

ROBERT IGER

HAIR: We are Devo.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: ABC's season of wall-to-wall flops, which was broken by *The Bachelor* and *Alias.*
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT II: Publicly attempting to throw American journalistic institution *Nightline* overboard to lure David Letterman to the slot. And failing.
SHARE-VALUE LOSS: $550,000.

IN GENERAL: Disney—with its heavy investments in travel and theme parks—continued to suffer from the aftereffects of September 11. Initially, the media company felt less of a financial impact than analysts expected, but a year later theme-park reservations remain down 10 percent. And Iger, 51, and his boss, Eisner, 60, have also been less successful at addressing some of Disney's perennial shortcomings—especially the badly slumping ABC. As a result, Iger is concentrating on rebuilding the network that last year suffered the largest one-year ratings decline in TV history and contributed to Disney's third-quarter 30 percent decline in profit. *Lilo & Stitch* breathed some life back into Disney's once dominant animated-film business. And while *Signs* was a hit, *Bad Company* was a huge miss. Elsewhere, Eisner is leading the charge against digital piracy. He stumped for a Senate bill and accused Pixar partner Steve Jobs of promoting the illegal acts with Apple Computer's "Rip. Mix. Burn" ads. And Eisner came under pressure from his board because of the company's lack of performance. It is said his relations with board members Roy Disney and Stanley Gold have become tense.
YEAR AHEAD: ➘



BOB WRIGHT

OFFICE DÉCOR: Oversize basketball shoes.
BIG BUY: The Spanish-language network Telemundo, the biggest deal in the history of NBC.
ROLE MODEL: Edward Bennett Williams.
VEHICLE OF CHOICE: Jaguar XK8 convertible.
BIGGEST TOY: "With G.E. down to $26, I'm not doing any buying."
BEST-KEPT SECRET: Quietly sold all Time Warner stock, at $80, before the merger. ("I regretted it for about an hour.")
MOTTO: "Every event creates a new reality."
SHARE-VALUE LOSS: $9 million.

ANDREW LACK

OFFICE DÉCOR: Baby shark caught off Key West, carnival wheel he says he spins to decide which NBC star makes what money (presumably it has no single digits).
ROLE MODEL: Harry Truman.



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Please see additional important information on the following page.

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Cosmetic Indications and Usage:
BOTOX® COSMETIC is indicated for the temporary improvement in the appearance of moderate to severe glabellar lines associated with corrugator and/or procerus muscle activity in adult patients ≤ 65 years of age

Contraindications: BOTOX® COSMETIC is contraindicated in the presence of infection at the proposed injection site(s) and in individuals with known hypersensitivity to any ingredient in the formulation

Warnings:
Do not exceed the recommended dosage and frequency of administration of **BOTOX® COSMETIC**. Risks resulting from administration at higher dosages are not known

Caution should be exercised when administering **BOTOX® COSMETIC** to individuals with peripheral motor neuropathic diseases (e.g., amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, or motor neuropathy) or neuromuscular junctional disorders (e.g., myasthenia gravis or Lambert-Eaton syndrome). Patients with neuromuscular disorders may be at increased risk of clinically significant systemic effects including severe dysphagia and respiratory compromise from typical doses of **BOTOX® COSMETIC**. Published medical literature has reported rare cases of administration of a botulinum toxin to patients with known or unrecognized neuromuscular disorders where the patients have shown extreme sensitivity to the systemic effects of typical clinical doses. In some of these cases, dysphagia has lasted several months and required placement of a gastric feeding tube.

Dysphagia is a commonly reported adverse event following treatment of cervical dystonia patients with all botulinum toxins. In these patients, there are reports of rare cases of dysphagia severe enough to warrant the insertion of a gastric feeding tube. There is also a case report where a patient developed aspiration pneumonia and died subsequent to the finding of dysphagia.

There have also been rare reports following administration of BOTOX for other indications of adverse events involving the cardiovascular system, including arrhythmia and myocardial infarction, some with fatal outcomes. Some of these patients had risk factors including pre-existing cardiovascular disease.

This product contains albumin, a derivative of human blood. Based on effective donor screening and product manufacturing processes, it carries an extremely remote risk for transmission of viral diseases. A theoretical risk for transmission of Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease (CJD) also is considered extremely remote. No cases of transmission of viral diseases or CJD have ever been identified for albumin.

PRECAUTIONS:
General
Epinephrine should be available or other precautionary methods taken as necessary should an anaphylactic reaction occur.

The safe and effective use of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** depends upon proper storage of the product, selection of the correct dose, and proper reconstitution and administration techniques. Physicians administering **BOTOX® COSMETIC** must understand the relevant neuromuscular and/or orbital anatomy of the area involved and any alterations to the anatomy due to prior surgical procedures. Caution should be used when **BOTOX® COSMETIC** treatment is used in the presence of inflammation at the proposed injection site(s) or when excessive weakness or atrophy is present in the target muscle(s).

Reduced blinking from **BOTOX® COSMETIC** injection of the orbicularis muscle can lead to corneal exposure, persistent epithelial defect and corneal ulceration, especially in patients with VII nerve disorders. In the use of BOTOX for the treatment of blepharospasm, one case of corneal perforation in an aphakic eye requiring corneal grafting has occurred because of this effect. Careful testing of corneal sensation in eyes previously operated upon, avoidance of injection into the lower lid area to avoid ectropion, and vigorous treatment of any epithelial defect should be employed. This may require protective drops, ointment, therapeutic soft contact lenses, or closure of the eye by patching or other means.

Inducing paralysis in one or more extraocular muscles may produce spatial disorientation, double vision or past pointing. Covering the affected eye may alleviate these symptoms.

Caution should be used when **BOTOX® COSMETIC** treatment is used in patients who have an inflammatory skin problem at the injection site, marked facial asymmetry, ptosis, excessive dermatochalasis, deep dermal scarring, thick sebaceous skin or the inability to substantially lessen glabellar lines by physically spreading them apart as these patients were excluded from the Phase 3 safety and efficacy trials.

Injection intervals of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** should be no more frequent than every three months and should be performed using the lowest effective dose (See Adverse Reactions, Immunogenicity).

Information for Patients
Patients or caregivers should be advised to seek immediate medical attention if swallowing, speech or respiratory disorders arise.

Drug Interactions
Co-administration of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** and aminoglycosides or other agents interfering with neuromuscular transmission (e.g., curare-like nondepolarizing blockers, lincosamides, polymyxins, quinidine, magnesium sulfate, anticholinesterases, succinylcholine chloride) should only be performed with caution as the effect of the toxin may be potentiated.

The effect of administering different botulinum neurotoxin serotypes at the same time or within several months of each other is unknown. Excessive neuromuscular weakness may be exacerbated by administration of another botulinum toxin prior to the resolution of the effects of a previously administered botulinum toxin.

Pregnancy **Pregnancy Category C**
Administration of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** is not recommended during pregnancy. There are no adequate and well-controlled studies of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** in pregnant women. When pregnant mice and rats were injected intramuscularly during the period of organogenesis, the developmental NOEL (No Observed Effect Level) of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** was 4 U/kg. Higher doses (8 or 16 U/kg) were associated with reductions in fetal body weights and/or delayed ossification.

In a range finding study in rabbits, daily injection of 0.125 U/kg/day (days 6 to 18 of gestation) and 2 U/kg (days 6 and 13 of gestation) produced severe maternal toxicity, abortions and/or fetal malformations. Higher doses resulted in death of the dams. The rabbit appears to be a very sensitive species to **BOTOX® COSMETIC**.

If the patient becomes pregnant after the administration of this drug, the patient should be apprised of the potential risks, including abortion or fetal malformations that have been observed in rabbits.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of fertility
Long term studies in animals have not been performed to evaluate carcinogenic potential of **BOTOX® COSMETIC**.

The reproductive NOEL following intramuscular injection of 0.4, 8, and 16 U/kg was 4 U/kg in male rats and 8 U/kg in female rats. Higher doses were associated with dose-dependent reductions in fertility in male rats (where limb weakness resulted in the inability to mate), and testicular atrophy or an altered estrous cycle in female rats. There were no adverse effects on the viability of the embryos.

Nursing mothers
It is not known whether this drug is excreted in human milk. Because many drugs are excreted in human milk, caution should be exercised when **BOTOX® COSMETIC** is administered to a nursing woman.

Pediatric use
Use of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** is not recommended in children.

Geriatric use
Clinical studies of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** did not include sufficient numbers of subjects aged 65 and over to determine statistically whether they respond differently from younger subjects. However, in the two identical phase 3 randomized 3:1, multi-center, double blind, placebo-controlled, parallel-group efficacy studies, the responder rates for both co-primary efficacy variables were higher for subjects < 50 years of age compared to those subjects ≥ 65 years of age. Analysis based on a combined data set showed that, for the investigator's assessment endpoint of subjects aged 65 and over at Day 30, 39% (9/23) of subjects were responders compared to 22% (2/9) in the placebo group. This difference is neither statistically different ($P = 0.228$) nor exceeds the pre-specified 30-percentage-point difference required by the definition of clinically significant. There were no statistically significant between-group differences for the investigator's assessment at maximum frown for this age group. There was a statistically significant difference in favor of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** for the subject's global assessment at all time points ($P = 0.036$) except Day 120 ($P = 0.214$). (See Clinical Trials Section)

There were too few patients over the age of 75 to allow any meaningful comparisons. In general, dose selection for an elderly patient should be cautious, usually starting at the low end of the dosing range, reflecting the greater frequency of decreased cardiac function and of concomitant disease or other drug therapy.

ADVERSE REACTIONS:
General
The most serious adverse events reported for other indications studied include rare spontaneous reports of death, sometimes associated with dysphagia, pneumonia, and/or other significant debility, after treatment with botulinum toxin. There have also been rare reports of adverse events involving the cardiovascular system, including arrhythmia and myocardial infarction, some with fatal outcomes. Some of these patients had risk factors including pre-existing cardiovascular disease (See Warnings). The exact relationship of these events to the botulinum toxin injection has not been established. Additionally, a report of acute angle closure glaucoma one day after receiving an injection of botulinum toxin for blepharospasm was received, with recovery four months after after laser iridotomy and trabeculectomy. Focal facial paralysis, syncope and exacerbation of myasthenia gravis have also been reported after treatment of blepharospasm.

Glabellar Lines
In clinical trials of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** the most frequently reported adverse events following injection of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** were headache, respiratory infection, flu syndrome, blepharoptosis and nausea.

Less frequently occurring (<3%) adverse reactions included pain in the face, erythema at the injection site and muscle weakness. While local weakness of the injected muscle(s) is representative of the expected pharmacological action of botulinum toxin, weakness of adjacent muscles may occur as a result of the spread of toxin. These events are thought to be associated with the injection and occurred within the first week. The events were generally transient but may last several months.

The data described in Table 1 reflect exposure to **BOTOX® COSMETIC** in 405 subjects aged 18 to 75 who were evaluated in the randomized, placebo-controlled clinical studies to assess the use of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** in the improvement of the appearance of glabellar lines (See clinical studies). Adverse events of any cause were reported for 43.7% of the **BOTOX® COSMETIC** treated subjects and 41.5% of the placebo treated subjects. The incidence of blepharoptosis was higher in the **BOTOX® COSMETIC** treated arm than in placebo (3.2 % vs. 0, p-value = 0.045). In the open-label, repeat injection study, blepharoptosis was reported for 2.1% (8/373) of subjects in the first treatment cycle and 1.2% (4/343) of subjects in the second treatment cycle. Adverse events of any type were reported for 49.1% (183/373) of subjects overall.

The most frequently reported of these adverse events in the open-label study included respiratory infection, headache, flu syndrome, blepharoptosis, pain and nausea.

Because clinical trials are conducted under widely varying conditions, adverse reaction rates observed in the clinical trials of a drug cannot be directly compared to rates in the clinical trials of another drug and may not be predictive of rates observed in practice.

TABLE 1.
Randomized Double Blind Studies:
Rates of Adverse Events Reported by >2 or more Subjects in the BOTOX® Cosmetic Group, by Treatment Group.

Adverse Event (in order of decreasing frequency for BOTOX® Cosmetic)	BOTOX® Cosmetic (N=405)	Placebo (N=130)
Overall	177 (43.7%)	54 (41.5%)
Body as a Whole		
Headache	54 (13.3%)	23 (17.7%)
Pain in Face	9 (2.2%)	1 (0.8%)
Flu Syndrome	8 (2.0%)	2 (1.5%)
Pain at Injection Site	7 (1.7%)	1 (0.8%)
Edema at Injection Site	6 (1.5%)	3 (2.3%)
Pain in Back	4 (1.0%)	3 (2.3%)
Injury Accidental	3 (0.7%)	1 (0.8%)
Respiratory System		
Infection	14 (3.5%)	5 (3.8%)
Bronchitis	6 (1.5%)	1 (0.8%)
Sinusitis	6 (1.5%)	1 (0.8%)
Pharyngitis	5 (1.2%)	2 (1.5%)
Dyspnea	3 (0.7%)	0 (0.0%)
Infection Sinus	3 (0.7%)	2 (1.5%)
Laryngitis	3 (0.7%)	0 (0.0%)
Rhinitis	3 (0.7%)	2 (1.5%)
Skin and Appendages		
Erythema	7 (1.7%)	2 (1.5%)
Skin Tightness	4 (1.0%)	0 (0.0%)
Irritation Skin	3 (0.7%)	0 (0.0%)
Digestive System		
Nausea	12 (3.0%)	3 (2.3%)
Dyspepsia	4 (1.0%)	0 (0.0%)
Tooth Disorder	4 (1.0%)	0 (0.0%)
Liver Function Abnormal	3 (0.7%)	2 (1.5%)
Special Senses		
Blepharoptosis	13 (3.2%)	0 (0.0%)
Nervous System		
Dizziness	5 (1.2%)	2 (1.5%)
Paresthesia	4 (1.0%)	1 (0.8%)
Anxiety	3 (0.7%)	0 (0.0%)
Twitch	3 (0.7%)	0 (0.0%)
Musculoskeletal System		
Muscle Weakness	8 (2.0%)	0 (0.0%)
Urogenital System		
Infection Urinary Tract	4 (1.0%)	1 (0.8%)
Hemic and Lymphatic System		
Ecchymosis	7 (1.7%)	3 (2.3%)
Cardiovascular		
Hypertension	4 (1.0%)	0 (0.0%)

In published literature of the use of botulinum toxin type A for facial lines, there has been a single reported incident of diplopia, which resolved completely in three weeks. Transient ptosis, the most frequently reported complication, has been reported in the literature in approximately 5% of patients.

Immunogenicity:
Treatment with **BOTOX® COSMETIC** for cosmetic purposes may result in the formation of antibodies that may reduce the effectiveness of subsequent treatments with **BOTOX® COSMETIC** for glabellar lines or **BOTOX®** for other indications. Formation of neutralizing antibodies to botulinum toxin type A may reduce the effectiveness of **BOTOX® COSMETIC** treatment of the appearance of glabellar lines and the effectiveness of **BOTOX®** in the treatment of other clinical indications such as cervical dystonia, blepharospasm and strabismus by inactivating the biological activity of the toxin. The rate of formation of neutralizing antibodies in patients receiving **BOTOX® COSMETIC** has not been well studied.

The critical factors for neutralizing antibody formation have not been well characterized. The results from some studies of the use of **B** in the treatment of other clinical indications suggest that **BOTOX®** injections at more frequent intervals or at higher doses may lead to an increased incidence of antibody formation. The potential for antibody formation may be minimized by injecting the lowest effective dose given at the longest feasible intervals between injections.

Passive Adverse Event Surveillance
The following adverse reactions have been identified since the drug has been marketed: skin rash including erythema multiforme, urticaria and psoriasiform eruption), pruritus, and allergic reaction. Because these reactions are reported voluntarily from a population of uncertain size, it is not always possible to reliably estimate their frequency or establish a causal relationship to botulinum toxin.

Between January 1, 1990 and August 31, 2000, there have been 7 spontaneous reports of serious adverse events documented as being related to the reported cosmetic use of **BOTOX®**, including anaphylactic reaction, myasthenia gravis, decreased hearing, ear noise and localized numbness, blurred vision and retinal vein occlusion, glaucoma, and vertigo with nystagmus.

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Prin



Laura Linney's breast cancer reality check came in the form of a close call for a close friend. "When it invades your circle, you begin to see things very differently. You realize that it's a possibility for all of us. The key is not to let this knowledge paralyze us, but to use it as our inspiration to embrace life that much more." Still, she hopes it won't take a scare like that to get other women's attention. "I see this scarf as a flag of awareness. It's a reminder not only to take responsibility for our own bodies, but to remind the women we know and love about early detection."

Whatever your inspiration, get tied to the cause at www.fordvehicles.com/fordforce.

**Limited-edition Ford silk scarf available now in-store, online and by phone from Bloomingdale's. Turn the page for details.*

This important health message is brought to you through the generosity of Ford.

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You don't have to be a celebrity to get tied to the cause. Don't wait to join the fight against breast cancer—purchase your limited-edition 2002 Ford silk scarf (22"x 22"), designed by **Kate Spade**:

- **online** at Bloomingdales.com
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Ford will donate all proceeds from each $25 scarf to the Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation (www.komen.org) and The Breast Cancer Research Foundation (www.bcrfcure.org).

Plus, free cotton bandannas featuring the Kate Spade breast cancer awareness design will continue to be available at the Ford tent at Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation Race for the Cure® events across the country (while supplies last). For more information and Race dates, visit www.fordvehicles.com/fordforce.

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Ford: Putting the Brakes on Breast Cancer

Ford Division and its dealers are leaders in the drive to survive and taking a stand against breast cancer. Over the past eight years, Ford has dedicated more than $50 million toward awareness, education and survivor support programs. Please join Ford in its mission to help find a cure.

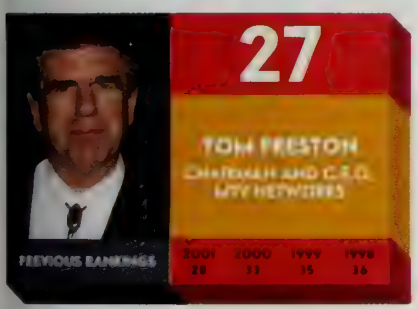
The Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation

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THE BREAST CANCER RESEARCH FOUNDATION

VEHICLE OF CHOICE: 1981 Porsche 911 SC.
BIG PURCHASE: A 1947 Chris Craft powerboat.

IN GENERAL: NBC faces an array of problems. Its perennial cash cows, such as *Friends* and *ER,* may soon be eligible for the A.A.R.P. A revitalized CBS is breathing down its neck; *Today* and *NBC Nightly News* feel new heat from ABC's *Good Morning America* and *World News Tonight.* And though the second coming of Phil Donahue could change things, no one is quite sure where or what MSNBC is. But, for all that, NBC remains a fabulously successful and profitable enterprise, and it's still the network to beat. One of NBC's best shows this past year was the war between Wright and Lack, the Peacock's own version of Redstone versus Karmazin. Here were many of the same themes: a senior executive reluctant to yield authority, a subordinate eager to run things on his own and perhaps not sucking up sufficiently. Things got so sour between the phlegmatic Wright, 59, and the more volatile Lack, 55, that last fall Wright asked G.E. chairman and C.E.O. Jeff Immelt to fire Lack. Immelt refused, and things seem to have calmed down.
YEAR AHEAD: ➧



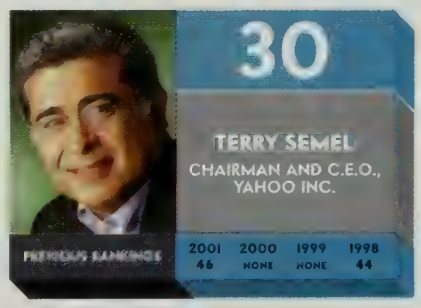
HAIR: Corporate Liam Gallagher.
POSTURES AS: The Exec Who Gets It.
BIG BUY: Renewing *The Osbournes* for a potential $20 million multiyear deal, including merchandise.
VEHICLE OF CHOICE: 1975 BMW 2002.
BEST-KEPT SECRET: Being investigated by the Treasury Department for alleged illegal travel to Cuba. "We had permits," Freston insists, "but it turns out they were the wrong permits."
IN GENERAL: Is it coincidence that the man who brings you *The Osbournes*—the reality-TV phenom about a middle-aged rocker whose career apex occurred before most MTV viewers were on solid foods—is himself 56? Probably, but like Ozzy, Freston has a knack for finding new success among the dwindling attention spans of youth. After painful cutbacks costing 500 jobs, MTV Networks, Viacom's most successful division, had a stellar year at home and abroad, contributing nearly one-third of the company's operating earnings. By continuing to add international channels for MTV and its sister channel Nickelodeon, revamping TNN, and repositioning the struggling VH1, Freston sees lots of room to grow. Plus, synergistic MTV Networks' streak of producing 19 straight profitable movies for Paramount is likely to continue with big-screen renditions of Nickelodeon's *The Wild Thornberrys* and MTV's gross-out hit *Jackass.*
YEAR AHEAD: ➶



HAIR: Vowed when he joined Atlantic Records in 1978 that he would sign no one who didn't have an interesting life story, and that he would always have a beard; he promptly inked Pete Townshend and Stevie Nicks, and stopped shaving. Has since perfected the perpetual two-day white stubble.
VEHICLE OF CHOICE: Mercedes station wagon.
BIG BUY: Mariah Carey, whom Morris and president and C.E.O. of the Island Def Jam Music Group, Lyor Cohen, got on the cheap—$21 million for a three-album deal—after EMI paid some $29 million to ditch her. While wooing Carey, he even enlisted her former spouse Tommy Mottola, head of Sony Records, who encouraged Carey to go with his old friend.
SKELETON IN THE CLOSET: Wrote and recorded a number of songs early in his career, including the hit "Are You a Boy or Are You a Girl?" (sung by the Barbarians).
SWORN ENEMY: Michael Fuchs, who fired him from Warner Music. "I've passed him on the sidewalk twice," Morris says of the one person he disses. "He looked down."
IN GENERAL: "People like people who've been knocked on their butt," says the 63-year-old Morris, who has run Universal Music since 1995. He was talking about the newly signed Carey, for whom he predicts a big comeback, but he could just as easily have been talking about himself. Seven years after being fired by Warner, Morris, who has spent his life in the music business, is making records of a different sort; with artists like Eminem, U2, and Mary J. Blige, and labels such as Island/Def Jam and Interscope/Geffen/A&M, Universal now controls an astonishing 30 percent of the American market, the largest share in the industry's history. Universal also won 32 Grammys this year.
YEAR AHEAD: ➧

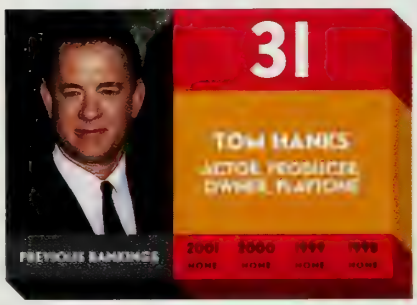


OFFICE DÉCOR: Enlarged an already large office with a view of the Hollywood Hills, then hung photographs of himself with Fidel Castro, Pope John Paul II, and Bill Clinton.
VEHICLE OF CHOICE: A silver Jaguar convertible.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Catastrophic failure of *The Early Show.*
DEEPEST PRAYER: Viacom never reruns that episode of *The Six Million Dollar Man* in which Moonves, a lapsed actor, played the villain.
IN GENERAL: CBS continues to rebound, and finally not just among the Polident crowd. *Survivor, Everybody Loves Raymond,* and *CSI: Crime Scene Investigation* have all been mega-hits. For the first time in years, there is talk of overtaking NBC. Advertising commitments for this year are at unprecedented levels—CBS says more than $1.9 billion. And Moonves, 52, has been so successful at running one network for parent company Viacom that he's been given a second, UPN—a unique daily double in the industry. Moonves nearly lost David Letterman to ABC. But through application of his famous charm—and incessant promotion that has made CBS look like the Letterman Network—he won Dave's heart.
SHARE-VALUE LOSS: $600,000.
YEAR AHEAD: ➧

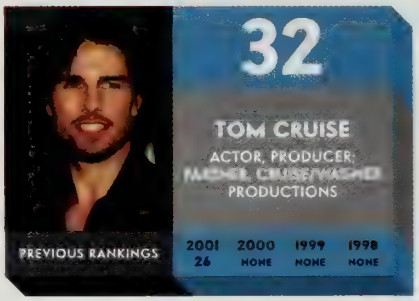


DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC: Former co-chairman of Warner Bros.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: A $5 million lawsuit brought by country-and-western singer Wylie Gustafson, who claimed that Yahoo's ads used a recording of his yodeling (Ya-hooooooooo!) without proper compensation. (The company settled immediately.)
CAN BE PROUD OF: Boosting the site's number of paying customers from 600,000 to more than one million.
BIG PURCHASE: Paid $436 million for

HotJobs, an on-line job-listing service.
IN GENERAL: Under Semel, the world's most visited Web site announced a profit after losing money for six straight quarters. In his initial year there he replaced almost all of Yahoo's top executives, who came from the groovy, feel-good, free-to-be-you-and-me culture of the Web's early years. To take their place he brought in fellow toughened Hollywood-studio veterans. And Semel, 59, began trying to get many of Yahoo's 83 million active users to start paying for the services they've always enjoyed for free, such as news reports and music.
YEAR AHEAD: ↗



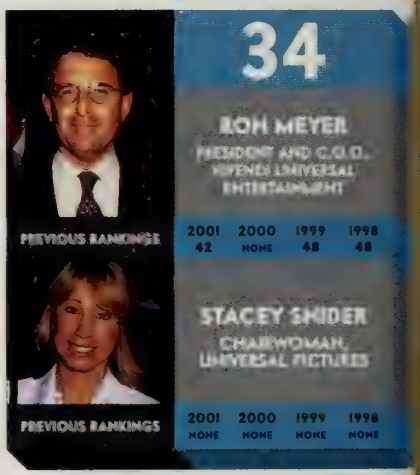
POSTURES AS: Jimmy Stewart 2000.
BIG COOL FRIENDS: Steven Spielberg, Brian Grazer.
LITTLE BUDDY: Martin Short.
ALTER EGO: Paul Newman.
PET CAUSE: Great Lakes Theater Festival.
SWORN ENEMY: None—incredibly feud-free after decades in the industry.
SKELETON IN THE CLOSET: Hanks will occasionally veer from Hollywood liberal orthodoxy. Shocked his lefty peers when he concluded an Oscar acceptance speech with the taboo phrase "God bless America."
REAL-LIFE CAPRA-ESQUE DETAIL: He's a descendant of Abraham Lincoln's mother, Nancy Hanks.
IN GENERAL: It was a terrific year for Hanks, 46, as an actor, with great roles in both DreamWorks' summer hit *Road to Perdition* and its forthcoming Spielberg-directed offering, *Catch Me if You Can* (as an F.B.I. agent chasing a con man played by Leonardo DiCaprio). Plus he won the American Film Institute's Life Achievement Award, supplanting his pal Spielberg as the youngest recipient ever. But the $20-million-a-pic actor is also one of Hollywood's most effective impresarios, the force behind *Cast Away, Apollo 13,* and three HBO mini-series: *Band of Brothers, From the Earth to the Moon,* and the upcoming *John Adams* (Hanks snagged the rights to David McCullough's best-selling bio). After wife Rita Wilson discovered *My Big Fat Greek Wedding,* a one-woman stage show in L.A., Hanks's production company made it into a $5 million indie film that has returned more than eight times as much at the box office.
YEAR AHEAD: ↑



SIGNATURE LOOK: Black ribbed V-necked sweater with no T-shirt underneath, occasional bad-boy knit cap.
ACCESSORY: Braces.
VEHICLE OF CHOICE: Porsche.
AIRCRAFT: Gulfstream, two propeller planes.
CAREER CHALLENGE: Learning how to emit an air bubble from only one nostril for bathtub scene in *Minority Report.*
MAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE: Gathered the crew of *Vanilla Sky* to break the news about his separation from Nicole Kidman before it became public.
MAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE II: Declared to the British press that the U.S. is "terrifying," and doubts whether he would raise his children here.
PET CAUSE: Saving Scientology in Germany.
MOTTO: "How would you feel if someone said your relationship was a sham?"
IN GENERAL: The year started out with a double whammy. First, there was the divorce from Nicole Kidman, in which he looked like the cad in the equation, barely taking a breath before cavorting around town with Penélope Cruz. And then there was *Vanilla Sky* itself, which, though it eked its way past the $100 million mark, was something of a muddle. Cruise, 40, needed to get his groove back. Enter *Minority Report,* a critical success which has grossed $130 million in two months. Up next are Ed Zwick's *The Last Samurai,* for which he is learning samurai swordsmanship, and *M:I-3.* On the producing front is *The War of the Worlds,* based on the H. G. Wells classic.
YEAR AHEAD: ↑



NICKNAME: Efer.
SIGNATURE LOOK: Double-breasted Armani.
NATURAL FOE: Uncle Charles wielding a liquor bottle.
AIRCRAFT: Gulfstream IV.
MOTTO: "I'm not going down in history as the one Bronfman who pissed away the family fortune."
SAVING GRACE: "Jews don't fire their sons." —Frank Biondi.
IN GENERAL: Bronfman's greatest misstep was betting on the wrong *cheval:* spooked by the merger of AOL and Time Warner, and convinced that a small fry like Universal would be left behind, Bronfman, 47, went looking for buyers and found Vivendi's Jean-Marie Messier, a corporate-empire builder who plied him with Gallic charm and approximately $6 billion in Vivendi stock. Bronfman bit, received 88.9 million shares, and became Messier's number two. Then Bronfman soured on Messier and quickly engineered his departure. With more than $4 billion of the Bronfman family stake gone, so is Messier. As the member of the Vivendi board who assembled and ran the company's valuable American media assets, he could play a key role in Vivendi's resurrection, particularly needed after the recent disclosure of a $12 billion loss. To reduce its debt burden, Vivendi will sell $9.8 billion of assets, including Houghton Mifflin.
YEAR AHEAD: →



RON MEYER

POSTURES AS: The Nice-Guy Studio Chief.
SIGNATURE LOOK: The Jewish Warren Beatty.
CORPORATE LOGIC: On his lawsuits against Mike Myers, who had refused to shoot his *Sprockets* movie for Universal: "Yes, *Dieter* was a pile of shit to begin with, but we won this lawsuit fair and square." Actually, the parties settled after seven months of litigation.
MAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE: Meyer, a serious pool player, frequents the House of Billiards on Wilshire Boulevard, a supremely unpretentious establishment, where he fraternizes with a non-show-business crowd, who often marvel at how genial and "un-Hollywood" he is.
MOTTO: "Every day I wake up a little bit scared."

STACEY SNIDER

POSTURES AS: The Studio Chief Who Reads Books.
BATTLE SCARS: Survived working as a sec

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good ideas are growing

retary to Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, and her first executive spot was under Jon Peters and Peter Guber.
INDULGENCE: Vitamin addict.
STAB AT IMMORTALITY: Was a yoga-maniac, "way before it was chic."
MOTTO: "I have worked for and flourished in the presence of brilliant, mercurial, quixotic men. . . . I ended up loving all of them."

IN GENERAL: The turbulence from the rarefied echelons above Meyer, 57, and Snider, 41, has been constant: one moment Edgar Bronfman Jr.'s in charge, then Jean-Marie Messier of Vivendi, and now Barry Diller. But as others come and go, Meyer, who has been in the business nearly 40 years, and Snider, more than 15, remain firmly in place. It's a remarkable accomplishment, almost as remarkable as the way they have led a moribund studio to the top. Universal's preeminence in recent years was typified by *A Beautiful Mind,* which captured four Oscars last spring, including the one for best picture. But Hollywood is cyclical and Universal's turn is up. For the first half of 2002 it slipped to fourth in market share, and its upcoming slate—including *8 Mile* and *Red Dragon* (a *Silence of the Lambs* prequel)—doesn't figure to change that much. Depending on what Vivendi does with its American properties, they could have yet another new boss or a newly empowered and motivated Diller, who has so far left well enough alone.
YEAR AHEAD: ➔



BETTER KNOWN AS: Scooter.
SIGNATURE LOOK: Blue jeans and buckteeth.
POSTURES AS: The C.E.O. class clown.
HAIR: Accidental Caesar cut.
EXTRACURRICULARS: Ice hockey (he plays on five amateur teams), golf (0.3 handicap).
MOTTO: "This is why I don't quit this job. . . . I don't want to leave my children to a Microsoft-only world."
IN GENERAL: These have been hard times for McNealy, 47, and Sun, which lost money for three quarters in a row and watched its revenues fall by about one-third. The lousy economy is mostly to blame, but it isn't the only problem; Sun has ceded ground in its core business of computer servers to Dell, H-P, and IBM. The trouble is partly a brain drain: McNealy lost five senior executives, including the much-admired president, Ed Zander. (The stock price fell nearly 15 percent the day Zander revealed that he was leaving.) Sun also axed 3,900 rank-and-file employees, the first large-scale layoff in its 20-year history.
SHARE-VALUE LOSS: $263 million.
YEAR AHEAD: ➔



DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC: Laughs like a sea lion choking on sardines.
FASHION SENSE: Has snaps sewn on the inside of his shirt collars for easy tie removal.
HEROES: Thomas Edison, Walt Disney.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: A book and Off Broadway play by a disgruntled former Amazon employee. In an attempt to undermine the play, called *21 Dog Years,* Bezos allegedly tried to buy out the entire house for the first three weeks. Also, Amazon added a feature on its Web site that diverts customers from buying a new book by offering them used copies of the same title at big discounts, thus making it harder for struggling authors to collect royalties (and provoking protests from the Authors Guild).
IN GENERAL: Although Amazon reported a $567 million loss in 2001, Bezos, 38, and his company emerged as survivors of the dot-com shakeout, reporting a real profit for the fourth quarter of 2001, albeit a rather puny one ($5 million). Amazon doesn't expect another quarterly profit until this year's Christmas season, which, it is hoped, will revive America's shopping. Still, despite much skepticism among some Wall Street analysts, Amazon has proved itself a contender for the long run.
SHARE-VALUE GAIN: $172 million.
YEAR AHEAD: ➔



DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC: Southern charm.
SIGNATURE LOOK: Ruthless Don Knotts.
BETTER KNOWN AS: Mr. Internet.
BIG COOL FRIENDS: Tony Blair, Bill Clinton, Nelson Mandela.
CORPORATE STYLE: Millennial frugality. Perk-free. Everyone flies coach. All offices are identical—same layout, same furniture. He takes Cisco employees out for pizza and beer when he's in their town.
LEGEND HAS IT: His player piano is connected to the Internet, enabling him to play e-tunes from all over the world.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Making $154 million last year while his company lost $1 billion.
AIRCRAFT: Falcon 2000.
POISON: Diet Coke (12 a day).
IN GENERAL: The Cisco story was just too good to be true. The company thrilled Wall Street by meeting or beating its profit projections for all but one of 45 consecutive quarters, but now it turns out that Chambers, 53, relied all along on accounting practices which while not illegal, like Enron's, were nonetheless disturbingly "aggressive." Those revelations, plus the tech slump, have been a brutal double whammy: Cisco's market cap has fallen more than $400 billion since its vertiginous peak two years ago, the biggest decline of any company in history. But Chambers still has enough credibility on the Street; in August cheers were raised when the company reported second-quarter profits 110 times greater than a year ago.
SHARE-VALUE LOSS: $50 million.
YEAR AHEAD: ➔



OFFICE DÉCOR: Mahogany walls, Norman Rockwell paintings.
MAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE: Forgoes fees when deals between companies fall apart.
WASP BONA FIDES: There is no air-conditioning in the Sun Valley lodge where Allen, 62, holds his yearly retreat. Thus, the Who's Who of Wall Street and Hollywood are forced to tolerate 100-degree temperatures.
HOW MOGUL LIFE IS SIMILAR TO HIGH SCHOOL: Allen disinvited Vivendi Universal C.E.O. Jean-Marie Messier to his Sun Valley retreat after the Frenchman, the belle of last year's ball, lost his company.
MASTER-OF-THE-UNIVERSE TIC: He dines at six P.M., often alone, reading a book.
IN GENERAL: In the dog days of the advertising slump, there weren't a lot of grandiose media deals for the investment-banking leg-


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end to broker. As star investment banker Gordon Crawford commented, "This is the greatest bear market since the Depression. It's had a disproportionate impact on the media sector. At Herbert's conference, the very subdued group was scratching their heads about what happened." Still, Allen's influence in Hollywood is as great as ever, especially now that his pal Barry Diller oversees Universal Studios.

YEAR AHEAD: ➔



ACCESSORY: Stedman Graham.

CAN BE PROUD OF: Launching *O* in South Africa, an idea she decided to pursue after seeing pictures of women in a Nairobi beauty parlor reading *Hello!*

WOMAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE: Building schools for girls in South Africa.

DODGED MANY BULLETS WHEN: She insisted that Harpo employees sign lifetime confidentiality agreements.

SWORN ENEMY: Author Barbara Grizzuti Harrison, whose first sentence to a slimmed-down Oprah, in a 1989 interview for *The New York Times Magazine,* was "I bet you hate fat people now."

AIRCRAFT: Gulfstream IV.

OPEN SECRET: She has never been in therapy.

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Naming her $50 million estate in Montecito, California, "Tara II."

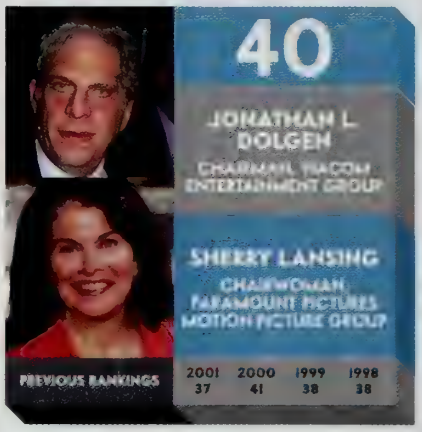
PERK: Had the bathtub in her Telluride house sculpted to fit her body.

HOBBIES: Gaining and losing the same 20 pounds, collecting slave artifacts.

LEGEND HAS IT: Before Oprah was Oprah, she successfully panhandled Aretha Franklin for $100.

IN GENERAL: "Ratings go down when we do an Oprah's Book Club show, but that doesn't matter. We're getting people to read," declared *Oprah* executive Dianne Atkinson Hudson in April. Alas, later that month it seemed the low ratings *did* matter, and *The Corrections* author Jonathan Franzen's bristling about his book becoming a selection didn't help: the monthly club was finished. Though she's still No. 1 in daytime, Oprah has had to make other concessions, too. She'll be hosting the prime-time *Oprah After the Show* on Oxygen, as a replacement for the reruns of her syndicated show that she gave the cable network (along with her initial investment of $20 million) in 1998. *O,* which was the most successful start-up magazine ever, has had a 33 percent decline in newsstand sales; however, subscriptions are up 80 percent. Oprah, 48, recently extended her contract for *Oprah* to 2006.

YEAR AHEAD: ➔



JONATHAN L. DOLGEN

MANIFEST DESTINY: Dolgen assumed oversight of publisher Simon & Schuster.

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Paramount's Oscar drought. (Its only major nomination this year was for *Jimmy Neutron, Boy Genius.*)

MOTTO: "Always cover your costs."

SHERRY LANSING

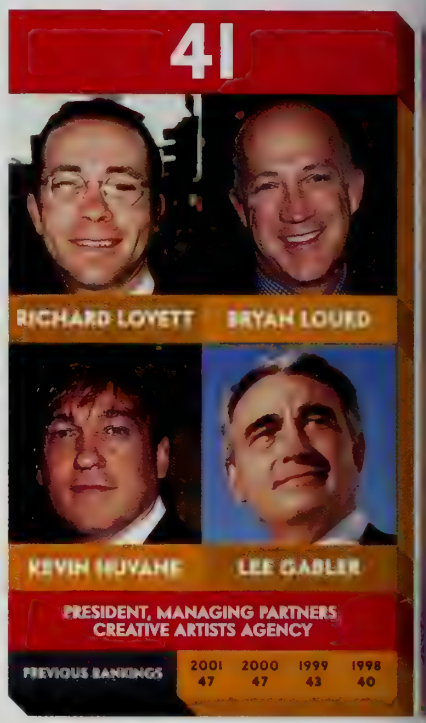
MANAGEMENT TOOL: Returns all phone calls within 24 hours.

PET CAUSE: At her urging, studio employees volunteered to go to Edwards Air Force Base to garden and paint "nose art" on military aircraft.

EXECUTIVE TIC: Loves to ride on the Viacom jet, though a friend says she is so nervous about flying she insists that the steward hold her hand during takeoff and landing.

IN GENERAL: Few studio bosses wrestled more with how best to respond to the country's cultural appetites after the September terrorist attacks than Dolgen, 57, and Lansing, 58. Last November they co-hosted, at the Beverly Hills Peninsula Hotel, a private conclave that included studio chiefs and Bush adviser Karl Rove. Then there was a White House screening of *We Were Soldiers,* and the agonizing over the timing of the nuclear-terror-themed *Sum of All Fears.* (It ended up grossing more than $100 million.) "We don't think that the international thriller is going away," concludes Dolgen. Hence, Tom Clancy is already writing his next Jack Ryan thriller with *The Sum of All Fears'* Ben Affleck in mind. The filmmaking duo also seem destined to maintain their reputation for consistently profitable but less risky fare with the upcoming new installments of the *Star Trek* and *Mission: Impossible* franchises. "We're excited about all our films," says Lansing, whose director husband, William Friedkin, is also in Paramount's upcoming roster with *The Hunted.* Probably the biggest news around the Paramount lot is the plan for Harrison Ford to reprise the *Indiana Jones* franchise, reportedly due in 2005.

YEAR AHEAD: ➔



OFFICE DÉCOR: Rounded travertine orange slices.

VEHICLE OF CHOICE: Mercedes, in what's known as "CAA black."

VACATION SPOT: Martha's Vineyard.

THORN IN THEIR SIDE: The Endeavor agency. After the 2001 departure of Patrick Whitesell (who took Matt Damon, Ben Affleck, and Drew Barrymore) to Endeavor, the taunting has continued: an Endeavor partner has been said to E-mail Lovett, "I'm taking another one of your clients. Can you guess which one?"

NEW, SOFTER APPROACH: Through CAA's foundation, employees have found themselves grouting sidewalks at L.A.'s public schools.

IN GENERAL: CAA's clients involved in *A Beautiful Mind* (Ron Howard, Brian Grazer, and Akiva Goldsman) cleaned up at the Oscars, bringing home four awards, including best picture and best director for Howard. The agency packaged the top-grossing picture of the year, *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone* ($965.8 million worldwide), and with names such as Tom Cruise, Steven Spielberg, and Brad Pitt on its roster, it remains the gold standard for representing talent. New signings ranged from hot youngsters (Hayden Christensen, Natalie Portman) to the A-list establishment (Michelle Pfeiffer, Sean Penn, Robin Williams, who had returned from AMG,


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and Arnold Schwarzenegger, who jumped from William Morris). Which brings us to the Schadenfreude moment of the year: the epic fall of Mike Ovitz, CAA's former chairman and premier turncoat.

YEAR AHEAD: ➶



HARVEY WEINSTEIN

HAIR: Brillo over broad dome.

SIGNATURE LOOK: Dark suit, dark shirt, inferred neck.

ALTER EGO: Bob Weinstein.

OFFICE DÉCOR: A cramped warren where the occupant is the main feature.

AMBITION: "Give up M&M's and lose 40 [pounds]."

PERK: Has assistants "pack [him] up."

PET CAUSE: Donated gymnasium at Paul Newman's Hole in the Wall Gang Camp.

MOTTO: "It's good that I'm the fucking sheriff of this lawless piece-of-shit town."

BOB WEINSTEIN

SIGNATURE LOOK: Dark suit, dark shirt, inferred neck.

LITTLE BUDDY: Kevin Williamson.

ALTER EGO: Harvey Weinstein.

IN GENERAL: Harvey's foray into publishing was short-lived when *Talk* folded last winter, after only 29 months. The company split $54 million in losses evenly with Hearst Magazines. The remaining books division has done well and should continue to, with upcoming memoirs from Rudy Giuliani and Madeleine Albright. But publishing is a footnote that obscured a good year in Miramax's core indie-movie biz (*In the Bedroom, Amélie*), which was only peppered with disappointments (*The Shipping News, Kate & Leopold*). The big question now is whether the more-than-$100-million *Gangs of New York* will be nearly as riveting as the much-denied tensions between Harvey and director Martin Scorsese. Meanwhile, little brother Bob, 48, and his Dimension Films unit continue to dribble out hits, *Spy Kids 2* being the latest. Expect Harvey, 50, to parlay the company's library into a Miramax cable channel.

YEAR AHEAD: ➶



NICKNAME: Marj-in-Charge.

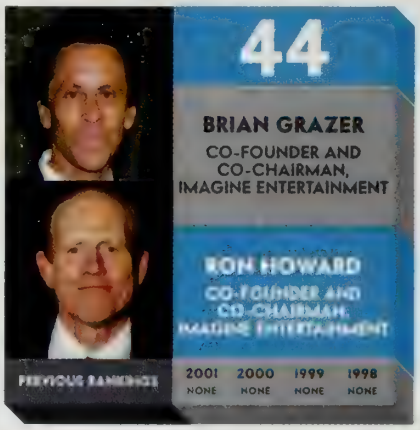
FASHION SENSE: The most stylish C.E.O. in the FTSE 100. But that's not saying much.

OFFICE DÉCOR: Sleek and white, with perfect view of the Thames.

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: The battered share price and the nutty Internet investments such as Business.com that abetted it.

IN GENERAL: The Texas-born Dame Commander—who officially became a British citizen this year—had the distinction of being ranked Britain's most powerful woman in a survey by *Management Today*. When the former *Economist* head took charge in 1997, her no-nonsense, plucky style wooed London's stodgy City. But early successes repositioning Pearson in education and on-line ventures have not helped the stock price weather the downturn very well. Scardino, 55, concedes that there is "no sign of recovery" in advertising at Pearson's *Financial Times* division, and flip-flopping on putting its business-magazine group up for sale did not ignite Pearson's deflated share price. Moreover, she was reported to have been sought as C.E.O. savior of AOL's Internet service, where she had once served as a director.

YEAR AHEAD: ➶



BRIAN GRAZER

HAIR: Finger in electrical socket.

SIGNATURE LOOK: Mad scientist.

OFFICE DÉCOR: Executive *Romper Room:* red sofas, cowboy hats, *Simpsons* cel.

THE OTHER HOWARD WITH WHOM HE ONCE WORKED CLOSELY: Grazer was a short-order cook at Howard Johnson's.

CRIB: Huge Cliff May house in Pacific Palisades, a 1930s bungalow where Gregory Peck once lived.

EXECUTIVE TIC: Takes in a great amount of fluids and is known for using the executive washroom frequently.

EXTRACURRICULAR: Calls up "interesting" people he reads about, such as Letitia Baldrige or Red Adair, for a chat.

RON HOWARD

POSTURES AS: Frank Capra 2000.

HAIR: Balding Scott Evil (or baseball-hat confidential).

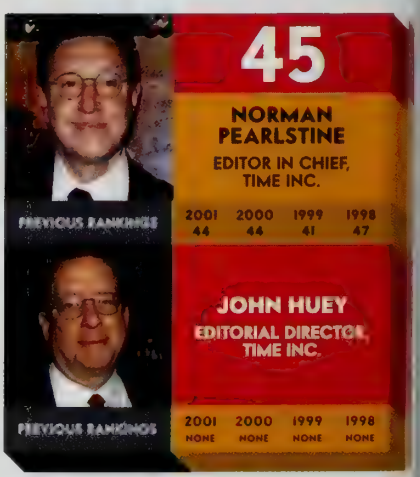
SIGNATURE LOOK: Regular guy.

CRIBS: Houses in Greenwich, Connecticut, and Armonk, New York.

MOTTO: "I'm not a good enough actor anymore to stand up here and make you believe that I haven't imagined this moment over the years and played it out about a thousand times"—Howard, upon accepting his best-director Oscar for *A Beautiful Mind* in 2002.

IN GENERAL: Grazer, 51, and Howard, 48, confirmed their place atop the Hollywood pantheon with the best-picture Oscar for *A Beautiful Mind.* They are in such high demand (their films have taken in more than $10.5 billion at the box office) that Disney almost gave them and actor Russell Crowe an unprecedented 25 percent share of the gross for the upcoming historical epic *The Alamo,* until the studio, with its profits and stock languishing, worried that it could no longer afford mega-talents Howard and Crowe. Imagine will still produce the film, at a lower budget, though. The company scored with *Blue Crush* and the hilarious blaxploitation satire *Undercover Brother.* Upcoming projects destined to ensure their continuing box-office hegemony: *8 Mile,* the Eminem movie, directed by Curtis Hanson; a live-action *The Cat in the Hat;* and a feature based on Hugh Hefner's Playboy empire.

YEAR AHEAD: ➶



NORMAN PEARLSTINE

DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC: Staunch defender of journalistic principle, which includes aggressive coverage of disastrous


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VANITY FAIR

parent-company merger by *Time* and *Fortune*.
BIG COOL FRIEND: James L. Brooks.
ROLE MODEL: Gene Roberts, former editor of *The Philadelphia Inquirer* and former managing editor of *The New York Times*.
PERK: Monthly selection of Warner Music Group CDs chosen by Warner music chief Roger Ames.
VEHICLE OF CHOICE: 1979 Porsche.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Including Gerald Levin in a November *Fortune* cover group picture about "The Smartest People We Know."

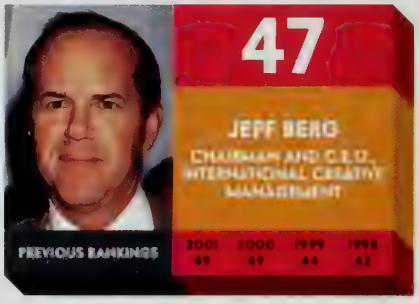
JOHN HUEY

POSTURES AS: Bull in a China Shop.
HAIR: Standard Rumsfeld.
BETTER KNOWN AS: The Hatchet Man.
EXECUTIVE TIC: Chronic air-guitaring.
MAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE: Lives in Charleston, South Carolina, and commutes to New York City.
SKELETON IN THE CLOSET: Was behind three magazine flops, *Southpoint* (a Southern monthly), the revamped *Money*, and *eCompany Now*.

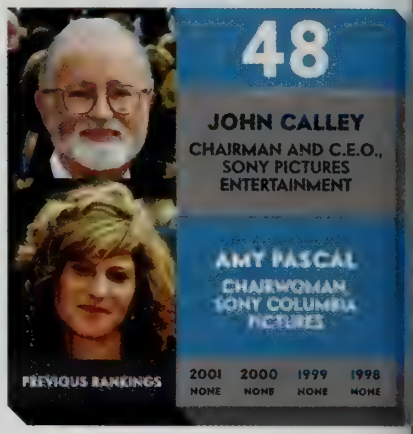
IN GENERAL: Pearlstine, 60, and Huey, 54, made more aggressive changes in one year than the nation's biggest magazine publisher had seen in some time. Huey, who replaced Walter Isaacson after he became chairman and C.E.O. of the CNN News Group, installed new top editors at *Sports Illustrated*, *People*, and *In Style*. Meanwhile, a British version of *In Style* is one of the few glimmers of synergy with recent acquisition IPC Media, publisher of *Marie Claire* and *Loaded*—but Pearlstine says that synergy was never the point. (Diversifying overseas was.) Pearlstine's next big adjustment is working for Ann Moore, whom Don Logan chose as his successor as Time Inc. C.E.O. when he became chairman of AOL Time Warner's newly formed Media & Communications Group. Since he joined Time Inc. in 1995, the number of titles under Pearlstine's aegis has grown from 45 to 140.
YEAR AHEAD: ➔



DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC: "The one you'd want to party with," says a former coworker.
RAISED EYEBROWS WHEN: William Morris took on as a client the American Association of Health Plans, a lobbying group whose members include the Aetna, CIGNA, and Oxford Health Plans insurance companies. The agency is helping them "build a bridge" with Hollywood. "We're not passing judgment on the political aspect of it," Wiatt explains. "We think we can help them in how they communicate."
NATURAL FOE: ICM chairman Jeff Berg.
STRESS-MANAGEMENT TOOL: Compulsive gumchewer, pausing only while on the phone.
EXECUTIVE TIC: Rolling calls in front of an audience of rapt junior agents.
LEGEND HAS IT: Some insiders believe the schism with Jeff Berg began when Wiatt started dating Berg's onetime assistant, Elizabeth Rieger, now Wiatt's wife.
IN GENERAL: Being part of the Naudet brothers' 9/11 documentary was "one of the proudest moments of my career," says Wiatt, 55, who brought the project to CBS. In addition, William Morris shored up its music division by acquiring the New York–based Premier Talent Agency (which represents Keith Richards and Tom Petty, among others), and it signed Val Kilmer and Darren Star. But that didn't make up for what the company had lost: namely, hotshot reality-TV agent Ben Silverman and clients John Woo and Arnold Schwarzenegger.
YEAR AHEAD: ➹



SIGNATURE LOOK: Suits from London designer Doug Hayward.
HOBBIES: Squash, sailing.
SWORN ENEMY: William Morris chief Jim Wiatt, his former number two at ICM.
FORCED TO PLAY DEFENSE WHEN: Wiatt offered more money to William Morris agents, forcing Berg to raise some ICM salaries.
MEANWHILE, ON MELROSE: His two teenage daughters sell their handmade hair accessories and jewelry at Fred Segal.
IN GENERAL: It was a banner year for ICM, which racked up a record 28 Oscar nominations and was responsible for packaging three of the biggest films of the year: *Moulin Rouge*, *Gosford Park*, and, most notably, *The Lord of the Rings*, which has grossed $850 million worldwide; sweeter still, Parts II and III are still to come. In publishing, ICM broke records, too, orchestrating for *Cold Mountain* author Charles Frazier an unprecedented $11 million deal for his next book and the film rights.
YEAR AHEAD: ➹



JOHN CALLEY

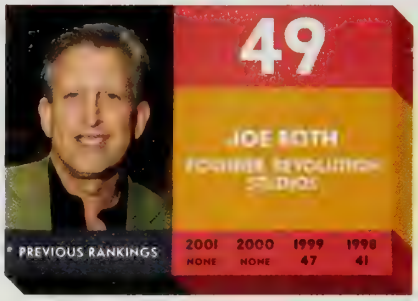
SIGNATURE LOOK: Éminence grise in tweed
CAN BE PROUD OF: *Spider-Man*'s record opening, whopping both *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone* and *Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones*.
MAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE: Did not redecorate the studio executives' suites, the traditional mark of an incoming chief. Instead, he kept intact his predecessor's lavish, palace-like workspace.
BIG COOL FRIEND: Mike Nichols.
PRINT THE LEGEND: He once toiled as a janitor and an ink-factory worker.

AMY PASCAL

DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC: Hair is said to act as a weather vane, gauging her mood. Straight—dark; curly—light.
SIGNIFICANT OTHER/CONFLICT OF INTEREST: Married to *New York Times* entertainment reporter Bernard Weinraub.
BIG START-UP: Sony Pictures launched a feature animation unit to try to compete with rivals' computer-generated hits, such as *Shrek* and *Monsters, Inc.*
NEWFOUND WISDOM: If you produce good movies that people actually go to see, your marketing department doesn't have to make up positive blurbs.

IN GENERAL: With a global box-office take approaching an industry record this year on the strength of *Panic Room*, *Spider-Man*, *Men in Black II*, *Mr. Deeds* and *Stuart Little 2*, 72-year-old Calley could easily go on top when his contract expires in March 2003. And he has natural successors in Pascal, 44, or, more likely, Joe Roth, who the unofficial designee to Calley's chair and whose Revolution Studios has close ties to Sony (Revolution co-produced *XXX*). But Sony boss Howard Stringer says that Calley could extend his contract yet again, the time until 2005. "I'm not urging John to leave," he says. That could rub Roth the wrong way. In the meantime, new mother Pascal is no longer dissed as a purveyor of "chick flicks." "When the movies work," she notes, "nobody calls them that."
YEAR AHEAD: ➔


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POSTURES AS: The Man Who Can Make Movies for $10 Million Less Than Everyone Else.

OFFICE DÉCOR: A plasma screen mounted above an antique *tansu* chest.

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: *The Animal, The One,* and *Tomcats.*

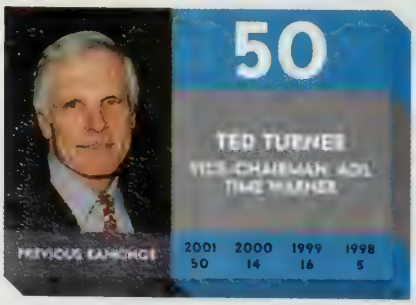
SWORN ENEMY: Michael Eisner, his former boss at Disney, who, in a recent *GQ* article, bad-mouths him.

RED-DIAPER-BABY ROOTS: During his childhood on Long Island, his Jewish Communist parents sued so he wouldn't have to pray in school—and fought on despite death threats and cross burnings.

SKELETON IN THE CLOSET: Directed *Revenge of the Nerds II.*

IN GENERAL: Roth, 54, who had famous runs as the head of film production for both Fox and Disney, has re-emerged with his own studio, Revolution, enjoying financial backing from Sony, Rupert Murdoch, and John Malone. Revolution's first crop had $100 million hits with *Black Hawk Down* and *America's Sweethearts* (which Roth himself directed, his first time behind the camera in more than a decade). This summer, his spy thriller *XXX* had a $44 million opening weekend, and is spawning a sequel. He has ongoing deals with top-name talents—Julia Roberts, Adam Sandler, Bruce Willis—and the money to make six films a year through 2006. He's the likely successor to Sony's film boss John Calley, though many insiders wonder why he would ever leave such an enviably independent setup.

YEAR AHEAD: ➔



SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Assorted faux pas regarding Christians and terrorism.

BIGGEST TOY: 1.75 million acres of land, most of it ranch.

VEHICLE OF CHOICE: Chevy Suburban with I ♥ THE HUMANS bumper sticker.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO ANIMAL HUSBANDRY: The bison at Turner's Vermejo Park Ranch in New Mexico are "genetically pure" and could hold the key to curing foot-and-mouth disease. He is also helping to fund the effort to save the Chiricahua leopard frog from extinction.

MAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE: Often spotted on city streets picking up litter.

STAB AT IMMORTALITY, ASIDE FROM DONATING $1 BILLION TO THE U.N.: Believes, it is said, that his Goodwill Games ended the Cold War.

IN GENERAL: Turner, 63, the largest individual shareholder in AOL Time Warner, has watched his stake shrink by many billions since the merger was announced. Just as he should have been basking in nemesis Gerald Levin's departure, which he helped make happen, the company—especially Turner's beloved CNN—was attempting to distance itself from Turner's *mauvais mot* to a British journalist that Israelis and Palestinians are "both terrorising each other." When it comes to deeds, Turner remains occupied on a range of philanthropic and corporate fronts, including the launch of Ted's Montana Grill, his bisonburger chain. AOL Time Warner C.E.O. Dick Parsons asked him to help sort out Time Warner Entertainment, the messy cable and studio partnership AOL has with AT&T. In August, the companies announced that they would unravel their partnership in an estimated $9 billion deal.

SHARE-VALUE LOSS: $5.4 billion.

YEAR AHEAD: ➘

—By Alan Deutschman, Richard Siklos, David Margolick, Evgenia Peretz, Richard Rushfield and Adam Leff. Reporting by Heather Fink

THE HOLDING PEN

SOME NEW ESTABLISHMENT NAMES WHO HAVE LOST YARDAGE OR HAVE TEMPORARILY STEPPED OUT OF THE GAME

JEAN-MARIE MESSIER (last year's rank: 7). Ousted in July by Vivendi Universal's board, led by Edgar Bronfman Jr., after the company's debt soared and the stock price plummeted.

THOMAS MIDDELHOFF (last year's rank: 13). Clashed with the Bertelsmann family over whether to take the company public; forced out at the end of July.

PETER OLSON (last year's rank: 13). Runs the world's largest book publisher. A record number of best-sellers, including *Seabiscuit* and the Pulitzer-winning *Empire Falls*, should improve the company's year-over-year results.

BOB PITTMAN (last year's rank: 8). Failed to deliver on promises announced at the time of the AOL–Time Warner merger—especially his pet cause of centralizing the company's ad-selling operations.

MARTHA STEWART (last year's rank: 36). Under investigation for insider trading with regard to the timely sale of 3,928 shares of ImClone Systems. The scandal sent shares in Stewart's company plummeting.

THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT: THE FUTURE IN THE BULLPEN...

CARLETON S. FIORINA, chairwoman and C.E.O, Hewlett-Packard. Won the battle to merge Hewlett-Packard and Compaq after an eight-month fight. Combined company now the No. 1 P.C. maker in the world, controlling 17 percent of the market.

JAMES GIANOPULOS AND TOM ROTHMAN, chairman and C.E.O., president and C.O.O., Twentieth Century Fox. No. 2 film studio in market share. Recent releases: *Star Wars: Episode II, Minority Report, Road to Perdition.*

BRAD GREY, chairman and C.E.O., Brillstein-Grey Entertainment. Manages 160 clients. Behind *The Sopranos* and *Just Shoot Me.* Signed a deal with Fox's TV studio to develop prime-time shows.

ALLEN GRUBMAN, founding partner, Grubman Indursky & Schindler, P.C. High-powered entertainment lawyer whose clients include Madonna, U2, and DreamWorks. (Disclosure: Grubman also represents the editor of this magazine.)

JAMIE KELLNER, chairman and C.E.O., Turner Broadcasting System. Oversees news and entertainment networks. Vocal ally of Bob Pittman. Speculation about tensions between Kellner and AOL Time Warner's Jeff Bewkes, who was his equal before being promoted, has calmed.

MICHAEL LYNNE AND ROBERT SHAYE, co-chairmen, co-C.E.O.'s, New Line Cinema. Distributors of *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy and the *Austin Powers* franchise.

TOMMY MOTTOLA, chairman and C.E.O., Sony Music Entertainment. Runs the world's second-largest music company. At war with Michael Jackson, who has blamed Sony for the poor sales of *Invincible.*

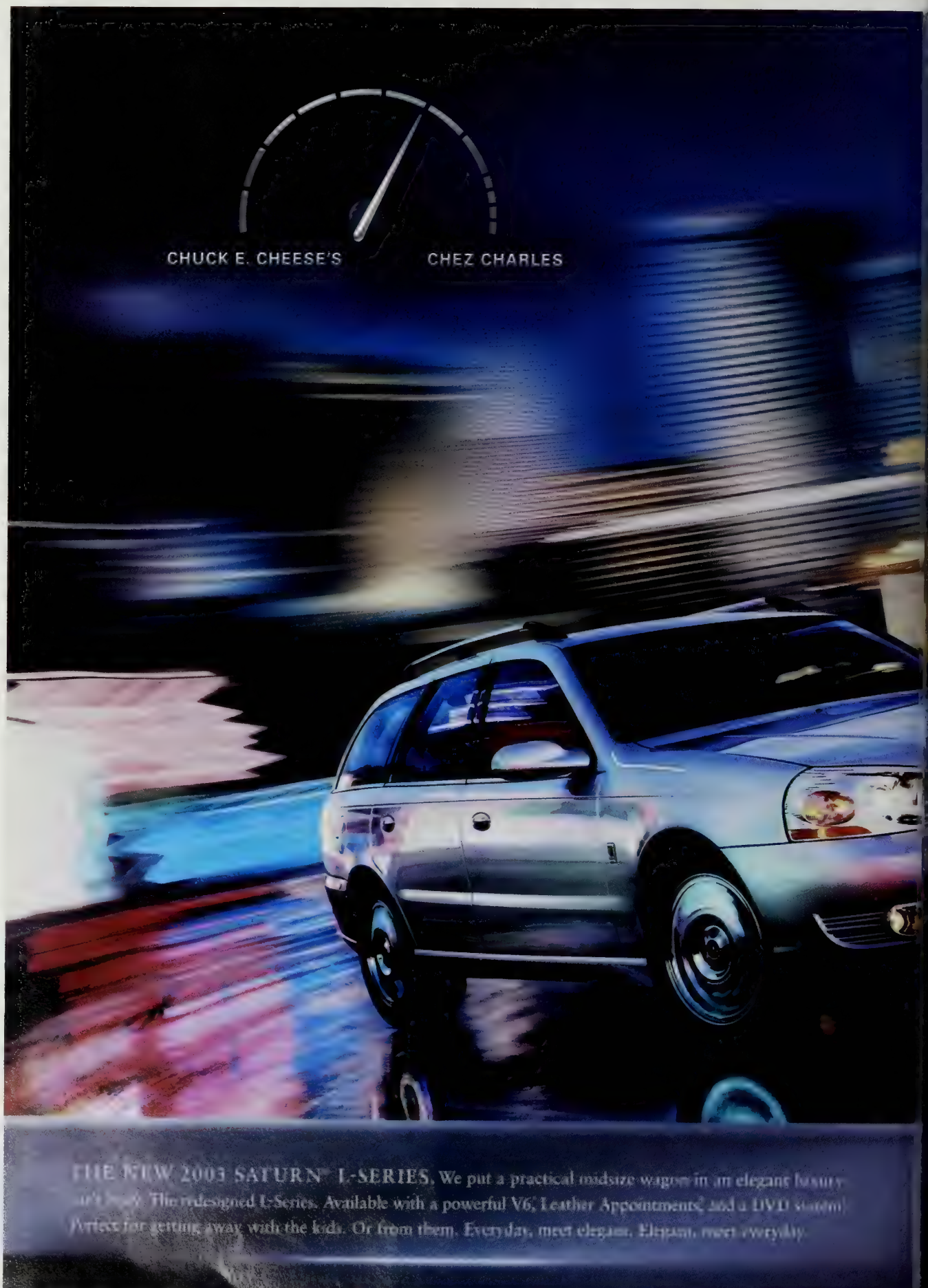
MARY-KATE AND ASHLEY OLSEN, co-founders, Dualstar Entertainment Group. Set to become co-presidents of their company. Their TV shows, movies, books and magazines, clothes, and dolls bring in sales of $500 million. Next: a girls' sportswear line, expected to up sales to a billion dollars.

"In a million years, it would never occur to Chandler that he is a dog."

—LORRAINE BRACCO



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VANITIES



★ This Month ★

ED COASTER
INTRODUCING DAHLIA COASTER, VANITY FAIR ART-DEPARTMENT INTERN

GEORGE WAYNE
ONE-ON-ONE WITH ACTOR JOHN RITTER

NEAL POLLACK
EXCLUSIVE EXCERPTS OF EXCERPTS FROM TELL-ALL: A MEDIA MEMOIR

Plus:
WHAT'S OUT, WHAT'S IN, DAME EDNA, AND MORE

Josh Lucas

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 31, actor. **PROVENANCE:** Fayetteville, Arkansas. **THE CONNELLY CONNECTION:** Though he's appeared in *American Psycho* and *The Deep End*, you probably recognize him from his role as John Nash's Princeton classmate Martin Hansen in *A Beautiful Mind* with last month's cover girl, Jennifer Connelly, and Russell Crowe. "[Russell Crowe] is tremendously challenging. But no matter what kind of madness or difficulty an actor brings to it, if they're inspiring you, I don't care how they work or what their approach is." **SOUTHERN MAN:** This month Lucas returns to his southern-boy roots—and twang—in *Sweet Home Alabama*, starring Reese Witherspoon. "I worked with a voice coach for years to take certain sounds out of my accent. Oddly enough, that was the same woman they hired for *Sweet Home Alabama* to do dialect coaching: 'O.K., now, that sound we got rid of, let's bring it back.'" **WE'RE GREEN WITH ENVY:** Later this fall, Lucas can be seen alongside Sean Penn in *The Weight of Water*, and he's currently filming Ang Lee's *The Hulk*, starring Eric Bana in the title role, and . . . Jennifer Connelly

—KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM WRIGHT





TOD'S

MADE IN ITALY

VANITIES

EDWIN COASTER July 30, 2002

Dear Graydon:

Thank you for reanimating my contract, and for the advance DVD of The Kid Stays in the Picture. It was ... pretty good, though not half as watchable as the Maysles brothers' '74 documentary about me, Penprick. (Maybe you can get USA Films to acquire and re-release it—it'd be a much bigger deal.) Anyhoo, while I'm beavering away on Bilge of the Soul: My Journey Through Being Difficult, I have a small favorino to ask of you. You'll remember my daughter Dahlia, from that fling with the Aeromexico stew I had between wives three and four? Believe it or not, the girl is now a beautiful woman of 19, and a graphic-design major at Rhode Island School of Design, on temporary leave for minor disciplinary reasons. (What's the world coming to when you can't smoke dope at art school?) Our beloved mutual agent, Andrew Wylie, says he's certain you could find an internship spot for my darling Dahlia in your art department. She'll be sending you a note this week. She's currently living in Providence with her Brownie boyfriend, Prince Anton Loofa Moretto-Tafelspitz of Andorra, but she can shack up with her mother on the Upper East Side for the duration of her V.F. employment. Maybe she can hang out with your boys, too!

Best,

Ed

RISD RHODE ISLAND SCHOOL OF DESIGN PROVIDENCE, RI, 0290

Mr. Grayson Carter
Vanity Fair
Conde Nasté Publicaions
4 Times Square
NYC 10036

8 August 2002

Dear Grayson:

Hi—I'm Ed Coaster's daughter Dahlia. We went to your lake house once and you grilled sausage. I'm majoring in graphic design at RISD and am looking for an internship. I really want to work in the film or fashion industry but magazines are cool too, and your the only magazine editor I know. I have been at RISD for 3 semesters so I know a lot about design, plus I can do Adobe Photo Shop. Thank you for considering me for this position. I would like to work with David LaShapell if at all possible.

Sincerely,

DAHLIA COASTER

CC: Mr. Chris Garrett managing editor

Chris—Can you speak to her? —G.

VANITY FAIR

DAVID HARRIS
DESIGN DIRECTOR

Graydon:

Under no circumstances will I continue to have Dahlia Coaster in my department. She swans in every morning around 11, wearing her little T's and smelling of Rothman's cigarettes. She proceeds to spend all he time on the phone, loudly planning her weekends with "Anton" while leafing through my copies of *W* and *Visionaire*. When I have the audacit ask her to run an errand, she acts as if I've demanded that she climb K2 with a fucking Toyota strapped to her back. Yesterday I asked her to bring me an iced coffee. She sighed, sulked, rolled her eyes, disappeared for about 40 minutes, and returned with a hot coffee. When I called her on this she looked at me like I was an idiot and said, "You just ... put some ice in it. Fridge's over there." I stood there seething for about 30 seconds before I noticed she was still staring at me, her mouth slightly open. She smiled and said, "You know, you kinda look like that guy on *Will and Grace*." Like nothing had happened! Last week I sent her down to the library to pull some archival photos for Amy Fine Collins's story on Capucine. She came back six hours later with precisely one color Xerox—of a capuchin monkey. And then this morning, Risko comes in to drop off his artwork for New Establishment. Our Miss Coaster is looking over his shoulder while he's showing me his stuff and I'm singing its praises. And Dahlia says to him, "Why do you always have to draw everyone so, like, pointy?" Needless to say, Risko stormed out to the elevators without so much as a good-bye. He still hasn't returned any of my apologetic messages. Graydon, this girl is *toxic*—the worst daughter of a famous person we've had yet. She doesn't deserve a name as pretty as Dahlia—how about Lupin, or Flytrap?

David

The Coaster Correspondence

More of the very expensive words of Edwin John Coaster, contributing editor



ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER


Liz claiborne
Great lengths... Liz knows.

GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

Keeping company with John Ritter

When people think "sitcom," many think of *Three's Company,* its swinging 70s characters, and the undercurrents of sexual tension that ran through it about as subtly as a charging rhino. Its star was John Ritter, an actor who has shown a lot of range in his subsequent career, but never again such tight shorts. As his new ABC series, *8 Simple Rules . . .*, debuts, he sounds off on Robert Kennedy, his contretemps with Suzanne Somers, and his dream of becoming the Dodgers' first-baseman.



George Wayne: *Both your parents, Tex Ritter and Dorothy Fay, were actors, and you grew up wanting to be a politician.*

John Ritter: Yes, I wanted to be a senator from California. Either that or first-baseman for the Dodgers. I was student-body president of Hollywood High School, but when I got to college in 1968, Bobby Kennedy was assassinated and I'd been campaigning for him, and it took the wind out of my sails. I was absolutely devastated. And Martin Luther King had been shot and I just didn't know what I wanted to do. I was so furious, I didn't know what to do with my rage. And someone suggested I come study with the acting teacher Nina Foch. She and John Blankenchip turned me away from my foolish pursuit of politics. And then later, when my artistic idol John Lennon was assassinated, I went into a very dark period. I was like, "Oh, you mean the guy who wrote 'All You Need Is Love' and 'Give Peace a Chance' is shot?"

G.W. *Do you think that you'd have had a more interesting Hollywood career if you were movie-star handsome? Do you think that mega-success in Hollywood is based more on looks than acting ability?*

J.R. I don't know. You can make an argument pro or con. I think that Dustin Hoffman is one of the greatest, most successful Hollywood film actors who ever lived. . . . As opposed to being a big star, I'd rather have a career that lasts.

G.W. *Is it true that you and Suzanne Somers couldn't stand each other? That you thought she was an overrated mess?*

J.R. No, I never thought she was an overrated mess. As a matter of fact, she just wrote me a wonderful thank-you letter for what I said about her on A&E's *Biography.* She and I have made up. I think there were a lot of hard feelings during the split, when she left [*Three's Company*]. And she's had some medical problems, but I wish her the best of health, and I think she's doing real fine now. . . . I think she is basically, deep down, a good person.

G.W. *If you were to do an infomercial, like Suzanne Somers's, what would it be for?*

J.R. The thing that drives me crazy is that Suzanne has this thing called the Thigh-Master—and that's what she used to call me! And I resent the fact that she named this machine after what I used to do. She used to try to bend my knees together, and they just wouldn't go. I was rock-hard in those days, George—rock-hard.

G.W. *So I've heard. I've been reading about you and your sexual prowess, John.*

J.R. George, I don't want to go there. I don't know what you're talking about.

G.W. *You've never read the book* You'll Never Make Love in This Town Again*?*

J.R. No, that's absolute bull. I wouldn't get into that, because there are legal things and all that, but thank you anyway. I appreciate the thought.

G.W. *So what do you think has been the greatest acting accolade you have ever received?*

J.R. I was really proud to be part of the ensemble to receive an Outer Critics Circle Award for *The Dinner Party,* and to be involved in *Sling Blade.*

G.W. *You got rave reviews for your role in* Sling Blade.

J.R. That was really a wonderful role, and I'm doing another movie with Billy Bob called *Bad Santa.*

G.W. *I thought you would be most proud of getting your star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame next to your father's.*

J.R. Oh yeah, that's pretty good. I forgot about that, but basically I'm just happy to be a working actor.

G.W. *A very rich working actor. What about directing or producing?*

J.R. Right now I just want to concentrate on the acting.

G.W. *So why don't you want to talk about Tiffany? [*You'll Never Make Love in This Town Again, *page 224.]*

J.R. I can't.

G.W. *But you should have your say about this, John.*

J.R. I have a family, and I don't want to get into that. It's very hurtful. I haven't spoken about that, and I have no comment on that. Please, George, please.



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Ask Dame Edna



"Dear Dame Edna . . . How would you spend Grandma's little bonanza? . . ."

Dear Dame Edna,

My grandmother, bless her kind heart, just gave me a tax-free gift of $10,000. My best friend is trying to persuade me to go in with him on a Hamptons share. But I'm also considering (1) bumming around Europe for a few months, (2) redecorating my apartment, (3) buying a Buell motorcycle. How would you spend Grandma's little bonanza? And, more to the point, which of these plans would attract the most and the best-looking babes?

Ten-Thousand-Dollar Tom, Brooklyn

Dear Ten-Thousand-Dollar Tom,

The best way to spend a bonanza is to splurge. Forget the Hamptons; they're boring and full of the ugly rich. For babes, and I assume you mean mature, consenting adults with jaded sexual appetites, forget Europe too. These days it's mostly Russian tarts with Moscow Mafia hit men lurking in the background. Come to Los Angeles, where everyone is on the make. Hang around the Peninsula, L'Ermitage, and the Mondrian in your Etro leisurewear with a pile of old scripts in your lap and tell those pulchritudinous pool prowlers you've got something very exciting "in development." Foolproof—and you might not even have to spend a dime of your inheritance.

Dear Dame Edna,

My daughter, who just finished fifth grade, was invited to a classmate's enormous house in East Hampton for a weekend all-girl slumber party. Before she can go, however, we have been asked to sign a four-page release form protecting the wheeler-dealer host from liability, etc. I'm outraged by this demand. On the other hand, I don't want my child to feel like I'm spoiling all her fun.

Party-Pooper Mom, New York

Dear Party-Pooper Mom,

We are living in a spooky old world run by lawyers. I ought to know, since I was the brains behind Ally McBeal. *Sign no waivers, Possum. Have the party at your place. I speak from experience. My daughter Valmai went to an all-girl slumber party in Australia many years ago against my wishes, and she's never been the same since. She had a perfectly nice bed at home, so why sleep under someone else's roof, I asked. Let's just say no one slumbered at that party. She came home three days later with unshaven legs, three tattoos, and curtain rings in her left eyebrow, reciting the works of Jeanette Winterson. Needless to say, my troubled child now needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle. East Hampton and vulgarity go hand in hand. You ought to know that by now.*

Dear Dame Edna,

Last summer I had a guest at my country house who had an assignation with my gardener. I want to invite my friend back this year, but I want to keep her out of the potting shed this time. Can I be frank with her? Please advise.

Lady Chatterley's Friend, Falls Village, Connecticut

Dear Lady Chatterley's Friend,

It is absolutely taboo to play doctors and nurses, trains and tunnor for that matter pots and seedlings with other people's help. Gardeners are notorious, however, and every woman should bewar the green finger when it shows itself.

Dear Dame Edna,

My friends are always giving me vegetables from their garden *entire boxes* full of zucchini and tomatoes. Is there a way t let them know that I compost 80 percent of their offerings?

Overflowing with Produce, Southfield, Massachusett

Dear Produce,

It's a fact of life that most gifts get trashed or given away minute after the giver has gone home. You're lucky your friends give you use ful veggies to nourish your garden. Imagine what I get: signed copie of unreadable novels that I can't even send to the patients in m Prostate Foundation in case word gets back to Gore, Norman, or Tom hideous glass objects in pale-blue boxes from a tourist shop on Fift Avenue; and ghastly garments which someone has spent years knittin or embroidering. There's always a catch with these too, because the always want a signed snap of me wearing them. Have you eve thought of making chutney with your surplus veggies? Then you ca start giving these back to your friends in industrial quantities. You find that pretty soon their unwelcome cornucopia will run dry.

Dear Dame Edna,

You've had a charmed career, especially in America. How hav you thanked the people, agents, producers, etc., who have giv en you breaks?

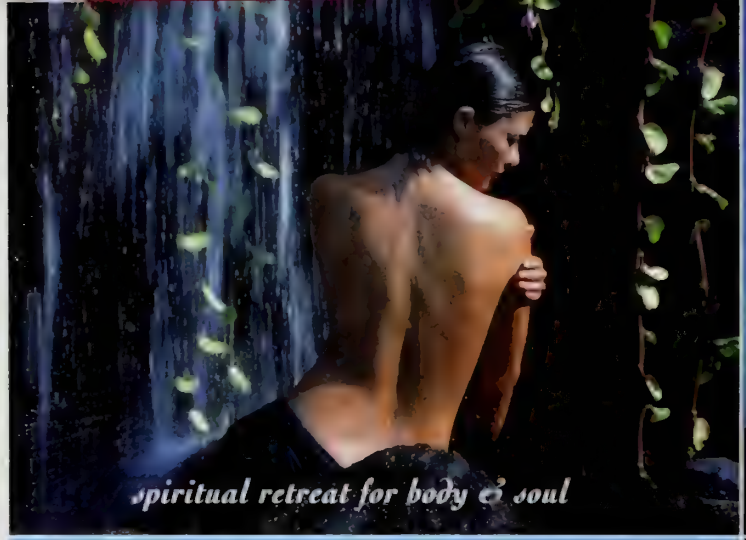
Gratitude in Greenville, South Carolin

Dear Gratitude,

Frankly, I haven't. I was born successful, but you'd be amazed a the number of people who think that if it weren't for them I'd be nobody. They'll always rewrite history, poor darlings. They sing lik canaries to downscale journalists who wind them up about my ingra itude, and then they whimper when I snap shut the steel jaws of m purse on their delving fingers. I'm afraid it's I who's put them on th map. Call me old-fashioned.

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DESROSIERS

Snowfall

- 3 muddled* fresh vanilla beans
- 3 oz. Vikingfjord vo
- 1 oz. simple syrup**
- 1 oz. half & half

Shake with ice, strain serve up in a martini with a sugar rim.

* To muddle, cut vanilla bean crush them against the side bottom of a glass with a w muddler or the back of a sp

** 1 part sugar dissolved in a boiling water, then cooled.

CORY DESROSIERS, Bar Manager, Lot 61

Serves as many as 400 drinks a night. Can't complain about the female customers who throw themselves at him, but has already found himself a good woman. Thinks people too often forget their social graces. Can't tolerate ignorance and racism. Always looking for opportunities to be creative. Finds them in photography and mixing drinks. Takes interesting people and makes them more interesting in his photography. Does the same thing for drinks when bartending.



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STYLE. STYLE. STYLE.

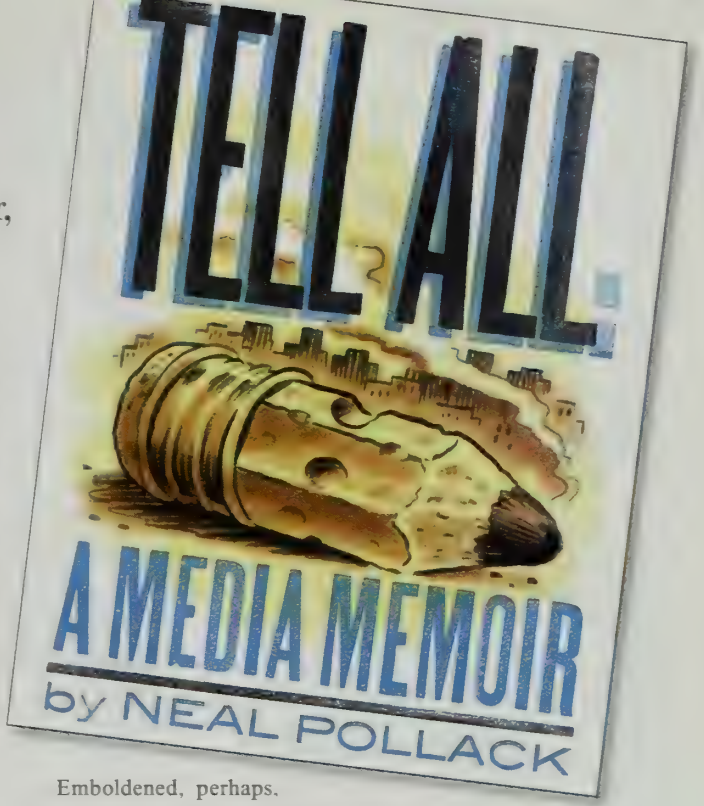
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Tina! Oprah! Howell!

The ultimate name-dropping media memoir, by Neal Pollack



Imagine a talented, idealistic writer-editor, just 10 years out of college, adrift in the biggest media boom in the history of the world. Imagine his friends, young, good-looking, mostly white, and ready to succeed at any cost. Imagine the sex they would have had, the rugs they would have taken, if only they hadn't been working all the time. Well, you don't need to imagine. Because *Tell-All: A Media Memoir* tells all about that wild world, and beyond.

Even as the shadow of war loomed over the United States like a dark, looming shadow, my friends and I frolicked in the fickle sun of the New York media milieu. We knew that the fun had to end, but we also thought that it would go on forever. How naïve we were! How foolish! Below you'll find excerpts from excerpts about my adventures, when the lions of media hungrily snapped at my butt, never caring if I lived or died, rarely drawing blood.

This is an important book. In the end, it's the story of one man's coming-of-age, and of the age in which he came. I hope you enjoy.

OCTOBER 1, 1999

It was my first assignment for *Talk* magazine—fact-checking photo credits for a feature on Warren Beatty—and I wanted to do it right. They'd put me in a far-corner cubicle, which was actually in the far corner of another cubicle. Suddenly, an eerie, robotic voice filled the office.

"Tina wishes to meet with the staff," it said. "NOW!!!!"

I stashed my copy of *Maxim* in a drawer, zipped up my pants, and hurried to the conference room.

There Tina Brown perched, on a velvet throne that seemed to hover over the table. Her staff sat on stiff-backed wooden chairs. You could have traveled across Europe for three weeks using the bags under their eyes. Several of them wept openly.

"I'm throwing out all the articles for this issue," she said.

"But our deadline is tomorrow!" said an editor.

Tina pushed a button on her chair. The editor disappeared through a hole in the floor.

"Any other objections?" she said. "I thought not. We need something hot. Something v. hot."

Emboldened, perhaps, by the three drinks I'd had at lunch, I said, "Hey, baby, why not climb aboard my wonder pole? It'll be v. v. hot!"

Later, after our bitter lovemaking ended, Tina said, "You're fired."

APRIL 15, 2000

James Cramer, hedge-fund manager and founder of TheStreet.com, had hired me away from Inside.com, where I'd been covering morning television's coverage of evening television. I sat in his office, which was strewn. Paper came out of vast wall tickers, blew upward out of slots on the floor. In the air, great holographic numbers floated over Cramer's head. Using a virtual-reality glove, making broad swoops with his hand, he manipulated them around.

"I don't understand," he said. "It all computed this morning. Must be a flaw in the program."

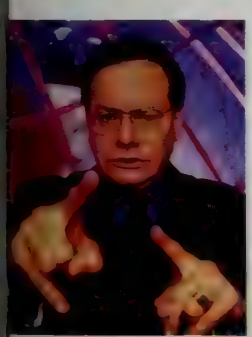
"You wanted to see me, sir?" I said.

He removed his green eyeshade.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Listen, I don't want to pry into your personal business dealings . . . "

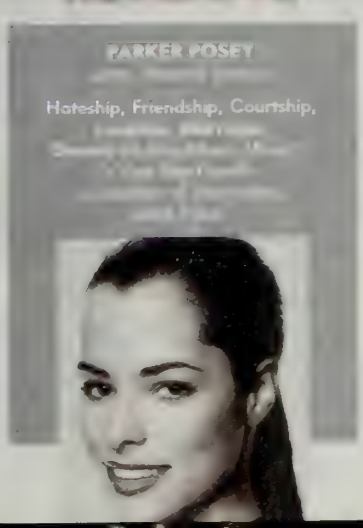
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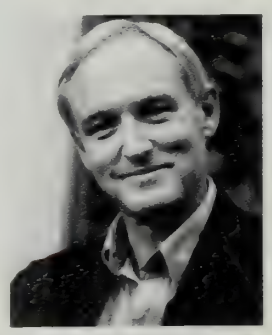
NIGHT TABLE READING



LEWIS BLACK
comedian, Daily Show commentator

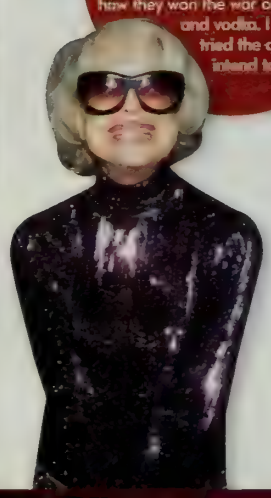
The Informant: A True Story, by Kurt Eichenwald (Broadway). "A perfect book to read in light of the recent headlines, as it gives a human face to corporate greed and excess. It left my mind reeling at the turn of every page."





CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY
author, No Way to Treat a First Lady (Random House)

Theophilus North, by Thornton Wilder (HarperCollins). "I'm writing the introduction to a reissue of it. It's a total gem by a real gent of the old school."



CAROL CHANNING
actor; author, Just Lucky I Guess (Simon & Schuster)

War and Peace, by Leo Tolstoy (Viking). "I'm rereading it—it's one of my favorite books. I'm fascinated how they won the war on raw turnips and vodka. I haven't tried the diet, but I intend to."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 301

"Pry away," I said.

"But is it true that you created a fake company, held a $2 million I.P.O., wrote a column about yourself, and then dumped all your stocks the next day?"

"Yep!" I said. "Isn't that great?"

"Well," he said, "yes and no. If this gets on *MediaNews,* we're fucked."

"But I'm rich!" I said. "And you told me at my informational interview that wealth trumps integrity every time!"

"Don't quote me on that," said Cramer. "You're fired."

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"The books editor will report to the helipad immediately!" it said.

I took the elevator to the roof. There was Oprah, in the passenger seat of her personal helicopter. She looked wonderful, and I told her so.

"Thanks," she said, but then, in her Oprah-like way, got to the point. She held up a manuscript.

"Did you recommend this novel for my book club?"

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"But you wrote it," she said.

"Yep!"

"It's about a junior magazine editor plotting to kill his boss, who's also a famous talk-show host."

"So?"

"You're fired."

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"Hello," he said. "I'm working very hard on my novel in a soundproof room."

"We must destroy the book club," I said. "It's time to begin Phase Two."

SEPTEMBER 10, 2001

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"I'm your boss."

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As I staggered toward Ninth Avenue, where another cocktail awaited me, I thought, News is dead!







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VANITY FAIR
OCTOBER 2002

THE PARAMOUNT CENTURY

Somewhere, Cecil B. DeMille was smiling. To mark Paramount's 90th anniversary, ANNIE LEIBOVITZ called out directions to a crowd that was all stars and no extras—Tom Cruise and Michael Douglas, Sidney Poitier and Al Pacino, Charlton Heston and Jane Russell—for the historic foldout portrait on these pages. Afterward, DOMINICK DUNNE joined the party

In mid-July, I flew out to Los Angeles, where Paramount Studios was celebrating its 90th anniversary. Annie Leibovitz was photographing 90 celebrities who had been in Paramount productions over the years for *Vanity Fair,* lining them all up in front of the famous studio gates, which are among Hollywood's most recognizable landmarks and which have been featured in countless movies, most unforgettably in Billy Wilder's *Sunset Boulevard.* I've been fascinated by movie stars from the time I was 7, and at 76 I still am. I love to listen to them talk together. They understand one another and can discuss things they couldn't with other people, about fame and its pitfalls and the publicness of their private lives.

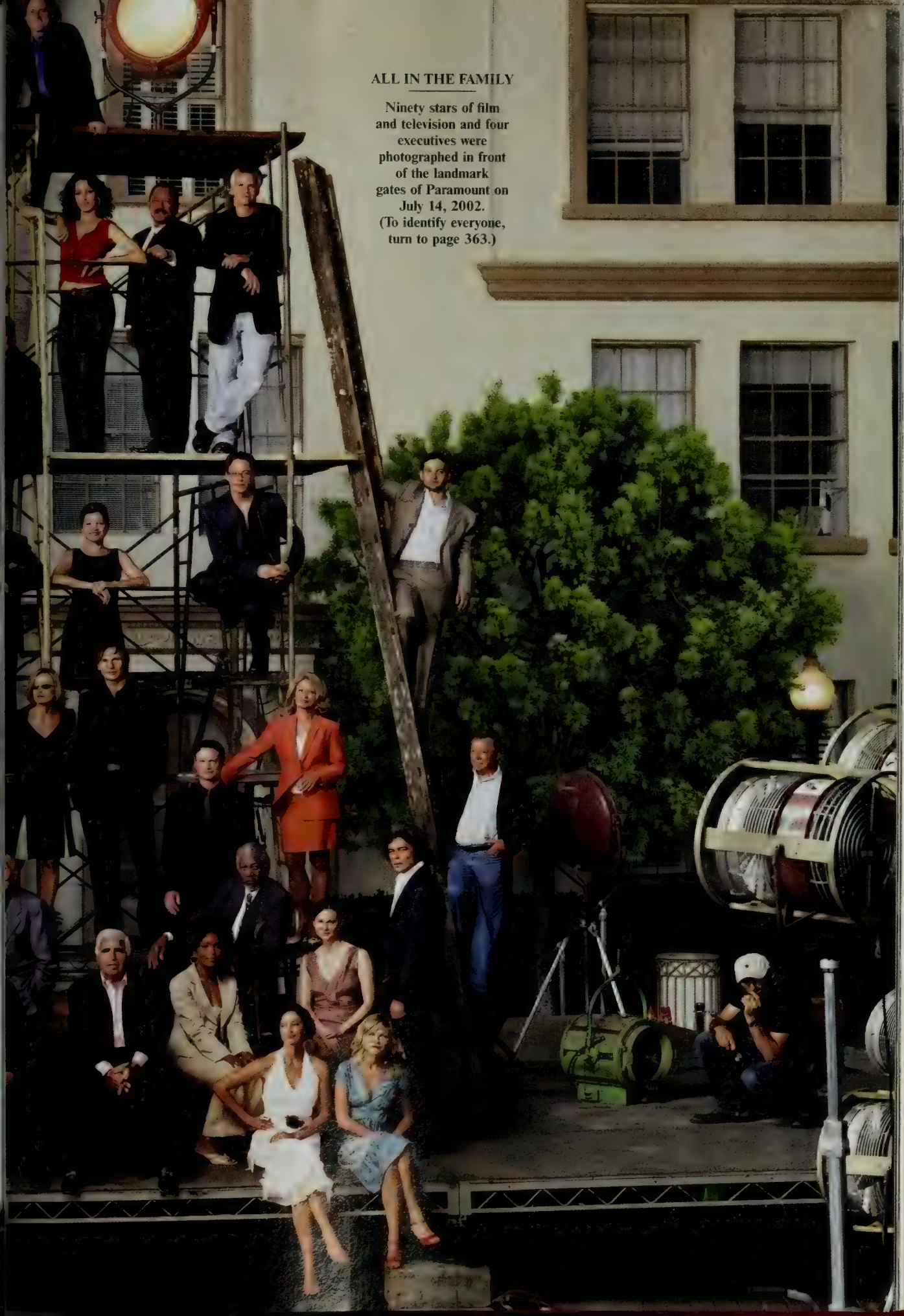
I had a personal motivation for wanting to be present at this photo shoot. My own Hollywood career ended in 1973 at Paramount, where I produced my last movie, *Ash Wednesday,* starring Elizabeth Taylor, at the peak of her great beauty, and Henry Fonda. The picture was a flop, but the drama involved in the making of it was formidable. Robert Evans, who is enjoying a late-life renaissance with the success of his filmed autobiography, *The Kid Stays in the Picture,* was running Paramount at the time, with Peter Bart, now the editor in chief of *Variety,* as his ever present right-hand man. My relationship with them went sour on that picture, but I won't go into that here. Suffice it to say that Bob Evans, whom I knew before he was famous, and I made up a year or two ago when we ran into each other at a Hollywood party. So I was dying to go out, and I did, and I had a great time.

Watching Annie Leibovitz work must be like what it was to watch Cecil B. DeMille direct one of his spectacles. Her mind is totally focused. Scaffolding had been built in front of the gates, and the day before, she had rehearsed with 90 stand-ins, carefully numbering and positioning them. Calling 90 stars to attention at once is no mean feat, but she did it, standing on a tall platform, with her platoon of assistants and three cameras shooting simultaneously. The fact is that Annie is as big a star in her field as any of them is in pictures, and they respected her and seemed to enjoy being part of the event. "Nicolas Cage, do you want to turn more toward Anjelica Huston?" she would call out, or "Liam Neeson, could you move a little to your right, closer to Jessica Lange?" After many small adjustments—"Charlton Heston, stay right there where you are . . . Jim Carrey, stop wiggling . . . Tom Cruise, face around a little more this way"—she said "Perfect" and then shot the picture several times. It was all done in about 25 minutes, and then the party started—outdoors, by candlelight, on a set where Cecil B. DeMille had shot *The Ten Commandments.* There was an enormous blue cyclorama on which, following dessert, stills from Paramount movies were projected, starting back at the beginning, while a 76-piece studio orchestra played theme music. Sherry Lansing, the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 363

PLEASE LIFT PAGE

STYLED BY BRUCE PASK SET DESIGN BY RICK FLOYD FOR DETAILS SEE CREDITS PAGE



ALL IN THE FAMILY

Ninety stars of film and television and four executives were photographed in front of the landmark gates of Paramount on July 14, 2002. (To identify everyone, turn to page 363.)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 301

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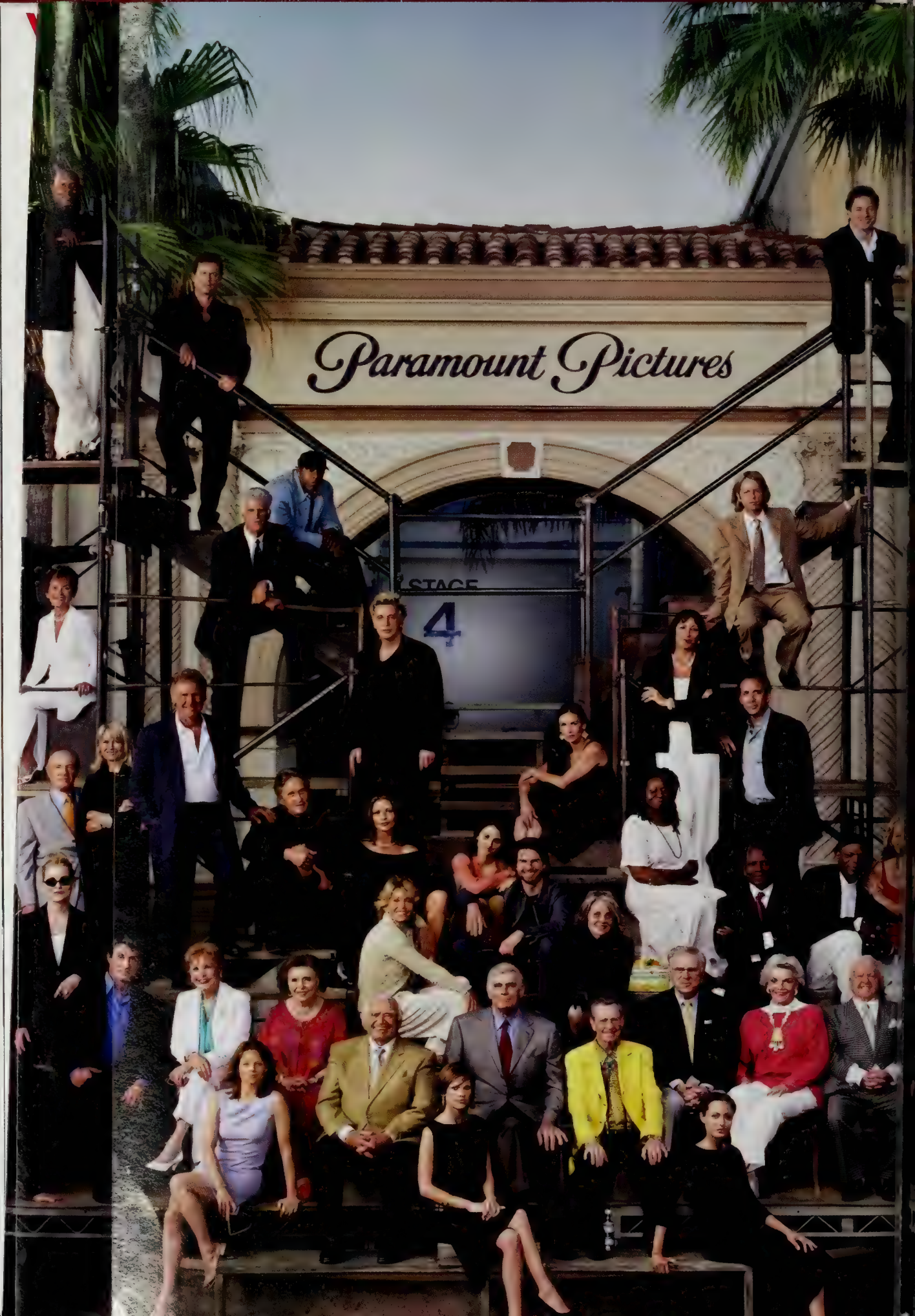
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As I staggered toward Ninth Avenue, where another cocktail awaited me, I thought, News is dead!



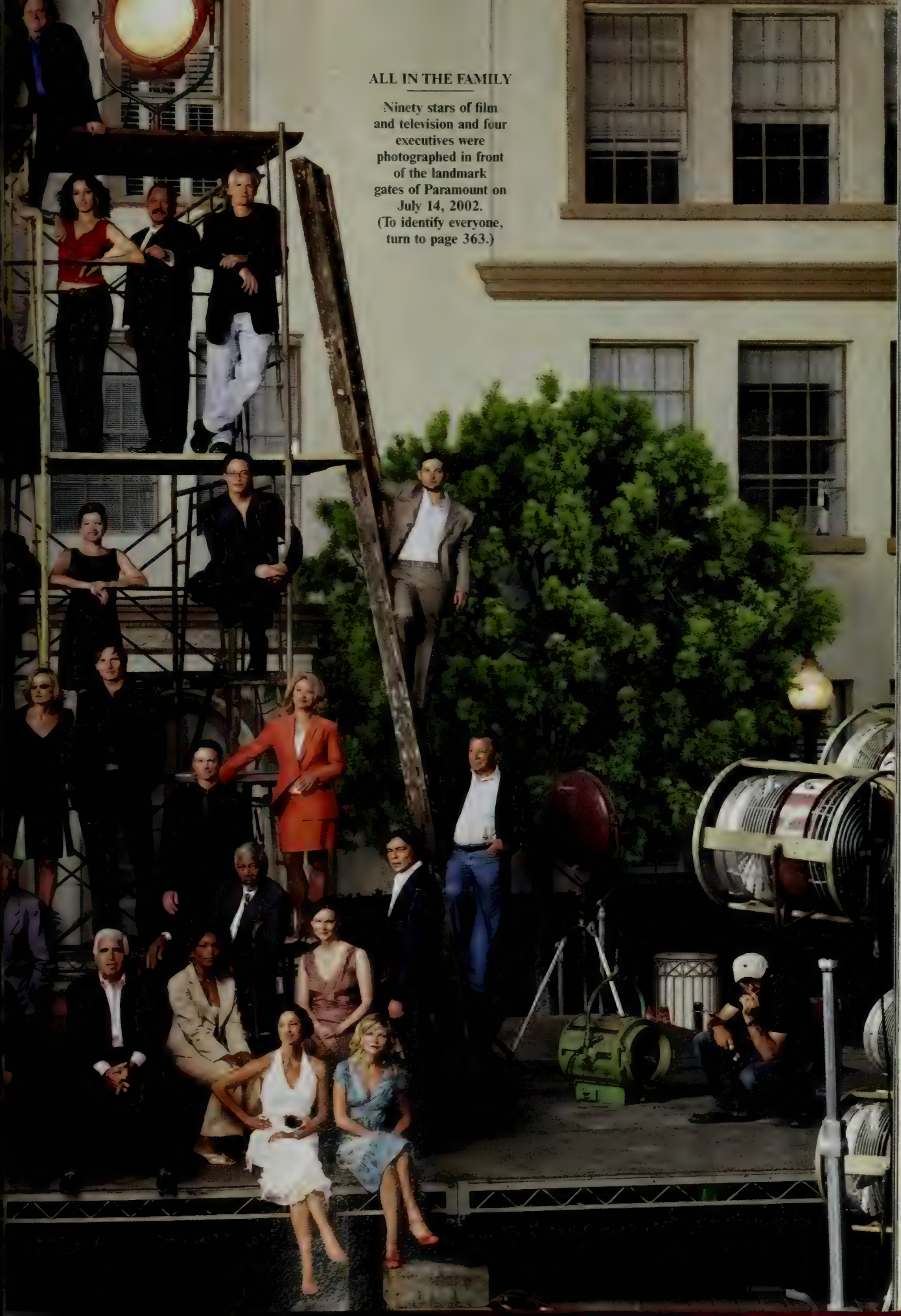


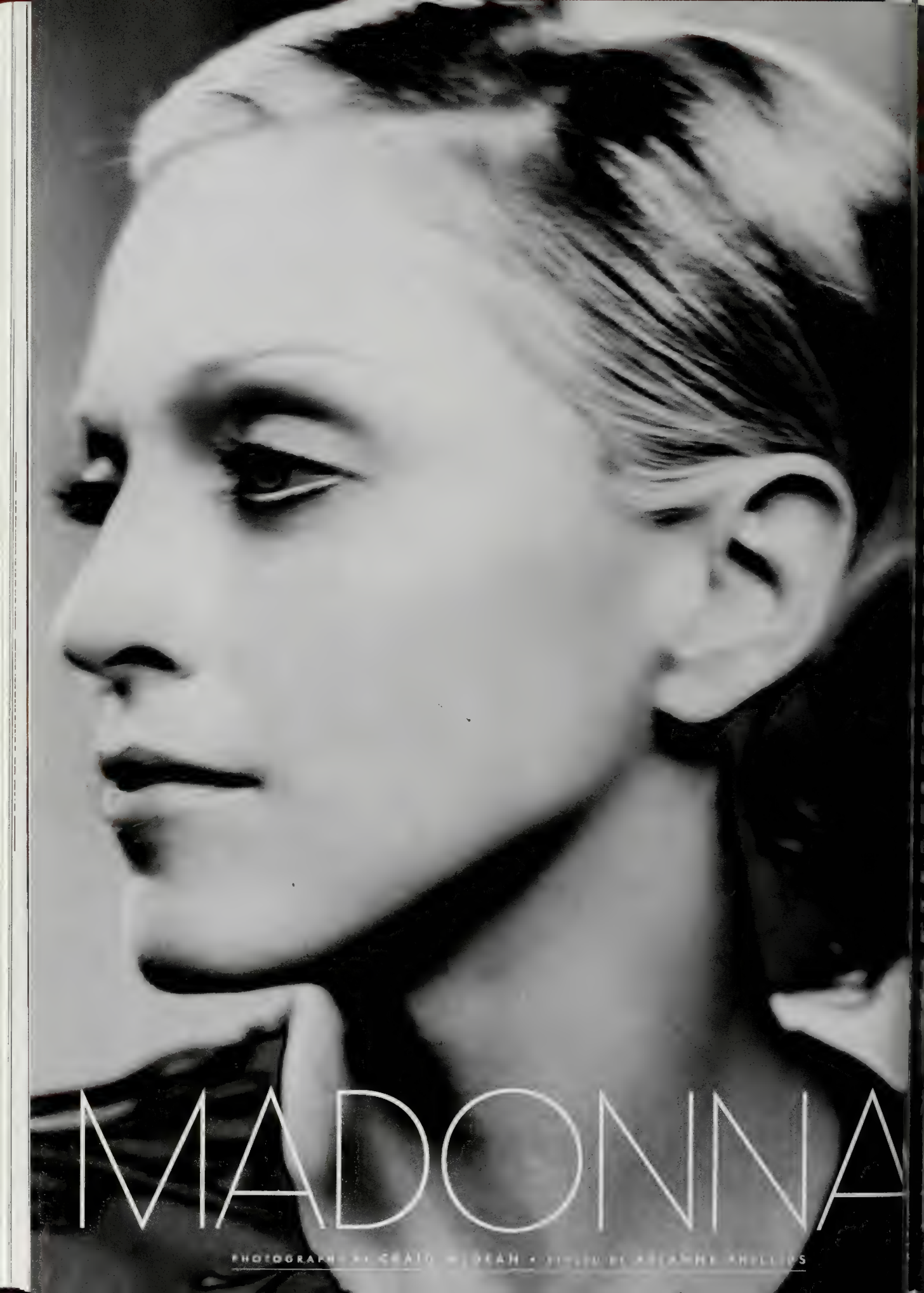



Paramount Pictures
STAGE
4

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Ninety stars of film and television and four executives were photographed in front of the landmark gates of Paramount on July 14, 2002. (To identify everyone, turn to page 363.)




MADONNA

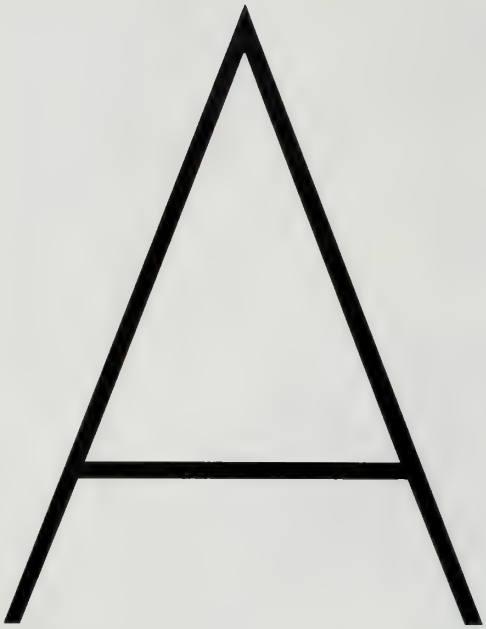


TURNING DIETRICHS

She may still kink it up for photo shoots, but at home the new Madonna sings Cat Stevens songs and is working on a children's book. Photographed in Los Angeles at Quixote Studios, July 27, 2002.

hat's shocking
out Madonna's
coming movie, a remake
Lina Wertmüller's
74 *Swept Away*, directed
husband Guy Ritchie,
hat it's *less* shocking
n the original. But when
4-year-old pop-culture
cen has broken taboo
er taboo, what's left?
llowing a grueling theater
nt in London with laid-
ck domesticity in Beverly
lls, Madonna is focused
family, spirituality,
d her next album. While
e'll still strike a pose
ke the pre-war Berlin riff
re), STEVEN DALY
ports, her image has taken
ackseat to her life

MARLENE



t first glance, the name posted on the dressing-room door at the Wyndham's Theatre on Charing Cross Road is familiar enough, and yet, well, this is how it actually reads: JUDI FUCKING DENCH.

Behind the dressing-room door, in post-greasepaint repose, is the biggest star of London's spring-summer theater season: Madonna Louise Ciccone. Despite a drama career of scant distinction, Madonna found no difficulty in leveraging her global celebrity into West End marquee lights. A vulgarian at the gates of Denchland.

It is by now obligatory for journalists to mention that Madonna is smaller than one would imagine; tonight, wrapped in a pink cardigan and alone in this plain little dressing room, she looks considerably less vibrant than the nuclear-powered chanteuse who has atomized public opinion for nigh on two decades. She has just taken her nightly spin through the emotional wringer that is *Up for Grabs,* a play by David Williamson, a leading Australian dramaturge. She plays the pivotal role of Loren, an ambitious but failing New York art dealer who stakes her future on gulling a group of wealthy collectors into bidding up a Jackson Pollock painting to a record $20 million.

Inventively staged around a bi-level glass box with sliding panels that frame clever rear projections, *Up for Grabs* is a largely successful, if occasionally prosaic, satire of the art world, which is portrayed as a canvas-thin social construct. And Madonna herself is largely convincing, if occasionally stilted, in her portrayal of a brazen climber whose aspirations threaten to outstrip her ability. If anything rings false about her performance, it is in the casting of a 44-year-old woman, especially this one, as a callow neophyte.

As always with Madonna, it is near impossible to separate the art from the personality: audience members gasp when she takes the stage; they chuckle knowingly when her character protests, "I'm not a crass materialist"; they purr approvingly at her designer wardrobe and exchange knowing glances when her cell phone rings out "Je Ne Regrette Rien." Reviews have been mixed to negative, ticket sales brisk. 'Twas ever thus.

It has to be to Madonna's credit that she took on the unpleasant part of Loren in an era when the sole imperative in most stars' choice of roles is the need to be liked.

"It's a little late for that," Madonna counters wearily backstage.

Just four tube stops north of the theater is the Camden Palace, the dance club where Madonna made her London debut some 20 years previously. In 1982 the ultra-fashionable venue was p ing host to such early MTV staples as Culture Club, the Eur mics, and Madness. Seymour Stein, the man who discove Madonna and signed her to his Sire Records label, persua the promoters to let his sure-shot future star promote her de single, "Everybody," on their stage, and London's nightlife e were duly impressed.

Record-company faith in the young Madonna was not ne sarily reflected in the standard of her accommodations. "The couple of times I went to stay in England I always had to tak bath down the hallway," she says. "And I thought, O.K., th how it is here: if you want to take a bath, you just go down hallway. It didn't occur to me that people had bathrooms ins their houses."

When she appeared again at the Camden Palace, to prom her next single, the party was in her honor. Thus was set a reer trajectory that has seen her burn off every competitor of generation, selling 140 million albums worldwide and bewit ing the planet with an inimitable string of image transformati and pop anthems. Ten years ago, people marveled at her stay power. And now? What is left to say?

Madonna has been living in London, off and on, for the three years now, the biggest imported star the city has seen si Wallis Simpson. She shares a £5.7 million Marble Arch ho with her English film-director husband, Guy Ritchie, 34. He is father of Rocco, who at two is the younger of Madonna's t children. Her daughter, Lourdes, fathered by Madonna's for consort Carlos Leon, is six.

London still enchants Madonna. "I love the architecture, I l the gardens—*fantastic,*" she says. "I love the way the city loo minus all the council estates [public housing projects] rando and profusely built up everywhere."

Though she now enjoys the benefits of *en suite* plumbi London life is not without its privations. If you believe the ne paper reports, she is sporadically at odds with London's bu ing trades over some renovation matter or another. "You co bribe them, offer all kinds of bonuses," she says. "But it doe matter what you say: they're not coming in on the weekend. infuriating if you're the person who wants the work done qu but it's sometimes refreshing that you can't buy people."

Post-show small talk turns to the World Cup grudge ma between England and Argentina, starting at 7:30 local time next morning. Since Guy Ritchie is known for laddish enth asms, their household will surely be awakening bright and e for the big game. Won't this be a problem for someone work late nights in the theater?

"I get up early every morning," Madonna states flatly. "I h a six-year-old child."

Just as she vacates her dressing room, her *Up for Grabs* star Michael Lerner comes down the stairs, looking for all world like a cigar-chomping, polo-shirt-wearing American tou Madonna hails Lerner, the burly character actor best known his Oscar-nominated role as *Barton Fink*'s brash studio chief

"Michael?" says Madonna to the colleague with whom built up the "Judi Fucking Dench" in-joke. "Michael—I hav apologize. I'm sorry for dropping a line out there tonight." Be Lerner can acknowledge this minor *mea culpa,* Madonna is up him. "But listen, Michael. Would you *please* stop clearing y throat during my speeches? It really throws me off . . . "

As the stage doors are flung open, exposing the two actor flashbulb glare and autograph thrust, CONTINUED ON PAGE



NOT SO MATERIAL GIRL

"It's sometimes refreshing that you can't buy people," Madonna notes, in reference to her recent troubles with the building trades.


"I'M STILL GOING TO WRITE THE MUSIC I WAN
TO WRITE. I CAN'T PRETEND I'M 18 YEARS OLD."



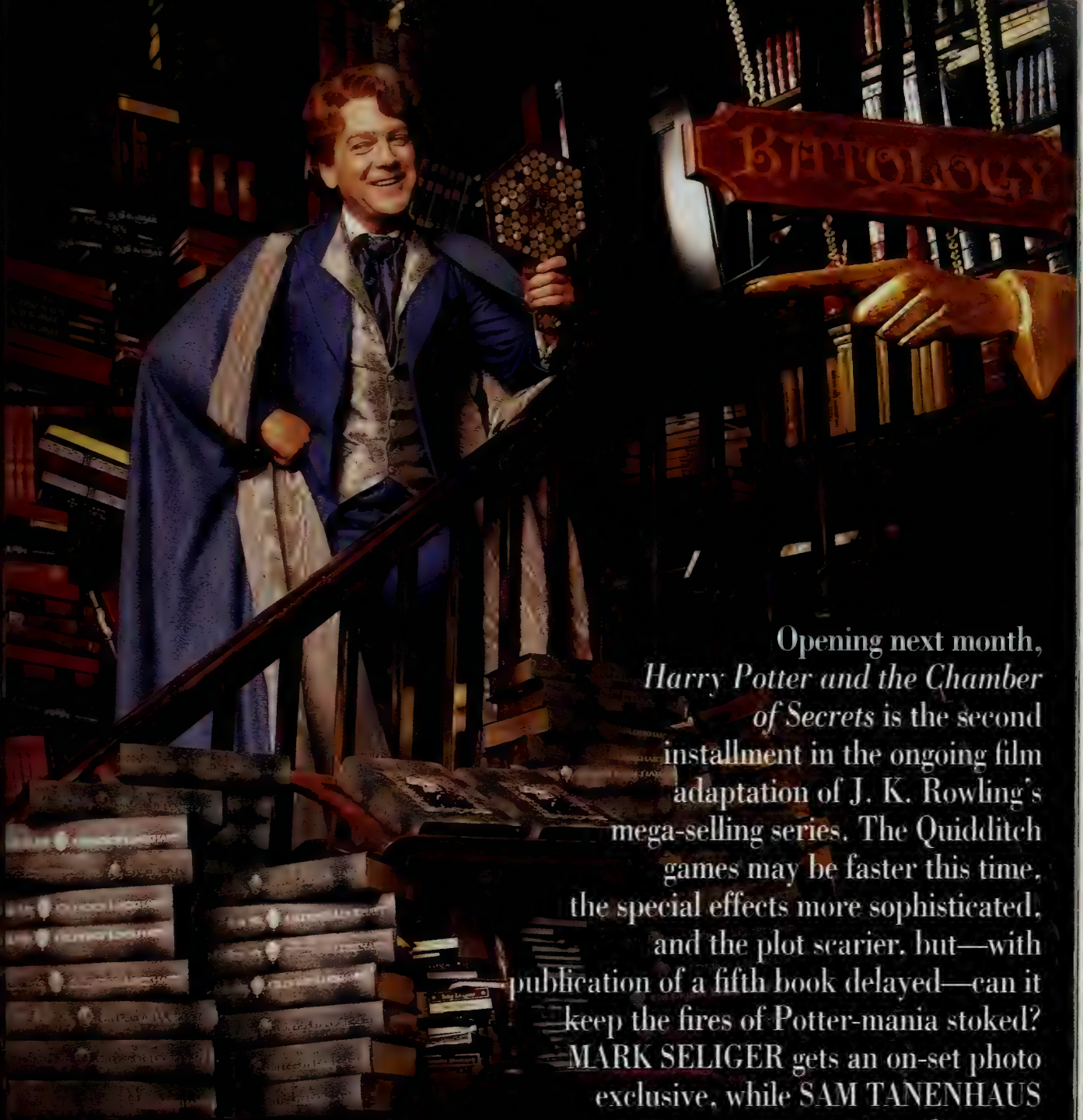
THESE BOOTS WERE MADE FOR GOD KNOWS WHAT

The sexual content of the original *Swept Away* has been toned down for Madonna's remake. "It didn't seem that there was any point to us rolling around and making out," she says. "I didn't mind it, but Guy didn't want to do it, to tell you the truth."



ABOUT A BOOK

Harry (Daniel Radcliffe), his owl, Hedwig, and foppish professor Gilderoy Lockhart (Kenneth Branagh) pay a visit to London's "wizarding" bookstore Flourish and Blotts. Perhaps they'll conjure up the fifth volume of J. K. Rowling's series. Photographed at Leavesden Studios, near London, on July 19, 2002.



Opening next month, *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets* is the second installment in the ongoing film adaptation of J. K. Rowling's mega-selling series. The Quidditch games may be faster this time, the special effects more sophisticated, and the plot scarier, but—with publication of a fifth book delayed—can it keep the fires of Potter-mania stoked? MARK SELIGER gets an on-set photo exclusive, while SAM TANENHAUS previews the magic

RETURN TO HOGWARTS

It's becoming an annual rite for the millions hooked on our era's signature coming-of-age epic: in November, Warner Bros. will release *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets,* the second entry in its scrupulous, ongoing adaptation of J. K. Rowling's prodigiously best-selling series about an orphan sent to an English boarding school for wizards. Chris Columbus, who directed the new film as well as last year's *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone,* promises more action this time and a scarier story. "Some dismiss *The Chamber of Secrets* as their least favorite" in the series, he says, because the plot is less complexly layered than some of the others. "But it's the most cinematic of all the books. It delivers amazing action sequences, amazing set pieces. I was ravenous to do it." The narrative is also eerily attuned to our anxious, post-9/11 moment: a fanatical terrorist, hiding somewhere in the Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, means to purge it of "Mudbloods" (those whose pedigree is less than 100 percent wizard); pupils, one by one, are frozen into stone. It falls to Harry and his two sidekicks—the feisty redhead Ron Weasley and the saucy bookworm Hermione Granger—to unmask the villain even as the hero matches wits, not to mention wands, with Hogwarts rival Draco Malfoy and his band of creepy snobs.

A year ago, when the debut film was released, Potter-mania was at its peak. The Britain-wide search for an actor to play Harry, culminating in the selection of Daniel Radcliffe, had rivaled David O. Selznick's intense quest for the perfect Scarlett O'Hara. By the time *The Sorcerer's Stone* opened, two months and five days after September 11, all of Hollywood was rooting for this parable of good and evil to point the way toward box-office deliverance. And it came: $129.5 million worth of tickets sold in its first week, obliterating records set by *Star Wars: Episode I The Phantom Menace* and *The Lost World: Jurassic Park;* the movie ultimately won honors as the highest-grossing film of 2001. O.K., so some critics groused that the adaptation Columbus had fashioned, while gold-plated, was also mechanical and wingless. And where, they wondered, were the truly mind-bending special effects of *Star Wars* and *The Lord of the Rings*? Even Quidditch, the airborne game of polo-cum-lacrosse that Harry and his schoolmates play atop speeding broomsticks, struck some as earthbound. There will be more visual candy in the new film, Columbus says. "I gave the effects people more time.... I wanted Quidditch to be twice as good, twice as fast. I wanted full-blown fighting scenes."

But, as before, the idea is not to soup up the novels but to translate them faithfully to the screen. Why tamper with a winning formula? *The Chamber of Secrets* may be, as Columbus says, "the orphan of the series," but it has sold a staggering 40 million copies worldwide—15 million in the U.S.A. and Canada. For devotees, the vast majority of them children, the books have attained the sacredness of scripture. Some carry a virtual map of Rowling's amazingly detailed universe in their heads. Not an audience primed for auteurist monkeying, thank you. Indeed, much of the fun in last year's film was in simply seeing Rowling's world made concrete, particularly the towers, turrets, and secret passageways of Hogwarts, the thousand-year-old Eton of the sorcery crowd. "It's like Potter Land here," says Columbus of Leavesden Studios, an hour outside London, where both films were shot. "We treat it as if it's a real place. We want it to feel real. We don't want it to feel so fanciful that it doesn't exist." The approach is working, to judge from the reactions of the busloads of schoolchildren plainly enthralled when they tour the set, and of the many others who have written to the director, telling him "Hogwarts feels like a real school they could go to." It all begins, Columbus claims, in his "perfect collaboration" with Rowling. "For every book she's written, there's another book of knowledge" in her head, he says, and he taps that knowledge often, via phone and E-mail. "She can give you the entire history of the Whomping Willow," he explains, referring to the tree Harry and Ron smash into when they arrive for the new school year in a flying car.

Duplicating last year's box-office numbers won't be easy. Warner Bros.' careful game plan called for *The Chamber of Secrets* to ride the crest of excitement generated by Rowling's latest novel. But after four consecutive years in which a new No. 1 best-seller bubbled up as dependably as a brew in Snape's Potions class, two summ have come and gone with no new nove sight, leaving her minders worried that Rowling's addicted followers—now ol and testier—the spell might be broken. A it's no simple task for even the most dilig artist to conjure up "product" on cc mand. And consider the fairy-tale t Rowling's life has taken. Years of obscu struggle, and single-mom-hood have abr ly yielded fame and wealth on an impr able scale. Throw in a new husband and problems of furnishing a recently purcha mansion in Scotland and it's no won Scholastic Inc., Rowling's U.S. publis keeps pushing back the publication date book number five. June 2003, the publ er's outside guess a few months ago, n looks unlikely unless Rowling completes manuscript soon. ("We don't know wh she's going to finish," Scholastic admit recently.)

By then the third film, *H ry Potter and the Priso of Azkaban,* will be in p duction under a new di tor, Alfonso Cuarón (wh credits include *The Li Princess* as well as *Y Tu M má También*). Columbus, who helped cho his successor, will be staying on as a p ducer, joining David Heyman. "I want make sure the transition is smooth," C lumbus explains. "We've been together two years. I don't want the attitude on set to change."

This sense of stewardship is shared the entire Potter team, which includes scre writer Steve Kloves and a cast headed all-star returnees Dame Maggie Smith Professor McGonagall, Alan Rickman the glowering Professor Snape, Robbie C trane as the animal-loving half-giant H rid, and Richard Harris as the twinkl headmaster Dumbledore. The addition Kenneth Branagh (he beat out Hugh Gra as the fawning, foppish Gilderoy Lockh a teacher of Defense Against the Dark A should offer comic rewards. And those just the human players. In addition to flying car and the Whomping Willow, s Heyman, "you meet a writhing basilisk, h spiders, and Dobby," a computer-genera "house-elf." But this is a children's wo and the true stars remain the three yo leads, who each have the cumulative exp ence of nearly 300 days on the job: Radc (who turned 13 last summer), Rupert G (14), and the delightful Emma Watson (All are edging into pubescence, their ages fixed yet evolving before our eyes– other aspect of Harry Potter's "magickit its enchanting brand of alchemy. □



STONED

Uh-oh: Hermione Granger (Emma Watson) has been literally "Petrified." She is attended to by Madam Pomfrey (Gemma Jones). Harry, Ron Weasley (Rupert Grint), and Harry's tagalong admirer, Colin Creevey (Hugh Mitchell).



EENHOUSE FFX

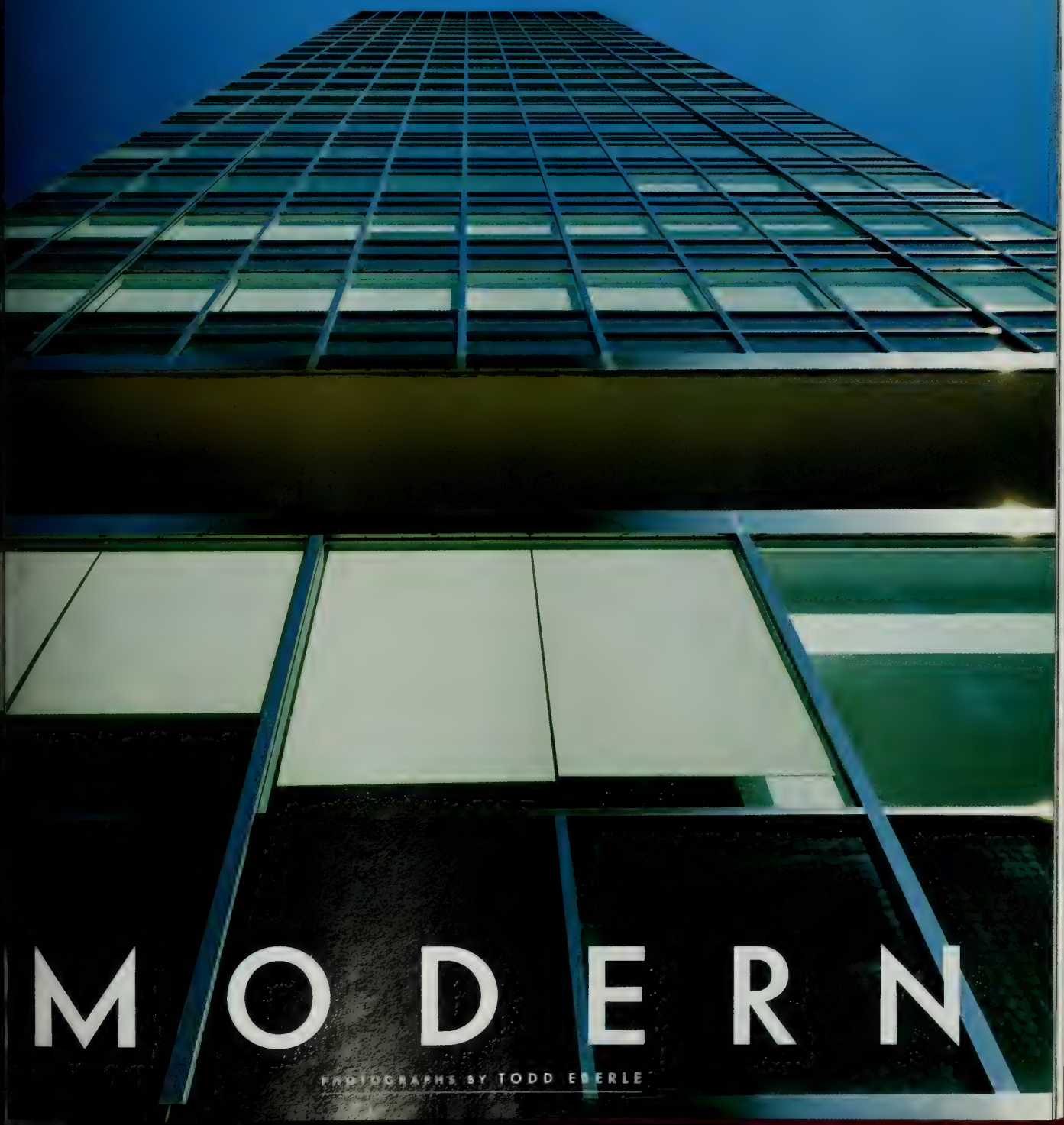
, Hermione and Harry Herbology instruction from essor Sprout (Miriam golyes). Ron is holding st-picked Mandrake. e earmuffs, which protect the ents from its fatal cry.



LIGHT BOX

This page, the lobby and interior courtyard of the *newly restored* Lever House. The typeface for the signa is known as Lever Sans. For weeks after the buildin opened in 1952, crowds of curious spectators lined up to enter its lobby for a peek. *Opposite,* the building's window wall, made of heat-absorbing glass in green, the only color available in 1952. The wall had decayed so badly it had to be entirely replaced.

WHEN LEVER HOUSE AROSE IN ALL ITS SHINING, SEA-FOAM-TINTED GLORY IN 1952, ON THE NEO-RENAISSANCE CORRIDOR THAT WAS PARK AVENUE, THE PUBLIC AND CRITICS THRILLED TO A NEW SYMBOL OF AMERICAN MODERN. FIFTY YEARS LATER, AS A $60 MILLION RESTORATION IS COMPLETED, MATT TYRNAUER REVISITS THE FIRST ALL-GLASS INTERNATIONAL-STYLE TOWER, THE TRIUMPH OF GORDON BUNSHAFT, CHIEF OF DESIGN AT SKIDMORE, OWINGS & MERRILL, WHO PUSHED THE LIMITS OF TECHNOLOGY TO CREATE A 20TH-CENTURY ICON



MODERN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TODD EBERLE



FABULOUS 50s

building's skin was meant to pick up reflections of the
of the brick and limestone buildings that once
Left, *above*, the cornerstone. *Opposite*, Lever House with
Rohe's Seagram Building in the background.

Lever House, the first all-glass International
office building in New York City, passes its half-century mark
year. The 24-story green glass building, which has been part
hidden by scaffolding for the past three years, has undergo
$60 million refurbishment—including a top-to-bottom restor
of its curtain wall, which, being the first of its kind, was tec
logically primitive and thus had decayed badly over the dec
to the point where it was literally starting to disintegrate. As o
the most acclaimed buildings of the 20th century, Lever H
has often been called the Platonic building of the 1950s, a
foam-tinted gem which brought to a new level of refinement th
Corbusier–Mies van der Rohe style of lightweight glass-and-
construction. Its meticulous restoration is a cause to celebra

In 1952, the last year of Harry S. Truman's administration,
only three percent of the American public traveled by plane
only 34 percent had TV sets, Lever House looked as if it
dropped from the sky onto Park Avenue across from the Rac
and Tennis Club and the grand old Montana apartments. It
gant glass-and-stainless-steel slabs—a horizontal one set ove
umns on an open ground floor, and a vertical one perched
floating above it—were quite unlike anything New Yorkers
ever seen. By day the structure shimmered in the sunlight an
flected the brick and limestone buildings around it. By ni
lit up like a taut rectangular lantern—a vision of the future
block between 53rd and 54th Streets. For weeks after Lever H
opened its doors in April, curious citizens lined up to ent
airy lobby for a closer look. The architecture critic Lewis Mum
noted that the public was acting as if the new soap-company
quarters were "the eighth wonder of the world."

The Glass House, as the press called the building—so
ent from the sooty brick and limestone ziggurats of New Y
previous architectural generations—became an instant icon.
decades of economic hardship and war had recently drawn
close. In those years no significant buildings, with the exce
of Rockefeller Center, had been constructed in New York
now the economy was starting to roar, and the greatest bui
boom in the nation's history was under way.

An all-American venture, Lever House was the
of a then obscure architectural firm called
more, Owings & Merrill (now one of the w
largest) and its chief designer, Gordon Buns
who in the 50s and 60s was to become a key
er—perhaps *the* key player—in the transformation of Euro
modernist architecture from its beginnings as a radical style
ed in socialism to its ultimate destiny as the style of corp
America and the American Century.

Skidmore, Owings & Merrill (S.O.M.) was founded in
by friends and in-laws Louis Skidmore and Nathaniel Ow
Skidmore, known as "Skid," was married to Owings's
Eloise. John Merrill, an engineer, was brought into the pa


LEVER HOUSE'S
ELEGANT GLASS-AND-
TAINLESS-STEEL SLABS
WERE QUITE UNLIKE
ANYTHING NEW YORKERS
HAD EVER SEEN.

ship in 1939, but played a relatively minor role. The original office was in Chicago, but Skidmore soon moved to New York, where he was engaged as a consultant for the 1939 World's Fair.

Working in a small studio at 5 East 57th Street, Skidmore and a few associates churned out designs for fair pavilions for companies such as Heinz, Wonder Bread, and Westinghouse. Such small-scale corporate commissions would later yield important business for the firm, most notably from Heinz, for which S.O.M. designed buildings in the United States and England.

Both Skidmore and Owings were smooth, charismatic clubmen who moved easily in the world of the Wasp business establishment. Owings, especially, was adept at prying commissions out of C.E.O.'s. What the partners were not known for was their talent as designers. From the very beginning, they depended on those they hired to do the creative work. However, they compensated with keen rainmaking skills, organizational talent, and a visionary flair.

In 1937, Skidmore made what would prove to be the best hire of his life. Gordon Bunshaft, a 28-year-old graduate of M.I.T., showed up at the 57th Street office with a stack of photographs he had taken in Europe on a prestigious award called the Rotch Travelling Scholarship. Skidmore (who had also won the Rotch) had a keen eye for talent and saw promise in the young man, whose only previous experience had been a few months with the fledgling practice of Edward Durell Stone and a short spell in the office of the industrial designer Raymond Loewy.

Almost immediately, Bunshaft established himself as the most talented designer in the Skidmore office. Soon he was given supervisory duties, the first of which was to oversee the Venezuelan Pavilion for the World's Fair. The design Bunshaft produced (in two days) was an airy, glass rectangle, the walls of which were supported by thin columns of steel along the façade, and a slab canopy which tilted upward at a rakish angle and extended beyond the pavilion. Easily the best of the structures Skidmore's office produced for the fair, it would be recognized as perhaps second only to Oscar Niemeyer's Brazilian Pavilion. The Venezuelan Pavilion pointed to Bunshaft's skill with and commitment to the modern aesthetic. This would be the direction in which he would lead S.O.M. as its chief design partner, which Skidmore and Owings named him in 1949, a year after work began on the design of Lever House.

Born in Buffalo in 1909 to Russian Jewish immigrants who had escaped the pogrom of 1905, Bunshaft is the stuff of legend in architectural circles. "He could be mean and gruff," says Philip Johnson, an acquaintance for 40 years. "Until I got to know him, and then I became a tremendous admirer and a great friend. But that was towards the end. Before, when we were both working on Lincoln Center, we used to scream at each other. He was a good soul. But I never did know why he was so gruff."

"He was a highly intelligent man. Probably exceptionally intelligent. But he was emotionally immature," says Carol Herselle Krinsky, the author of *Gordon Bunshaft of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill* (1988). "I don't know why that's so," she says. "I know something about his youth, but I have no idea what the dynamics were. I always thought it was a good thing that he and his wife, Nina, didn't have any children, because he wasn't emotionally mature enough to look after children."

More than likely Bunshaft was crippled by insecurities about [illegible] he perceived to be his social and physical deficiencies. "[illegible] I have a certain social chip on his shoulder," says Roger Radford, who was one of Bunshaft's principal assistants for years. "And, you know, he was tubby. He was a short, fat m and I think he was conscious of this. However, he was alw very well turned out—hair in a crew cut, immaculate tailo suits from Brooks Brothers." Bunshaft never exactly hid his J ishness (he was, most likely, an agnostic), but never dwelled it, either, for many doors in the architectural world were closed to Jews when he started out.

Bunshaft's religion actually worked in his favor when S.O was under consideration for the Lever House job. Charles Lu man, the president of Lever Brothers at the time, was Jew Bunshaft recalled that Skidmore and Owings invited him t meeting with Luckman at the Lever Brothers' apartment in Waldorf Towers. "Skid and Nat took me along because they thought . . . Luckman might think me compatible, or Luckm being Jewish, might think I'm Jewish or something," Bunsl said. "I don't know why they took me, but I didn't say a da thing in the meeting."

Luckman was the right client at the right time for S.O Trained as an architect, he went into the soap business dur the Depression and rose to the top of Lever Brothers by the t he was 37. Having decided to move the company headquar from Cambridge, Massachusetts, to Manhattan, he wante building that would enhance the company's prestige and incre its public profile.

Perhaps the most unusual aspect of the program Luckm put forward for Lever House was that the building should use the full amount of square footage allowed by New Y City's building codes. (In fact, it uses only half of the space lowed by law.) This was an extraordinary act of generosity Lever's part, resulting in a building of modest density wit great deal of open-air space around it. It also freed Bunshaf design a structure with an unusual form—one that would al light to pour onto Park Avenue and into the offices of the c pany's 1,200 employees.

The form Bunshaft chose for Lever House was sim Inspired by Le Corbusier's Swiss Pavilion in Paris, he the building on stilts, raising the horizontal slab—wh is a block long and follows the Park Avenue build line—above an open ground-floor plaza. The tall, s der vertical slab, positioned at a right angle to Park Avenue, r 22 stories and is set off center. This allows for a 50-foot-squ courtyard in the middle of the "floating" *piano nobile*.

The ground floor of the building consists only of a garden in the courtyard and the glass-enclosed lobby, underneath tower, near the north end of the block. This "open plan" wo well with Bunshaft's scheme, but it was also very much a par Luckman's P.R. scheme for the building. He rightly determi that the publicity Lever would get by allowing pedestrians ac to open gardens on Park Avenue would be far more valuable t the profits the company would make from renting ground-fl space to retail stores or a bank.

Luckman's plan was soft-sell advertising brought to a new level of sophistication. As Mumford wrote in his review of the building in *The New Yorker*, "This whole structure is chastely free of advertisement; the minuscule glass cases showing life-size packages of Lever products in the glass-enclosed reception chamber on the CONTINUED ON PAGE 358

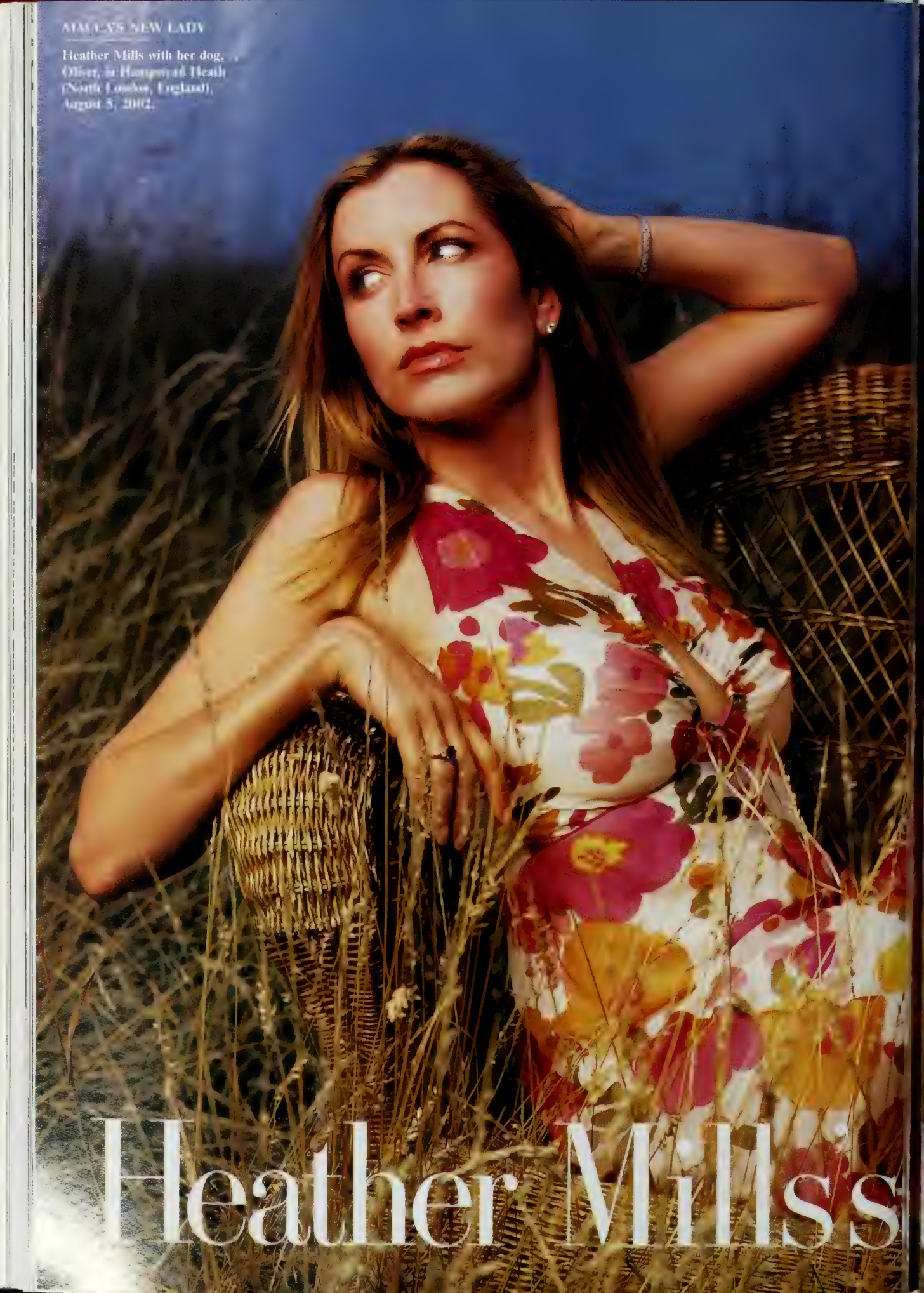
FIRST GL

Lever H as seen from Seagram Build When it op in 195 revolutio form astoni the w



EVER HOUSE LOOKED AS IF IT HAD DROPPED FROM THE SKY ONTO
PARK AVENUE ACROSS FROM THE GRAND OLD MONTANA APARTMENTS.

Heather Mills with her dog, Oliver, in Hampstead Heath (North London, England), August 5, 2002.



Heather Mills

Beatles' wives win no popularity contests, as Yoko and
inda discovered, and, at 34, Heather Mills, the new wife of Sir Paul McCartney, carries
some extra baggage of her own: a near-Dickensian childhood, the accident
that destroyed one of her legs and shattered her modeling career, a rising profile as an
ti-land-mine crusader, and the questions about her credibility. As Mills's autobiography
is published in the U.S., LESLIE BENNETTS checks in with
the blissful newlyweds for the full story on Heather's past, the pre-nup,
and the feud with McCartney's children



Private Crusade

When Heather Mills has a demanding day of work ahead, her husband busies himself in the kitchen while she is getting ready to go in the morning. First he prepares the fruits for her breakfast, slicing mangoes, papayas, and pineapples, mixing in blueberries, and sealing everything in a Ziploc bag for her convenience. Then he makes her a sandwich for lunch with avocados and cheese and lettuce and fake bacon, neatly packing it all up in another Ziploc bag. In case she craves an additional snack, he also fixes a bagel with hummus. He wants to make sure she eats only healthy vegetarian foods, and he loves to pamper her.

If Heather has a particularly long or grueling schedule, the stump of her amputated leg is often angry and purple by evening. But her husband is ever eager to massage it for her, easing her pain and soothing the stresses and strains of the day.

Most working women can only dream of receiving such tender solicitude from their husbands—let alone of being coddled by Sir Paul McCartney, the former Beatle and emperor of pop whose fortune is estimated at well over a billion dollars. But for Heather Mills—who was abandoned by her mother at the age of 9, who had to steal in order to eat, whose father was jailed for fraud when she was 13, who spent months living as a homeless teenager under Waterloo Bridge when she was 14, who had become a jewel thief by the age of 15, and who saw her modeling career shattered when a police motorcycle crashed into her and ripped off her leg when she was 25—finding a white knight to take care of her at last has seemed utterly miraculous.

For Heather's life story—a Dickensian saga of poverty, abuse, and catastrophe—would seem preposterous even as a lurid soap-opera plot. When Heather and Sir Paul got to know Natasha Richardson and Liam Neeson on vacation at Parrot Cay, Neeson and McCartney were equally incredulous. "As Heather's stories unfolded, Liam and I began joking: 'She's just a typist from Newcastle. She's making it all up!'" McCartney says. "It's quite improbable, her But she is genuine. That's why I like her, and love her. She is a great romance for me, and I am a great romantic."

He surely does love her—enough to have married her last June in a reported $3.2 million ceremony at an Irish castle despite the impassioned objections of his grown children by his late wife, Linda, who died of cancer in 1998. "Heather's sister Fiona said in her speech at the wedding, 'All I've ever wanted for my sister was someone to take care of her for once. She was always the strong one, always the mother figure. And now, for the first time, she's with someone who takes her in his arms and says, "It's going to be all right,"'" reports Susie Charrington, a former television colleague of Heather's.

McCartney even loves Heather enough to have embarked upon his second marriage without a pre-nuptial agreement to safeguard his vast assets, although the British tabloids claimed erroneously that Heather had signed on the dotted line. "His kids were desperate to make it happen," says one family friend. "They're afraid she was just going to take the money and run. But she refused to sign it."

Heather denies this, maintaining that she actually volunteered to sign, but her gallant swain demurred. "I wanted to prove that I love him for him," she says. "He said, 'I wouldn't let you.'"

McCartney's willingness to forgo such protection reflects how besotted he is—and how much he wants to hang on to his new bride, who put him on notice at the start of their relationship. "He said, 'How am I going to keep you?'" recalls Heather, whose past history includes a throng of jilted boyfriends and fiancés as well as an embittered ex-husband. "I said, 'Romance.' If romance stops, what's the point of a guy? I can do everything else myself." She sighs. "He's sooo romantic!"

In exchange for romance, McCartney has landed a mesmerizing Scheherazade with fabulous tales to tell. The girl who used to sleep in a cardboard box has made an international name for herself as a crusader for land-mine-survivor assistance and a tireless charity worker helping to provide prosthetic limbs to amputees around the world. An indefatigable self-promoter, she is fond of telling people that she was shortlisted for the Nobel Peace Prize, that she is the most requested female speaker in England, that she is the seventh-most-in-demand worldwide. She and McCartney hobnob with the likes of Colin Powell, and Heather's conversations often feature A-list openers: "I had a long conversation with Tony Blair about this issue . . . "

Heather's friends believe she's so markable that McCartney should be gra ful. "A lot of people think she's hit jackpot, but I think he is one of the luc est men in the world," says Kirsten Le whose handicapped son was befrienc by her. "She is so courageous, and he's proud as Punch to be with her."

But at 34, Heather is as controvers as she is celebrated—and while her year-old groom may be satisfied that is genuine, questions about her credibi have dogged her for years. After she a McCartney went public with their mance, Heather's often sordid past set a feeding frenzy among the Fleet Str press, which has raked through her his ry with savage glee, turning over every r to see what slithers out.

British readers have been regaled w spiteful stories: from the actor Heather's mother ran off with, who denied that h thrown Heather out or that she had e been forced to live on the streets; from mer lovers, who branded her a sexual ten ress practiced in the art of enslaving n with her erotic wiles; from the ex-husba she spurned, who called her a patholog liar and claimed she had soaked him fin cially; from the father who insists he never abusive or violent, despite the that all four of his children say he was.

Heather is now poised to retail her h raising story in the United States, where autobiography is being released this mo Published in Britain in 1995 under the fortunate title of *Out on a Limb,* it has b updated with the perfect fairy-tale end of how our heroine married the cutest tle and graduated to virtual sainthood. book has been retitled *A Single Step,* in ing the 2,500-year-old words of Lao-t "A journey of a thousand miles must be with a single step." According to Heat all royalties as well as the advance on book will go to Adopt-a-Minefield, a gram of the United Nations Association has recently subsumed Heather's own c ity, the Heather Mills Health Trust, whic no longer accepting donations.

Heather's account of her harrow childhood is certainly a page-turner, no matter how many peripheral charac dispute her veracity, her siblings have lied loyally to her defense. "It's all tr says her brother, Shane, a bass-trombo who lives in London. "It's not exaggera I'm surprised we're as sane as we are."

They are particularly disdainful Heather's former husband and his att "Alfie is the lowest life-form on ear says Fiona, Heather's sister and assist "He's just a bitter ex."

But other associates have develope

v different view of Heather's tworthiness. "She's a complete tcake and a fantasist," says a ner television colleague who ms that Heather grossly exag- ated everything from her TV eer to her charity work. "Paul poor sap who may have got- himself into something very ty."

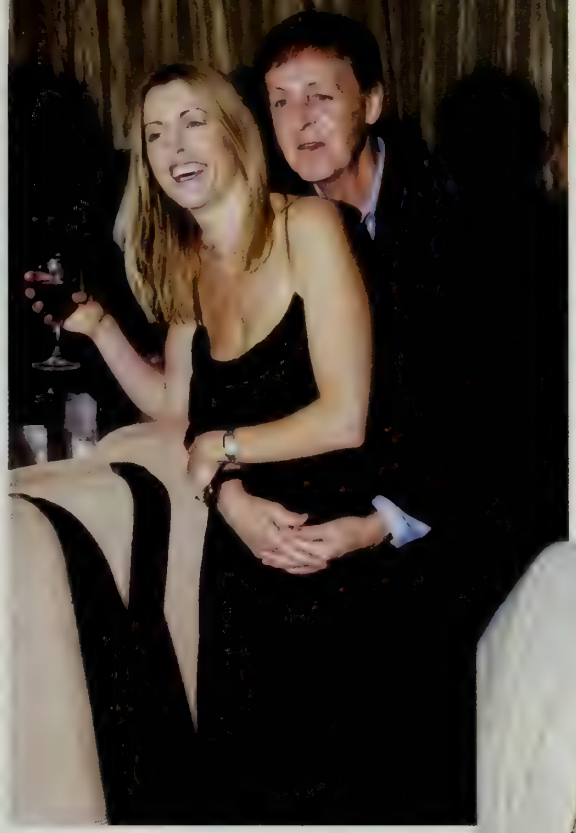
So which is the real Heather ls—the glam one-legged Flo- ce Nightingale or the alleged ooker rumored to be a former l girl who could be rented £500 a night, who slept with hamed Al Fayed, and who icked in a threesome with ltimillionaire arms dealer nan Khashoggi at his man- in Spain (all charges vehe- ntly denied by Heather in the ish press)?

To her many friends, Heather paragon of altruism. "Heather ks about others more than thinks about herself," says Renata Masevic, a friend from Croatia. "There is hing insincere about her charity work. wants to help, and she has this gift of ng. We should be grateful to have peo- like Heather. More of them would ke the world a better place."

But even Heather's admirers admit that her concept of truth can be elastic. "When she was younger she'd exaggerate things a bit, but never with any malicious intent," s Anya Noakes, a longtime friend who ame Heather's press representative last ng. "She is hyperbolic; she gets caught in some of her stories. When you've said nething often enough over the years, forget what's true. It's a rather childquality."

"If you were kind, you'd say she would ggerate various things," comments an- er former television colleague. "If you re unkind, you'd say she would fanta- . She did exaggerate quite a lot, which s funny in some ways—we all used to gh about it—and tragic in others, beuse sometimes it was so ridiculous. I hk it's all about her insecurities. It was ter anything nasty. It was just inflating own importance."

These days Heather is building a new life n a husband who is an international icon. Haps only in the service of their privacy, still comes up with apparent whoppers. ht before the wedding, newspapers on h sides of the Atlantic reported that



Heather's conversations often feature A-list openers: "I had a long conversation with Tony Blair..."





HEATHER'S VARIED CAREER

From top: on February 13, 2002, Mills and McCartney get up to sing "New York, New York" at a dinner party for Rudolph Giuliani, the Roof Gardens restaurant, London; Mills visiting with amputees in India; Mills posing nude, aged 20, during her modeling career.

Heather and Paul had a screaming fight at their $1,500-a-night hotel suite in Miami, which ended with Paul hurling Heather's $25,000 engagement ring off the fifth-floor balcony. Family confidants told a different story: "Heather threw the ring out the window," says one. The fight was so loud and angry that other guests at the hotel complained. According to a security guard, McCartney was heard shouting, "I don't want to marry you! The wedding's off!"

After the ring took flight, McCartney summoned the hotel staff to help look for it, to no avail. Finally Paul and Heather departed. Desperate, the hotel brought in metal detectors, and the ring was eventually located, hidden in the bushes. Paul paid for a first-class ticket to England for a hotel representative to hand-deliver it. One British paper later reported the fight was caused by Heather's request that Paul take off the ring given to him by his late wife, Linda. Wedding photographs show that Linda's jade ring has indeed been replaced by a new wedding band.

When I ask Heather about the incident, she turns uncharacteristically subdued. We are sitting on the rocky beach in front of her seaside house on the southern coast of England, and she keeps her eyes on the ground as she replies. "We were playing a game—having a joke, doing catch with the ring," she says. "We have arguments, but not that kind of fight."

She is staring down at the ring, a bright-blue sapphire flanked by diamonds that glitter in the sunlight. On her other hand is the sapphire-and-diamond band that served as her wedding ring. Large diamond studs sparkle in her ears, and a heart-shaped diamond nestles at her throat. She does not meet my gaze.

In person, Heather is an imposingly tall, slender woman with blond-streaked

hair and arresting green eyes. Although her features are sharp, her mouth is so full and lush it looks as if it belongs to another, softer face. These are lips that will never need collagen. A former bathing-suit model, McCartney's new missus is wearing beige linen pants and a clinging sand-colored top that accentuates her bosom, which, despite the breast-reduction surgery that diminished her bra size from 32E to 32C, remains quite formidable. Within moments of being introduced, she has already popped off her prosthesis to show me her remarkably lifelike silicone leg, complete with blue veins, tiny freckles, and chipped crimson toenail polish. Her left leg was amputated just below the knee, and Heather has a wide array of prosthetic legs: ones for skiing, for running, for swimming, for the gym, for high-heeled shoes—seemingly for every occasion and sport imaginable.

"You've got to have a sense of humor about it," says Heather, who provoked public consternation when she deliberately dropped her leg at the end of her video, "Voice," in which McCartney sang backup. "If I dance to more than eight songs, it gets hot, and your own little leg comes out and it will kind of flop on the floor. People tend to freak out."

Because such squeamishness is common, Heather has made it her mission to demystify the wearing of prosthetics at every opportunity, treating her amputated leg with the calm matter-of-factness she has mustered to weather the many trials life has thrown her way. "It is fate, why I lost my leg," she explains. "I realized that everything that happened to me was meant to happen, so I could make a difference. My childhood was the way it was to give me strength to cope. It was predestined. When you're born, your life's already marked out. I totally believe that. Sometimes you get to a juncture where you have choices, and it's up to you which path you're going to choose. But you keep going till you've learned all your lessons."

Although there tends to be a daunting steeliness about Heather, she cracks a toothy grin. "I was definitely a murderer in my last life," she adds. "Why else would all this happen?" Her grin grows broader. "So hopefully my next life will be better."

Some might argue that she's already achieved her next life, but the challenges of her past were undeniably traumatic. [illegible] childhood," Heather says.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 364

When Heather Met Paul

In an excerpt from her autobiography, *A Single Step*, HEATHER MILLS relives her courtship with Paul McCartney, starting with a hint—"He fancies you"—and ending with a sapphire ring

Since 1995, with my TV career and charity work for the Heather Mills Health Trust, which supported refugees and land-mine survivors, running flat out, my personal life had been more or less on hold. I'd had a couple of relationships, but ended up being quite badly hurt in both of them. So when, on May 20, 1999, I attended the *Daily Mirror* Pride of Britain awards ceremony, meeting the love of my life was not remotely on my agenda. Fate, however, had her own plans.

My job that afternoon was to present a bravery award to Helen Smith, a young Ph.D. student who had recently lost both legs, an arm, and a hand to meningitis. She'd been studying to be a biochemist and had also been a very good pianist, so her whole life had been devastated. Helen had had trouble getting the right treatment because of the National Health Service's funding crisis, so I had encouraged her to make a nuisance of herself to the authorities who were treating her as if she didn't deserve anything better. It didn't win either of us any Brownie points from the N.H.S., but the publicity did pay off. Today, Helen has state-of-the-art, natural-looking arms that respond to pulses sent when she flexes her remaining upper arm muscles. Her new fingers open and close so well that she can even apply her own makeup. Not only that: she has a flourishing career as a presenter for Anglia Television.

Helen Smith's story was well known in Britain, and when she came onto the stage in her wheelchair to give her acceptance speech, many people were crying. What happened next was so typical of what disabled people have to put up with that it might have been planned. The microphone was fixed at head height for a standing person, so when Helen started to speak, no one could hear a word. I was so cross, I just yanked the microphone out of the lectern and pulled it down to her.

She gave a lovely speech, and I glanced down at the front-row V.I.P. guests to see Virgin tycoon Richard Branson, Piers Morgan, the editor of the *Mirror*, Queen Noor of Jordan, and Sir Paul CONTINUED ON PAGE 369



BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Mills in London in July. "I could have sworn he was looking at my bum," says Mills of her first meeting with McCartney. *Above*, McCartney and Mills shortly before their marriage in June.

Excerpted from *A Single Step*, by Heather Mills McCartney with Pamela Cockerill, to be published this month by Warner Books.

PHOTOGRAPH, RIGHT, BY MARK SELIGER. TANK TOP AND PANTS BY RALPH LAUREN BLACK LABEL. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE


Was kissing
on the lips a
bit like a handshake
in Liverpool?
Or had Paul just
made a
pass at me?



Obsessed by the ballet, Edgar Degas created hundreds of paintings and sculptures which captured the harsh realities of 19th-century dancers' lives and hinged on his voyeuristic fascination with the pain ballet inflicted on female bodies. As a major exhibition devoted to Degas's art of the dance opens in Detroit, JOHN RICHARDSON explores the sexual undercurrents that drew this conservative, lifelong bachelor to his greatest subject, the creeping blindness that led to his famous wax model of 14-year-old Marie van Goethem, and the revolutionary mix of beauty and brutality that gave such power to his vision

Degas and the



Dancers

WORKING GIRLS

Two of Degas's unromantic views of ballerinas: *Ballet Dancers on the Stage*, 1883 (pastel on paper, 24½ in. by 18¾ in.), and, *opposite*, detail of *Two Dancers*, circa 1879 (pastel and gouache, 18¾ in. by 24½ in.)



LITTLE RAT

Degas's most famous sculpture, *The Little Fourteen-Year-Old Dancer*, 1878–81 (bronze and fabric, 39 in.), is not the picture of innocence many viewers mistake it for.

This exhilarating exhibition celebrates Edgar Degas as the supreme painter of the ballet, indeed of the dance. It is a great show and a great subject, and the lines to see it—at the Detroit Institute of Arts, where it opens this month, and at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, where it will open next February—are bound to be long. Nobody could have done this project more justice than Richard Kendall, the British Degas expert, and his partner, the former dancer and dance teacher Jill DeVonyar. Despite soaring insurance costs and owners' reservations as to the wisdom of trundling major works of art around our dangerous new world, they have succeeded in assembling some 150 paintings, drawings, monotypes, and sculptures, including most of the artist's key works in the field of ballet. Kendall and DeVonyar have also produced not so much a catalogue as a compendium, which covers every conceivable aspect of their subject, from detailed plans of the two Paris opera houses where Degas worked to the fact that "the little rats" (*les petits rats*), as the girls in the corps de ballet were known, had to dance in corsets. If you can't make it to Detroit or Philadelphia, buy this absorbing book.

To understand this puzzling genius, so reticent and aloof and—dare one use that abused word?—"cool," we need to know about his surprisingly unbohemian, shockingly reactionary background. Hilaire-Germain-Edgar Degas was born in 1834 to a 26-year-old half-French, half-Italian banker with a taste for art and music and a 19-year-old Creole from New Orleans. Though new to mo the Degas family had scampered up so ladders on both sides of the Atlantic. T fortune had been made mostly in Italy the grandfather (a baker's son), who done well as a money changer in the Na leonic Wars. He had acquired an eleg mansion in Paris and a 100-room pala in Naples, as well as a sumptuous villa side the city—advantages that had enal him to marry off his three daughters, happily, to minor members of the Neap tan nobility. The New Orleans relati were likewise well housed: a plantatio the Mississippi Delta and a mansion in Vieux Carré where Degas painted a c brated view of the family's offices, inc ing portraits of his two brothers and var in-laws.

Like his father and grandfather, De would always exemplify the chilly for ity of the *haute bourgeoisie* of his tim frock coat, a stovepipe hat, a walking s (he was an obsessive collector of sticks canes and lace handkerchiefs), as wel an expression of melancholy disdain a scathing wit to match. Though his ton may have been cruel, Degas was fan cally loyal to his family and friends (v one terrible exception, as we shall see). also had rigorously old-fashioned not of honor, which made his revolutionary proach to art all the more of an enigma

He frequented not only artistic and intellectua lons of *le tout Paris* also the racecourse, setting for some of finest early paintings. However, Degas's ural element was the opera house, pr ably the old one on the Rue le Pele which burned down in 1873. He neve ally warmed to Charles Garnier's repl ment, which opened in 1875. By far largest opera house in the world at time, this magnificent monstrosity ployed 7,000 people, including a corp ballet of 200.

The golden age of Romantic ballet long since over. By the time Degas tu his attention to it, French ballet could h ly be considered an art form. This pl into the artist's hands. There were no g dancers to speak of, and until La E Otero appeared, there were no great b ties. On the contrary, photographs firm that Degas was not exaggera when he revealed his dancers to have b a depressingly dog-faced bunch. No w der he preferred to show us a *maîtr*

This sculpture





UNFLINCHING GAZE

From above: a photo self-portrait of Degas, circa 1895; *Dancer Stretching,* early 1880s (pastel on paper, 18¾ in. by 11¾ in.); *Pauline and Virginie Conversing with Admirers,* illustration for *La Famille Cardinal,* late 1870s (monotype on paper, 11⅜ in. by 7½ in.).



t teaching a class or conducting a re-
sal rather than a ballerina strutting
stuff. Often, all we glimpse of a per-
nance is the very end, when a dancer
s a curtain call in the unflattering glare
ne footlights. And Degas did not take
h interest in choreography either.
t he enjoyed was deploying dancers in
eographic patterns of his own con-
nce. Ballet had sunk to the level of
hy interludes in operas—interludes
allowed bored operagoers enticing
pses of women's usually concealed legs.
se wretched ballets had a certain nega-
importance. Partly because Wagner's
nhäuser did not include one, it was
d off the stage.

he lowly state of the ballet enabled
as to capture the reality, in contrast
ne artifice, of a dancer's working life,
e all the blood, sweat, and tears that
neated the rehearsal rooms. Another
nomenon of the ballet world that fasci-
d him was the presence of a number
nen in top hats and fur-collared over-
s who were permitted to pay court to
dancers in the *foyer de la danse* (a
l of greenroom), as long as they took
a subscription for three seats a week.
as knew many of these stage-door
nnies and, like them, enjoyed making
nds with the *petits rats* and helping
n with their careers. However, his pred-
iness took a very different form. He
not interested in capturing their on-
e prettiness. He wanted to portray his
le monkey girls" under stress, "crack-
their joints" at the barre, as he said,
r youthful spirits crushed, their mus-
in agony, their feet raw and bleeding.
as—a misogynist in a misogynistic so-
y—equated dancers with animals, par-
arly the racehorses whose musculature
ad painted so lovingly in earlier years.
confessed later in life, "I have perhaps
often considered woman as an animal,"
he told the painter Georges Jeanniot,
omen can never forgive me; they hate
they can feel that I am disarming them.
ow them without their coquetry, in the
of animals cleaning themselves."

Apart from family members, fellow painters, and friends, Degas's subjects were mostly women. In his early days, he did numerous portraits of nen of his own circle, but in his middle he switched to portraying women who ked—besides dancers, women whose oc-ations involved specific movements, gestures, or attitudes. He did countless studies of cabaret singers, mouths so wide-open that one can peer down the song-filled tunnels of their throats; prostitutes in black stockings and garters, waving their legs at prospective clients in the whorehouse parlor; sturdy laundresses yawning with fatigue as they lift irons as heavy as a gymnast's weights or lug huge sacks of linen that put a becoming tension in their backs; and big-bottomed women at their ablutions (*Baigneuses*) straining to reach unreachable dorsal areas before emerging from the tub—one leg in, one leg out—to be wrapped in towels by a maid.

At the time Degas was portraying them, Parisian laundresses were assumed to wash clothes by day and turn tricks by night, as many of the dancers also did. Like the laundresses, they were paid such a pittance that whoring was almost a necessity, "a form of social security," according to the writer Richard Thomson. Likewise the "models" Degas used for his paintings of women bathing themselves by the fire in copper bathtubs that had to be filled by hand. In those days, "modeling" had the same ambiguous connotation it has in the personals columns of today's newspapers. These women, heftier and more mature than "the little rats," usually threw in their favors as a part of the job—favors that Degas is said to have rejected. Indeed, one of his models complained that this "odd monsieur . . . spent the four hours of my posing session combing my hair"; another grumbled that modeling for Degas for women meant "climbing into tubs and washing their asses"; yet another that all Degas ever did was *work,* that is to say paint or, more often, do pastels of the women in the attitudes or poses that their arduous occupations demanded.

For, make no mistake, there was an undercurrent of cruelty in Degas's voyeurism. He sometimes obliged the dancers who modeled for him in the studio to pose for hours on end—legs extended or bent, arms held high overhead—in excruciating discomfort, even for dancers inured to pain. For Degas, the effects of stress on the musculature of "the human animal" seemed to have been more than a matter of anatomical interest. If his brother René had not destroyed a quantity of erotic drawings after the artist's death, we might have a more specific understanding of his attitude.

Degas's adoption of ballet as the principal vehicle for his art owed much to his long, close friendship, dating from college days, with Ludovic Halévy, a somewhat melancholy man known to his friends as *la pluie qui marche* (rain that walks). Halévy, who wrote plays, novels, and opera librettos (including *Carmen* and many of Jacques Offenbach's operettas with Henri

t about adolescent cuteness; it's about guttersnipe grit.

Meilhac), was a confirmed balletomane and had a huge success in 1872 with his novel about the opera's ballet company, *Madame et Monsieur Cardinal,* described by Degas's excellent biographer Roy McMullen as "a farcical, dryly ironical, often brutally realistic account of the adventures of two teen-age danseuses, Pauline and Virginie Cardinal, who become wealthy demimondaines with the connivance of their pandering, hypocritical, deadbeat parents." As Halévy noted in his journal, his book was "a bit violent perhaps, but the truth." Degas would doubtless have agreed. His dancers are cut from much the same cloth as the Cardinal sisters. He even shows us other Madame Cardinals pimping for their daughters in the purlieus of the opera. To contemporaries, Degas's unsentimental view of the ballet, particularly the coolness and incisive skill with which he cuts through the tawdry artifice to the real beauty and ugliness and anguish underneath, was far more shocking than Halévy's lightweight, sensational novel. Halévy eventually wrote a series of stories about the Cardinals, and Degas made monotypes to illustrate them, but his work was not published in book form.

In his mid-40s, Degas, who had always suffered from poor eyesight and would ultimately go blind, took to making wax figures, partly for his own pleasure, partly to have something he could mold and feel and not just visualize.

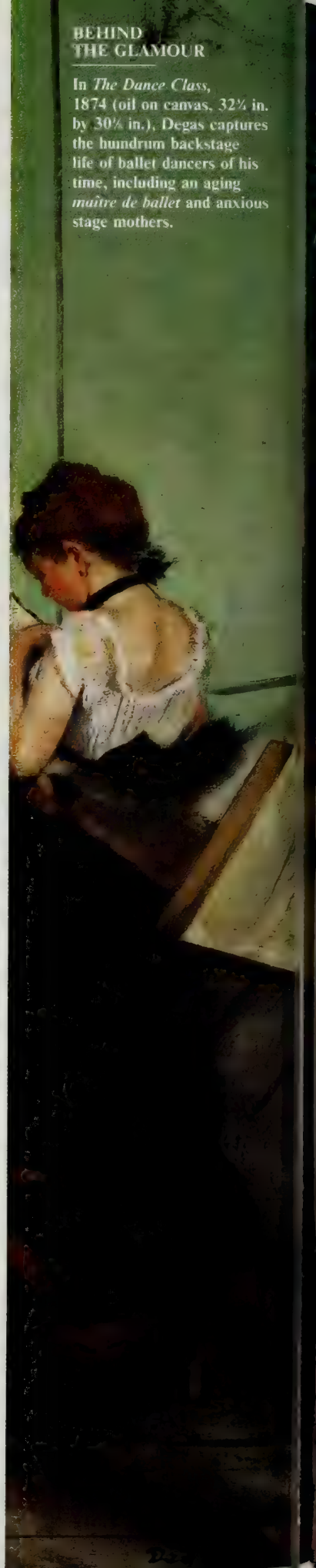
Degas's first and most celebrated wax sculpture (also, at 39 inches, his tallest) is *The Little Fourteen-Year-Old Dancer,* which is as central to his perception of the ballet as it is to the current show. The figure was exhibited only once in the artist's lifetime, and in a state very unlike its present one. In his quest not so much for the shock of the new as the shock of the real, Degas dressed his waxwork up in a wig with a pigtail tied in a green bow and another ribbon around her neck. Her clothes tutu, bodice, stockings, ballet shoes—were all real. He tried to tint the girl's waxen face and arms flesh color—alas, they came out blotchy. Similar figures of the Holy Family and saints, adorned with halos and wigs and jeweled crowns, can still be found in the churches of Southern Europe. However, Degas was among the first to use raiment to enhance reality rather than promote religious uplift.

The resultant effigy was a *succès de scandale,* and Degas would never exhibit any of [illegible] sculptures again. It was only after his [illegible] were cast in bronze [illegible] of the originals had survived, mostly in bits and pieces; about half of them were castable). *The Little Dancer* was in an especially sorry state, her arms half off, but Adrien Hébrard, the celebrated bronze founder, and his assistant managed to piece the figure together again. It was a horrendous job—for instance, the bodice had been glued to the wax torso and then partly smeared with more wax. Nevertheless, the casts were remarkably successful, and although not entirely faithful to the original, they incorporate some of the real-life elements, the tutu and the bow. When the Philadelphia collector Henry McIlhenny acquired a cast of *The Little Dancer,* he was amused to find that the figure came with a change of tutus and a second bow for her hair.

All 74 of the original waxes—including a number of naked dancers in classical poses—were supposedly cast in an edition of 22 copies each. Except for *The Little Dancer,* of which there may be as many as 27 casts, those intended for sale were lettered alphabetically, *A* through *T.* A librarian friend of mine who kept a record of all the casts he could find told me that the existence of more than one identically marked example of the same cast led him to suspect that Hébrard's lettering had not been as scrupulous as it might have been. Also, Gary Tinterow, the New York Metropolitan Museum curator and Degas specialist, wonders whether an expert should not be called in to identify the innumerable fingerprints on the waxes. He believes that many of them would turn out not to be Degas's.

A hundred years ago the public erred in seeing Degas's ballet images as brutal. These days the pendulum has swung too far in the other direction. I realized this all too clearly at the Metropolitan Museum's magnificent 1988 retrospective when I overheard two women gushing over *The Little Dancer.* "Isn't she darling?—just like my little Stephanie when she first started doing ballet. We dressed her up like this and photographed her in the same cute pose. She, too, knew she was going to be a ballerina." In leaning forward to touch the emblematic tutu, the woman triggered an alarm, and at the same time one in me. Ballet mothers had not changed.

Far from being a suitable role model for little Stephanie, Marie van Goethem, the "little rat" who posed for *The Little Dancer,* might have stepped straight out of the pages of Halévy's novel. She was one of three daughters, all students at the Paris Opera school, born to a Belgian tailor and a Parisian laundress and part-time prostitute. One daughter was a hardworking dancer who ended up as a ballet instructor; Marie and the other one took after their mother. This



BEHIND THE GLAMOUR

In *The Dance Class,* 1874 (oil on canvas, 32¼ in. by 30⅛ in.), Degas captures the humdrum backstage life of ballet dancers of his time, including an aging *maître de ballet* and anxious stage mothers.



Degas wanted to portray his "little monkey girls" under stress, "cracking their joints" at the barre, their muscles in agony.

sculpture is not about adolescent cuteness; it's about guttersnipe grit and cheekiness. The same goes for most of the other great representations of ballet in this show: the more you study them, the more you realize that Degas never lies, never sentimentalizes the glamour or the plight of "the little rats." His paintings, pastels, and monotypes are statements of fact, which carry the more conviction for being sublimely phrased.

Degas's sexuality, or lack of it, has always been a bit of a mystery. Especially puzzling is the contrast between the eroticism implicit in his ballet subjects and the chill and detachment of his presentation of them. Several of the artist's friends came up with possible solutions to the mystery but little in the way of evidence. Manet was convinced that Degas was "not capable of loving a woman"; Léon Hennique, a minor writer, reported that he and the artist had shared two sisters, one of whom had complained of Degas's virtual impotence. Van Gogh, whose work Degas admired and collected, came up with an explanation which tells us more about himself than Degas, but is nonetheless revealing. He put Degas's "trouble having an erection" down to fears that sex might diminish his creative urge: "Degas lives like a little notary and does not love women because he knows that if he ... spent a lot of time kissing them he would become mentally ill and inept.... Degas's painting is vigorously masculine.... He looks at the human animals who are stronger than he is and [they] are kissing each other ... and he paints them well, precisely because he himself is not at all pretentious about having erections."

Picasso, who may well have met Degas through the Spanish painter Ignacio Zuloaga, was particularly fascinated by Degas's private life. I know, because I gave him one of the brothel monotypes: "Far and away the best things he ever did," Picasso said. As a result, he asked me to track down as many others as I could. He ended up acquiring 12 more—a collection of which he was very proud, proud above all of their "*vérité*." "You can actually smell them," he would say as he showed them off to friends. Why, Picasso would ask, did Degas, who devoted his life to portraying women, not only never marry but never even have an attachment? Was he impotent or syphilitic, kinky or homosexual? After considering these and more [illegible] possibilities, Picasso concluded that [illegible] was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 368

Spotlight

ROCKWELL ROLLING

Lots of young actors wake up one day to discover they suddenly have what Hollywood calls "heat." Sam Rockwell is one of the few who have earned it. The 33-year-old star-in-the-making reeks of old-school acting cred. He has been in 30 small films; he knows all about Sanford Meisner; he's done serious theater in New York; and he's survived his requisite eight-month stint in Los Angeles, where he slept on the couch of a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle named Leif and ate way too much Domino's pizza.

Rockwell has also obsessively taken in the 70s work of his idols Jon Voight, Robert De Niro, Al Pacino, Gene Hackman, and Robert Duvall, and claims he has stolen from as many of them as possible. "That way," he says, "they can't catch you." In his first starring role in a studio film, a heist movie called *Welcome to Collinwood*, Rockwell transcends the labels Hollywood has slapped on him—"the next Gary Oldman," "the next Steve Buscemi"—and proves he's something rarer: a character actor sexy enough to get the girl.

No doubt this is what grabbed the attention of George Clooney, who gave him the lead in his directorial debut, *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*. Based on the cult memoir of *Gong Show* host Chuck Barris, who claimed to have been a C.I.A. hit man, and written for the screen by Charlie Kaufman (*Being John Malkovich*), the film had Rockwell on edge: in the tradition of his heroes, he threw himself into the part, watching old Barris rehearsal tapes, hanging out with the eccentric man himself, and, perhaps most impressively, sitting through 200 episodes of *The Gong Show*. "It was almost, like, Too much information," says Rockwell. —EVGENIA PERETZ

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER



GROOMING BY GINA MONACI; FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE.



THE UP-AND-COMER

Indie-film veteran Sam Rockwell is ready for his big-studio close-up. He's the star of *Welcome to Collinwood* and plays Chuck Barris in *Confessions of a Dangerous Mind*. Photographed in Santa Clarita, California, on July 28, 2002.



THE GOOD GIRLS

The Noel sisters with their mother and children on a midsummer afternoon in Connecticut. From left, the adult Noels in the picture are Lisina, Marisa (lying down), Monica (back row), Corina, Ariane and Alix.

Golden in



Corina, Lisina, Ariane, Alix, and Marisa Noel are the sts of Greenwich—five beautiful sisters with a Brazilian provenance who arrived in Connecticut in 1974. Well dressed, well educated (Harvard, Yale, Brown, Georgetown), and well married, they are raising compoundful of well-behaved children. BRUCE WEBER photographs the anti-Hiltons, while KRISTINA STEWART learns how they got picture-perfect

Greenwich

The Noel sisters of Greenwich, Connecticut, are turning tabloid-fodder sister acts (that is, Nicky and Paris Hilton) on their heads. In lieu of dancing on tables, the five Noel women have made a name for themselves by shoring up the virtues of a nearly extinct aristocracy. They're well educated and well married, and they're raising a pack of well-behaved, multi-lingual children while keeping their string-bikini figures intact.

"Let me tell you, those Noel girls are *perfect,*" says Laura McCloy, a socialite of a certain age who gestures with a clinking glass of iced tea toward the tall, attractive sisters. Mrs. McCloy, who is dressed all in pool-green Michael Kors, smiles at Corina, 38, Lisina, 37, Ariane, 35, and Alix, 34. The scene is a lawn in Greenwich, part of the property owned by retired Chase Manhattan Bank vice-chairman Robert Douglass and his wife, Linda. The couple is hosting a party for the youngest Noel sister, Marisa, 25, who is to marry 33-year-old investment manager Matt Brown on October 26.

Today, Marisa greets well-wishers in a white crocheted halter top and low-slung white linen pants. Wearing her straight blond hair down to her waist and no makeup, she's a coltish mix of tomboy and glamazon. Among the guests are 10 of her sisters' 14 children, all of them 10 years old and younger, all of them racing around the poolside luncheon tables and jabbering away in rapid-fire Portuguese, English, Italian, and Spanish.

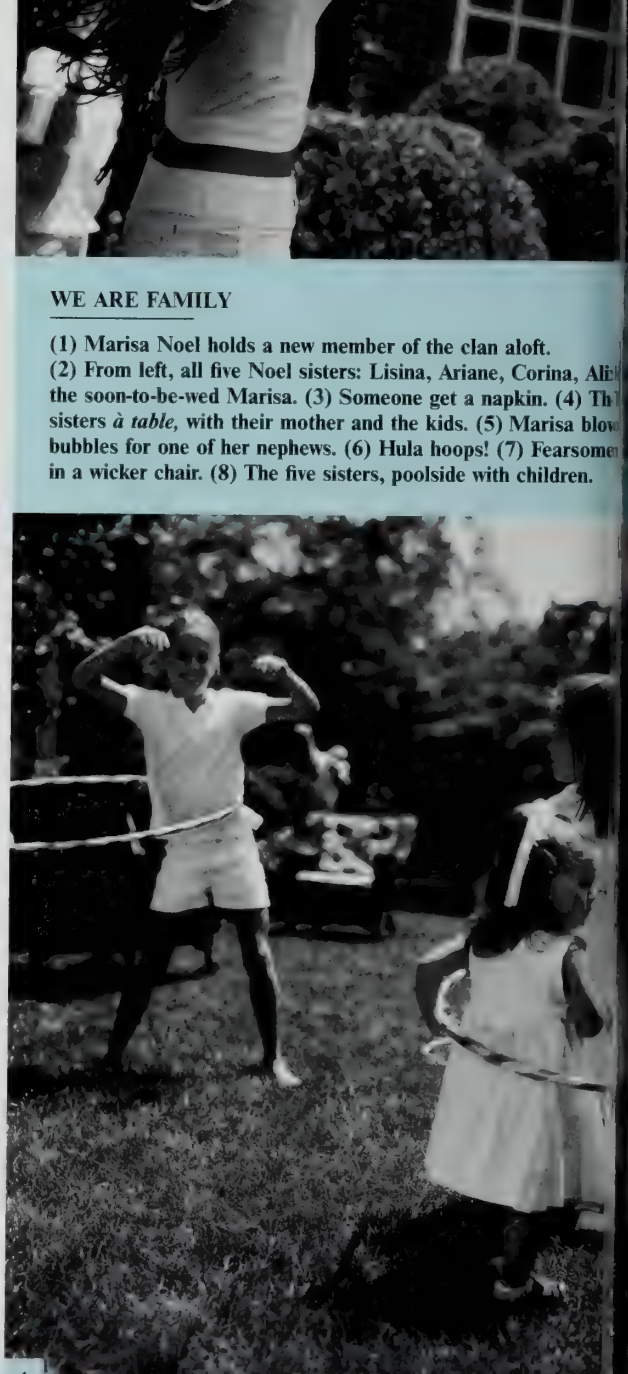
Walter and Monica Noel came here, to the heart of Waspy Connecticut, roughly 30 years ago. Their ascent into the rarefied social order of Greenwich was by no means assured. As Mrs. McCloy explains, "It was Angela and Gary Fischer who first called me in 1974, asking if I wouldn't mind inviting out a friend of theirs, Monica Noel, who'd just moved into the neighborhood—*by way of Brazil.* I didn't know *what* to expect, but I was setting up a doubles match at the club and thought, Well, *why not?*" Mrs. McCloy turns both palms upward for emphasis. "The Fischers had always been *verrry* nice to us, and I figured at the worst it would be my nice deed for the day." Pause. Wide eyes. "I had no idea what I was in for." Mrs. McCloy goes on to describe a stunning and impeccably dressed young mother of four bi-lingual little girls who managed to charm everyone instantly. To thank Mrs. McCloy for the day of tennis, and presumably for the entrée into Greenwich society, Monica made her a "flawless Linzer torte, which is *still* the stuff of local legend," Mrs. McCloy recalls. "You cannot *believe* what comes out of that woman's kitchen."

When asked how she manages to keep her daughters returning [illegible] after all these years, Monica, now 60, says, "Just keep the [illegible] flowing." Several granddaughters CONTINUED ON PAGE 367



WE ARE FAMILY

(1) Marisa Noel holds a new member of the clan aloft. (2) From left, all five Noel sisters: Lisina, Ariane, Corina, Alix, the soon-to-be-wed Marisa. (3) Someone get a napkin. (4) The sisters *à table,* with their mother and the kids. (5) Marisa blows bubbles for one of her nephews. (6) Hula hoops! (7) Fearsome in a wicker chair. (8) The five sisters, poolside with children.





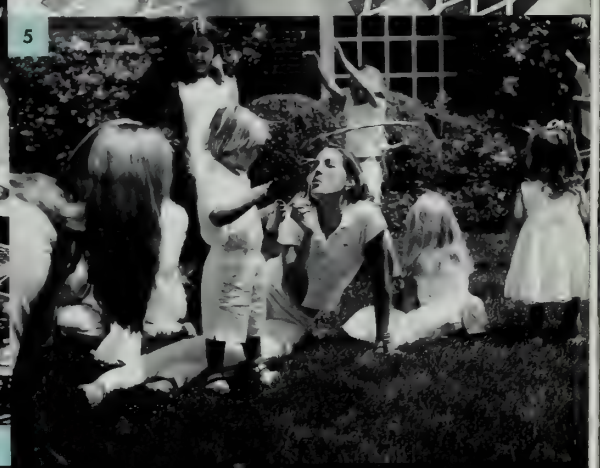
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To Be a Rockefeller

Legendary philanthropist and reviled Standard Oil "robber baron," John D. Rockefeller was also the revered patriarch of 20th-century America's premier dynasty. His achievement, however, weighed heavily on his son, John D. junior, and, in turn, on the generation that followed. In an excerpt from his forthcoming memoir, grandson DAVID ROCKEFELLER recalls a childhood in the shadow of that legacy, the saga of his father's most precarious undertaking—Rockefeller Center, built in the midst of the Depression—and his own campaign to revive Wall Street by promoting that cruelly obliterated symbol of financial power, the World Trade Center

PORTRAITS BY NIGEL PARRY



AMERICAN ARISTOCRAT
David Rockefeller at 87, photographed on July 14, 2002, on the lawn of Hudson Pines, his Georgian-style house in New York's Westchester County, with his private Augusta 109 helicopter.



There is a picture of all the men in the family waiting at the station in Tarrytown, New York, for the train carrying Grandfather's casket from his winter home in Ormond Beach, Florida. He died quietly in his bed on May 23, 1937, at the age of 97. While the official cause of death was sclerotic myocarditis, it would be simpler to say he died of old age. I had known him as Grandfather, not the "robber baron" or great philanthropist of the history books. He had been a constant presence in my childhood: benign, indulgent, revered by my father, John D. Rockefeller Jr., and by the family as a whole. Looking at that picture today, I find it remarkable how well it captured our relationships with one another, where we were in life, and, perhaps, where we would all be going.



John, characteristically, stands on the periphery. Thirty-one years old, he is the oldest son, inheritor of the dynastic name. After he graduated from Princeton, Father put him on the boards of many family institutions, among them the Rockefeller Foundation, the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, and Colonial Williamsburg, grooming him to be the family leader; but he is shy and uncertain of his abilities.

Nelson, also characteristically, has managed to situate himself at the exact center of the picture and stares authoritatively at the camera. At 29 he will soon become president of Rockefeller Center.

Laurance, 27, the philosopher and businessman, gazes into the middle distance. He was emerging as a leading investor in the aviation industry and, with Eddie Rickenbacker, the World War I flying ace, would soon buy a large stake in Eastern Air Lines.

Winthrop is the handsomest. Somehow Mother's family's features—which one might describe as having a lot of "character"—combined with the Rockefeller genes to produce almost movie-star good looks. Win is the most troubled of us and never quite fit in. Now 25, he is working roughneck in the Texas oil

I am the youngest, 21 look very wet behind the e have just completed my firs of graduate work in econo at Harvard and will leave summer to continue my st at the London School of nomics.

Father, beginning to sho 63 years, presides over us all, completely forthright, a frie kind face. Perhaps a little distant.

We brought Grandfather back to the mansion that he an ther had built 25 years earlier on the family estate at Poca Hills, in Westchester County, just north of where the Ta Zee Bridge now crosses the Hudson River. Called Kykui Dutch word for "lookout," the house commands a magni view of the river. The next day, with only immediate family few close friends present, we held a service for him. I reme it was a beautiful spring day, the French doors open to th race, and the Hudson a glistening blue below us. His favori ganist, Dr. Archer Gibson, played the large pipe organ i main hall, on which we used to pretend to perform when we children. Harry Emerson Fosdick, senior minister of New Riverside Church, which was built by Father, gave the eulo

After the service, as everyone milled about, Mr. Yordi, G father's valet, gestured to me. Yordi, a dapper Swiss fellow been Grandfather's constant companion for 30 years. I knev well, but he had always been reserved in my presence. I wen to him, and he pulled me aside, into a deserted hallway. know, Mr. David," he began (from as early as I can remembe

Excerpted from *Memoirs*, by David Rockefeller, to be published this month by Random House Trade Publishing, a division of Random House, Inc.; © 2002 by the author.



THE PATRIARCHY
Standard Oil founder John D. Rockefeller Sr. with his only son, John D. junior, in 1927. *Insets: top,* John D. junior, at far left, with his five sons, David, Nelson, Winthrop, Laurance, and John D. III, waiting at the train station in Tarrytown, New York, for John D. senior's coffin to arrive from Florida, 1937; *bottom,* Kykuit, the family estate in Pocantico, on the Hudson, finished in 1912.

Some have said that
Grandfather and Father, along
with Andrew Carnegie, invented
modern philanthropy.



THE PRIVATE SECTOR
David Rockefeller at 25, with his wife, Margaret "Peggy" McGrath, leaving for their honeymoon, 1940. They were happily married until her death in 1996. *Insets: near right,* Abeyton Lodge, David's parents' house in Pocantico before the family moved into Kykuit; *far right,* the Eyrie, the Rockefeller summer residence in Seal Harbor, Maine.

There was a stuffed
emperor penguin in the fro
hallway of Abeyton.
Admiral Richard Byrd ha
presented it to Father.

always addressed us in that way; first names would have been familiar), "of all you brothers, your grandfather always thought were the most like him." I must have looked very surprised. It the last thing I expected him to say. "Yes," he said, "you were much his favorite." I thanked him somewhat awkwardly, but waved his hand and said, "No, no, I just thought you should w." I didn't know what to make of it. I thought it would have n Nelson, but I couldn't pretend I wasn't pleased.

Grandfather started at $5 a week as a clerk in a dry-goods store in Cleveland and went on to found the Standard Oil Company, which for all practical purposes was *the* oil industry in the United States until the Supreme Court ordered the trust dissolved in 1911 after a long period of acrimonious litigation. Many of the panies that emerged from the breakup still exist: ExxonMo-Chevron, Amoco, and about 30 others.

tandard Oil made Grandfather possibly "the richest man in erica." He was also, for much of his life, one of the most d. The tabloid press attacked Standard's business practices accused it of crimes—including murder—in its relentless ef- to eliminate all competition and perfect its monopoly of oil industry. Grandfather was the target of Progressives, ulists, Socialists, and others discontented with the new erican capitalist order. Robert La Follette, the powerful gover- of Wisconsin, called him the "greatest criminal of his age." dy Roosevelt used him as a whipping boy in his effort to g the industrial monopolies to heel. Ida Tarbell, who through writings probably did more than anyone to establish the im- of Grandfather as a greedy and rapacious "robber baron," te, "There is little doubt that Mr. Rockefeller's chief reason playing golf is that he may live longer to make more money." oday most historians would agree that the picture painted of ndard in those contemporary accounts was highly partisan and n inaccurate. Grandfather and his partners were tough com- tors, but they were guilty of no more than the common busi- s practices of their day. It was a different world then. Few of the laws that regulate business competition today were in place. Standard was operating on the frontiers of the economy; it was new, unexplored territory, in some cases literally like the Wild West.

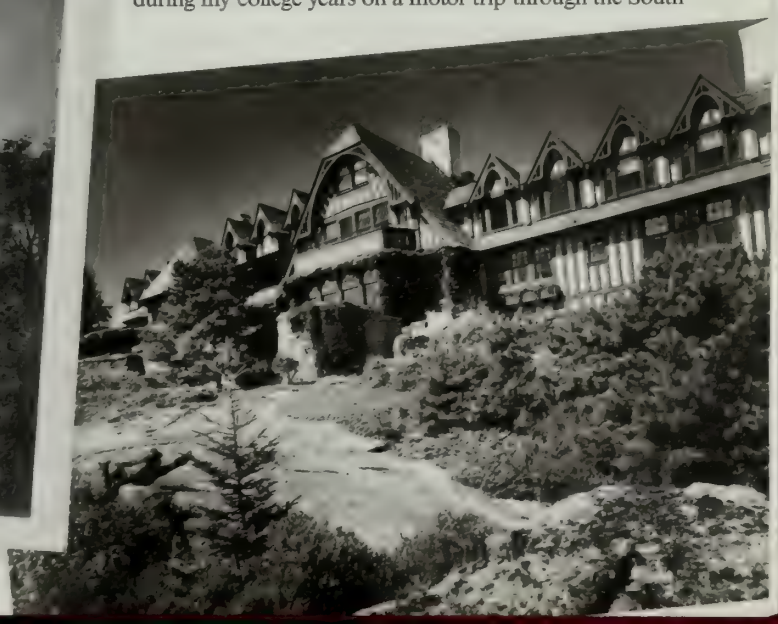
Some have said that Grandfather and Father, along with Andrew Carnegie, invented modern philanthropy. Grandfather's first major philanthropic project was the creation of the University of Chicago in the 1890s. One of the next initiatives he undertook was the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, founded in 1901. Grandfather's vision, developed in close collaboration with the first director of the institute, Dr. Simon Flexner, was to establish a research facility modeled on the Pasteur and Koch institutes in Europe. In creating the institute Grandfather followed the same principles that he had tested at Standard Oil: he hired good men and gave them scope. While he had been intimately involved in the inception and planning, once the institute was up and running, he made it a point not to interfere with its management. Father became president of the board of trustees to ensure that the policy of independent scientific research was strictly maintained.

The Rockefeller Foundation, founded in 1913, was the first philanthropic organization with a specifically global vision and was the culmination of Grandfather's efforts to create a structure capable of wisely managing his assets for benevolent purposes. Grandfather provided more endowment for the foundation—approximately $182 million, more than $2 billion in current dollars, over a period of 10 years—than for any other institution. The foundation fought hookworm, yellow fever, malaria, tuberculosis, and other infectious diseases. In later years it became a leader in developing hybrid varieties of corn, wheat, and rice that served as the basis for the green revolution, which has done so much to transform societies around the world.

When my parents married on October 9, 1901, the press headlined it as the union of the two most powerful families in America: the son and heir of John D. Rockefeller and the daughter of Nelson Aldrich, Republican majority leader in the U.S. Senate and, according to some, "the General Manager of the Nation."

Dress was decidedly more formal in those days; in the winter Father wore a black tie to dinner every night, and Mother a long dress, even when the family dined alone. The quantity of clothing they carried everywhere was astounding. Father never ventured out even in the summer without a coat in case the weather turned cold, and he always wore a hat outdoors. A photograph of Father and me taken one summer during my college years on a motor trip through the South-





west shows us seated on a wool lap robe under a pine tree in the Arizona desert. Father is wearing a suit and tie and a felt hat, and the ever present coat is lying nearby.

I have no doubt Father loved all of us very much, but his own rigid upbringing undoubtedly contributed to his inflexibility as a parent. He was formal, not cold, but rarely demonstrably affectionate. Nevertheless, he was *physically* more present during my childhood than many fathers. He worked hard, but mostly in his office at home, where he did not wish to be disturbed. He was with us in Pocantico on weekends and spent summer vacations with us in Maine, but on the emotional level he was distant. His sense of parental responsibility prodded him into frequent soliloquies on duty, morality, and proper behavior. My brother Laurance to this day remembers with some distress the letter he received from Father after he was voted "most likely to succeed" by his class at Princeton. Father reminded him that he would have to spend the rest of his life truly earning the good opinion his classmates had of him.

Father was a complicated person. Grandfather was a self-made man who created a great fortune after starting with nothing, an accomplishment Father would have no opportunity to emulate. Even after he had built a solid record of achievement, he was plagued with feelings of inadequacy. He once described his brief involvement in the business world—as one of many vice presidents at Standard Oil—as "a race with my own conscience," and in a sense Father was racing all his life to be worthy of his name and inheritance.

In his early 30s, Father suffered a "nervous collapse"—we would now call it depression. In order to recover his health, he took Mother and my sister, Abby, then only a year old, on a month's vacation to the South of France. Their stay there lengthened into six months, and even when they came back, Father retreated to his home and rarely went out. It was almost a year before he felt able to return to the office, and then only part-time.

Once Father overcame his depression, he resigned from Standard and devoted himself exclusively to philanthropy and the management of Grandfather's personal affairs. As a result, during the decade of the teens, Grandfather began to transfer some stocks and other properties to him, but still in relatively small quantities. In 1915, the year I was born, when Father was 41, he owned outright only about $250,000 worth of Standard Oil stock.

Beginning in 1917, Grandfather began to transfer his remaining assets to Father—about one-half billion dollars at the time, which was equivalent to about $10 billion today. Father promptly set about restructuring his life to deal with the responsibilities that great wealth had brought him. Essentially, his goals would be the same as those expressed by the motto of the Rockefeller Foundation: improving the "well-being of mankind throughout the world." This meant continuing his active involvement with the institutions started by Grandfather, but it also gave him the opportunity to initiate projects of his own, projects that would range over practically every field of human activity.

I was born in my parents' home at 10 West 54th Street in New York on June 12, 1915. Their home wasn't a château with turrets, crenellated walls, and expansive ballrooms of the sort built by the Vanderbilts and others along Fifth Avenue, but it wasn't exactly simple, either. At the time, it was the largest private residence in New York City and had nine floors and an enclosed play area on the roof. Below it there was a squash court, a gymnasium, and a private infirmary, where I was born and where family mer would go if they were sick with a contagious disease su measles or mumps. On the second floor was a music room a pipe organ and a large piano; it was here that my parents ed recitals by such noted artists as the pianist Jan Paderews

The house was filled with art, the style and p of which reflected my parents' very different and personalities. Mother's taste was eclecti ranged from the art of the ancient world to temporary work from Europe and the U States. Her interest in contemporary Ame artists emerged during the 1920s. Under the ance of Edith Halpert, owner of the Downtown Gallery, M er acquired works by Charles Sheeler, Edward Hopper, Ch Demuth, Charles Burchfield, and Arthur Davies. She also to know Lillie Bliss and Mary Quinn Sullivan, who shared h citement about modern art. Concerned that talented artists little prospect of being shown by a museum until they dead—if then—the three women decided to establish a mu for contemporary artists. Through their initiative, the Museu Modern Art (MoMA) came into being in late 1929.

Father disliked modern art. He considered it "unlifelike," and disturbing, and he discouraged Mother from hanging temporary art in those areas of the house that he frequente

Shortly after building their house, my parents ran o space for some of the large and important pieces they ha quired, so they bought the house next door. Connecting were cut through the walls on three floors so that Father display some of his favorite works, including 10 18th-cen Gobelin tapestries, *The Months of Lucas,* woven originall Louis XIV, and the famous set of 15th-century French G tapestries known as *Hunt of the Unicorn.* In the late 1930s ther gave both sets of tapestries to the Metropolitan Museu Art, and the unicorn tapestries continue to be the centra ture in the Metropolitan's Cloisters museum in Fort Tryon near the northern tip of Manhattan.

During the week our daily routine never varied. We roused early for a quick breakfast, preceded by morning pr in Father's study. Father required us to learn selected v from the Bible, which he called upon us to recite. Each then took turns reading a Psalm or another passage fro Bible. We ended with a prayer. Father would explain to u meaning of what we were reading. Making jokes or cuttin was sternly discouraged. Prayers lasted 10 or 15 minutes; ne Mother nor my sister, Abby, whom we called Babs, attenc

Except for John, we all attended the Lincoln School, at 1 Street and Morningside Drive, near Harlem. Father consider important for boys to get exercise, so every morning we strap on our roller skates in the front hallway and headed uptow Fifth Avenue along the border of Central Park. When we younger, Winthrop and I got only to 72nd Street, whereas N and Laurance often went as far as 96th Street. Following behind us in a Nash sedan to pick us up when our ene flagged was one of the three Irish Concannon brothers, who originally worked as coachmen and who all learned to dr car. They were happiest driving one of our electric cars, w were popular before the advent of Henry Ford's Model T cause the driver perched on top like a coachman.

In the winter the family spent weekends at the estate in Pc tico Hills. We drove up in a Crane-Simplex sedan with a

During Rockefeller Center's first five decades the family received virtually no return on its investment.







CIVIC DUTY

From top: the Standard Oil building, right, on Broadway in Lower Manhattan in the 1920s; the 45-foot-tall statue of Atlas, designed by Lee Lawrie, which stands in the forecourt of the International Building in Rockefeller Center on Fifth Avenue, photographed in 1937; the World Trade Center under construction, circa 1970.

enough for a person of average height to stand upright inside. It had folding side seats and could comfortably accommodate seven people, including the chauffeur. For children it seemed like an endless journey—there were no modern highways, and the trip from Manhattan took about one and a half hours—and I remember distinctly the smell of the plush fabric on the seats, which always made me feel a little carsick.

Grandfather had started buying property in Pocantico in the early 1890s. Southwestern Westchester County was still very rural then, with woodlands, lakes, fields, and streams, all teeming with wildlife. Eventually the family accumulated about 3,400 acres, which surrounded and included almost all of the little village of Pocantico Hills, where most of the residents worked for the family and lived in houses owned by Grandfather.

The wooden house my grandparents occupied burned down in 1901. Rather than rebuild, they simply moved down the hill to a smaller place, known as the Kent House, where they were perfectly content. After a great deal of prodding by Father they finally built a larger and more substantial house near where the original structure had stood. Grandfather occupied Kykuit from 1912 until his death in 1937, and then Mother and Father moved into it.

My parents' first home in "the Park," Abeyton Lodge, was a large, rambling wooden structure down the hill from Kykuit. Abeyton's interior was filled with oak paneling and floors, which gave it a warm and comfortable feeling. A wide golden-oak staircase ascended from the entrance hall to the second floor, and a large oak table almost filled the front hall. It was on that table that I recall seeing the front page of the *New York Herald Tribune* the day the stock market crashed in 1929. There were fireplaces in many rooms, including several of the bedrooms. The one in the living room was always lit in cool weather and contributed to the room's inviting atmosphere. Bookcases with glass doors lined the entire wall and held sets of books by well-known authors, Charles Dickens and Robert Louis Stevenson among them, as well as bound copies of *Country Life* and *St. Nicholas* magazines, both relics of Victorian America. The only painting in the house of any distinction was a large George Inness landscape.

There was a long hallway between the living room and dining room where the heads of big-game animals lined the walls. I have no idea where they came from, because Father certainly never went on an African safari, but this wasn't too long after Teddy Roosevelt's time, and mounted animal trophies were much in vogue. There was also a stuffed emperor penguin standing in the front hallway. Admiral Richard Byrd had presented it to Father in gratitude for the financial support Father provided for his expeditions to the polar regions. Admiral Byrd visited us frequently in those days, and on his first expedition to Antarctica he telegraphed



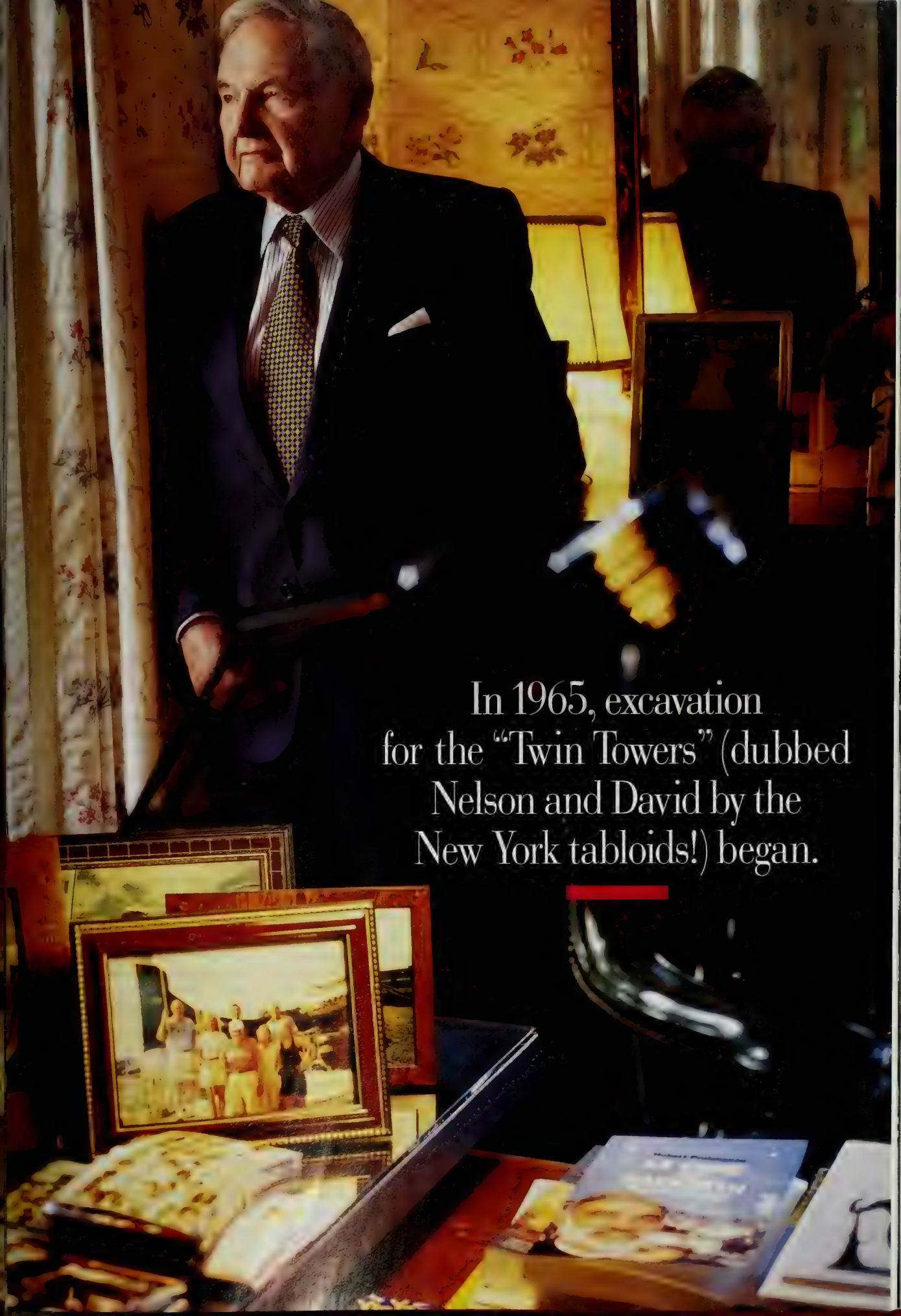
me from Little America saying he was naming a relay camp after me. That was an exciting thing for a 13-year-old boy. Byrd discovered mountain ranges near the Ross Sea, and he named one of them the Rockefeller Mountains, a name it bears to this day. Another famous visitor was Charles Lindbergh, who spent a weekend with us soon after his solo flight across the Atlantic in 1927.

I had developed an avid interest in nature study, particularly collecting beetles, as a result of a class in natural history I attended, along with Henry Ford II, one summer in Maine. On warm spring nights I would hang up a linen sheet against the stucco wall on the porch off my bedroom and put a light in front of it. Beetles and other insects would swarm toward the light in large numbers, and in a short period of time the sheet would be covered with crawling life. On a single evening I could easily collect 30 or more species of beetles. It is a sad fact that the same result could not be produced today, clearly due to the extensive use of insecticides. When I was a child, the strident sounds of the katydids, cicadas, and other members of the insect orchestra would keep me awake at night. Now, late in the summer, we sometimes hear a few katydids sawing away, but very few.

The estate was a child's paradise. When I was in my early teens, Father built a huge playhouse just up the hill from Abeyton Lodge with a gymnasium, an indoor pool, a bowling alley, a squash court, and a kitchen. A decade later Father added an indoor tennis court. There were an infinite number of places to play, but I remember usually having to play alone or with a tutor who came out for the weekend.

Summers were always spent in Maine at the Eyrie in Seal Harbor, on the southeastern shore of Mount Desert Island, not far from Bar Harbor. We would celebrate Grandfather's birthday on July 8 in Pocantico and head north the next day. The movement of the household was a complicated logistical task and required weeks of preparation. Large trunks and suitcases were dragged out of storage and packed with everything we might need during the nearly three-month stay. On the day of our departure, workers loaded them on trucks along with ice

THE CHRONICLER
David Rockefeller in the living room of his house in Westchester County. *Inset*, Winthrop, David, Nelson, John, and Laurance shortly after World War II.



In 1965, excavation for the "Twin Towers" (dubbed Nelson and David by the New York tabloids!) began.

chests containing pasteurized milk for us children on the train. Everything was delivered to Pennsylvania Station and loaded on the train. Abeyton Lodge was filled with a wonderful bustle and sense of anticipation as we hurried about collecting all of those things that we *had* to have with us: books, games, and athletic equipment.

By 1900, Bar Harbor had become one of New England's most fashionable summer resorts, on a par with Newport, Rhode Island. The rugged coastline along Frenchman's Bay flanking Bar Harbor was covered with immense gabled mansions of the rich, and the harbor was filled with yachts. Seal Harbor, although only nine miles away, remained much quieter and more conservative. My parents thought Bar Harbor flashy and ostentatious, and spent little time there. Families such as the Atwater Kents, of radio fame, the Dorrances, of Campbell Soup, and the Potter Palmers, from Chicago, gave elaborate parties, with bands playing on yachts anchored just off their property, and dancing all through the night. Speedboats carried guests back and forth, and champagne flowed.

My parents disapproved of such opulent displays, especially because of the liquor, which was in abundant supply even during Prohibition. Many rumors circulated about the high society of Bar Harbor; it was even whispered that Mr. Kent kept a mistress! Of course, I was too young for most of this and heard about it primarily from my brothers.

Father spent much of his time during the summers riding horses and driving carriages along the 55 miles of carriage roads he had built on land he owned as well as within Acadia National Park. They were marvels of engineering and meticulous planning, and provided spectacular views of the ocean, mountains, lakes, and forests.

Father didn't like sailing and rarely ventured out on the water. This was a great disappointment to Mother, who had been raised on Narragansett Bay among a family of sailors. Eventually Father bought a beautiful 36-foot racing sloop, an "R" boat named *Jack Tar,* undoubtedly as a concession to my older brothers. Being the youngest, I didn't get much sailing time on it, although when I was 17 a friend and I sailed 100 miles east to Saint Andrews in New Brunswick, across the treacherous waters of Passamaquoddy Bay. *Jack Tar* had no engine, so Captain Oscar Bulger, who worked for the family for many years, followed along in his lobster boat in case we got into trouble.

My siblings viewed me as being far too young to be worth playing with. The eldest, my sister, Abby, was 12 years older than I. When I was a young child, she was a debutante, out every night until early morning; once or twice I remember her getting home as I was strapping on my roller skates and heading off for school. John, two and a half years younger than Babs, was next in line and already in long pants—we all wore knickerbockers and long socks until well into our teens—so I also considered him almost part of the adult world. Nelson and Laurance were also quite a bit older, seven and five years, respectively, and Win, the closest to me in age, was my senior by three years.

From my earliest memory Babs had already entered her rebellious phase, which in one way or another lasted most of her life. Father clearly wanted his first child to be a devout Christian woman and to do things he felt a well-brought-up lady should do. He adored Babs, but in his eagerness to have her become a paragon of modesty and charity, he badgered her constantly with lectures on good behavior and the obligations of wealth. Babs would have none of it. If Father wanted her to do something, she would refuse or do the opposite. For instance, Father strongly disapproved of alcohol and tobacco, and offered each of us $2,500 if we didn't smoke before the age of 21, and another $2,500 if we made it all the way to 25. I don't think Babs even tried. She smoked as obviously as possible in front of our parents.

Babs was adamant in her refusal to give money to charity. Grandfather and Father expected all of us to follow their example and encouraged us to contribute 10 percent of our allowances to church and other charitable causes. In the beginning these were very small amounts, only a few dollars a month, but Father saw this practice as an essential part of our moral and civic education. Babs refused to give a cent, as a way of showing her independence. She suffered for it financially because Father was less generous to her than he was to his five sons.

The rebellion was not a happy one on either side. Father was distressed by her behavior and hurt by her animosity toward him. For Babs, life became more and more difficult. One episode when she was in her early 20s had a lasting impact on her life. She was ticketed for speeding in her Stutz convertible and was terrified at what Father might say when he found out about it. Her fiancé, Dave Milton, was an attorney and tried to get the ticket "fixed" through a judge he knew. The press picked this up, and the story appeared on the front page of the tabloids. My parents were upset, my sister even more so. In the end, seeing her real distress, Father was understanding of her plight. But from that day forward, she was terrified of public notoriety. She retreated into herself and ceased being the gay, fun-loving partygoer she had been.

When I was 10 and Babs 22, she married Dave Milton. His family had friends of our family's both in Seal H and in Pocantico. At first she saw riage as a way to escape from Fathe while she attended major family e and kept in touch with Mother, she li very separate life.

John, of course, had *the name.* H John D. Rockefeller III, the elde and the heir apparent. Of all the chi John was the most like Father in pers ty—hardworking and conscientious, v strong sense of duty. But Father's stan were so high and exacting that John never hope to win complete approval him. Every achievement was taken for ed—that's how a Rockefeller *should* be after all, and, furthermore, one shou careful not to get a swelled head ab and think you're superior. Since perfe was the norm, all John could do wa Though probably not articulated in w Father's response always made him f should be able to do better.

It's not surprising that John had a vous disposition." He was extremel and awkward in social situations, so conscious that he would agonize for over things he had said or thoughts h thinking. He was, like Father, somethi a hypochondriac, always concerned his health and plagued throughout his hood by a series of allergies and illn though none of them was serious. Pe because he was so much like Father, was destined to have, apart from Bab greatest conflict with him, but that v not come out into the open for a nu of years.

The contrast between John and N was dramatic. Where John was pai shy and self-conscious, Nelson was ble and outgoing and loved to be the ter of attention. The duties and oblig that weighed John down seemed to r Nelson easily. It was as if Nelson had l at Babs and John and decided he w going to make either of their mistak his relations with Father. If he brok rules, as Babs did, it wouldn't be do tentatiously to anger Father but to have get away with it, or secure some impo result. If, like John, he set out to p Father, it was to achieve a clear and c lated objective—to get what he wanted he often succeeded.

Nelson was named for Mother's f Senator Nelson Aldrich. But even th Nelson admired both grandfather thought it significant that he had been on Grandfather Rockefeller's birthda let one infer from this coincidence th was the true Rockefeller standard-be Yet his own career more closely para

of Grandfather Aldrich, the career poli-
n. In any case, Nelson was politically
e, even wily, within the family. He was
ural leader and radiated self-confidence.
was also the mischievous one in the
ly; he surreptitiously shot rubber bands
e rest of us during our morning prayers
was not the slightest bit concerned when
er reprimanded him.
idolized Nelson. In a household full of
es and constraints, Nelson knew how
ave fun and acted as if the constraints
only minor obstacles, which could be
y avoided. Most of the time he miracu-
ly escaped serious discipline, and even
punishments that were meted out to
never really seemed to stick, because
her enjoyed his liveliness and indepen-
e and perhaps secretly encouraged his
ty misbehavior. On
are occasions when
ok notice of my ex-
ce and asked me to
one of his adven-
s, my life was imme-
ly transformed into
ething larger, better,
more exciting.

aurance—the unusu-
al spelling is because
as named after our
dmother Laura—was
philosopher and the
tive one. Quiet like
n and a bit detached,
as less shy and more
uresome. When he
at Princeton and
ned with a rather fast
vd, he told me that he believed in try-
anything once. He was quick and witty,
not an especially good student. His nat-
charm and whimsical manner made him
attractive to girls, to whom he warmly
onded. As a young man, however, he
ched endlessly for the right road to fol-
in life. Later on he became a highly suc-
ful venture capitalist as well as a conser-
onist.

Winthrop faced an unusually difficult sit-
on within the family. Nelson and Lau-
ce were a club to which he wasn't invit-
I, three years his junior, was a club he
n't want to join. He was teased unmer-
lly by them and gave me full measure
he grief they inflicted on him. Win did
have a particularly happy childhood.
was, like me, somewhat overweight and
ward, and received a great deal of ridi-
from Nelson and Laurance, who nick-
ned him Pudgy. Once, Nelson coaxed
n onto a seesaw and, when he was high
he air, jumped off, sending poor Win
shing to the ground. Win picked up a
hfork and chased Nelson, fully intend-
ing, I'm sure, to skewer him, but Father intervened.

Later in life, after Win had been governor of Arkansas for two terms and was suffering from chronic alcoholism, Nelson made some gestures of support, but Win saw them as halfhearted and very belated. He was deeply embittered about the condescending treatment he felt he had always received from Nelson.

As the youngest, I received the special attention of my mother, but there were fewer compensations for Win. Win had exceptional natural qualities of leadership, which he demonstrated during his distinguished military service in World War II and later during his political career in Arkansas. But he was never comfortable with his social and intellectual peers. He



SCHOOL DAYS
David Rockefeller as a boy, skating up Fifth Avenue to his school on 123rd Street. A chauffeur following in a sedan would pick him up when his energy flagged.

spent much of his time with fair-weather friends, who looked up to him only because of his money and position. He hated school and was actually somewhat relieved when he was expelled from Yale during his junior year. Win was restless, iconoclastic, and full of energy. I think he desperately craved Father's approval, but his academic failures and undisciplined comportment meant that Father rarely granted him the acceptance he sought.

As children we recognized that we belonged to an unusual, even exceptional family, but the effect was different on each of us. For some it was a burden, for others an opportunity. Mother was a remarkable woman whose elegant style and gracious behavior affected everyone, especially her children, in a positive way. Father was a more austere and certainly a more awesome figure. However, much of what I learned about myself and my family's traditions came as a result of his efforts to expose me to the special travails associated with the Rockefeller name and the realities of the world I would inevitably inherit. His accomplishments were an inspiration to me.

In the spring of 1926, Mother and Father took Nelson, Laurance, Winthrop, and me on a trip to Philadelphia and then on to Virginia to visit Revolutionary War and Civil War sites. Father also had agreed to speak at Hampton Institute, the famous black college in Hampton, Virginia, that had received a great deal of financial support from the family. We spent a day on the campus speaking to students and attending a church service.

The next morning we climbed into the car for the trip to Richmond, where Father was to meet with Governor Harry F. Byrd to discuss conservation work in the Shenandoah Valley. Father had earlier decided that he wanted to stop in Williamsburg, home of the College of William and Mary, to see the work that was being done to renovate the national memorial hall of Phi Beta Kappa, the first chapter of which was located on the campus. Father had been elected to this national honorary fraternity when he was an undergraduate at Brown and had agreed to lead the fund-raising campaign for the building. Our guide for this brief portion of the trip was to be the Reverend Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin, rector of Bruton Parish Church and a part-time development officer for the college.

Dr. Goodwin showed us the memorial hall and then led us around the sleepy village that had been the capital of Virginia before the American Revolution. After the capital moved to Richmond, the town entered a long period of slow decline. Many of its splendid public buildings, including the Governor's Palace and the House of Burgesses, had fallen into ruins. Dr. Goodwin was an eloquent tour director and a very good salesman. When we visited a handsome but dilapidated brick building known as the George Wythe House, he extolled its fine architecture but pointed out with sadness its state of disrepair. Father picked up on the observation and later agreed to provide the funds needed to restore the house.

That was the modest beginning of Fa-

David Rockefeller

ther's most significant project in historic restoration, a project that gave him as much pleasure as anything he did in the field of philanthropy during his lifetime. Over a period of more than 30 years he spent some $60 million in acquiring and restoring the central portion of the town to its authentic Colonial condition. Today, Williamsburg is a pilgrimage site for millions of Americans and a place to which presidents of the United States have proudly taken visiting heads of state to catch a glimpse of an earlier America and its customs and traditions.

Although my parents felt their children should first get to know their own country, they believed it was just as important for us to learn about European culture. So in 1927 they took Winthrop and me to France. Four years earlier Father had offered to place a million dollars at the disposal of the French government to repair sections of Reims Cathedral, which had been damaged by German artillery, and to restore portions of Fontainebleau palace and the Palace of Versailles, where the leaking lead roof threatened the integrity of the limestone walls and made the famous Hall of Mirrors, where the treaty ending World War I had been signed, too dangerous to be used.

France was still reeling from the Great War, and neither the French government nor wealthy citizens of France were in a position to restore these monuments of incomparable architectural beauty and historic significance. Once the French government had accepted Father's offer, he retained his old friend Welles Bosworth, the Beaux Arts architect, to supervise the restorations. Over the course of the next decade Father provided more than $2 million for these projects.

We had a chance to inspect the work that had been completed to that point during our 1927 trip. We stayed a week at Versailles in the lovely Trianon Palace hotel so that Father could spend time with Bosworth and the French architects going over the details of the work under way. The conservator of Versailles gave Winthrop and me a special pass to ride our bicycles in the park and to climb over the vast lead roofs of the palace.

We were particularly intrigued by the restoration of Marie Antoinette's Hameau, an exact replica of an 18th-century farm village. Marie Antoinette was a devotee of the writings of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the great Romantic philosopher, and seems to have heeded his advice about returning to nature, at least on occasion. She constructed a bucolic fantasy where she could escape the stress of court life and palace intrigue with a few of her friends. There she dressed as a shepherdess and tended a flock of sheep. Not wanting to be too removed from the conveniences of court life, however, the queen also built a small opera house seating fewer than 100 people, where she would go to be entertained by great musicians and singers. The story is also told that the queen objected to the smell of the sheep and would send word of her arrival so that they could be perfumed.

Next we traveled in two Hispano-Suiza limousines with uniformed chauffeurs through the château country of the Loire Valley and then on to Mont-Saint-Michel and the wonderful coasts of Brittany and Normandy, which Mother loved because of their associations with the great masters of the Impressionist school.

In 1936, I returned to France with my parents to participate in the ceremony rededicating Reims Cathedral. Jean Zay, the former minister of culture in Léon Blum's Popular Front government, gave a banquet in Father's honor at the Palace of Versailles to express the French government's appreciation for Father's assistance, and they named a street for him there as well. A few days later President Albert Lebrun decorated Father with the Grand Croix of the Légion d'Honneur, France's highest decoration, in front of the Élysée Palace.

Sixty-four years later the French government generously awarded me the same decoration at the Palace of the Legion of Honor in Paris. It was a particularly meaningful occasion because the only other living American to share that honor is Ronald Reagan.

During my childhood and teenage years Father was involved in a number of major projects in and around New York City. He seemed to have a hand in everything, from the creation of public parks and the preservation of the natural landscape and the building of museums and churches to the provision of adequate and affordable housing for the city's burgeoning population. Many of Father's initiatives—the Palisades Interstate Park, the Cloisters and Fort Tryon Park, and Riverside Church—have become part of the city's physical landscape. Ironically, however, Father will be remembered most for a project that he never intended to undertake and that inadvertently led him to become a major real-estate developer.

Rockefeller Center was his most visible endeavor and has had a lasting impact on urban design in New York and around the world. The project began quite modestly, but it turned out to be an enormous venture, which exposed him to serious financial risks without bringing him any financial return. Yet, paradoxically, Rockefeller Center is, with the possible except Standard Oil, the business venture which my family is most closely linke

In 1930, Mother commissioned Hirsch, a promising young artist, to the view from my fifth-floor bedroor dow at 10 West 54th Street. Hirsch' scape, *Midtown Range,* is dominated Chrysler and Empire State Buildings majestically in the distance and punc by the graceful spires of Saint Pat Cathedral in the middle ground. Th ground, the neighborhood just to our much of it owned by Columbia Univ is flat and undistinguished.

The reality was even grittier. As co cial activity surged northward through hattan during the first decades of the century, older residential areas were whelmed and transformed. Columbia's erty, bounded by Fifth and Sixth Av between 48th and 51st Streets, was com mostly of four-story residential browns many of which were being convert small retail businesses or subdivide apartments. With the advent of Prohi nightclubs and speakeasies selling b liquor also appeared, and there we mors that a number of brothels had o as well. The neighborhood, once the sive preserve of the Vanderbilts and had become seedy and down-at-the- Father owned substantial land just north and was concerned about the d ration of property values.

By the mid-1920s the neighborhoo become a prime candidate for rede ment. Columbia University received li come from the properties, and with of the leases expiring between 192 1931, the trustees decided to look builder who could develop the entir cel. An attractive potential tenant w Metropolitan Opera Company.

At that time the Metropolitan House was located in the heart Garment District, at 39th Street and way. Built in the early 1880s, the with its crowded backstage areas and sight lines, had become inadequate needs of the company. For some tin directors had been searching for a s which to build a new opera house. in early 1926, when Otto Kahn, the chairman, learned that Columbia wan improve its midtown property, he de to explore its potential for the comp

Father came into the picture in early He was impressed by the university pirations and the Met's plans to b new house as the centerpiece of a c ly planned commercial-and-residenti velopment on the Columbia property would be just the thing, he felt, to up the area and safeguard his own prope

ter months of consultation with real-
experts, architects, and businessmen,
ed by detailed negotiations with the
sity and the Met, on October 1, 1928,
r signed a "definitive agreement and
" with Columbia, agreeing to rent the
res of Columbia's land for an initial
d of 24 years at an average rent of
nillion a year [equal to $38 million to-
The agreement gave Father the option
rchase the central block for $2.5 mil-
but only if there was a firm commit-
to the construction of an opera
. If the Met's plans failed to materi-
the land would revert to Columbia,
would then be free to incorporate
lock in the broader lease. Although
r assigned the lease to a holding com-
he remained "liable as a principal
ot as a surety on all of the covenants
romises contained in the Agreement."
was a fateful clause in that it made
r personally responsible for all finan-
bligations related to the development,
er or not it reached fruition.

l participants agreed that the project
d be called Metropolitan Square be-
of the opera's role as the anchor ten-
The first site plan placed the opera
e on the western portion of the central
k, between 49th and 50th Streets—
e 30 Rockefeller Plaza now stands. Fa-
proposed, and the leaders of the Met
Columbia agreed, that the eastern por-
f this block, fronting on Fifth Avenue,
d be developed as a small park with an
plaza to give the opera house the
er setting, and that the park would then
onated to the city. This first plan en-
ed apartment buildings, department
s, and hotels on the two blocks adjacent
e opera house, which would be sub-
d to developers.

When Father signed the lease, everyone
believed the plan would go forward
iginally envisioned: the Met would sell
d house, and Father, having bought the
from Columbia, would transfer the title
e opera company, which would reim-
e him for the cost of the land and his
nses. The Met would then finance the
truction of its new facility, and Father
d be off the hook financially for the
al block of the site.

short, Father saw his role in the proj-
s that of a facilitator. He considered it
er a real-estate investment nor a chari-
gift. He had no thought of making
ey from the deal, but he didn't expect
se any, either. He expected to come out
Things did not work out that way.

year after Father signed the lease with
mbia, the stock-market crash changed
situation totally. The first domino to
was the Metropolitan Opera. The Met board found it impossible to sell its old house and went to Father with a take-it-or-leave-it proposition: unless he donated the land to them outright and helped finance the construction of the new opera house as well, they would withdraw from the project. Father was outraged and promptly rejected their proposal.

Losing the opera was bad enough, but with the deepening economic depression, the individuals and businesses that had earlier expressed interest in building on the other blocks also began to back out, even Standard Oil of New Jersey. Columbia refused to renegotiate the lease or even to modify it significantly. Father was stuck with leasing the property on the original terms—with no tenant. For the university, the deal was a bonanza which would turn out to be its principal source of income for the next 50 years. Columbia had Father over a barrel and was very content to keep him there.

If Father did nothing to improve the property, he stood to lose about $5 million a year (counting rent, real-estate taxes, and other expenses), which over the 24 years of the lease would amount to approximately $120 million. Developing the land without the firm promise of tenants, however, posed even greater risks. The construction cost for a project of this kind was enormous, and given the state of the economy, there was no assurance that tenants could be found once the buildings were completed.

Later, Father would be praised for his courage in going forward with the project. He once said to a friend, "Often a man gets in a position where he wants to run, but there is no place to run to. So he goes ahead with the only course open to him, and people call that courage."

Father consulted with the several distinguished architects and builders who had worked with him in developing the original project, and an alternative proposal was quickly devised. The new plan—the second iteration of what would now be called Rockefeller Center—envisioned an entirely commercial development. [The team of architects, from three firms, included Wallace K. Harrison, Raymond Hood, Henry Hofmeister, and H. W. Corbett.]

To finance the project Father negotiated a $65 million line of credit from the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, the largest such arrangement any insurance company had made up to that time. Father was furious at the 4.5 percent interest rate and told everyone that Fred Ecker, the chairman of Met Life, had forced him to pay an exorbitant premium. But it was the best deal he could get. Met Life also insisted that Father give his personal guarantee on the loan, making him the ultimate guarantor of both the lease and the loan.

The Met Life loan took care of cash-flow problems, but it did not relieve Father of his financial obligations to the project. For more than five years in the 1930s, during the main period of construction, Father spent between $10 million and $13 million a year on the Center, which he financed from his personal income and through the sale of oil stock, sometimes at very depressed prices. Father's expenditures on construction, taxes, lease payments, and other aspects of the project from 1929 to 1939 totaled $125 million, or the equivalent today of more than $1.5 billion. It may surprise people to learn that, although he lived until 1960, Father received no income from this massive investment and recouped less than half of the capital he had invested.

But the cost to Father of building Rockefeller Center cannot be measured only in dollars. As with everything he did, he applied himself single-mindedly to the task, agonizing over minor details. Constant worry took its toll. He was plagued by migraines and would often come home from the office in such a state of nervous exhaustion that he would have to lie down on his couch for an hour or more before dinner. He suffered recurrent bouts of bronchitis and other ailments, which the stress he endured probably exacerbated. I recall that he was physically tired during much of this time, and he and Mother spent several weeks each winter in either Taormina, Sicily, or Tucson, Arizona, trying to get some rest and relaxation.

Nevertheless, he persevered, and in the process provided thousands of jobs for New Yorkers during the worst part of the Depression. Union leaders were vocal in their appreciation of Father.

For the project to be viable economically, Father needed tenants. The turning point, undoubtedly the salvation of the project, came in the summer of 1930 when David Sarnoff, chairman of the Radio Corporation of America (RCA), and Owen D. Young, chairman of General Electric, which held a controlling interest in RCA and also owned Radio-Keith-Orpheum (RKO), a major producer of motion pictures with a chain of movie theaters across the country, agreed to lease one million square feet of office and studio space in the project's major building at $2.75 a square foot and to pay an annual rent of $1.5 million for four theaters that would be built on the property.

Linking a real-estate project with radio and motion pictures, two of that era's most dramatic new technologies and growth industries, created an excitement and a cachet that would not have been possible with the Metropolitan Opera. When the deal was announced, David Sarnoff spoke enthusiastically of a "Radio City" rising on the site,

David Rockefeller

a name that caught on almost immediately.

Securing NBC [then a subsidiary of RCA] as the principal tenant of the main building was critical, but the other sites remained open. Congress agreed to special legislation that provided duty-free status for goods imported by firms taking space in the Center, and a number of foreign firms took long-term leases in some of the smaller buildings. This allowed construction to proceed on the British Empire Building and La Maison Française, the two low-rise buildings on Fifth Avenue between 49th and 50th Streets. The press immediately christened the garden between them the Channel Gardens, as in English Channel.

The Center had an enormous amount of space to fill, and this produced an intense competition for tenants. The Chrysler Building and the Empire State Building, both completed in the early 1930s, were especially strong competitors because of their proximity, superb architecture, and modern conveniences. The Empire State Building even had mooring posts for dirigibles!

As Rockefeller Center neared completion, Father persuaded Standard Oil of New Jersey, in which he was still the largest individual shareholder, to lease all of the last building erected on the original site. Other companies and institutions with which Father had a close identification also took leases. For example, the Chase National Bank agreed to open a branch, on the condition that it would have exclusive banking rights throughout the Center for a number of years. The Rockefeller Foundation, the Spelman Fund, and Industrial Relations Counselors—Father was chairman of each—also rented small amounts of space in the Center.

Rockefeller Center soon became a universally acclaimed real-estate property. The clean, bold thrust of its modernist lines and the Art Deco motif, plus its underground shopping malls, open plazas, and rooftop gardens, gave it a simple beauty and elegance that silenced even its harshest critics. In many ways it is better known and more respected as a model of urban design today than it was in the decade after it was built.

While Rockefeller Center was a success aesthetically and architecturally, its financial viability remained uncertain for many years. The biggest problem, at least once the Depression eased, was the Columbia lease. Stated simply, while Father, and later my brothers and I, owned the buildings, the university owned the land. The lease provided [illegible] mutual amount of control over a broad range of routine commercial activities—for example, the types of businesses that could locate in the Center and the amount of rent that could be charged. Most important, the lease prohibited Father's selling any or all of the buildings, offering outside investors a participation in the ownership, or assigning the lease itself to any other individual or corporation without Columbia's prior agreement. Father tried to get the lease restrictions modified, but the university routinely refused his requests. Essentially, the lease held Father hostage and later the next generation of the family as well.

The greatest financial burden to the family was the obligation to pay the rent regardless of tenant income. The greatest financial threat to the family was Father's personal guarantee of the lease, an obligation that passed on to my brothers and me when we bought the equity shares of the Center after World War II. In addition, there were several onerous covenants. One required Father to maintain an escrow fund equal to three years of lease payments that had to be invested in U.S. Treasury bonds, which carried a very low interest rate. Another restricted the payment of dividends until all the original debt on the Center had been paid off, which did not occur until 1970.

What all this meant was that during Rockefeller Center's first five decades the family received virtually no return on its investment, despite the fact that Father had poured his heart and soul—and a good portion of his fortune—into the project.

An interesting subplot to Rockefeller Center's early history concerns the mural commissioned for the entrance lobby of the RCA Building. As part of the plan to make the Center aesthetically pleasing, a number of artists received commissions to decorate the buildings and the open spaces. Paul Manship's golden *Prometheus,* which still floats silently over the sunken plaza, was one of these works and has become a hallmark of the Center. Father was less fortunate with another selection.

In the late 1920s my mother had come to admire the work of Diego Rivera, the Mexican painter and muralist who had studied in Paris before and during World War I and become part of Matisse's artistic circle. Like many artists of his generation, Rivera was left-wing in his political orientation, and he was a member of the Mexican Communist Party for a time.

Alfred Barr, the young director of MoMA, brought Rivera to Mother's attention, and when Barr proposed that MoMA give Rivera a one-man show in 1931, both Mother and Nelson were enthusiastic. Mother commissioned a painting from him and also bought a number of the watercolors he had done in Moscow in 192[illegible] this money Rivera was able to visi[illegible] York for the first time.

Rivera was a frequent visitor in n[illegible] ents' home, where I met him several [illegible] He was a very imposing and charisma[illegible] ure, quite tall and weighing 300 poun[illegible] spoke very little English but perfect [illegible] in addition to Spanish. On one or two[illegible] sions he brought his wife, the painte[illegible] Kahlo, with him. Today her works[illegible] mand prices even higher than thos[illegible] for Rivera's.

The MoMA show in Decembe[illegible] firmly established Rivera's reputation [illegible] United States, and when the time ca[illegible] commission a mural for the front lo[illegible] the RCA Building, Mother and Nels[illegible] gued strongly in favor of giving it t[illegible] Rivera submitted a sketch for conside[illegible] which was approved, and he agree[illegible] payment of $21,500 for a project wh[illegible] estimated would take about three m[illegible] to complete.

He arrived in New York in early [illegible] start work on the fresco after [illegible] difficult experience at the Detroit In[illegible] of Art, where his just-completed m[illegible] had been attacked as anti-Christia[illegible] anti-American. It would appear that [illegible] decided to use the Rockefeller Cent[illegible] ral, *Mankind at the Crossroads,* to m[illegible] strong political statement. It was fille[illegible] contrasting images drawn from the M[illegible] canon: class conflict, oppression, an[illegible] as the theme on the "capitalist" side[illegible] fresco; peace, cooperation, and hum[illegible] idarity on the "Communist" side. T[illegible] lution to these conflicts, at least in R[illegible] view, would come from the applicat[illegible] science and technology for the ben[illegible] all. He filled the fresco with micros[illegible] telescopes, movie screens, and gi[illegible] gears and levers to underline his [illegible] When the mural was almost finish[illegible] added a prominent and quite unmist[illegible] portrait of Lenin joining hands with[illegible] ers from around the world. This idyl[illegible] somewhat fanciful grouping was ba[illegible] by a deftly done scene on the capitali[illegible] of well-dressed men and women da[illegible] playing cards, and drinking martinis, [illegible] sitioned under a microscope exami[illegible] slide filled with bacteria of social di[illegible] The backdrop for this was a scene [illegible] licemen beating workers while Ca[illegible] priests and Protestant ministers look[illegible] approvingly.

It was wonderfully executed but m[illegible] propriate for the lobby of the RCA [illegible] ing. Nelson tried to persuade Rivera t[illegible] inate, at the very least, the portrait of [illegible] But the artist refused to change anythin[illegible] ing that rather than mutilate his grea[illegible] he would have the whole mural dest[illegible]

n pointed out that he had not been
issioned to paint Communist propa-
and that, based on the original, much
ovocative sketch, there was no reason
ept the work as finally executed. In the
hen no compromise could be reached,
was paid in full and dismissed. An
ot was made to remove and preserve
esco, but it proved impossible, and
ork of art had to be destroyed.
the late 1930s, Rivera reproduced the
l, with more than a few embellish-
, including a portrait of Father drink-
martini with a group of painted la-
This mural is prominently located on
ntral staircase of the Palacio de Bellas
in Mexico City.

ring my 35 years at Chase Manhattan
ank, which ended with my retirement in
I was frequently involved
he affairs of my home-
New York. In the 1950s, I
airman of a development
per Manhattan called
ingside Gardens. Soon
we began Morningside
ens, I approached Robert
s, the fabled New York
r broker" who then head-
e Commission for Slum
ance, with a request criti-
Chase's future. In order
ild our new headquar-
Lower Manhattan, we
d the city's permission
se, or "demap," a one-
stretch of Cedar Street,
row but heavily traveled
ughfare. If the city re-
the modern skyscraper we envisioned
l be a nonstarter.
rmanently closing a city street was not
tine request, but ours was the kind of
g and visionary project Moses liked.
ceded, but he also cautioned me,
ll be wasting your money unless oth-
llow suit." He pointed out that many
Street businesses had already moved
n or were about to leave the city alto-
r. If any more left, Chase's decision to
n would be viewed as a colossal blun-
Moses's point was well taken. There
been almost no new construction in the
Street area since the 1920s. The finan-
district was cramped, dirty, congested,
ghost town after five P.M.
e construction of a new Chase head-
ers could make a difference but by it-
would not be enough. If the physical
tructure and public services in Lower
attan were not radically upgraded,
xodus from Wall Street would contin-
Moses suggested that I put together an
ization that could speak on behalf of
owntown financial community and of-
fer a cohesive plan for the physical redevelopment of Wall Street to persuade the politicians to allocate the necessary resources.

With this objective in mind, I took the lead in organizing what became the Downtown–Lower Manhattan Association (D.L.M.A.). To ensure a high-powered and influential board I personally recruited such downtown business leaders as Cleo Craig, chairman of AT&T; Henry Alexander, chairman of J. P. Morgan; Howard Shepherd, chairman of National City Bank; John Butt, chairman of the Seamen's Bank for Savings; Ralph Reed, treasurer of U.S. Steel; Keith Funston, president of the New York Stock Exchange; Harry Morgan, senior partner of Morgan Stanley; and others of similar stature. I served as chairman, and my close colleague Warren T. "Lindy" Lindquist became chief operating officer.



WHITE KNIGHTS
John D. Rockefeller Jr. and David at the ceremony for the completed restoration of Versailles, funded in part by the family, 1936.

Two years after our first report, D.L.M.A. proposed the construction of a world-trade center that would firmly establish Lower Manhattan as the world's trade and financial capital. In those days moving beyond the core of Wall Street meant entering a veritable commercial "slum."

On the west side, squat, low-rise buildings and warehouses built in the late 19th century were now occupied by hundreds of stores whose dirty windows featured hand-lettered signs for cheap electronic gadgets. The east side was even worse. A defunct elevated railway, slowly rusting away and home to thousands of pigeons, loomed over a neighborhood of abandoned piers and warehouses. Just north, the Fulton Fish Market added a unique redolence to the area, especially on hot summer days.

We concentrated first on revitalizing the east side, which offered the greatest opportunities. D.L.M.A. commissioned the architectural firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill to develop a plan for a 13.5-acre site that included a 70-story hotel-and-office building, an international trade mart and exhibition hall, and a central securities-exchange building, where we hoped the New York Stock Exchange would relocate.

It would be a costly undertaking. The Port Authority of New York and New Jersey—an independent agency chartered by both states to manage New York's maritime shipping, the area's three airports, and regional transportation—seemed to be the only entity capable of financing such a massive project. Lindy and I discussed the matter at considerable length with Austin Tobin, executive director of the Port Authority, who enthusiastically agreed with our proposal and the Port Authority's role.

With the Port Authority on board, we presented the proposal to those government officials whose endorsement was required. Mayor Robert Wagner was supportive; so, too, was the governor of New York—my brother Nelson. But Governor Robert Meyner of New Jersey, who liked the idea in principle, balked at locating the trade center on Water Street. He argued that New Jersey commuters arrived through the "tubes" on the west side of Manhattan and would be inconvenienced if they had to walk across town to work. Meyner's objection could have torpedoed the project, so as a compromise Tobin suggested moving the trade center to the west side and building it above the existing train terminal for New Jersey commuters. With that issue resolved, I was optimistic that the project would move ahead immediately.

Alas, we hadn't considered the "special interests" who would be adversely impacted by the trade center. Midtown real-estate developers saw the downtown trade center as a threat to their rents and property values. Organized by Larry Wein, who owned the Empire State Building, this group posed as "valiant defenders" of the small downtown merchants threatened with relocation. They backed a series of legal challenges to the trade center, which held up the project for several years.

The trade-center plans called for 10 million square feet of office space, mostly in two 110-story buildings (taller than the Empire State Building, which may explain Larry Wein's opposition) situated on a large plaza that would also include a number of

David Rockefeller

smaller structures. Critics insisted the space would never be fully rented and demanded that the project be scaled back. But my brother Nelson immediately rode to the rescue by announcing that New York State, which wanted to consolidate its operations in the city, would lease one million square feet of office space, becoming the largest tenant. In 1965, after excavation for the "Twin Towers" (dubbed Nelson and David by the New York tabloids!) had begun, Nelson decided to take an additional million square feet of space. Nelson's announcement elicited another chorus of gibes—some claiming I had interceded with Nelson to ensure sufficient tenants. In point of fact, neither I nor the D.L.M.A. had anything to do with the construction or rental of the trade center once the Port Authority assumed responsibility for the project.

Years of litigation and delays added dramatically to the trade center's final price tag of $1.5 billion, an amount five times the original estimate. The buildings were completed and occupied in stages between 1970 and 1977. The towers, at least for a time, would be the world's tallest buildings and provide office space for more than 50,000 people. They used as much electricity as a city of 400,000, and their 40,000 tons of air-conditioning equipment was enough to cool refrigerators for a city of one million.

The World Trade Center soon one of the city's greatest assets. Lik Manhattan Plaza before it, the trad helped anchor the financial com more solidly in Lower Manhattan. It ed new homes for Wall Street's con exchanges and office space for all of large and small businesses. It wa sential public investment that brou mense benefits.

In 2000 the Rockefellers and their sold Rockefeller Center for $1.85 bill World Trade Center, which had bec of the most recognizable features York's skyline, was destroyed on Se 11, 2001, when Islamist terrorists cra jacked U.S. airliners into the Twin T

Lever House

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 322 ground floor would hardly be noticed in the lobby of a good hotel. But the building itself is a showcase and an advertisement; in its very avoidance of vulgar forms of publicity, it has become one of the most valuable pieces of advertising a big commercial enterprise could conceive."

Another way Lever exploited the new building for publicity was by promoting the fact that the all-glass façade would be washed with Lever soaps. Since the building's windows are sealed, they can be cleaned only from the outside. This, in 1952, was a problem, which was solved by the deployment of one of the first mechanical window-washing scaffolds, developed by a junior associate at S.O.M. working with the Otis elevator company.

Lever House's window wall, which is made of green heat-absorbing glass (the only color available at that time), makes the building look voluminous, rather than massive. Aesthetically, it appears to be fragile and stable in equal measure. The sense of fragility comes from the "enveloping" of the building's steel frame in glass; the outer columns are set back a little from the outer walls, allowing a smooth, uninterrupted machine-made surface to dominate visually. Stainless-steel window frames and spandrel frames on the curtain wall form an uninterrupted grid, with dark-green spandrels giving a horizontal emphasis.

When Lever House opened, the only other building in New York with a glass window wall was the United Nations Secretariat (completed in 1950 and designed by Wallace K. Harrison, Le Corbusier, and Oscar Niemeyer, with an international consulting group of architects). Lever House and the U.N. are related in principle, but there are major differences, the most dramatic of which is that Lever House is wrapped by glass on all sides (except for part of the west wall, which is a brick service core), whereas the U.N. is glass on only two sides. In addition, the windows at the U.N. are not sealed.

Ever since Mies van der Rohe had drawn proposals for monumental glass-walled skyscrapers in the 1920s, long before they were technically feasible, the dream of a glazed tower had been alive. Le Corbusier had experimented with glass curtain walls on a small scale, most famously—and disastrously—at the Salvation Army hostel (1933) in Paris, where the south-facing glass façade turned the un-air-conditioned dormitory into an avant-garde toaster oven. By mid-century, industrial-strength air-conditioning systems, as well as heat-absorbing glass and cooler fluorescent lighting, made the glass tower a possibility. It is interesting to note that Bunshaft, an indirect disciple of Le Corbusier and Mies, beat the two masters at their own game, pushing the limits of technology far enough to get the glass wall built before anyone else.

The year Lever House opened, it won the First Honor Award from the American Institute of Architects (the first of 12 that Bunshaft-designed buildings would receive). Soon, however, as building after building on Park Avenue was torn down and replaced by a curtain-wall building—15 of them before 1958—the novelty started to wear off. "People began to miss the old Park Avenue. They were upset," says Robert A. M. Stern, dean of the Yale School of Architecture and an expert on the architectural history of New York. "The reason office buildings came to Park Avenue was that the street, from 59th Street down, had been rezoned just before the war. So Manhattan lost in a short time the most exclus tion of Park Avenue. Really very eleg most desirable residential building 15-room apartments, were torn down room for commercial real estate the land had become too valuable."

Sadly, most of the progeny o House—including all of its neigh Park, with the exception of the S Building and Bunshaft's own Pep building—did not live up to the pro good design. In almost every othe the world, there were soon irrede banal copies of Lever House, perp by hacks working for developers w pleased to exploit the glass box as a uncomplicated, and highly profitab tion for big commercial buildings.

In 1961, Vincent Scully Jr., the inf architectural historian at Yale, ga per at the New York Architectural entitled "The Death of the Street," i he lamented the ruination of the o Avenue—which he called "one of the vincingly imperial avenues in the w and placed much of the blame o House for setting off the chain rea redevelopment. "Lever was an elega tine object, and might have been co a special adornment to the Aven breaking of whose continuity mig have been condoned," Scully note when the building to the north of it clad in a glass and plastic skin i Lever's, it became apparent that L self had owed everything to the pre- civility of the street. No longer seen the contrasting solid backdrop which er buildings had made, Lever's co instantly lost something of its elega most of its point."

The attack stuck, and opened t for further critiques of Lever Hous "anti-urban" building. "It makes

cape. Very bad," says Stern. "It's not g to sit underneath it, any time of day r, really. You never see people linger- re. So the plaza, which was very much d at first, and inspired New York to e its zoning regulations to encourage spaces, turned out to be a failure. the whole point of glass buildings, as conceived it for his unrealized towers lin, and as he developed it for the Sea- Building, and certainly as Bunshaft r Lever House, was to be seen as a nery surface picking up the reflection sky and solid buildings. When the solid buildings on Park Avenue went, as a problem, because the one thing loesn't work well is when one glass ng reflects another glass building. You at fun-house effect."

lly's critique of Lever House sparked was also a nearly fatal one for Lever, as a developer bought the land underneath the building and attempted to tear it down and erect a bigger and more profitable office complex in its place. Ironically, one of Lever's acknowledged virtues—the minimal use of its airspace—had made it a prime target for destruction. There was high drama in the civic-preservation world that year—and much press coverage—as a Save Lever movement was hastily formed, led in part by Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and Philip Johnson.

Three years ago, the ownership of Lever House changed again, when the German-born developer Aby Rosen and his company R.F.R. Holding bought the building for an undisclosed sum. (It had cost $6 million to build.) Lever Brothers has vacated all but the top four floors, and Rosen (who

Rosen hired David Childs and T. J. Gottesdiener, partners at S.O.M., to oversee the rebuilding and restoration. They worked closely with Gordon Smith, a curtain-wall expert, who drew up plans to rebuild the exterior. Rosen and the architects agreed not to attempt to salvage the existing stainless steel and glass.

"Our argument was that what was important about this [building] is that it was machine-made," says Childs. "It has smoothness and a machine quality to it. And it was better in the preservation of it to throw away the dented pieces of the structure. To actually take a new piece of stainless steel—exactly the same technology and fabrication—and replace that piece. That would be a better way to do it than to save this battered piece—which could never be made to look machine-made again. The landmarks commission bought that."



BACK TO THE FUTURE
From left: **Lever House in 1952; architect Gordon Bunshaft in 1972 on the construction site of his Hirshhorn Museum, in Washington, D.C.; Lever House today, after a $60 million renovation.**

d between the architect and the pro- which lasted until Bunshaft's death 90. Forty years later, Scully has not ged his tune. "Bunshaft sort of im- I was an idiot when I first talked this idea of the death of the street," ys. "He was very averse to the criti- that the building gouged a hole in the of the avenue. What he and other rnists were interested in was having building stand out. They had this won- l messianic view that all the other ings were junk."

spite various criticisms over the years, ever House has always been viewed chitects and historians as a watershed rchitecture in the U.S. It was the first ing ever to receive New York City land- designation at the minimum age of nd Bunshaft became the only living tect with a New York City landmark ing to his name. The same year, 1982, also owns the Seagram Building) has converted it into an office block. (There is also a restaurant planned for the ground floor, to be called Lever House.) New tenants include Alcoa and Prada, which pay between $80 and $100 a square foot, making it among the most expensive office spaces in New York City. When Rosen took over, he promised the Landmarks Preservation Commission that he would restore the building's curtain wall, which had been decaying steadily due to structural defects. "No one knew exactly how bad the wall was," says Rosen. "The deterioration ... was beyond what we ever thought, and even the advisers whom we hired expected. When we opened it up, it was like some of the glass was just hanging on little strings of metal that was corroded away. So basically we had this plan to replace some of the glass and redo the steel frame where you would rehang the glass. We had to throw that plan into the garbage."

The building's street-level garden has been re-done and now includes three 1950s-period sculptures by Isamu Noguchi, who had been commissioned by Bunshaft to design landscaping and sculptures for the plaza. The original Noguchi plan was never realized, however, because Lever Brothers opted not to work with the artist. Around this time it was discovered that Noguchi was in the process of petitioning the State Department for a visa for his wife, Yoshiko Yamaguchi, who had acted in Japanese propaganda films during World War II.

Bunshaft was a pioneer in the incorporation of sculpture into modern architecture and later collaborated with Noguchi on six projects, including the Chase Building (1961) and the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library at Yale (1963). In addition, he worked with Jean Dubuffet, Henry Moore, and Alexander Calder, and collected works by all of them, which he left, along with paintings by Picasso, Helen Frankenthaler,

Lever House

and many others, to the Museum of Modern Art at his death.

The final years of Gordon Bunshaft's life were bitter ones. He retired from S.O.M. in 1983, just as the firm was beginning to shift from his style of modernism to what he referred to as "postmodern junk."

In the fall of 1987, an anonymous telephone call to the office of the Pritzker Prize Jury in Midtown Manhattan was fielded by the writer and critic Brendan Gill, who was serving as the secretary of the jury for the prize, which is often referred to as the Nobel of architecture. Gill recalled that "a gruff voice" was on the other end of the wire—a voice he immediately identified as that of Bunshaft. Unaware that he had been recognized, Bunshaft asked how nominations for the prize were made. "I replied that anyone could make such a nomination," Gill recalled, "adding that often friends and admirers of an architect would write in to propose him. Armed with this infor
Bunshaft promptly had himself nor
He was right to do so."

In 1988 he was awarded the priz
with Oscar Niemeyer of Brazil.

More than a decade later, it see
Bunshaft left the scene too soon. Mo
has made a comeback at S.O.M., ar
50 years, Lever House has been
Bunshaft would no doubt be pleasec
that the building that made S.O.M
tation (and his own) is still, after a
years, the firm's most renowned worl

Madonna

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 310 Madonna continues to make her point, not letting it drop, demonstrating her long-held reputation for perfectionism even amid the public's clamor. Lerner now looks slightly less comfortable than he did onstage after Madonna's character buggered him with a jumbo-size dildo.

A couple of weeks after the close of *Up for Grabs*'s limited run, Madonna is holed up in her Beverly Hills home, adjusting to a gentler routine. There were no contractor problems at this address, renovated by Diane Keaton and sold to Madonna two years ago for $6.5 million. Like Madonna's previous place in the Hollywood Hills, this two-story Spanish-colonial structure was built in the 1920s by Wallace Neff, an architect beloved by Hollywood royalty from Pickford and Fairbanks down through Pitt and Aniston.

Sitting in one of the house's twin living rooms, beneath oak beams and amid solid, dark-brown furniture, one is imbued with the kind of well-being that only serious cash can bestow. Because of construction work next door, the French doors that let out onto the small, well-manicured front lawn are shut, trapping inside an old-wood aroma that properly evokes the house's 1926 vintage. The sole hint of modernity is a jungle gym that nestles in one corner of the garden, hidden by a stout hedge from the tour-bus gawpers who pass by with disturbing frequency.

Near the entrance to this room, beside a vintage grand piano, stand five acoustic guitars on metal stands. If you didn't already know that this was Madonna's house, would you guess? Coffee-table books on Jean-Michel Basquiat, Nan Goldin, and Marlene Dietrich offer good clues, but the tacky *Complete Guitar Player Songbook* might throw you off. Then again, the art on the walls—a Picasso drawing, a dominant Diego Rivera figure—
you back on track. The small Frida
Birth is propped on a shelf.
ows that she could never be friends with anyone who didn't like this sanguineous image.

"Ah, my Frida Kahlo," says Madonna, sweeping into the room. "I carry it with me everywhere in bubble wrap, in a Sainsbury's [supermarket] plastic bag. Just so no one thinks I'm carrying anything valuable."

Trailing in Madonna's wake are her two children, whom she has just brought back from a doctor's appointment. Lourdes is a dark-haired lass whose dignified comportment is affected not at all by the fact that her two front teeth are missing. Rocco, a sturdy, towheaded toddler, does not walk through the house so much as bounce.

Assistants spirit the *Kinder* upstairs, and Madonna settles into a bulky sofa, apologizing for her tardiness. Her hair is center-parted and somewhat matted. With her orange-and-white-striped long-sleeved T-shirt, baggy jeans ripped at the knees, and Puma future-sneakers, she looks less like an off-duty icon than a rave kid who has grown up and become a soccer mom.

Madonna is presently enjoying as much of a vacation as she will ever allow herself, and she looks suitably revivified. The 10-week run of *Up for Grabs*—she was in nearly every scene of the 90-minute play—exacted a considerable toll. She was nightly required to make swift emotional transitions; the character thinks she's succeeded in a grand manipulation only to be manipulated herself and ultimately to suffer an awful sexual degradation. "I ended up with a headache every night from crying," she says. "Sometimes I'd show up for work in a happy mood, and I'd just think, I don't want to be sad; I don't want to go where my character has to go tonight—but I can't fake it. That part was exhausting."

The only imminent demand on Madonna's professional energy is a video shoot for the theme song she has recorded for *Die Another Day*, the latest James Bond rollout. Once again she is collaborating with Mirwais, the French producer and D.J. with whom she worked on her last album, *Music*. This fall, the two will be back in the studio finishing a new album they started in the spring.

As Madonna describes how flattered she is that the tastemaking Parisian b
has submitted new songs for her co
tion, she slides off the sofa and o
floor, pulling one knee up beneath h
which is level with the coffee table.
formal atmosphere is tainted only sli
the supervisory presence of her l
publicist, Liz Rosenberg.

It's not just Madonna's posture
casual. Her speech is free of the En
tonation which she has affected the l
eral years and which can suggest a
working a little *too* hard to maintai
and control. Only when she imitates
cing instructor she plays in a Bo
cameo does she lapse into a South
ington cadence.

Which is not to say that Mador
lost her taste for thrust and parry.
begin a question, "You are known the
as a woman of taste—" she instantl
back, "What do you mean, 'these
Then she laughs.

Madonna's present bout of dom
allows her ample time to conte
the fate of *Swept Away*, the movie
made with husband Guy Ritchie. A
that will once again put the credib
her acting to the test when it is r
this October.

Media potentate Barry Diller on
ed in these pages that Madonna
movie star without a movie. . . . She
good ten years to find the right m
prove it." That was in 1990. It is n
to say, that the former Mrs. Sean Pen
of the very few people who have
Barry Diller wrong.

At the time of Diller's prediction, M
was enmeshed with Warren Beatty in
match that always seemed unequal.
the vaunted swordsman and Holl
Brahmin, seemed always to look ask
this sexy little striver from . . . *somew
Michigan, was it?* Emblematic of the
tionship was the scene in Madonna's
documentary, *Truth or Dare*, in w
camera-shy Beatty famously remarks
doesn't want to live off-camera, mu



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And I learned jellyfish aren't made of jelly.

And my brother laughed so hard he swallowed the sea.



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MAKE-A-WISH

SFRN/L/2

Well. Madonna now finds herself—to sual observer at least—on the other end socio-professional-romantic teeter-totter Guy Ritchie, an English striver 10 years nior and with less than four hours of atic product to his name.

Ritchie barrels down the stairs of Madonna's house with son Rocco in his and a vintage Madonna T-shirt sheathis brawny torso, it's tempting to see ousehold as a fish-out-of-water sitcom se come to life. Yeoman-handsome, scarEnglish geezer moves to Beverly Hills e with maturing Yank sex bomb! *And hey're trying to work together!*

rface image aside, there is within this ce no shortage of contradiction: for rs, we have a major gay icon conjoinith a filmmaker whose work has drawn sations of homophobia. And then there to borrow Christopher Hitchens's cointhe Anglo-American ironies.

ith Guy Ritchie, the Michigan-born, Ital-, council-estate-hating Madonna gains Britannia moxie with a light underworld a and an underlying Anglo-Saxon solidRitchie is known primarily as the writertor of two British hits (*Lock, Stock and Smoking Barrels* and *Snatch*) that slicked he Cockney-gangster genre for the MTV ration. He is also the mildly errant, lateming son of a military family of good d and good bone, a man who worked nedia-world connections with Madonnae vigor on his rapid rise from pop-video tor to movie director. (Sting's wife, Trudie r, was an acquaintance of Ritchie's fa- when she became the lead investor in *k, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels.*)

t the Beverly Hills house, Ritchie occuan uncluttered office on the far side of lonna's swimming pool, beside a garage d with industrial-strength gym equipt. He toils away beneath a portrait of Queen. "For kitsch value," says Ritchie soft-edged accent that has none of the nwardly mobile Cockney torque I heard e years ago when interviewing him about first movie.

nd now they're trying to work together!

When Madonna and Ritchie's actor friend en Weber suggested that they redo Lina rtmüller's 1974 art-house staple, *Swept y,* Madonna remembered the film intly from her 18 months at the Universif Michigan, where she imbibed weekly lassic European film: Visconti, Pasolini, iuel; English "kitchen sink" dramas. hie does not, by any stretch, share that matic vocabulary.

"Guy has a tendency to like action films are well made, even if the scripts are esy," says Madonna with an indulgent of the eyes. "You know . . . boys' movies. nd to like, well, he calls them 'artsy-fartsy movies.' I couldn't get him to sit through a Fellini movie—put it like that."

When Madonna discovered that Ritchie's cinematic education had somehow skipped *It's a Wonderful Life,* she screened it for him. "I always weep when I watch the movie," she says. "And he was crying, too—so I was like, 'Yes!'"

Madonna hoped that her husband might also embrace *Swept Away,* a film about a jaded rich-bitch (played by the fine-featured Mariangela Melato) who, during a Mediterranean cruise, gets washed up on a desert island with a swarthy deckhand (hirsute, doe-eyed Giancarlo Giannini) whom she has been systematically terrorizing. When these antagonists are forced to live off the land, the power dynamic between them shifts—he flips her both figuratively and literally. Love blooms on the island, to be tested when the couple are rescued.

"Guy loved the film after he got past the first 20 minutes," Madonna notes with some relief. "At first he was like, 'I can't watch this—it's too complicated, and the subtitles are giving me a headache.' But as soon as they got to the island, he tuned in."

So began a spousal collaboration that last year took Madonna, Ritchie, and offspring on a two-month location shoot to Malta and Sardinia. Star and director maintain that working together was every bit as easy as living together. They fell out of step only during lunch breaks, when Ritchie would compete with crew-member buddies at speed chess, jujitsu, and off-boat diving contests.

"I couldn't get involved," explains Madonna. "I had a bouffant hairdo and all this tan makeup. Guy is a bit hyperactive, like my son—he's very competitive. Sometimes it's good to expend some energy."

The original *Swept Away* is a parable about class struggle. In translating it, Ritchie turned the female lead from Northern Italian blonde to jaded American jet-setter and skimmed off the politics by replacing her far-right tirades and intra-racial insults with comfort-deprived whining that recalls Goldie Hawn in the 1987 comedy *Overboard.* When it came to the physical violence inflicted upon Amber, Madonna's character, by deckhand Giuseppe (played by Adriano Giannini, son of *Swept Away*'s original star), a British test screening gave Ritchie pause. "I attempted a *quarter* of what they got away with in the original, and there's no way an audience would stomach it," says Ritchie. "You can kill as many people as you like, but don't slap a bird." Ritchie also dropped his new title, *Love, Sex, Drugs and Money.*

Those who remember the original *Swept Away* will also note the absence in Ritchie's version of a memorable line, uttered by the female lead as she succumbs to proletarian love: "*Sodomiza mi!*" she whispers, repeatedly. Her new lover asks her to explain the request, then dismisses it as decadent.

"I just didn't think anyone could stomach it," says Ritchie. "Maybe at the time, when people were more into sodomy. But buggery is no longer in fashion like it used to be."

The idea of a Madonna project that tones down its sexual content takes some getting used to. To put it in explicit terms, 2002's *Swept Away* has a nipple count of just one, far lower than the original—lower, even, than any given page of Madonna's 1992 book, *Sex.*

"That's because my husband directed it," says Madonna.

There is "a little bit" of truth to this, confirms Ritchie, who admits that seeing his wife with another man was "a bit odd." As to the nudity question, Ritchie says, "I don't want to see my missus naked all over the place. Plus, I thought the film was about passion rather than tits and bush everywhere."

The missus concurs: "We didn't think she really underwent a transformation in the old film. It was more about sex and lust, and them desiring each other physically. It didn't seem that there was any point to us rolling around and making out and staying naked in the movie. I didn't mind it, but Guy didn't want to do it, to tell you the truth."

Madonna pauses, then adds clarification: "I'm not particularly fond of kissing strange men—contrary to popular belief."

Said belief is considerably less pertinent than the critics' consensus that Madonna cannot act. As she has striven to replicate the impact of her sassy 1985 film debut in *Desperately Seeking Susan* through missteps such as *Shanghai Surprise, Body of Evidence, Four Rooms,* and *The Next Best Thing,* her filmography has earned her so much negative equity that it has almost come to embody the "hate" component of the love-hate appeal that stokes the public's fascination with her. The highest kudos that she has earned in the dramatic arena came from her role in the 1996 musical *Evita,* which brought her a Golden Globe award (but not, alas, a much-wanted Oscar nomination). Even then, one suspected that the bauble was bestowed for the plucky campaigning that won her the role and the technical chops that helped her pull it off.

Those who find merit in Madonna's *Swept Away* performance will probably question their own judgment, which has by definition been refracted through the prisms of Madonna's celebrity and her mottled cinematic past. Even the friends-and-family audience at one New York screening couldn't help but chuckle when the film's credits listed all the high-toned designers behind Madonna's costumes.

Swept Away has the advantage over some of her other pictures in allowing her to play off her real-life image as—shall we say?—a demanding perfectionist. Guy Ritchie insists

that his wife is "exactly the opposite" of her public image, but he understands that she carries baggage more onerous than all of Amber's Vuitton cases. "I recognize the hurdle of people getting over the iconic status of Madonna," Ritchie allows. "So I tried to build that factor into the character, and segue into some kind of transformation."

Despite negative word of mouth on *Swept Away,* Ritchie remains upbeat. "It is what it is," he says with a shrug. "It's the kind of film I'd go and see—and I'm not romantic in a traditional sense."

"I'd like it if people liked it," ventures Madonna. "But I'm not going to slit my wrists if they don't. Especially because it's a labor of love between me and my husband."

Whatever the critical consensus is on *Swept Away,* Madonna insists that her household will remain oblivious. "Since we finished the film we made an agreement that we weren't going to read newspapers or magazines," she states.

"I get my news on the Internet or whatever, just hard facts. Almost every publication has sensationalist journalism in it. I don't want to be involved in evil tongue or gossip. Because I think it's brought down society in many ways—it's like a cancer. So that leaves more time for reading books. Doesn't it?"

The idea of the raunchiest and most entertainingly evil-tongued pop icon of our time executing such a righteous volte-face may seem preposterous, but the reason behind it is as clear as the small plastic bottle that sits on the coffee table in front of her. Said item, labeled "Kabbalah Water," provides a convenient reminder of Madonna's much-discussed conversion to that quasi-mystical and currently voguish spin-off of Judaism.

Given her alacrity in picking bandwagons, it's hardly surprising that Madonna's spiritual awakening has been dismissed as nothing more than another transitory phase. *Material Girl, Spiritual Girl, whatever—it's all show business, right?*

Well, perhaps. But Madonna has remained an assiduous student of Kabbalah for several years now, and she continues to attend classes regularly, in both Los Angeles and London. It is a belief system dating back to the Middle Ages and deriving much of its meaning from mathematical interpretations of the Torah. Madonna, a famously lapsed Catholic, first became interested in a motivation-minded, New Age reincarnation of Kabbalah while pregnant with Lourdes. She was drawn in by one of its central precepts: restricting one's "reactive behavior."

"I was tired of being dragged up and down on the roller-coaster ride of 'Things are good / things are bad,'" says Madonna. "'I'm successful / I'm not successful.... People are saying nice things about me / people are being horrible about me.'" A remarkable statement this, from a woman who has amassed a near-Cleopatran fortune through her peerless ability to provoke reactions which she can use to fuel further provocations.

That was then, Madonna will tell you. If you had met her seven years ago, she insists, you'd have seen an entirely different person. "I would have been a lot more selfish," says Madonna, apostate from the cult of her own celebrity. "I had no kids, so it was a very 'Me-me-me' universe. Not thinking before I spoke, before I acted ... I was going through life robotically, even though I thought I was a badass, motherfucking, rebel, outside-of-it-all person. I was still a sheep in many ways.

"I wasn't a total pig or anything," she continues, hewing to farmyard allusion. "I was a decent human being, but I just didn't think of the big picture. My life was very small-picture."

So what does the big picture look like for a shape-shifting icon with no visible peer? A middle-aged sophisticate in a pandering, youth-addled culture?

There is a telling moment in the Guy Ritchie version of *Swept Away* in which Madonna's humbled character defends her vanity to her noble-savage lover. "You don't have to compete with 18-year-olds!" she howls. Former pop tart Madonna acknowledges that she is at a similiar remove from the sexed-up Mouseketeers who define distaff pop today. "I think about it, sure, but all I can do is acknowledge it and get on with my life. I'm still going to write the music I want to write. I can't pretend that I'm 18 years old."

This assertion was certainly borne out by Madonna's 2001 Drowned World Tour, which stood in direct opposition to the scientifically designed, focus-grouped extravaganzas that in our day pass for pop concerts. Madonna played several of her biggest hits, but mostly she used her newer tracks to frame a lavish and admirably self-indulgent performance-art happening. Is there another popular artist today who would confront her audience with a spectacle combining a punkish dance troupe, samurai warriors, Hong Kong action choreography, and Japanese anime cartoons? When Madonna ceded the stage to her own video-geisha image, the screen was obscured by loincloth-clad dancing boys suspended upside down on ropes. For Drowned World, read Crouching Twyla, Hidden Mummenschanz.

"I get fixated on all these things, and I have to put them in my show. I keep a mental file and I try to incorporate everything," says Madonna, a cultural omnivore w swears fealty to pop music while remain open to other forms.

"Tim Rice came backstage in Lon and said, 'You've *got* to do a musical!'" reports. "And I said, 'Could someb *please* write a good one? It's not like body's busting down my door with so thing awesome.'" (Any umbrage suffered veteran lyricist Rice was doubtless sal by the royalties from *The Lion King* *Aida,* his glutinous Broadway triumphs.)

For the moment, Madonna appears t content with the unprecedented sta ty she has found with her current partn both romantic and musical. As the stu rematch with Mirwais looms, she is ha to live *la vida* low-key in her Wallace dream home, in the apparently unneur bosom of her family, taking her yoga clas studying Kabbalah—and playing those ac tic guitars. "Lately I've been doing Cat vens songs, just singing to myself," she s "'Wild World' ... and 'Morning Has ken'—I play that song every day, practica

Madonna started taking guitar less shortly after Rocco's birth, when her band gifted her with an ax. "I fancied p ing with someone," says Ritchie, himse keen strummer. Sadly, there hasn't bee much duetting as he'd hoped. "We ten get ratty with one another when we pla gether," Ritchie confesses. "I've got no s of time—and I always want to lead ...

There is afoot the persistent rumor Ritchie and Madonna have collaborate another pregnancy. Madonna denies even offering to expose her flat stomac disprove the evil-tongued gossip.

Ritchie and Madonna do have one effort in the pipeline, however, somet that puts a new twist in her convolute reer arc. "I've just written a collectio children's stories with my husband," donna announces proudly. "In fact I'm finishing one at the moment."

Guy Ritchie, nihilist turned Kabb explains that said volume is a not-for-p collection of spiritual allegories for the to-eight crowd, a book that "does s thing to shatter the illusions that we' misguided by.... There's always a wise or woman in each story."

Madonna savors for a moment stunned silence that this benign bomb creates. A spiritual children's book b author of *Sex*? By the taboo-busting former who in her videos has writh lingerie with transvestites and gotten with a black saint, the woman who "fuck" 13 times on a single episode o *terman*?!

Madonna throws her arms up like gician at a kids' birthday party.

"Hey! Nothing is what it seems." □

ramount's 90th

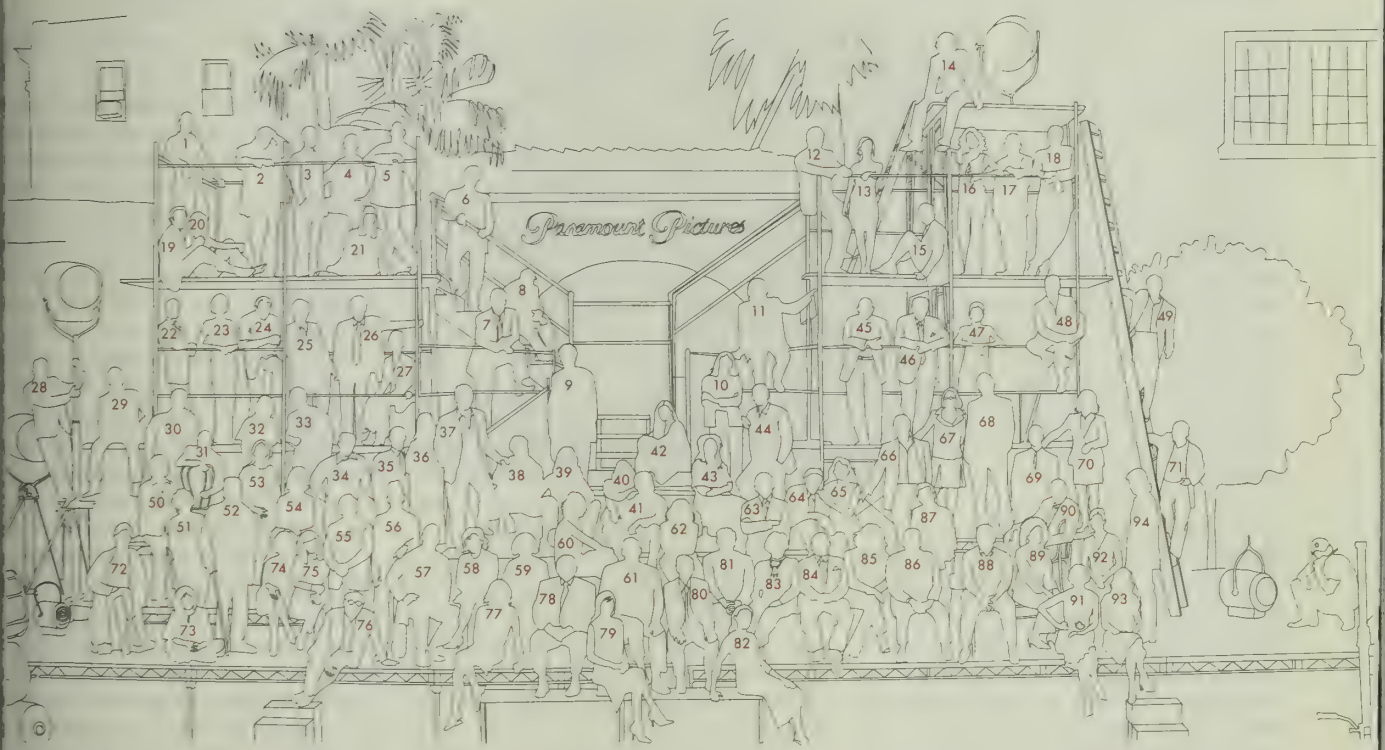
NUED FROM PAGE 304 chairman of Para-t's Motion Picture Group, said, "Ninety ago, Adolph Zukor had an idea, and he it Paramount Pictures. Since that day, nount has been a home to history. Mary rd, Rudolph Valentino, and D. W. Grif-eated the vocabulary. Mae West, W. C. , and the Marx Brothers used it to make gh. Alfred Hitchcock made us squirm. B. DeMille parted the Red Sea not once but twice here at Paramount. Hope, Crosby, and Lamour took us on the road to Singapore, Zanzibar, Morocco, Rio, Bali, and Utopia. It has been quite a journey, and it has led us where we are tonight."

It was wonderful meeting up with people I used to know in the picture business. Walking by the outdoor makeup tables, I caught a glimpse of Al Pacino in a mirror at the same time he saw me. His hair is dyed yellow for a part. I produced Al's first starring movie, *The Panic in Needle Park*, in 1971, and from there he went on to make *The Godfather* and become a great star. We hugged. It feels good getting together again with people with whom you've shared a life experience, such as making a movie. You have only to look at each other and a flood of memories comes back. I knew Jane Fonda in the 60s, when we both had houses in Malibu and she was with Roger Vadim—the French director who had been married to Brigitte Bardot—whom she would later marry and divorce. After that, she married Tom Hayden, and then Ted Turner, and quit the

Happy Birthday, Paramount

In case there's anybody you *don't* recognize at a glance in this historic gathering of the studio's top icons, here's the numbered key.

FOR PHOTOGRAPH SEE PAGES 304–5



mes Cromwell
r. Phil McGraw
aron Eckhart
cott Bakula
very Brooks
reg Kinnear
ed Danson
rsenio Hall
l Pacino
njelica Huston
avid Spade
rendan Fraser
nora Birch
m Carrey
latthew Perry
nnifer Beals
dge Joe Brown
chard Dean Anderson
hris Klein

20. Katie Holmes
21. Shelley Long
22. David Hyde Pierce
23. Catherine Bell
24. David James Elliott
25. Leslie Nielsen
26. Robert Stack
27. Judge Judy Sheindlin
28. Matthew Broderick
29. Patrick Swayze
30. Andy Garcia
31. Cuba Gooding Jr.
32. Claire Danes
33. Timothy Hutton
34. Mark Wahlberg
35. James Caan
36. Candice Bergen
37. Harrison Ford
38. Michael Douglas
39. Catherine Zeta-Jones
40. Penélope Cruz
41. Tom Cruise
42. Demi Moore
43. Whoopi Goldberg
44. Nicolas Cage
45. Montel Williams
46. Mike Connors
47. Kate Mulgrew
48. Robert Downey Jr.
49. Tobey Maguire
50. Florence Henderson
51. Gloria Stuart
52. James Coburn
53. Marlee Matlin
54. Anne Archer
55. Henry Winkler
56. Sharon Stone
57. Sylvester Stallone
58. Rhonda Fleming
59. Patricia Neal
60. Jane Fonda
61. Charlton Heston
62. Diane Keaton
63. Sidney Poitier
64. Samuel L. Jackson
65. Helen Hunt
66. Jon Voight
67. Jessica Lange
68. Liam Neeson
69. Gary Sinise
70. Mary Hart
71. William Shatner
72. Mary Tyler Moore
73. Sally Field
74. Cindy Williams
75. Penny Marshall
76. Danny DeVito
77. Jodie Foster
78. Ernest Borgnine
79. Hilary Swank
80. Donald O'Connor
81. Jackie Cooper
82. Angelina Jolie
83. Jane Russell
84. Mickey Rooney
85. Sherry Lansing
86. Jonathan L. Dolgen
87. Sumner Redstone
88. Mel Karmazin
89. Angela Bassett
90. Morgan Freeman
91. Ashley Judd
92. Laura Linney
93. Kirsten Dunst
94. Benicio Del Toro

Paramount's 90th

movies along the way, having won two Oscars for *Klute* and *Coming Home*. I hadn't seen her for years, but we hear about each other from a mutual friend, a rancher in New Mexico named Gordon Miller. Anyway, there was Jane at Paramount, looking absolutely wonderful, thrilled to see her old friends and the actors she'd starred in films with, such as Jon Voight, who also won an Oscar for *Coming Home*. She claims she's not going to make any more movies, but I don't believe her. If the right part came along, a character of her age and intelligence, I'll bet she'd come back. She grew up in movie studios, and she looked right at home on the Paramount lot. Another old friend I knew before he became famous was Harrison Ford, who was the contractor for the rebuilding of my brother and sister-in-law's house near Malibu back when he was doing construction work to support his wife and two sons while waiting for his break to come in the movies. What a star he became—one of the legends—but for a minute or two it was like old times with him. "I'd like you to meet Calista Flockhart," he said. They're an item. I met Calista. Beautiful. Then I spotted Sharon Stone on the scaffold in front of the gates. "I hear you're going to play Lana Turner in the movie," I said when we connected. "If we ever get the money," she replied. "You'd be perfect for Lana," I said. I told her I had always thought it was Lana who killed her gangster lover, Johnny Stompanato, not her daughter, Cheryl, who took the rap. "Let me show you how the picture starts," said Sharon. "Johnny's dying, blood everywhere, and Lana's holding his head and trying to breathe life into him . . . "

Later, I was at the table of A. C. Lyles, a fabled Paramount figure, always elegantly dressed, who has been at the studio for 74 years. He started as an office boy for Adolph Zukor, who founded Paramoun 1912. All the stars from the old days cro ed around A.C., as he is called—Jane F sell, Donald O'Connor, Patricia Neal, Ch ton Heston. I heard Patricia Neal say him, "When I was making *The Fount head* with Coop . . . ," and no one at table had to be told that Coop was G Cooper, with whom she had had one of most famous of Hollywood romances. W Jane Russell, still looking great in her referred to a recent appearance she made on *Larry King Live* and said, "I we going to let that writer say what he was ing about Howard," everybody present k she was talking about Howard Hugh who had made her a star in *The Outla* 1943. "My God," said Mary Tyler Mo "I just ran into Tim Hutton. He played son in *Ordinary People,* and I haven't s him since."

It was a fabulous way to celebrate P mount's 90th anniversary. □

Heather Mills

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 328 up very quickly."

Even during the early years, when her parents were still together, Heather was abducted and molested by a swimming instructor who held her and another girl captive in his apartment for days. Heather's parents apparently thought nothing of her failure to come home, explaining later that they assumed she was still at a swim meet. When the girls were finally rescued, the instructor killed himself.

Life was little better inside the Mills household, which moved frequently around Northern England as Mark Mills attempted to stay a step ahead of his creditors. After years of alleged abuse by her violent and explosive husband, Heather's mother finally ran off with an actor named Charles Stapley. Her three children didn't hear a word from her for years, although she later claimed she had written letters that their father must have confiscated. "She was full of guilt for leaving us, and her way of dealing with it was cutting off completely," says Heather. "I never knew her."

The children often bore the brunt of their father's terrifying rages; according to the kids, Fiona was thrown through a glass door and Shane through a glass window on separate occasions. Otherwise they were mostly left to fend for themselves. Heather says if she didn't steal, they didn't eat, so she was a proficient shoplifter by the age of 10. "I stole clothes, food, everything to survive," she admits. "My father would say, 'Go get the food.' He knew we had to steal it."

When their father went to prison, Sh was sent to live with their grandmother in Brighton and Heather and Fiona with their mother and her lover in London. But, according to the girls, Stapley made it clear that he didn't want them around, and eventually he issued an ultimatum: either Heather had to leave or he would. Knowing that her mother wouldn't choose her, Heather ran away, first to live with a traveling fair and then, when the older man who befriended her died of a heroin overdose, resorting to a harder life on the streets of London, showering in Victoria Station and dragging her belongings around in plastic garbage bags. "I think she thought, Sod you, I'll do it on me own," says Julia Quinn, her childhood best friend.

By the time she was 13, Heather had left school, ending her formal education. "For me it's been the university of life," she says wryly. "Paul said to me once, 'Thank god you're not educated! What would we have to put up with if you were? You'd take over the whole world!'"

Early on, however, Heather seemed headed only for a life of crime. Her thieving included a serious episode as a teenager when she was working in a jewelry store and stole some necklaces. After the tabloid press began to excavate her past, the jewelry-store owner complained that the thefts had been far more extensive than Heather owned up to in her book, with losses of £20,000 in merchandise ultimately putting him out of business.

Stapley also objected to the way he had been portrayed, saying that he and Heather's mother had spent many a night wandering the streets of London with a photograph of Heather, trying to find their headstrong little runaway. "Rubbish," says Fiona bitterly.

The Mills children are equally disgusted with their father's attempts to exculpate self, although they discount the interview has purportedly given to the British tabl proclaiming his innocence; after mul strokes, they say, he can only mumble. can't speak, so they just put words in mouth," Heather explains. "They shout th at him and he just says 'Uhhhhh . . . ' take that as a yes."

When Heather got married, Mark I sent a glass fruit bowl with a card that "To Heather and Macca, from Father.'

"Fiona said, 'Why don't you just smash it on his head?'" Heather says. hates him." Fiona, who has joined us o beach, nods vigorously.

Also estranged is Mills's other daughte child with a girlfriend he never married. 17, Claire Mills doesn't speak to her fath ther. "I haven't seen him for a few years," Claire. "He always gets really angry and shouting. He'll just argue over nothing be really violent. Wife beaters always a gize and say they'll change, but they can. Heather's given him loads of chanc well. She was always bailing him out, bu never going to learn. He always blows

Heather says she finally gave up o father after her accident, whe called her in the hospital and failed quire about her lost leg. "He said, 'I n new TV and video.' Not 'Are you all r I realized I had to let go. It's like lettin of an abusive boyfriend. Sometimes y got to let go of an abusive father. That who he is. He'd sell me for a camel. I that's what made me determined not t up with so much crap from guys."

Her father may have been unconce

eather's friends were awed by her re- to the accident. "After a traumatic am- on, some people never come to terms , and others take years," says Bob Watts, osthetist who makes Heather's artifi- gs. "With Heather it took a few weeks. a very motivated, very strong character." d she immediately turned those ths toward helping others. "At first she elirious, but when she came round she ke, 'Right, I'm going to make some- out of this. I'm not just going to lie ' says Ruth Matthews, a former model net Heather when she was running a ling agency. "When she realized how t was to get prosthetics, she said, 'I've do something for these people.'"

sten Lever, whose child has multiple lities, met Heather when she was mak- television program at the hospital Lever's son was a patient. "It was a low point in my life, and she got me gh it," says Lever. "She l come in on all her off and sit with me and just giving support. had 15 operations, and errible with anesthesia, eather would take him d sit through his oper- s, which were like eight s at a time. She's so ive and inspirational, akes you pick yourself nd move on again. She ad such a terrible life, et she carries on and all these things for oth- ople."

eather is philosophical t her past. "I think I orn resilient," she says. "I never be- in blaming your childhood for your vior. Maybe I would have been differ- f I had a perfect childhood. I might been less ambitious, less driven."

nd no one has ever questioned Heather's After she matured into an astonishingly n young woman ("Bloody hell, Heather, tits are like *watermelons!*" she quotes choolmate as marveling), her ambitions nd to modeling, although her Playmate- figure relegated her to the so-called our end of the business—including the ss cheesecake photographs known in sh tabloids as "page 3" pictures. She Alfie Karmal, a half-Greek, half-Arab essman, when she was an 18-year-old tail waitress, but their marriage ended n Heather ran off with a Slovenian ski uctor named Milos. It was her experi- s in the former Yugoslavia as war was cing out that launched her career as a ty worker. Horrified at the hardships in- d by the war, she began collecting relief lies for refugees. "I was taking trucks down with everything from insulin and pain- killers to crutches and walking frames—anything we could get," she says.

Heather's efforts eventually metamorphosed into the formation of the Heather Mills Health Trust, her personal charity. Her heart may have been in the right place, but her accounting was somewhat lax, to put the most generous interpretation on her rather mysterious finances. Although Heather had raised money for land-mine-survivor assistance since 1994, she never bothered to register her trust with Britain's Charity Commission, which requires that any organization collecting more than £1,000 a year must file an annual report. It was only at McCartney's insistence that Heather finally developed a business plan for the trust, to which he gave £150,000. She registered it in 2000.

"I had funded most of my charity work myself," Heather explains in her book. "A big donation would mean I'd have to become a registered charity. I had mixed feelings about that prospect. Up until now, when I wanted to do something I had just got on and done it. But I knew life wouldn't be that simple once we were a registered charity. There'd be lots of rules and regulations. . . . I didn't relish all that bureaucracy slowing my work down."



FAMILY AFFAIR
Stella McCartney, her father, Paul McCartney, and Heather Mills in Paris, March 11, 2002, at Stella's fall/winter-2002 ready-to-wear collection.

Equally hard to verify is Heather's claim that she has sent 27,000 prosthetic limbs to amputees over the years; some knowledgeable observers suspect that's wildly inflated. "Her figures are plucked out of the air," says one veteran of the relief movement who has worked with her.

These days Heather is focusing her efforts on Adopt-a-Minefield. "The land-mine cause had dropped off the agenda after Princess Diana died, because people thought the problem was solved," says Alexandra Lagelée, director of Adopt-a-Minefield in the U.K. "What Heather has done for the land-mine cause is to give it a huge profile, because of who she is and because of her and Paul. She was the reason we expanded into survivor assistance, in addition to mine clearance, to make it a more comprehensive approach."

While cynics claim that Heather's real motive is self-aggrandizement, fellow activists say that's not fair. "Heather is willing to use her position to try to bring humanitarian good and social change to the world, and to that I say, 'Amen,'" says Nobel Prize co-laureate Jerry White, founder and director of the Landmine Survivors Network. "To some, it may appear that her motivation is egocentric, but that's true with most people. Look at the good she's trying to do. I believe her passion is genuine."

Although Heather seems largely without rancor about her parents, she becomes enraged by unfavorable coverage of her charitable work. She was particularly incensed by a recent attack in Britain's *Sunday Mirror* questioning her handling of donations for victims of the Indian earthquake in Gujarat, which she funneled through the Lions Charitable Trust, an independent group unconnected to the Heather Mills trust. In late August, the *Sunday Mirror* agreed to pay £50,000 in damages—which Heather said she was donating to Adopt-a-Minefield—for wrongly implying that she was being investigated by the Charity Commission, among other things.

"I do this for nothing," she says heatedly. "I use my own money and time. These editors, what do they do for people? It was so unfair! It was harder than losing my leg. I know that sounds totally mad, but I find some logic in losing my leg. But every time you take one step forward, the tabloid press gets the knives out. That's been the most stressful thing in my life. Every time the press wants to slag me off, that can be detrimental to the charity. The press in Britain has done so much damage our donations started going down. As far as I'm concerned, they're killing people." She glares fiercely, her green eyes burning with anger.

Now that the Heather Mills trust has been merged into Adopt-a-Minefield, Heather hopes that her cause will be protected from the negative fallout of her celebrity. "With Adopt-a-Minefield, every dollar gets matched by the Better World Fund, which is Ted Turner's fund—so it doubles the money. I'm not ego-

Heather Mills

tistical about my name being on the charitable letterhead," says Heather (although she and Paul did put their official wedding photograph on the McCartneys' new personal stationery, prompting much amused gossip among London's smart set). According to Adopt-a-Minefield, the Better World Fund actually contributes only 25 percent in matching funds rather than doubling the money.

Like her philanthropy, Heather's sex life has provided a bumper crop of tabloid fodder. She admits that she has often been disappointed in love. "I'm a total romantic," she says. "I fall in love quite easily, and then find out that the person isn't the person I thought they were. I meet guys, they fall in love with my independence, and then they try to change me—keep me behind bars with a Quaker dress on. And then they wonder why it doesn't work out."

But everything is different with Paul, she says. "I'm really happy. It's incredibly passionate. It's intense all the time, and we love each other's company. Our favorite thing is to stay home. I cook a meal—Indian or Thai or Italian—and he dances around the room like Fred Astaire. We've always got so much to talk about. I've met someone who's at the same level intellectually, but who's like a little boy, so I feel like I'm a grown woman and he's my little boy. He creates the child in me. He's very funny. He does things to embarrass me, just to make me laugh. We're great for each other. I could eat him! When you love someone, you just like their smell, and he smells fantastic. I think when you find your soul mate, you could sleep under their armpits. I'm like a little dog. He says, 'You're always sniffing me!'" Heather sighs dreamily, her often tense expression uncharacteristically beatific.

Both Heather and Paul describe their courtship in terms that make it sound more like an 18th-century minuet than a 21st-century rock song. "It evolved very slowly," says Heather. "I was properly dated and properly wooed. I had flowers sent to me; I was sung to on the phone, sung to while I was making dinner. I thought, This is unbelievable! This is what people dream of!"

Heather and Paul first met at the *Daily Mirror*'s Pride of Britain awards ceremony, where Heather was introducing a quadruple amputee named Helen Smith. McCartney found Heather electrifying. "I thought she looked great, and then I heard her speak and she sounded great," he says. "She was talking about the work she does, and she was very in command of the situation, very impressive. She just struck me, and I went, 'Wow!' So I made it my business to inquire about her and see what it was she did. I arranged a meeting with her. There certainly was a physical attraction when I first saw her, but I became more impressed as I realized what sort of character she is. She's very kind. She gives up a lot of her time. When things go wrong, she says, 'What can I do?' Instead of backing off, she steps right in. It's very hard to knock. Heather's really a lovely girl, a very impressive woman. Anyone who knows her really admires her. Self-respect for disabled people—it's huge, what she does. She bloody cares. Look at Heather's history—what she's done, what she's overcome, what she does now, for a living and with her living. Her detractors can be infantile and pissy, but please don't put some good like this down. We ain't got enough of this."

As Heather was getting to know McCartney, she was planning to marry a BBC producer named Chris Terrill, but she suddenly broke off their engagement a few days before the wedding, all but leaving skid marks as she careened out the door. Heather has left at least three former fiancés, two of whom fell madly in love with her during whirlwind courtships and proposed within days of their first meeting. Many of her romances received breathless coverage in the British press, which quoted Heather's rhapsodic pronouncements—"We were making love with our minds and not just our bodies!"—and followed up with equally prurient examinations of her breakups.

"She gives her men sex, sex, and then even more sex—anywhere and everywhere," said one school friend. "She says she is giving Paul the best sex of his life, and as much of it as he wants—no wonder he looks happy."

Heather and Paul kept their budding romance under wraps as long as possible, finally going public on television—"Yeah, I love her!"—in October of 2000. Since then, gossip columns on both sides of the Atlantic have worked overtime, churning pervasive rumors that McCartney's four children—James, Mary, and Stella, his children with Linda, and Linda's daughter Heather, whom he adopted—are appalled by his choice. At one point McCartney admitted that things were difficult, attributing any problems to the inevitable adjustments when one parent dies and the surviving parent finds a new partner.

These days the family is pretending that harmony reigns and complaining that the press is fomenting trouble where none exists. "We get on so well it's hilarious," Heather Mills says, her expression grim. "We get along brilliantly. I'm closest to Heather [McCartney]. We speak every day. We are so close she's like another sister!" Mills does not mention the fact that James and Heather McCartney boycotted the wedding, a fact that their father's handlers successfully kept out of the press. "That's pretty bad form," observes Susie Charrington, who attended the wedding.

McCartney nevertheless claims that a well. "It's been hugely exaggerated. Nob has any problems," he insists. "We just h to get used to each other. It just takes ti and the less I can make of this the bet They're loving kids. Everyone's getting fine, but like any family, there are degree getting on fine."

In fact, however, McCartney's kids h made it clear on two continents that t loathe and distrust their new stepmot They have a long litany of complaints wh recently included the fact that Heat didn't ask Stella to design her ecru lace w ding dress (she was quoted as saying Stella's designs, which have featured slog such as "Wet" printed on the crotch, "too tarty," whereupon Stella was quote saying, "Doesn't she know lace is ou fashion?"), and that Mary, a photograp wasn't asked to take the official wed photograph. When I ask Heather why S didn't make the dress, she says coldly, " never offered."

The McCartney girls were also hurt r Heather didn't invite them to her hen p and the rift was on public display one w end last spring. Heather was giving a party in the United States. Stella, who not been invited, was browsing in a S art gallery with her father, who was ur her to call Heather, when their conve tion erupted into a loud argument. lookers listened, transfixed, as Stella c "You've chosen her over your own fam and stormed out of the gallery in tears.

"It's a feud," says a confidante of the Cartney children, whose friends po them as devoted to their father and wo about how vulnerable he might be to a p tory seductress. Other observers are cynical. "I think it's the money," says "They're up against Heather's toughness they're scared by it. It's easy to make He the enemy, but if the kids have an issu really with their father." Those less sy thetic to the McCartney offspring also n certain unseemliness in the spectacle o ultra-privileged rich kids slandering a h icapped charity worker who has risen homelessness and abuse to make hersel a world-famous Nobel Prize nominee. " desperate for their affection and approv course she is," says Charrington. "She it her best shot, but at the end of the d up to them. She's done all she can."

McCartney knows that many p think he's been bamboozled by a gol ger. "I'm not stupid," he says m "Heather's a really nice person, or wouldn't be attracted in the least. great. But you're going to find people are going to knock her, because the h story is the negative one."

After all, he has been through this b

he married Linda Eastman, she be- known as "the most hated woman in ." "Linda had a terrible time of it," wledges McCartney. He also watched Lennon deal with similar antagonism Yoko Ono entered his life, and he's well that Heather is regarded by many as w Yoko.

ather is infuriated by the widespread ption that she has played Paul for a . "It's the biggest insult to Paul to say, here's nothing else a woman would im for!'" she says heatedly. "He's not d? He's not sexy? He's a very sexy, matic man!"

is also enduringly successful. "*Beatles* compilation of their No. 1 hits, was on the charts for 16 weeks—the biggest- CD of the year [2000]," says some- ho works for Paul. "But it's not just s; *Wingspan* [by McCartney's band] was a double CD that was No. 2 on arts in America."

Cartney's current road show is raking s well. With tickets costing up to $250, ur grossed $53 million last spring. The y fall tour, "Back in the U.S.," winds October 29 in Phoenix. Although rtney turned 60 in June, he seems full or these days; his fans have noted the hestnut color of his hair and speculat- out his youthful face. "He dyes his hair, e's never had plastic surgery," Heather . "He's got all his lines. He's just look- od for his age."

ends familiar with both of McCartney's ives comment that Heather actually bles the strong-willed Linda. "This is who likes women who run the show," one acquaintance. "He was in deep, grief after Linda died; he was lost, and her brought him back to life. He could had anyone, but he likes women who he boss."

w that Heather's position is secure, ob- rs are wondering what her agenda will be. McCartney's children are distraught that their father and his new wife are trying to have a baby. Heather, who suffered two ectopic pregnancies with Alfie Karmal, is not sanguine about her chances. "I don't know whether I ever could have a child, because of the ectopics," she explains. "I just say, 'What will be will be.' The last thing I want is to say, 'It's Tuesday, it's five o'clock, I'm ovulating—let's go for it!' I adore kids, and if it happens it happens, but I've seen too many people get too upset about it."

In the meantime, she will certainly continue to campaign for her cause, which has benefited immeasurably from her relationship with McCartney. On his current tour, he puts on a NO MORE LAND MINES! T-shirt during his encores, with anti-land-mine merchandise on sale at every venue and proceeds going to Adopt-a-Minefield. Heather has also lent her name to a new line of clothing from INC International Concepts, with a percentage of the profits going to the charity. "So far we've raised $100,000," she says.

Although Heather has become skilled at exploiting her new husband's fame, she remains aggressively protective of her own autonomy. "I believe every woman should have a reserve, because you never know what will happen in life. You have to keep a degree of independence to keep your relationship equal—and to keep some spark in it," she says. "Guys can get bored, especially if they feel they've just got you there. I'll never be dependent on Paul financially."

She gazes around at her spare, whitewashed house, which looks more like something you'd find on a Greek island than on a British isle. "This is my house," she says firmly. "He can come to visit my house." She is still angry about her ex-husband's claims that she took money from him, insisting she paid everything back. "If you can't even borrow money from your husband when you've helped build his business and brought his kids up . . . " She shakes her head in disgust. "I will never borrow money from a man again, and I will never be in a situation where a guy says, 'This is my house.' I never want to be that dependent."

For the McCartneys, naturally there are many residences, from Paul's Regency town house in London's St. John's Wood to the 160-acre family estate in East Sussex, where his son, James, still lives, to their house in the Hamptons. So where, for Heather, is home? "Wherever I lay my hat," she says with a shrug. Constantly uprooted as a child whose family was always on the run, she is a lifelong gypsy. "I haven't known any different," she admits. "I nest in short periods and make a home wherever I am. Paul travels a lot; he's used to being on the go. We've got this thing where we like to be together, so he says, 'I'll come with you,' and I try and go on tour with him. I do a lot of counseling around the world, and I meet up with amputees at local hospitals while he goes off and does sound checks. We're always on the move."

These days the moves feature chartered planes and first-class hotels, and Heather's past is beginning to seem like a bad dream. "I spent my life just kind of surviving, trying to build some kind of security for my family," she muses. "I've always funded my family, and it was always just about survival. I was always waiting for another disaster."

Perhaps the disasters are behind her now, but Heather remains visibly wary. "There's a saying, 'Life is a piece of shit. You have to eat slowly,'" she says. "I don't agree with that, by the way." A mischievous grin tugs at the corners of her Cupid's-bow mouth. "I think it's more like: 'Life is a wonderful, big, juicy mango—but occasionally you hit a piece of shit.'"

But no matter what challenges lie in wait, those who know her have little doubt that Heather will prevail. "She knows what she wants, and she'll go out and get it," says her half-sister, Claire. "She's still Heather Mills, which she's always been. But she's Lady McCartney now." □

el Sisters

INUED FROM PAGE 340 climb all over vearing hand-smocked dresses from her ica Noel collection of children's cloth- which she started. Monica (née Haeg- vas born in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and d in the bustling colonial environment vish parties, ski trips, suitors, tutors, nguished godparents, and servants. ica's parents saw to it that she had an national education, sending her off to esley in Massachusetts. While in col- she met a Harvard man 12 years her r, Tennessee-born Walter Noel. The two were soon married and living in far-flung places. Through it all, she says, she has always "loved the culture and warm-hearted people of Brazil."

In raising her daughters, Monica spoke to them mainly in Portuguese, and employed Brazilian housekeepers and nannies, no matter where the Noels were living—which has included Lagos, Geneva, and Boston. The Noels have spent the last 28 years adding onto their Greenwich house—originally a stone caretaker's cottage—and by now there's a wing large enough for all the visiting daughters, husbands, children, and nannies.

The Noel girls would be made to dress and come downstairs for dinner with their parents' friends. "Mom would say to us, 'Join in and think of something interesting to say, keep your posture straight—but first go upstairs and brush your hair again,'" one Noel sister recalls. Another remembers getting all A's on a school report card and "just losing it" when all her mother wanted to discuss was the unfortunate state of her hair.

The sisters, with their South American provenance, almost overwhelmed the boys of Greenwich. "There was always something mysterious and confident about them," remembers a man who knew a few of them at the Greenwich Country Day School. "A wonderful foreign quality that made them

stand out from what I'd describe as the local homogeneity. They ran roughshod over us. We all felt like a bunch of square white guys who didn't stand a chance with them."

They didn't.

The eldest sister, Corina, graduated from Yale and, while raising four daughters, works alongside her Colombian husband, Andrés Piedrahita, at the London office of the Fairfield Greenwich Group, an international hedge fund founded by Walter Noel. Lisina, a Georgetown graduate, met Yanko Della Schiava, an Italian alumnus of Aiglon College, in Saint-Tropez. She married him, and he now works at the Lugano, Switzerland, office of the Noel-family hedge fund. Ariane followed Lisina to Georgetown and Corina to London with her husband, Marco Sodi, an Italian who works for the Veronis Suhler Stevenson media-investment firm. Alix went to Brown and later married Philip Toub, an alumnus of Deerfield Academy and Middlebury College, who now works at the family office in Rio. Marisa, an all-American in lacrosse, graduated from Harvard after serving as president of its Hasty Pudding Club. She met Matt Brown, her fiancé, through Alix and Philip, and—surprise—he works not for the Noel-family hedge fund but for his o

The Noel sisters—with not a divorce *scandale* among them—seem to have he ed the wisdom of their grandmother Tr Haegler, who once wrote up her own 10 c mandments for the family's future bri including: "Make your husband believe he is your Lord and Master, no matter w the feminists say"; "Tend to your home kitchen with the greatest zeal and ardor, stantly renewing your imagination"; "E sex to the utmost. It is the key to happi and a cure for almost all ailments, phys and spiritual." □

Degas

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 336 not impotence but voyeurism: a diagnosis Degas himself had hinted at when he told the Irish writer George Moore that looking at his work was "as if you looked through a keyhole."

Since his father bore a striking resemblance to Degas, and not only went blind around the same time but also shared his taste for brothels, Picasso at 90 did a series of prints—variations on the brothel monotypes in his collection—to commemorate Degas as a father figure. On the extreme right or left edge of the prints, a Degas lookalike watches the whores, occasionally sketching them or, as Picasso reportedly put it, "fucking them with his failing eyes." To emphasize the voyeurism, Picasso added wirelike lines to connect Degas's gaze to the nipples and pubic triangles that are its targets. The ownership of so many monotypes apparently gave Picasso a sense of heaven-sent entitlement.

However, there is evidence—as opposed to hearsay—that Degas *was* sexually active. In a letter to the bravura portraitist Giovanni Boldini, before the two of them set off for Spain in 1889, Degas provides the address of a discreet purveyor of condoms: "Since seduction is a distinct possibility in Andalusia, we should take care to bring back only good things from our journey." Degas's fear of infection was certainly justified. A professional model reported that—like most men of his period who frequented brothels—he had confessed to having had a venereal disease. [illegible] model complained of Degas's fa[illegible] language. In the end, who can [illegible] Degas's failure to take a suitable wife or mistress? Like many another member of the *haute bourgeoisie,* this complex genius evidently wanted to rebel against social constraints—above all rituals of courtship and marriage—just as he had rebelled against artistic constraints. Might he not have wanted to indulge in some *nostalgie de la boue,* a taste for low life that so often goes hand in hand with fastidiousness?



THE HUMAN ANIMAL
Degas's ballerinas and whores are virtually interchangeable, as we see in *The Name Day of the Madam,* circa 1876–77 (pastel over monotype).

The last 20 years of Degas's life were a tragic struggle. He had to adapt his superb technique to his worsening eyesight, which enabled him to see "around the spot at which he was looking and never the spot itself," according to his friend the English painter Walter Sickert. Amazingly, the late dancers and women washing themselves or combing their hair are more daring and dramatic in their simplifications than mos his previous work. Contours become thi and more emphatic, colors brighter and n strident. There is even a trend toward abs tion, particularly in landscapes inspire the blur of scenery glimpsed from a r ing train. Meticulous brushstrokes give to rougher passages of p applied by hand as wel by brush. The artist's fi prints dapple the surfac the paint just as they da the surface of his waxes.

Besides this late br through, Degas had litt console him in his lonel and looming blindness. deaths of many of his cl friends made this sarc man even more sardonic from failing him, his cele ed wit grew ever more b Painter friends were tr as if they were foes. R was compared to "a cat ing with a multicolore of yarn"; that Symboli sionary, Gustave Mo was "a hermit who k what time the trains lea visit to the baroque stud longing to José Mariá Sert, "the Tiepo the Ritz," prompted the comment " very Spanish—and in such a quiet stree front of one of his friend Eugène Car famously foggy mother-and-child st Degas observed that someone must been smoking in the nursery. Meanest was his quip to Oscar Wilde, who told how well known he was in England: " nately less so than you" was the reply when Liberty's opened an Art No branch in Paris, he could not resist re ing, "So much taste will lead to prison.

Joking aside, Degas's most painf fliction was the Dreyfus Affair artist's passionate anti-Dreyfus stanc lapse into virulent anti-Semitism ca

derstood, though certainly not con-
d, in the context of the Degas family's
ess debacle in New Orleans and Na-
as well as Paris. As a result of the
rican Civil War and the Paris Com-
, René Degas's cotton brokerage and
rt-export business failed and took the
down with it. Degas, who was scrupu-
about such things, made himself re-
ible for his brother's debts. The bailout
led the artist's finances and meant
e had to give up a spacious apartment
nove to a studio in Montmartre. He
had to make more of an effort with
rs to promote the sale of his work. De-
lamed his misfortunes on big Jewish
ers such as the Rothschilds, whose ex-
on had done in some of the smaller
s. We should also remember that the
ns in the Dreyfus case were the War Ministry's corrupt administrators. To a reactionary patriot like Degas, any criticism of the army was tantamount to treachery.

The saddest consequence of Degas's anti-Dreyfus stance was his break with Ludovic Halévy, his dearest friend for the previous 40 years and one of the few to share his ironic attitude to the ballet. Degas would never see Ludovic again, but Ludovic's son, Daniel, was more forgiving. He had idolized Degas since childhood and from the age of 16 had kept a journal of the artist's doings and sayings. Shortly before he died, at the age of 90 in 1962, Daniel Halévy revised and published this delightful journal (*Degas Parle* . . .). His book gives an intimate and surprisingly touching portrait of the paradoxical genius: so noble that he sacrificed his fortune for his brother's honor, such a bigot that he sacrificed the closest of all his friendships to anti-Semitism, and yet so devoted to truth in art that he spared nobody, least of all himself, in his pursuit of it.

In a celebrated 1886 review, J. K. Huysmans, the doyen of *fin de siècle* decadence, commended Degas for his "admirable dance pictures," in which he depicts "the moral decay of the venal female rendered stupid by [her] mechanical gambols and monotonous jumps. . . . In addition to the note of scorn and loathing one should notice the unforgettable veracity of the figures, captured with an ample, biting draftsmanship, with a lucid and controlled passion, with an icy feverishness." This magnificent exhibition, "Degas and the Dance," will reveal far more to the viewer who sees it through Huysmans's eyes than to one who sees it through those of little Stephanie's mother. □

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lls on Mills

INUED FROM PAGE 328 McCartney. I had all of them previously, apart from Paul artney. He was there to present an award emory of his late wife, Linda, to the di-r of a vegetarian charity called Viva!

though I recognized him, I didn't know n about Paul McCartney, or indeed about Beatles. Thanks to Dad, my musical ed-on had consisted of "The Ring of the lung" rather than "She Loves You." So day, although I knew Paul was an icon ts of people, I didn't really appreciate tatus. I do remember thinking how nice-ng he was, though, and saying as much y friend Verna when I left the stage and own next to her. However, I had to run arly to a meeting, so we weren't intro-d and didn't speak to each other.

he following couple of weeks were even e frantic for me than usual. Early the morning I set off for Cambodia with the hess of Kent and an ITV team. We were ing a film for *That's Esther,* a television ram which highlights charitable causes, t the land-mine survivors that Voluntary ices Overseas was helping. I was really ed about it. I hoped the publicity would raise funds to pay for more artificial s for Third World countries. Since 1994, the help of my public-speaking fees, we been able to carry on running our regu-mb convoys to help the land-mine sur-rs in Croatia. We had also shipped out parts to other war-torn countries that further afield, such as Cambodia.

turned home on June 6 feeling absolute-exhausted, and collapsed into bed. It n't until the next morning that I opened ost and checked my calls. When I did, I found a curious message on my answering machine: "Hi, Heather. It's Paul McCartney here. Would you give me a ring?"

With my mind still full of Cambodia, it was a minute before I remembered the awards ceremony and the penny dropped. Yeah right, I thought. Of course. Verna's set me up here because I told her I thought he was good-looking. Very funny. The next day I came in to find a second, identical message on the machine, and thought, Hang on a minute. Warily, I rang the number, and sure enough it was Paul McCartney's office. A secretary answered. When I gave my name she said, "Oh yes, Sir Paul's been trying to get in touch with you. He's not here today, but I'll tell him you rang."

The Cambodia film was shown on June 19. Five minutes before the program started, the phone rang. It was Paul.

"Have you got the telly on?" I asked.

"No, why?"

"Watch *That's Esther* and call me back afterwards to tell me what you think." Half an hour later he rang back and said how much he'd enjoyed it.

"Actually, it sort of relates to why I've called you," he said.

He told me that a few days after he'd heard me speak at the *Mirror* awards ceremony he'd seen an item on the *Tomorrow's World* program about bionic arms which took nerve impulses from the residual limb and translated them into hand and arm movements. "I thought maybe you would be interested in that sort of thing for your land-mine survivors," he said. "If you were, I'd like to offer some help with funding it."

I wasn't as instantly grateful as he might have expected. As it happened, I had strong views on these bionic limbs, which overcame any awe I might have felt at talking to Paul McCartney. "That's all well and good for the Western world," I told him. "But I don't think it's a starter for Third World countries. . . . For the price of that one arm, I can fit at least 50 kids with artificial limbs in places like Sierra Leone. They might not be bionic, but they can make the difference between dependence and independence. I don't want to seem ungrateful. I'd like to talk about it, but it depends what you want me to do."

There was a pause. "Well," he said. "Let's meet up about it."

The next week I went up to Paul's offices in London. The main thing that struck me about him was the energy he projected; he walked like Fred Astaire, almost as if he was dancing. I told him mostly about Sierra Leone and the maimed children there, and what I was hoping to do. "O.K.," he said when I'd finished. "Draw up a detailed business plan and we'll meet again to discuss it." He said good-bye and I walked to the lift. As I stepped in, I turned around and saw him peering at me around the corner. If it had been any other man I could have sworn he was looking at my bum.

After one of my planning meetings with Paul, I had an appointment to see Richard Branson. I couldn't resist spilling the beans. "I've just been to meet Paul McCartney," I said. "He's helping me with the charity."

"He fancies you!" Richard said.

"No, he doesn't," I protested.

"He does," he grinned. "Don't forget, I was sitting next to him at the *Mirror* awards."

Finally, the day arrived when Paul was due to hand over his check. It was in a sealed envelope. I took it from him. "Thank you very, very much," I said.

"Aren't you going to open it?"

I was puzzled. Why did he want me to open it there and then? Did he think I expected it to be £1,000 CONTINUED ON PAGE 372

CREDITS

ON THE COVER



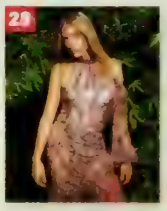
Madonna wears a shirt and skirt by Alexander McQueen; boots by Tom Ford for Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche; hat by Yohji Yamamoto; gloves by Hermès. Hair products from L'Oréal. Makeup products from Giorgio Armani Cosmetics. Hair by Luigi Murenu. Makeup by Pat McGrath. Set design by Gideon Ponte and Jill Nicholls. Styled by Arianne Phillips. Photographed exclusively for V.F. by Craig McDean at Quixote Studios in West Hollywood, California, on July 27, 2002.

FASHION



Cover: Madonna's Alexander McQueen shirt and skirt from selected Neiman Marcus stores and from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Yohji Yamamoto hat from Yohji Yamamoto, N.Y.C.; Hermès gloves from Hermès boutiques nationwide, or go to www.hermes.com. Arianne Phillips for Beauty & Photo/Katy Barker.

Page 28: Heather Mills's Giambattista Valli for Emanuel Ungaro dress from Emanuel Ungaro boutiques, N.Y.C. and Bal Harbour and Palm Beach, Fla.; Ileana Makri bracelet from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. and L.A.



Page 42: Madonna's Prada blouse from Prada boutiques nationwide, or call 888-977-1900; Versace skirt from Versace boutiques worldwide, or go to www.versace.com or call 888-3VERSACE; for Gaultier Paris belt, call 011-33-142-97-48-12; Peter Som gloves available by special order, call 212-243-3483.

Page 66: Marisa Noel's shirt by Lacoste, from Lacoste boutiques nationwide, or call 800-4-LACOSTE; Club Monaco pants from Club Monaco, N.Y.C., Chicago, and Beverly Hills; child's dress by Monica Noel, from Bonne Nuit, N.Y.C.

Page 112: Hilary Knight styled by Jane Gill.

Page 143: Donna Tartt's Ralph Lauren Collection clothing from selected Ralph Lauren stores, or go to www.runway.polo.com; Robert Clergerie shoes from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. Evan Ross for Scene.

Page 156: Donna Tartt styled by Evan Ross for Scene; coat from Early Halloween, N.Y.C., or go to www.earlyhalloween.com; shirt by Paul Smith, from Henri Bendel, N.Y.C.; pants by Nicole Farhi, from Nicole Farhi, N.Y.C.; pendant from Henri Bendel, N.Y.C. **Francine Prose** styled by Jane Herships.

Page 162: Marian Goodman styled by Lisa von Weise

Page 166: René Pape styled by Annabelle Schachmes; shirt by Miu Miu, from selected Miu Miu boutiques, N.Y.C. and L.A.

Page 289: Josh Lucas's Prada shirt from Prada boutiques nationwide, or call 888-977-1900; [illegible] coat from Gucci stores nationwide and [illegible] the Agency).

Page 294: John Ritter styled by Eddie Schachnow for Factory Artists; all clothing by Hugo Hugo Boss, from Hugo Boss, N.Y.C., and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, or call 800-HUGO-BOSS; shoes by A. Testoni, from A. Testoni, N.Y.C., Beverly Hills, and Honolulu; pocket square by Turnbull & Asser, from Turnbull & Asser, N.Y.C.

Pages 305–7: Bruce Pask for Judy Casey.

Pages 308–9: See credits for page 42.

Page 311: See credits for cover.

Page 312: Madonna's bespoke Dunhill shirt and suit and Dunhill tie from Dunnill, NYC

Page 313: See credits for page 42.

Pages 324–25: Heather Mills's Christian Dior dress from Dior boutiques, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; additional styling by Aleks Cvetojevic.



Page 329: Ralph Lauren Black Label tank top from selected Ralph Lauren and Bloomingdale's stores; Ralph Lauren Black Label pants from selected Bloomingdale's stores.

Pages 336–37: For **Sam Rockwell's** New York Industrie suit, go to www.newyorkindustrie.com; DKNY shirt from DKNY, N.Y.C.; for Buffalo Chips boots, call 212-625-8400. Kim Meehan for Walter Schupfer.



Pages 338–39: Lisina Noel's 7 for All Mankind jeans from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. Marisa's Lacoste shirt from Lacoste boutiques nationwide, or call 800-4-LACOSTE; Club Monaco pants from Club Monaco, N.Y.C., Chicago, and Beverly Hills. **Ariane's** Juicy Couture shirt from Tupelo Honey, Miami. **Alix's** Juicy Couture shirt from Iggy's, Ardmore, Pa. Evyan Metzner for the Agency.

Pages 340–41: (1) Child's dress by Monica Noel, from Bonne Nuit, N.Y.C. (3) Child's shortalls by Monica Noel, from Bonne Nuit, N.Y.C. (4) Ariane's shoes by Balamani, from Decollage, N.Y.C., or call 212-352-3338; girl, front row, center, shirt and pants by Gap; girl, center row, far right, dress by Joan Calabrese, from Best & Co., Greenwich, Conn.; other children's clothing by Monica Noel, from Bonne Nuit, N.Y.C. (6) Child, left, shirt by Polo Ralph Lauren; shorts by Osh Kosh B'Gosh. (8) Lisina's and Alix's bikinis by Emilio Pucci, from Emilio Pucci, N.Y.C.; two children, right front, bathing suits by Gap.



BEAUTY AND GROOMING

Cover: Madonna's hair styled with L'Oréal Studio Line Total Control Clean Gel and Mighty Mist Hairspray, from drugstores nationwide; Luigi Murenu for Streeters. All makeup by Giorgio Armani Cosmetics, from Giorgio Armani boutiques, N.Y.C. and Las Vegas, and from selected Saks Fifth Avenue stores, or call 800-330-8497. On her face, Micro-fil(tm) Loose Powder No. 2 with Luminous Silk Foundation



No. 4; on her eyes, Eyeshadow No. 12, Sheer Shimmer Powder No. 3, Smooth Silk Eye Pencil N and Soft Lash Mascara i Black; on her eyebrows, Smooth Silk Eye Pencil N on her cheeks, Sheer Blus 2; on her lips, Sheer Lips No. 11; Pat McGrath for Giorgio Armani Cosmet

Page 28: Heather Mills's hair styled with L'O Fast Forward Quick Dry Hairspray, from drugst nationwide; Johnnie Sapong for Van Michael S Aveda. Cosmetics by Face Stockholm, from Fac Stockholm, N.Y.C. On her face, Liquid Foundati Cameo with Loose Powder No. 9; on her eyes, Matte Eyeshadow in Nude and Shell, Eye Liner F in White, and Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Blush-On Shimmer in Peace; on her lips, Lipglo Wand No. 3; AlexSandra Byrne for Premier/Fac Stockholm. On her nails, Lancôme Vernis Magi Unfailing Nail Lacquer in Champagne, from fi department stores; Marian Newman for Premi

Page 42: On Madonna's face, Giorgio Arm Cosmetics Micro-fil(tm) Loose Powder No. 2 w Luminous Silk Foundation No. 4; on her eyes, Eyeshadow No. 3, Smooth Silk Eye Pencil No. 2 Soft Lash Mascara in Black; on her eyebrows, Smooth Silk Eye Pencil No. 1; on her cheeks, She Blush No. 1; on her lips, Sheer Lipstick No. 8.

Page 110: Matt Tyrnauer's grooming by Jake Bailey for Artists by Timothy Priano.

Page 112: Hilary Knight's grooming by Rhean White for Art Mix (the Agency)/Butterfly Studio

Page 143: Donna Tartt's hair treated with Pau Mitchell Seal and Shine and styled with Slick Wor go to www.paulmitchell.com. All cosmetics by Cl from fine department stores and boutiques, or go to www.gloss.com, or call 800-550-0005. her face, Hydramax Oil-Free Hydrating Gel, Double Perfection Fluid in Nude, and Double Perfection Compact in Soft Beige; on her eyes, Basic Eye Colour in Sand, Precision Eye Definer in Coffee-Bean, and Drama Lash Mascara in Onyx; on her cheeks, Powder Blush in Rose Bronze; on her lips, Hydrabase in Samba; Gigi Hale for Artists by Timothy Priano.



Page 156: For Donna Tartt's hair and makeup information, see credits for page 143. **Francine Prose's** hair and makeup by Amanda Pratt for Laird/Nars. Hair styled with Kiehl's Creme with Groom, from Neiman Marcus stores nationwi call 800-KIEHLS-1. On her face, Nars Balanc Foundation in Deauville; on her eyes, Single E Shadow in Cairo with Mascara in Bamboo; c cheeks, Blush in Amour; on her lips, Lipstick in Barbarella; Nars products from Saks Fifth Ave stores nationwide, or go to www.sephora.com

Page 162: Marian Goodman's hair and m by Joe J. Simon for Nars.

Page 166: Interpol's grooming by Jenn Str for Artists by Timothy Priano. **René Pape's** gro by Rachel Aboulkheir.

Page 172: Top: **Cynthia Rowley's** hair by Rh White for Art Mix (the Agency)/Butterfly Studio with Matrix Amplify Foam Volumizer and Liquic for more information, go to www.matrixbeauti or call 800-6-MATRIX. Makeup by Amanda I for Sarah Laird/Nars; all makeup by Fresh, fror

N.Y.C., or go to www.fresh.com; on her face, uster in Seventh Veil; on her eyes, Light Tints in nthemum with Vital Base Mascara in Black; on eeks, Blush Powder in Tropic of Nectar; on her Shune in Damask. Center: Frédéric Fekkai ets from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; n Dior's Addict from selected Macy's and ngdale's stores; Helmut Lang's Cuiron pour e from department stores nationwide; for Sap Moss Styling Spray, go to www.aveda.com, 800-328-0849; Clarins products from d department stores, or go to www.gloss.com; th Taylor's Forever Elizabeth from department nationwide. Bottom: Demeter fragrance from d Bloomingdale's stores, or call 800-482- or go to www.sephora.com; for Diptyque nce, call Zitomer, 888-219-2888; Fresh Index's ricot fragrance and Fig Apricot soap from N.Y.C., or go to www.fresh.com; for Jo e's Wild Fig & Cassis cologne, call 646-602- or L'Artisan Parfumeur's fragrance, call 800- 835; L'Occitane products available at tane stores nationwide, or go to ccitane.com; Marc Jacobs fragrances from Jacobs boutiques and Bloomingdale's stores wide; Veronique Debroise's Wild Fig room rom Henri Bendel, N.Y.C., or call 4-SARLO, or go to www.sarlobeauty.com.

289: Josh Lucas's hair styled with American Fiber; go to www.americancrew.com. On his Prada Hydrating Gel n/Face; on his lips, Prada ing Balm S.P.F. 15/Lip; products from Neiman us stores nationwide, or www.neimanmarcus.com; n Cohen for Luxe.



294: John Ritter's ning by Miriam Vukich for ry Artists. Hair styled with Bed Head Hard (Hard Hold Hairspray) from salons wide. On his face, Clinique M Lotion and powder Double Face Powder in Matte Cream; lips, All About Lips; Clinique products from epartment stores and Sephora stores wide, or go to www.sephora.com.

304–7: Hair and makeup by Terri asewicz, Erin Ayanian, Stephanie Daniel, Barbara an, Kim Goodwin, Jules Holdren, Cheryl s, Natalie Miller, Kendra Richards, Steve o, Mitzi Spallas, Mitch Stone, Jetty Stutzman, Victor Vidal for Cloutieragency.com.

308–9: See credits for page 42.

311–12: See credits for cover.

313: See credits for page 42.

324–25 and 328–29: See credits for 28.

336–37: Sam Rockwell groomed with ucts by Aveda, from Aveda retail and spa ons nationwide; for more information, call AVEDA-24, or go to www.aveda.com. Hair with Brilliant Anti-Humectant Pomade and -On Shine; on his face, Botanical Kinetics Hydrating Lotion and Pressed Powder Plus Anti-oxidants in Cinnamon; on his lips, Lip Saver S.P.F. 15.



Pages 338–41: Noel sisters' hair with Redken All Soft and Sun Shape, available ugstores nationwide. On their faces, Clinique City Block Sheer Oil-Free Daily Face Protector S.P.F. 15; on their lips, Moisture Sheer Lipstick S.P.F. 15 in Nude Glow; both from selected department stores, or go to www.clinique.com. Regine Thorre for 3Arts.

Pages 342–43 and 350–51: David Rockefeller's grooming by Katrina Borgstrom for Susan Price, Inc.

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Page 376: From C.P.I.

CORRECTIONS:
Colin Farrell wears a hat by Kangol on the cover

[illegible]'s grooming by Esther

Mills on Mills

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 369 and want to see my face when I found out it was £20,000 instead? I decided to tease him. "No, that's O.K." I smiled. "I'll open it later."

As soon as I was safely in the taxi, I ripped the envelope open. The check was for £150,000 [$230,000]. Oh my God, I thought. This was beyond anything I'd dreamed of.

While I had been filming and editing for *That's Esther* and working flat out on the Sierra Leone project, my current relationship had been going through a traumatic period. A couple of weeks earlier, everything had finally come to a head. I was still pretty cut up about what had happened, and it must have showed, because after Paul and I had been talking for 10 minutes one day, he suddenly said, "What's wrong? Are you all right?" "Not really," I confessed. "I've just split up with my boyfriend."

Paul's face lit up. There was no other way to describe it. I got quite upset. "It's not funny," I said. "I'm not very happy about it, you know." At once he looked contrite. "Oh no, no, no. I'm sure you're upset . . . " he said. "Look, can we go out to dinner and talk about this some more?"

That evening we went to a little vegetarian restaurant where we had a lovely meal and chatted for what seemed like hours. After a while I became increasingly convinced that he was flirting with me. Outside the restaurant, Paul hailed me a taxi. "We should meet up again," he said, and gave me a little goodbye kiss on the lips. I thought, Hang on, is that a northern thing? Was kissing people on the lips a bit like a handshake in Liverpool? Or had Paul just made a pass at me?

Paul and I saw each other secretly several times a week for meals or drives and walks in the country. It was all very cautious. Neither of us was quite sure where our relationship was heading, but we were more than happy to take our time finding out. For me, old-fashioned courtship was a lovely novelty after the whirlwind affairs I had experienced in the past. I had never been wooed so slowly and gently before. And I had certainly never known anyone so romantic. Every time we met, Paul would bring me small items he had found, often while he was out riding his horse. They'd be simple, thoughtful things, like a colorful feather, a shiny chestnut, or a pretty wildflower. It was very early to call what we had a relationship. I needed time to recover from my breakup, and Paul was obviously still grieving deeply for Linda. But I really enjoyed his company, and there was no point in denying that I also found him very attractive.

After my work on the *That's Esther* s finally came to an end, I arranged to g holiday with my younger sister, Fiona, now works with me. When I told Paul I wouldn't be able to meet him the fol ing week, he laughed. "I was just goir tell you I couldn't meet *you*," he said. ' got some business in the States. Where you going?"

"To the States, too."

A smile spread across his face. " don't you give us a call? We can arr to meet up." I wasn't quite sure if he teasing or not. America, after all, is a ty big place. But after Fiona and I been on holiday for a few days, called me, and it turned out we weren from each other.

"Why don't you meet me on the b next to the hotel tomorrow?" he sai tell you what; I'll come and pick you my boat." Imagining that all sho celebrities did everything in a grand st was happily surprised with what I sa next day. Fiona and I were lying or beach in our bikinis, waiting for a lu yacht or a cruise liner to appear. I looking out to sea expectantly, but I cou see anything except a tiny dinghy which coming closer and closer until it bea on the sand.

A Sunfish, which was what his boa called, doesn't seem to be designe two. There is just a little hole for one son to sit in. I heaved myself on, arti leg and all, and hung on tight with m spread out in front of me. Eventual landed on a tiny island further up the There, we changed places and Paul t me to sail the Sunfish myself. I ende getting thoroughly soaked, but I rea that I had enjoyed myself more than for years.

After our sailing trip, I met him eac of the brief holiday time that remaine our last evening, when he'd been worki day, he came out to meet me at 11 o and took me down to the beach. brought his guitar with him, and we cli up to the top of one of the tall lifeg chairs, where he started serenading was a beautiful, clear night with sho stars everywhere, and people were wa ing by on the beach below us. It wa like we were in heaven, and they were down on earth, because they couldn hear him singing. The wind was blowi voice away. This is not real, I thought is every woman's dream. I think I kr that moment that my life would never same again.

I could picture only too well what t ture might hold, and it frightened appreciated that Paul was a huge icon if I was so ignorant about why. Once

s out together, I could just imagine the ines: DISABLED MODEL GOES OUT WITH HERO PAUL. My relationship with the a would also have to change dramati- Up until now I had always spoken y about everything with them, because w that reading about someone who'd ome disability was inspiring to other le in similar situations. But if I started out seriously with Paul, I'd have to myself and everything about our rela- nip very private. The press wouldn't like They might even, as my friend Sabrina, rnalist, predicted, turn against me.

know," I told her. "You're absolutely I can totally foresee that it could turn a real nightmare. The trouble is, I can't top it like that."

brina frowned. "Why not?"

y answer shocked even me. "Because o late. I'm in love with him."

ne evening toward the end of the year, ny mobile rang. It was Paul calling from York. "Heather, I've written this song ou," he said. "I want you to hear it. ut the phone down and go and play heard his footsteps going away and very faintly the sound of a piano play- nd Paul singing. When he came back e phone, I had to tell him I hadn't been to make the words out. The next thing rd was a rumbling noise, and I real- he was dragging the piano across the to the phone. "It's called 'Your Lov- Flame.'" He started playing again, and time I could hear: "How can I hope to your love? / Help me to discover what you're thinking of. / 'Cos when we kiss, ing feels the same. / I could spend eter- inside your loving flame." By the time nished, I was crying like a baby.

nce we stopped trying to hide our rela- hip, it didn't take long for the news to ad. The turning point came one Friday ing when we went out to dinner in St. 's Wood with Ringo Starr and his wife, ara Bach. Someone in the restaurant t have rung the press, because to my or, as we stepped outside, a barrage of bulbs exploded in our faces.

he next day Paul and I went for a walk London park with his daughter Mary her baby son. We all had a laugh to- er, and were getting into the car when spotted a man with a big press cam- watching us from a doorway across the d. "I've had enough of this," he said beckoned him over. The man sidled and a second man, presumably a re- ter, appeared from the doorway and ed him.

Yes? What exactly do you want?" Paul d politely.

We'd like a picture of you together," the tographer said.

"O.K., we'll give you that and then we'll expect you to leave us alone," Paul said.

As the photographer stepped back to take his snap, the reporter asked, "Have you got anything to say about your relationship with Miss Mills?"

"Yes, we're very good friends," Paul said. "She's a very impressive woman. We are an item." At that, the reporter scribbled away frantically, but Paul hadn't finished. "What we don't need at this stage is photographers lurking in the bushes. If this is to develop, then give us a chance. I'm not a politician and we're not spies. I don't want to be surrounded by photographers, because that could wreck something."

The day the news broke worldwide marked the start of the worst year of my life. Over the next few months, two papers in particular made it their mission to dig out every past boyfriend and pay him to "spill the beans" about me. After a bit, the stress began to get to me. Every time I stepped out of the door, I had a microphone stuck in my face. I was hounded and followed like a police suspect. I decided to move. I planned to do a "moonlight flit" from my home in the country to my new address so the reporters wouldn't know where I'd gone. I underestimated them. The press knew where my new house was even before the contracts were exchanged.

Reporters followed me around continuously, refusing to believe that I wouldn't talk eventually. When the story had been POOR DISABLED MODEL OVERCOMES ADVERSITY, it was fine, but now they had thought of a better story: YOU'RE AFTER OUR ICON, YOU BITCH. A lot of very nasty things were written; even worse, the paparazzi started to get aggressive in their pursuit of me. On one occasion, a photographer following me overtook me and cut in front of me as I rounded a bend. I had to stamp on the brakes to avoid crashing into the back of his vehicle. I stopped my car, shaking. I'd had enough. I got out and shouted, "Look, here's your picture. Take it and go."

The photographer got out of his car and came toward me looking all excited. It was as if he had a red mist over his eyes. He snapped a few shots, then said, "But I want one of you moving. I don't want a posed picture." In other words, he wanted one of me running away from him, looking distressed. I refused to oblige.

My main focus in 2001 was on the Adopt-a-Minefield charity, which we were about to set up in the U.K. The launch was planned for June and I wanted to make a documentary for the occasion, illustrating the ravages that minefields caused. On April 5, I flew to Croatia and spent three days interviewing land-mine survivors and their relatives. Two months later, the U.K. branch of Adopt-a-Minefield was launched in London. I gave a speech pointing out the scale of the problem: that 70 million land mines were estimated to be still hidden in the ground worldwide; that 26,000 people were being killed or maimed every year, a third of them children. Then we showed the documentary, in which Paul spoke the commentary. "Imagine living in a country during a terrible war and then peace is declared," he said. "You think the killing is over, but when you take your kids to the beach you can't walk on it because your children could get blown up. This is the legacy of the land mine. Land mines take or wreck three lives an hour, every hour of every day of every year. We have to come together now to try to stop that." We had reasoned that it would help Adopt-a-Minefield's fund-raising potential to have a direct human-interest element. Mines were bits of machinery. The people who stepped on them were real children, men, and women. We were proved right. Donations to Adopt-a-Minefield branches worldwide went up dramatically.

Paul and I had got into the habit of giving each other little gifts when we went on holiday, and soon after we arrived at our hotel in the Lake District, near Liverpool, I gave Paul a musical photograph album. It had photos recording our time together, with appropriate musical accompaniments for each image. He loved it. We were just about to walk over to the hotel for dinner when he said, "Oh, wait a minute. I'll just get your present. Sit down again." Curious, I sat back on the chair while he ran upstairs. A few moments later he came back down. He was holding something behind his back and had a mischievous look on his face. As he reached me, he suddenly dropped to his knees. I thought someone had shot him in his kneecaps. He produced a box containing a ring. It was a beautiful Indian sapphire bordered with diamonds. Paul later told me that he'd bought it when we were in India six months earlier. "I love you, Heather, will you marry me?" he said.

The room went all fuzzy. I wanted to cry, but couldn't. I wanted to speak, but couldn't.

"Well?" Paul asked.

"Yesss." I squeaked.

Tears were running down his face. That was when it really hit me. I knew he loved me, but I hadn't known how much. All the things he'd have to deal with went through my head at once. Whether the kids would be able to handle it, what the outside world would say about him getting engaged three years after Linda's death. What courage it must have taken him to face all that. My God, I thought, he really, really loves me. □

Michael Lutin wonders if Libras should hang on or let go



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Annika Sorenstam

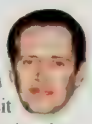
Whether you're trying to figure out the market or make sense of your insignificant other's mind-bending antics, you are positively awhirl with conflict. As Venus makes its long transit in your 2nd house, you're not about to give up your security under any circumstances. Afflictions to your 12th house, however, underscore the futility of clinging to anything or anyone in this world, unless you're really into pain. The $64 billion question: Do you fight for what's yours, or do you go cosmic and let the universe decide your fate?



Pat Sajak

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

It's natural to want to get all dolled up, turn on the charm, and start flashing bedroom eyes when Venus passes through your sign, especially now, since the current transit will be a long one. It probably won't do much good to warn you about the dangers of sexualizing every relationship. When you think your survival is at stake, you're likely to use every trick in the book to stay on top. Don't waste your energy. Whatever conflicts you have between friendship and money won't be resolved by oozing pheromones. Your power will always come from creativity, not seductive stealth.



Steve Buscemi

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Apart from the occasional secret fantasy and escapist tryst, to which some Sadges are prone these days thanks to a hot 12th-house transit of Venus, you are putting in longer hours than a coal miner and experiencing almost as much danger on the job. Professionally speaking, with Pluto smack in the middle of your sign and in strong aspect to a culminating Mars, you are at this point feeling more powerful than a locomotive and faster than a speeding bullet. But you're no Superman, so do not under any circumstances attempt to leap tall buildings in a single bound.



Alexander Woollcott

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

Benefic planets in your solar 11th house will bring good news and support from friends this month. The current configuration also bodes well for happiness in marriage, mainly because openness, a lack of jealousy, and even some healthy distance always help to promote harmony. Mentally and spiritually, however, you may find it hard to stay positive when you look around and see the unloving way the rest of the world is carrying on. Strife is inevitable for lower beings, but for you—don't gag—humble service is the key to liberation.



Princess Caroline

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

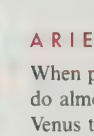
Aquarians are usually live-and-let-live individuals who abhor discord of any kind. When people share a house or work together, however, struggles for control, power, and money are unavoidable. While activity in your 8th and 11th houses may impel you to fight for truth and justice for all beings everywhere (and in the process get your way), it would benefit you and all the people you care about if you let a culminating Venus arbitrate any conflicts. Although it may burn you up to be under someone else's control, try to remember that world peace starts at home.



Jessica Biel

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

Despite the fact that you'd rather flee than fight, the way to succeed when Pluto culminates and Mars crosses the western horizon of your solar chart this month is to stand up and bravely face all confrontations. And there *will* be confrontations. If you allow your higher consciousness to rule, nothing can harm you. Since you actually do have your own personal sleepless superego whispering in your ear and guiding you through the dark forest, you should have no reason to shrink away in horror when the big bad wolf bares his teeth.



Gloria Steinem

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

When passions heat up, as they certainly will this month, you will do almost anything to satisfy your appetites. Since the transit of Venus through your solar 8th house is going to last for *several* months might as well get accustomed to hearing the drums of desire beating in brain. With the dispositor of your sun transiting the 6th house, though, not in the best position to stay up all night carrying on and doing knows what. Far from it. You've got to stay fit, stick to a healthy die work like a Trojan.



Bianca Jagger

TAURUS APRIL 20–MA

It can be very difficult sometimes to paddle your boat th the rocky waters of relationships. We all like to believe tl are not subject to manipulation or overly concerned with what others of us, but the truth is that when your ruling planet is stuck in the 7th as it is now, your life is bound to revolve around keeping the people y dependent on from going ballistic. As if that weren't enough to worry your 5th and 8th houses are coming to a boil. If you're an artist, cre you're a lover, jump into bed at once.



Mike Myers

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Some say that the ultimate act of evil is instilling terror in the hearts of other people. As you grapple with the affliction to Mars and Pluto in your sign this month, only you can judge the lengths to whi are willing to go to defend yourself and your family against those wh behaved in a way you consider unforgivable. While it is true that t of consequences can prevent people from acting immorally, you m careful not to overdo it and become as corrupt as the seemingly evil i uals who are threatening you.



Ernest Hemingway

CANCER JUNE 22–JU

If you continue to work like a demon, eat leafy greens, get to b decent hour, and steer clear of vice and self-fulfilling prophe doom, you'll have absolutely nothing to worry about. Good health from living a good life, not from being obsessively paranoid by wha happen to you or your kids. Existence is dangerous under any conditi pecially with Mars squaring Pluto, as it is now, but that mustn't eroc faith in the ever present life force that surrounds us all. Just do the lov now, as irritating as that may be.



Kim Cattrall

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

The Mars-Pluto square between your 2nd and 5th solar houses this month indicates that you still have a drop of the old river-boat gambler's blood in you. That must be what gives you the feverish urge to risk your neck on a crazy scheme or affair and sets yo from all the nine-to-five goons traveling from home to work and bac every damned day. The only thing is, there's a part of you that want the solid, safe, secure family life those nine-to-five goons seem to lead ily. Cloning a double might help, but that seems a long way off.

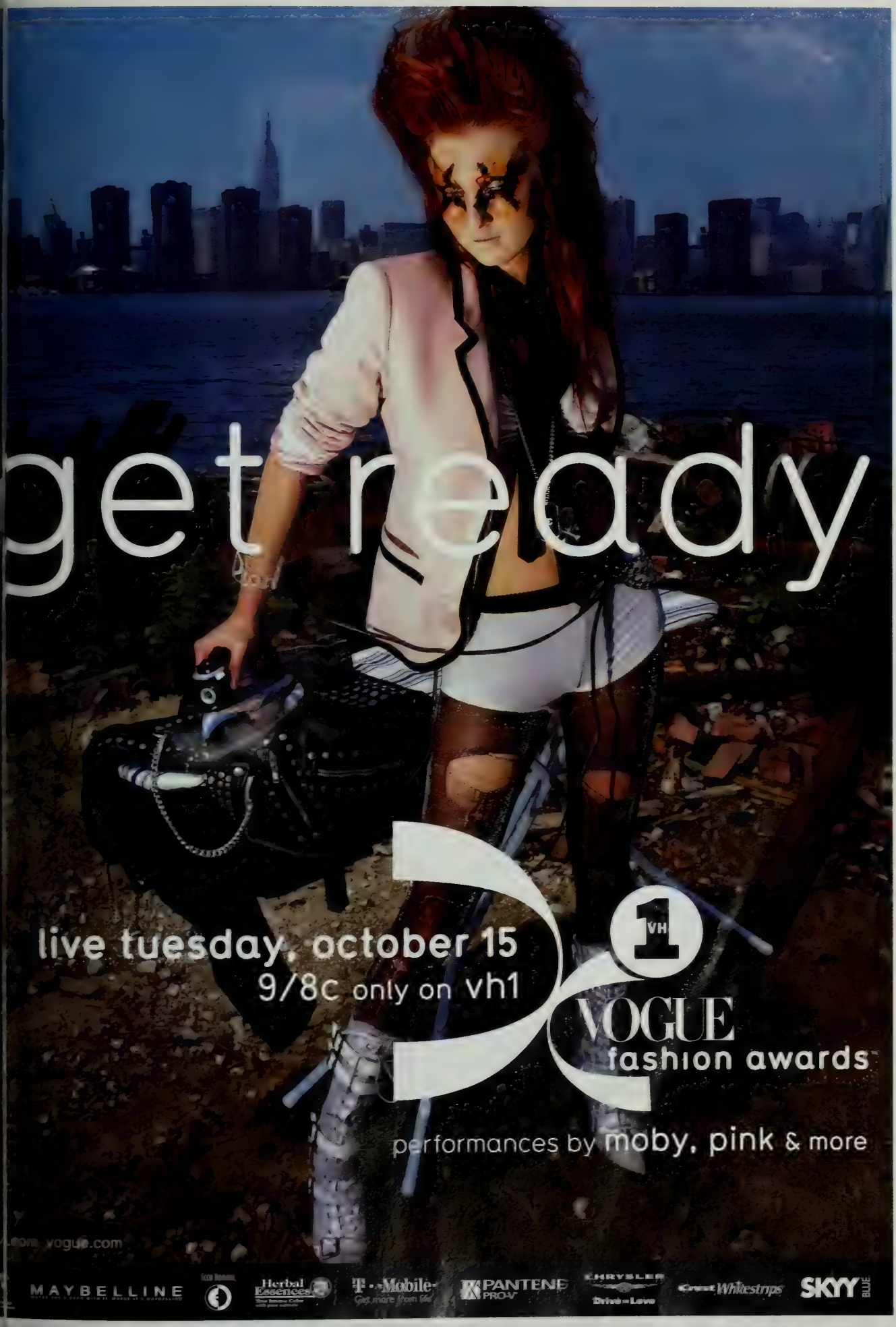


Joe Morgan

VIRGO AUG. 23–SE

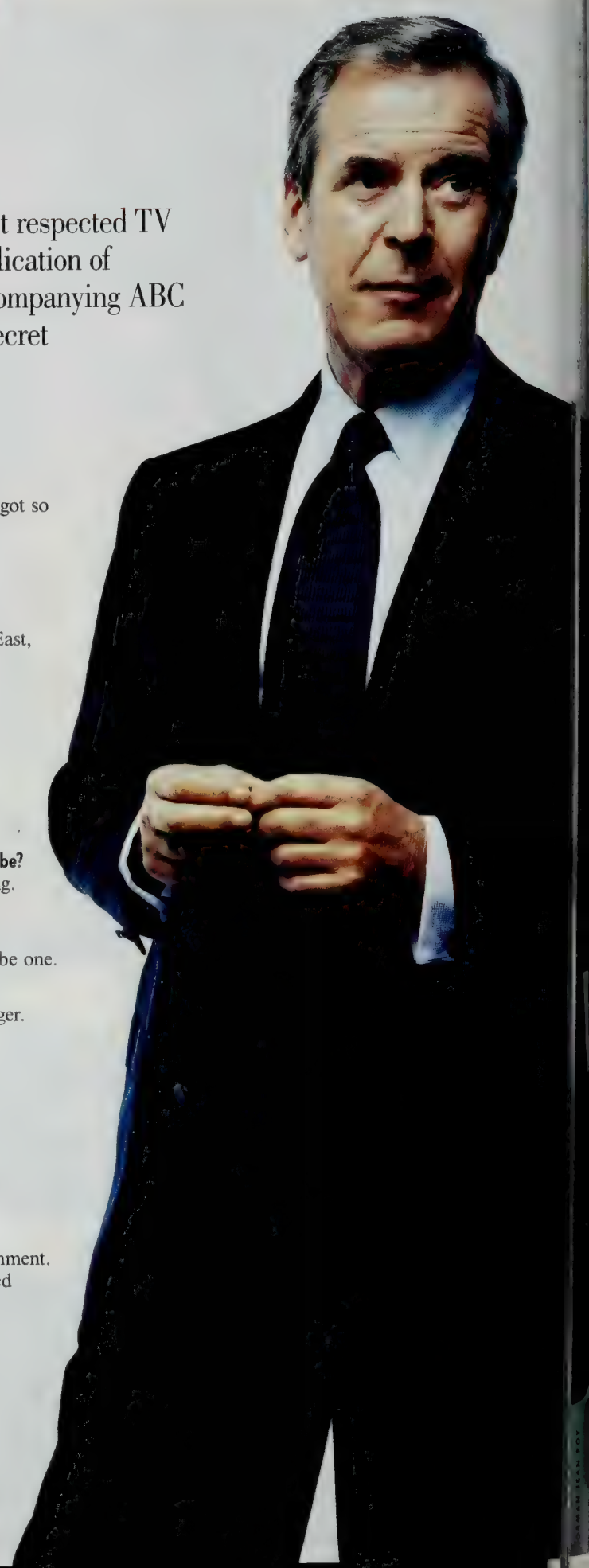
There is nothing like the confidence you get when you're in spot and yet manage not only to defend yourself forcefully but assert yourself to advantage. Mars in your sign presents a perfect opp for you to take charge of the situation and get your needs met. Bec the square to Pluto and Saturn, however, it's not going to do any goo low your primitive rage to take over, no matter how indignant you adversary will tolerate your irrational acting out, even if you are totall right, which, as a Virgo, you always have been, are now, and forever

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PETER JENNINGS

Peter Jennings first sat in the ABC anchor chair at age 27, and is now among the most respected TV newsmen in history. On the eve of the publication of his book *In Search of America,* and its accompanying ABC special, he reflects on Tocqueville and a secret desire to be a country singer



What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Being almost anywhere in my cedar-strip canoe.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Alexis de Tocqueville. He was a good reporter, and he got so much about America right.

What is your greatest extravagance?
A $12 bottle of wine.

What is your favorite journey?
Taking my wife and children on a tour of the Middle East, where I lived and worked so happily.

On what occasion do you lie?
When I say that I have read Proust.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
That being on television I have to pay attention to it.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
I might be less demanding of others. I might.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
My father would not have died at 65. He was too young.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
As an explorer. Hopefully with the courage needed to be one.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
A country-music singer. No, a good country-music singer.

What is your favorite occupation?
So far, the one I have . . .

What do you most value in your friends?
Loyalty, with candor, which is not always easy.

Who are your favorite writers?
The great travel writers. And, of course, my *In Search of America* writing partner, Todd Brewster.

Who are your heroes in real life?
There are heroes, but I grew up in an anti-hero environment. The word is often used too lightly. It should be reserved for the highest order of valor, as we saw on 9/11.

What is it that you most dislike?
Cruelty--of any form in anyone.

How would you like to die?
I don't intend to think about it for a while.

What is your motto?
Thomas Jefferson said: "I have sworn on the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

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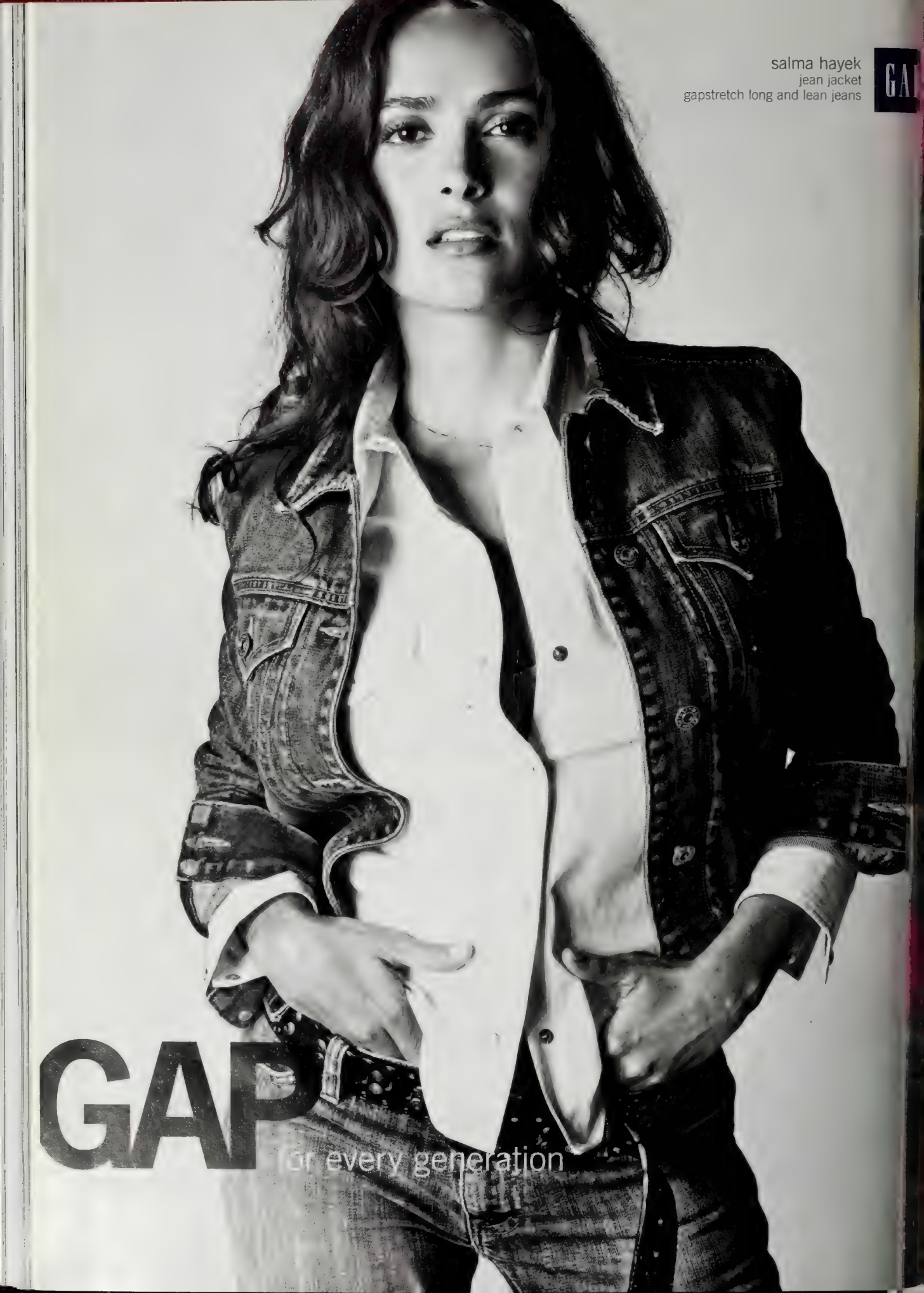
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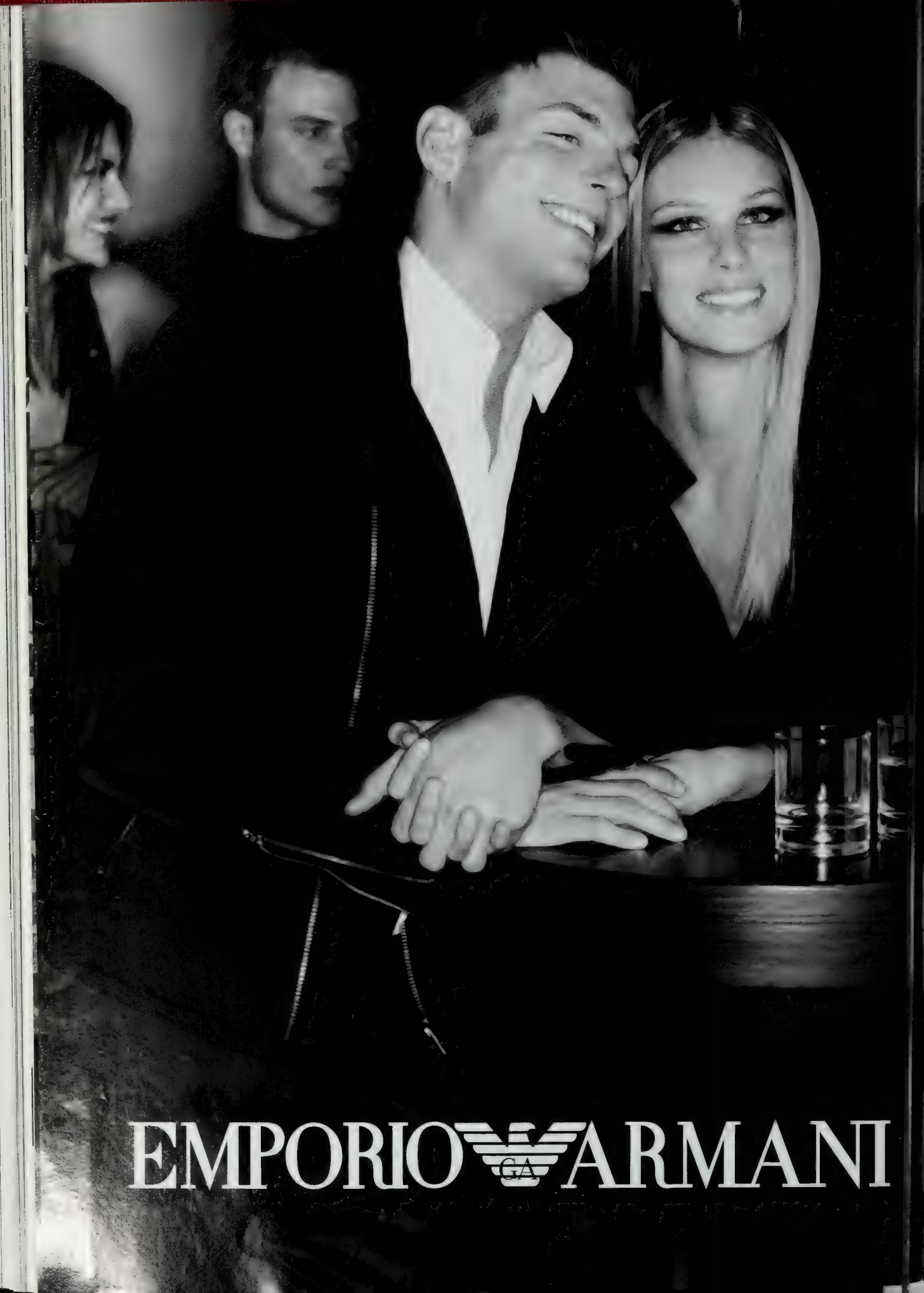
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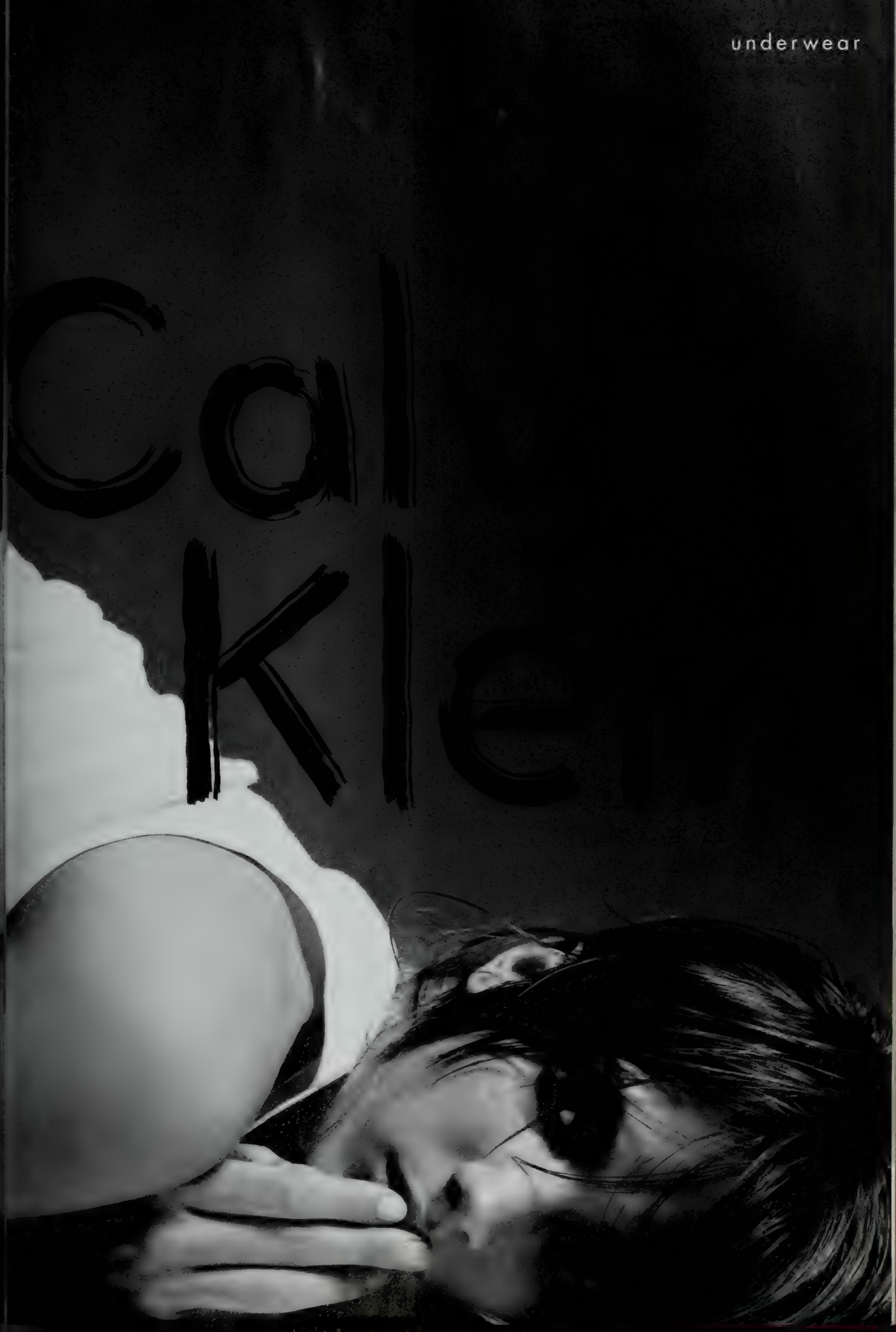

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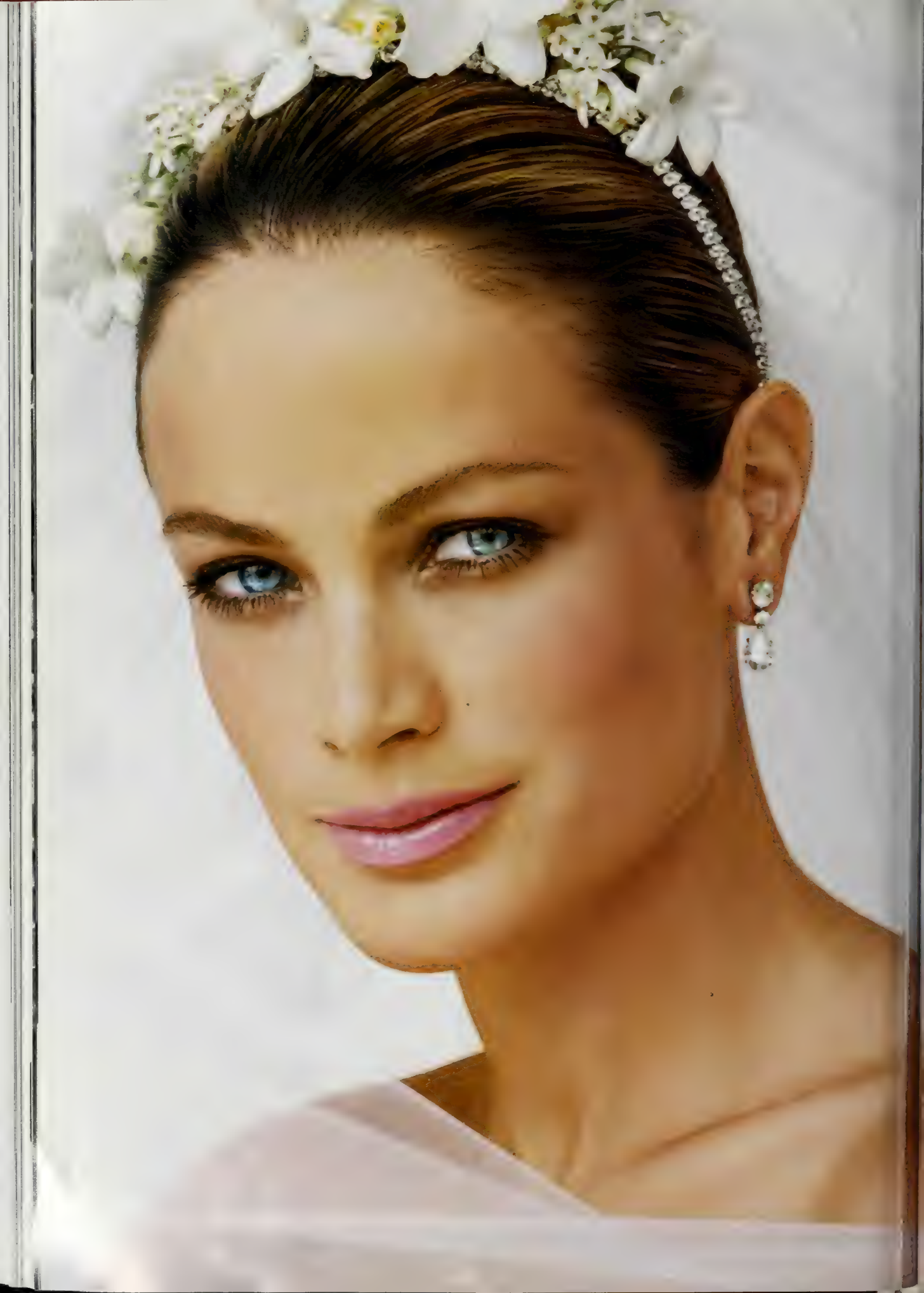


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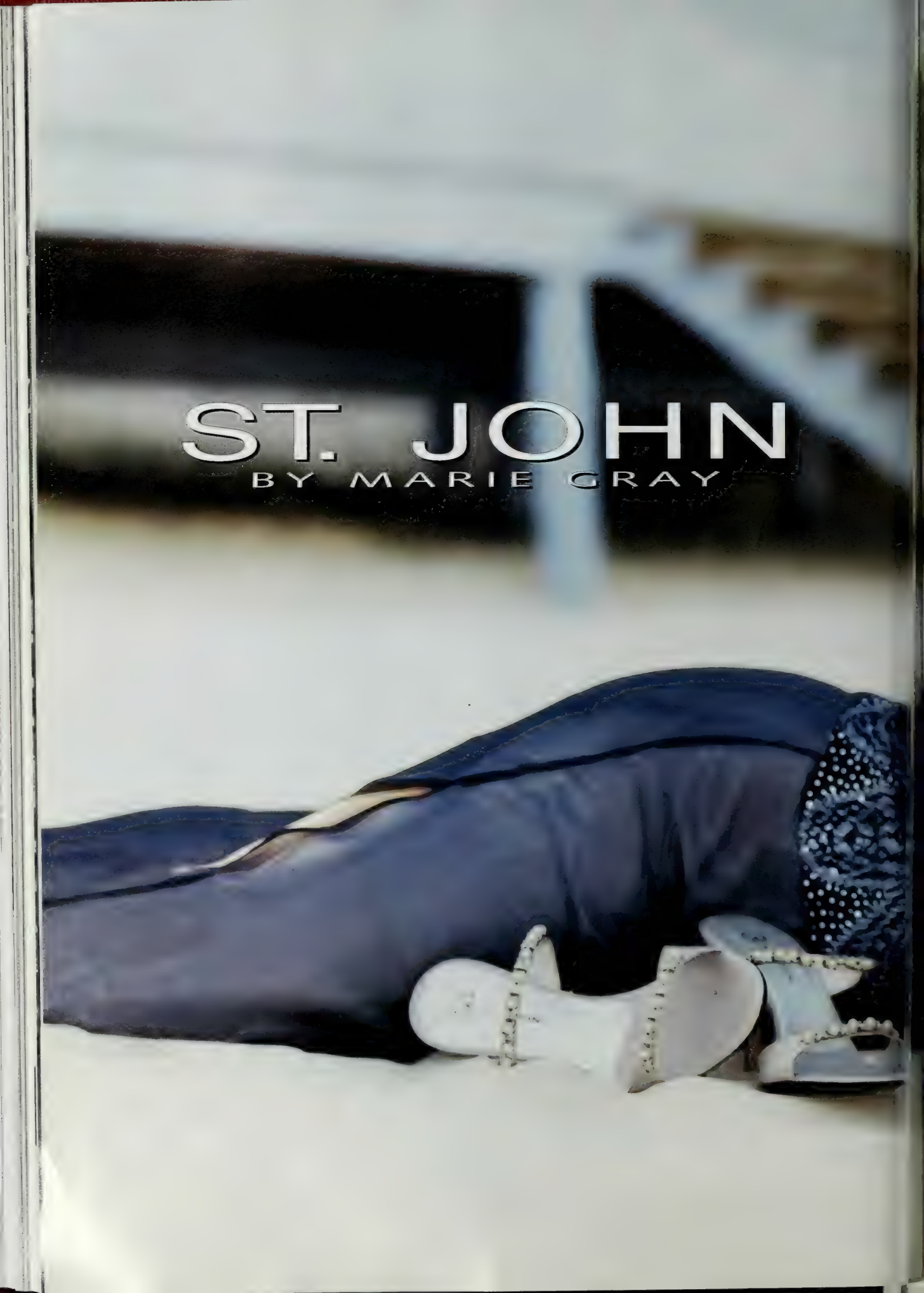
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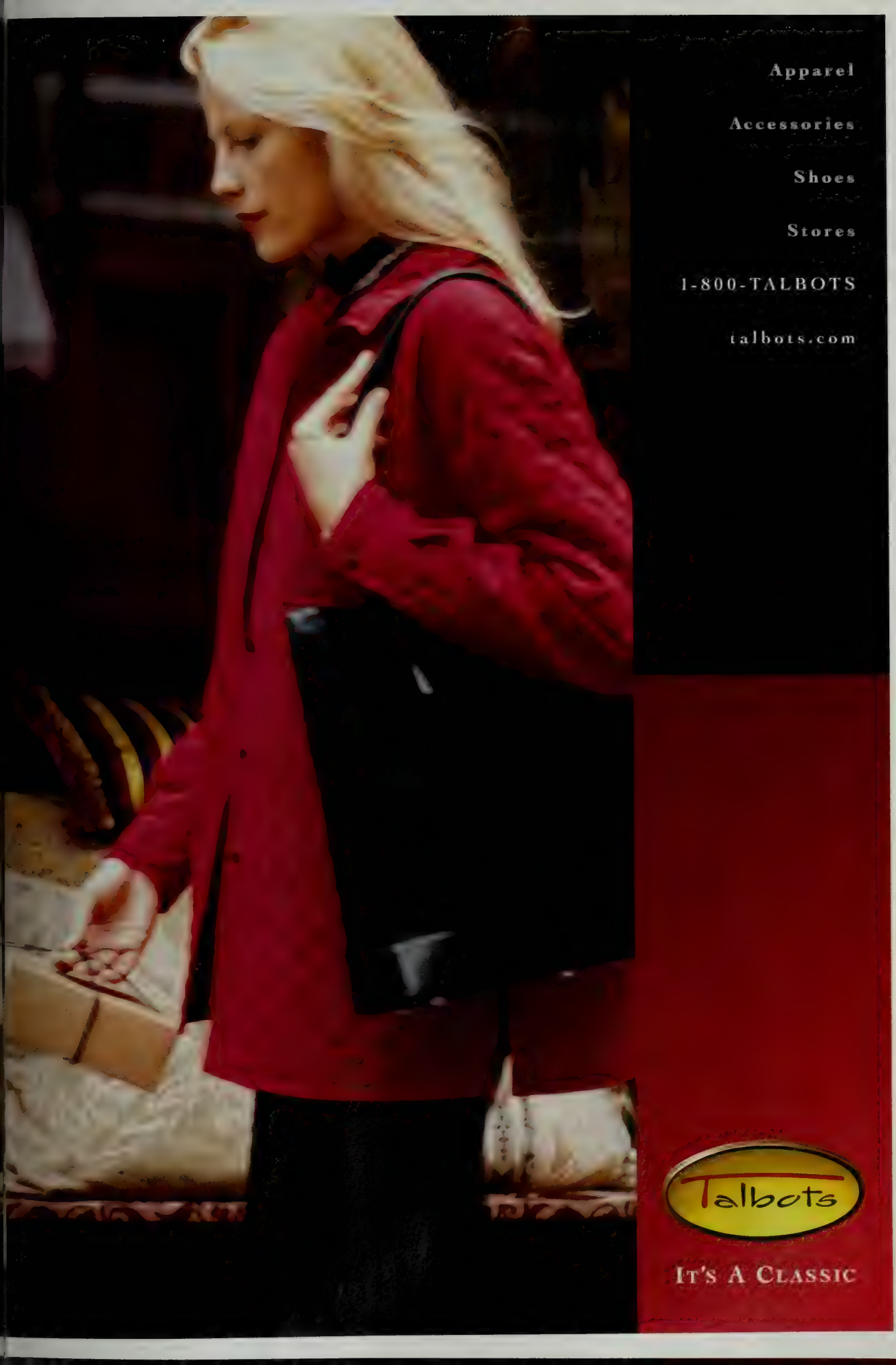
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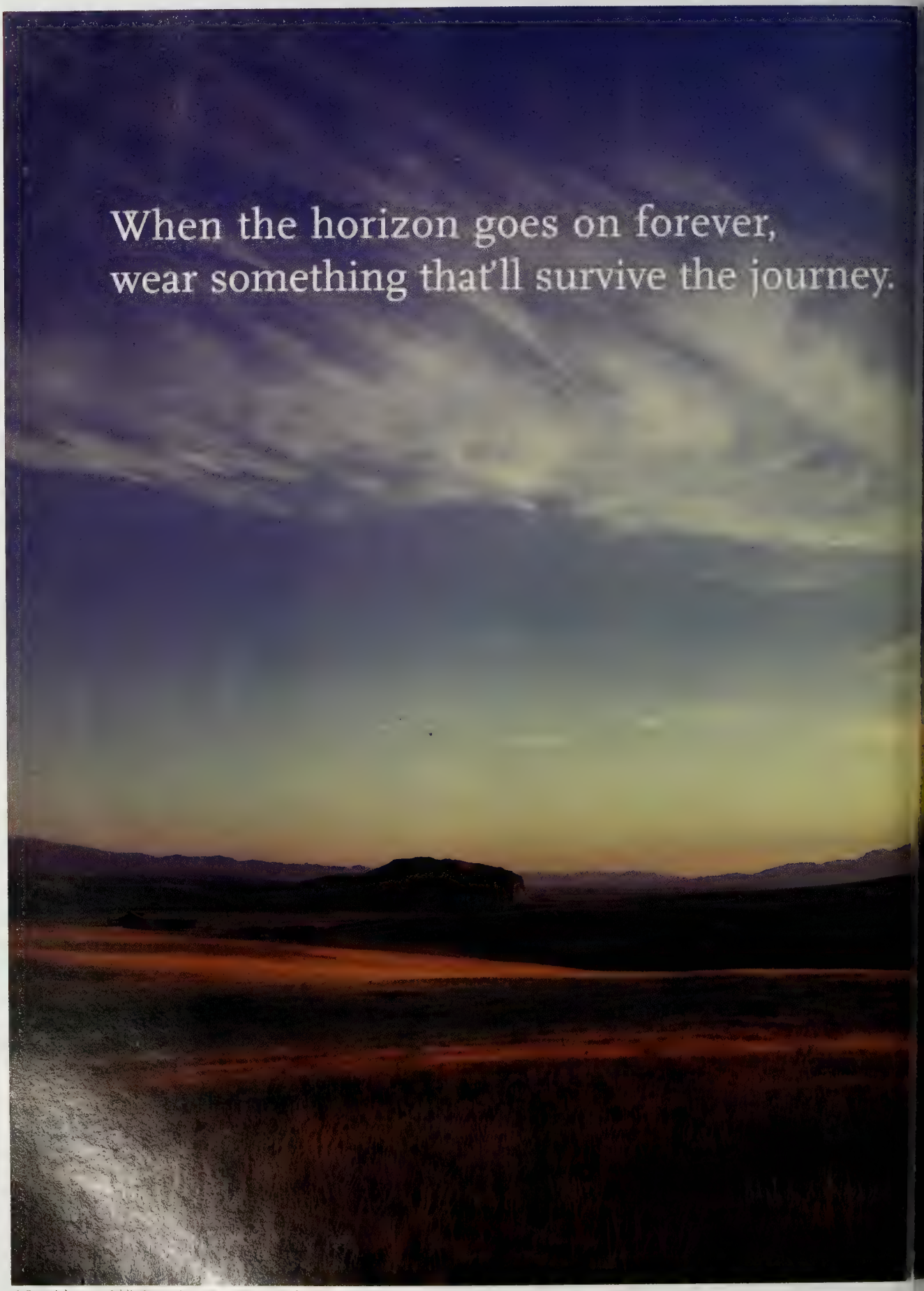
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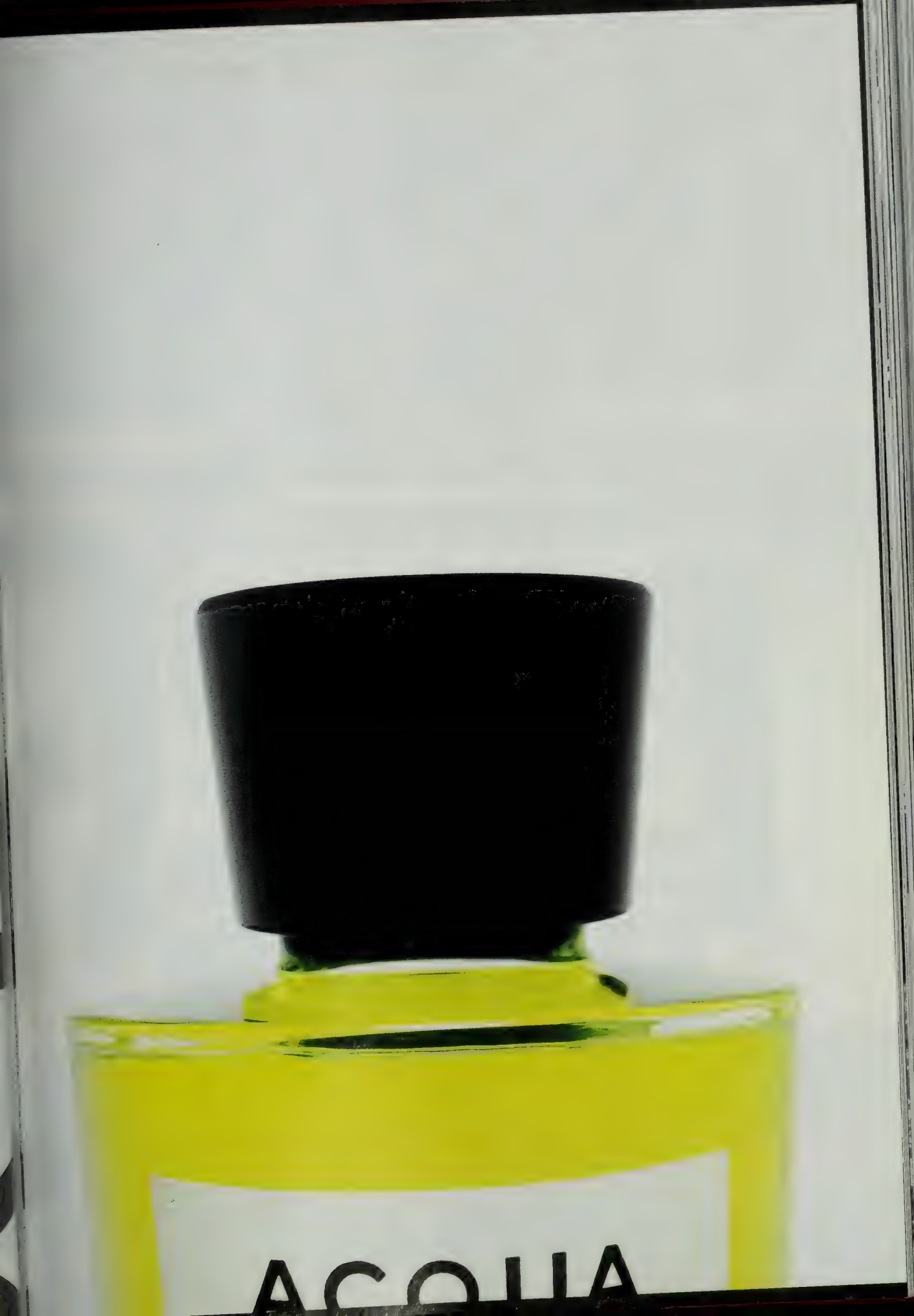
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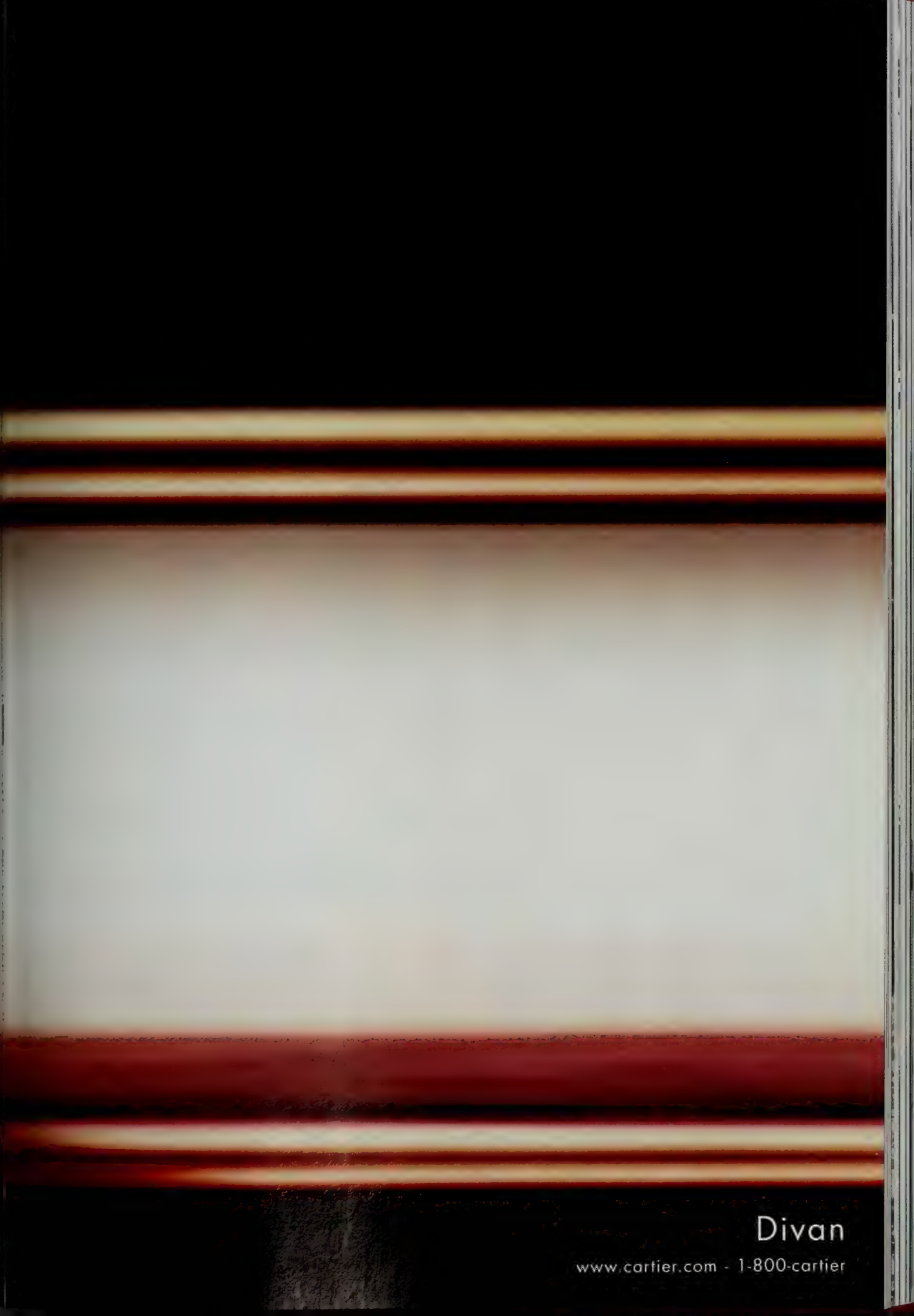


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THE MUSIC ISSUE



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Features

THE MUSIC PORTFOLIO 2002 Vibrant, eclectic, sometimes dissonant (but in a *good* way), *V.F.*'s annual Music Portfolio samples the stars of every genre—from Ashanti to Eminem, Bruce Springsteen to Ravi Shankar, Dolly Parton to Deborah Voigt. Portraits by Annie Leibovitz, Herb Ritts, Mark Seliger, Rankin, Jonas Karlsson, and other top photographers 307

SINATRA LITE Sure, Frank Sinatra made some of the most popular albums of all time. But even genius takes a wrong turn occasionally, and Ol' Blue Eyes had his share of total disasters—or so Bruce Handy would have us believe, with a list of incredible Sinatra misfires that include *Come Drink with Me!*, *Dr. Joe the Broads*, and *We Shall Overcome, Baby* 368

REBEL NIGHTS Before yuppies and crack killed the [illegible] ntown Manhattan was a low-rent nocturnal paradise for [illegible]sic counterculture, drawing such talented misfits as Lou Reed, Patti Smith, Iggy Pop, the Ramones, David Bowie, and the New York Dolls. Lisa Robinson shares what she saw a heard as that punk-powered revolution exploded at Max's Kansas City and CBGB's . . . .

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30 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE
Child Play—Edward Helmore on rock-star celebrity offspring. Hot Reels: Bruce Handy reviews *Femme Fatale* and *Punch-Drunk Love;* Coming Attractions—Walter Kirn enters th *Phone Booth.* Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Richard Merkin celebrates photographer William Claxton; Henry Alford on *Debbie Does Dallas.* Lisa Robinson's Hot Tracks. Michael Hoga on the Nappy Roots; John Gillies charts the Scandinavian invasion. Lighter notes: A. M. Homes on the Eos Orchestra; Classical Hot Tracks. Moby struts his stuff; Hot Looks; Evgenia Peretz talks beauty with the Donnas . . . . .

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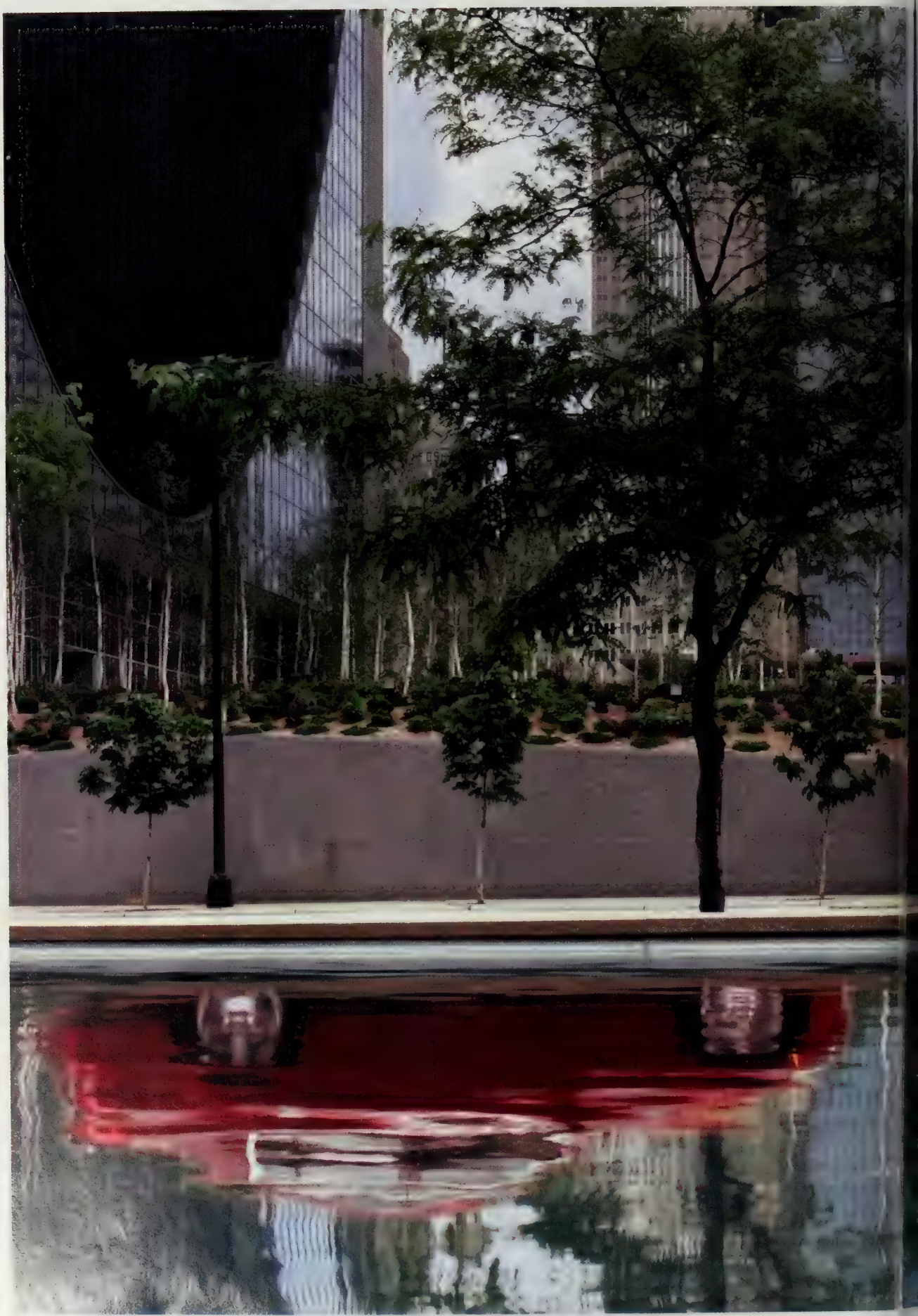


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THE MUSIC ISSUE



SWEET BABIES, J
James Tayl
his twin sons at h
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

Columns

THE BALLAD OF ROUTE 66 The 2,448 miles of Route 66 figured in Jack Kerouac's iconic road trip and provided the setting for Nat "King" Cole to get his famous kicks. Christopher Hitchens explores what remains of America's most musically celebrated highway. Photographs by Danny Turner 172

TUNE IN, TURN ON, PASS OUT, TYPE UP Rise, fall, rueful recovery: the contours of the rock 'n' roll drug tell-all are as predictable as a classic guitar solo. Reading John Phillips, Ike Turner, Marianne Faithfull, et al., James Wolcott maps out the 5-step structure [illegible]-star 12-step memoir 190

[illegible] FAME Lisa Robinson nominates the [illegible] *ecial Christmas,* CDs that have raised [illegible] Special Olympics and decorated the Yuletide canon with recordings by the world's biggest pop stars. Photograph by Herb Ritts .... [illegible]0

ROCKING AROUND THE CLOCK If a day had a soundtrack, what would be on the playlist? Haydn symphonies at dawn? Show tunes at noon? Muddy Waters at dusk? Finding that midmorning tea and biscuits are best served with a side of David Bowie, Elvis Costello spends 24 melodious hours arranging the perfect music for every moment. Portraits by Jason Schmidt .... [illegible]92

WHO KILLED THE HIT MACHINE? Over the decades in which the Everly Brothers, the Grateful Dead, Jimi Hendrix, Joni Mitchell, and Peter, Paul & Mary helped ma Warner Bros. Records the largest and most profitable label in th world, its only consistent rule was that there were no rules. Nick Tosches rips through the saga of how this once glorious tune factory survived every kind of management lunacy—until a bunch of suits decided to put money ahead of the music .... [illegible]12

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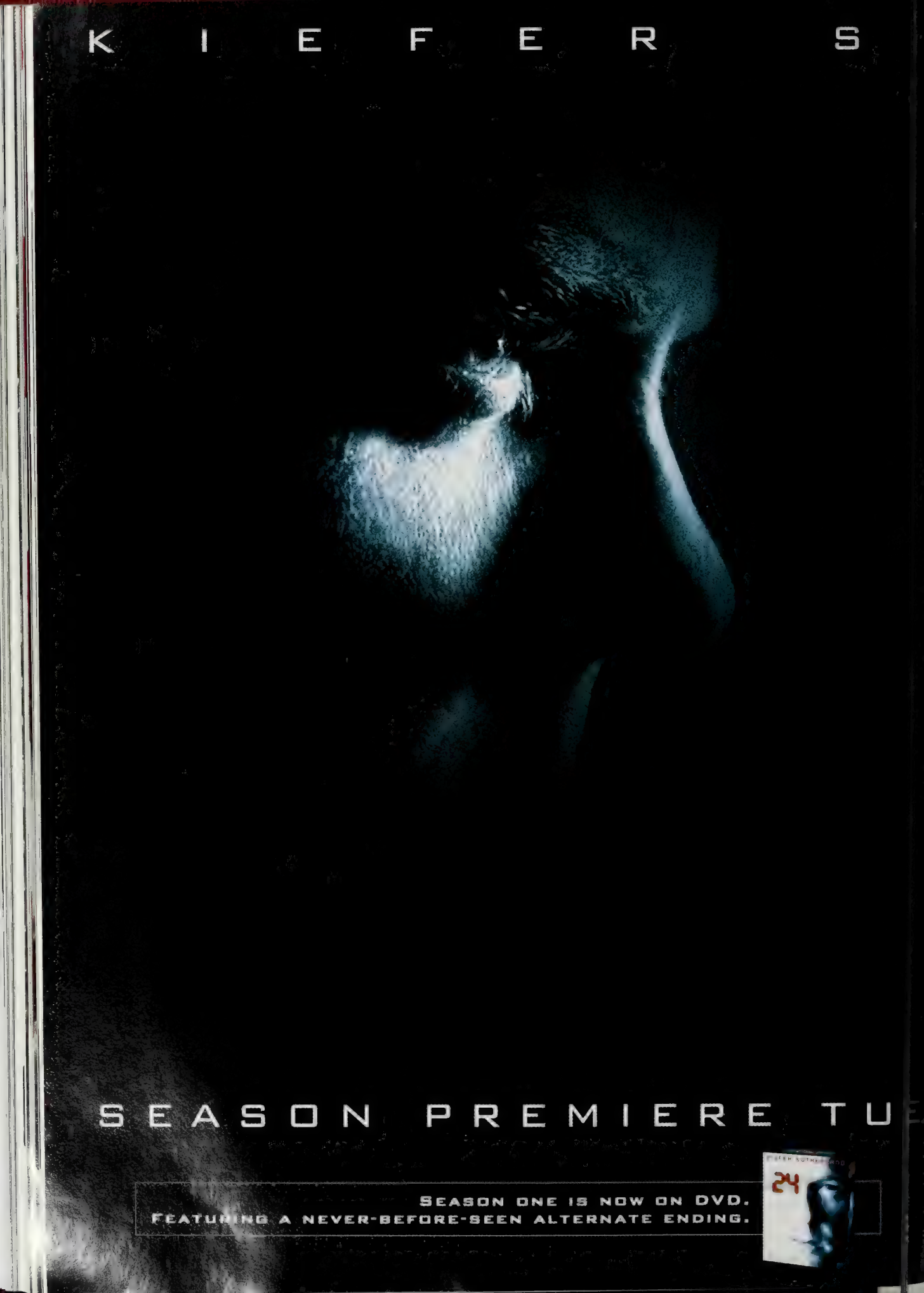
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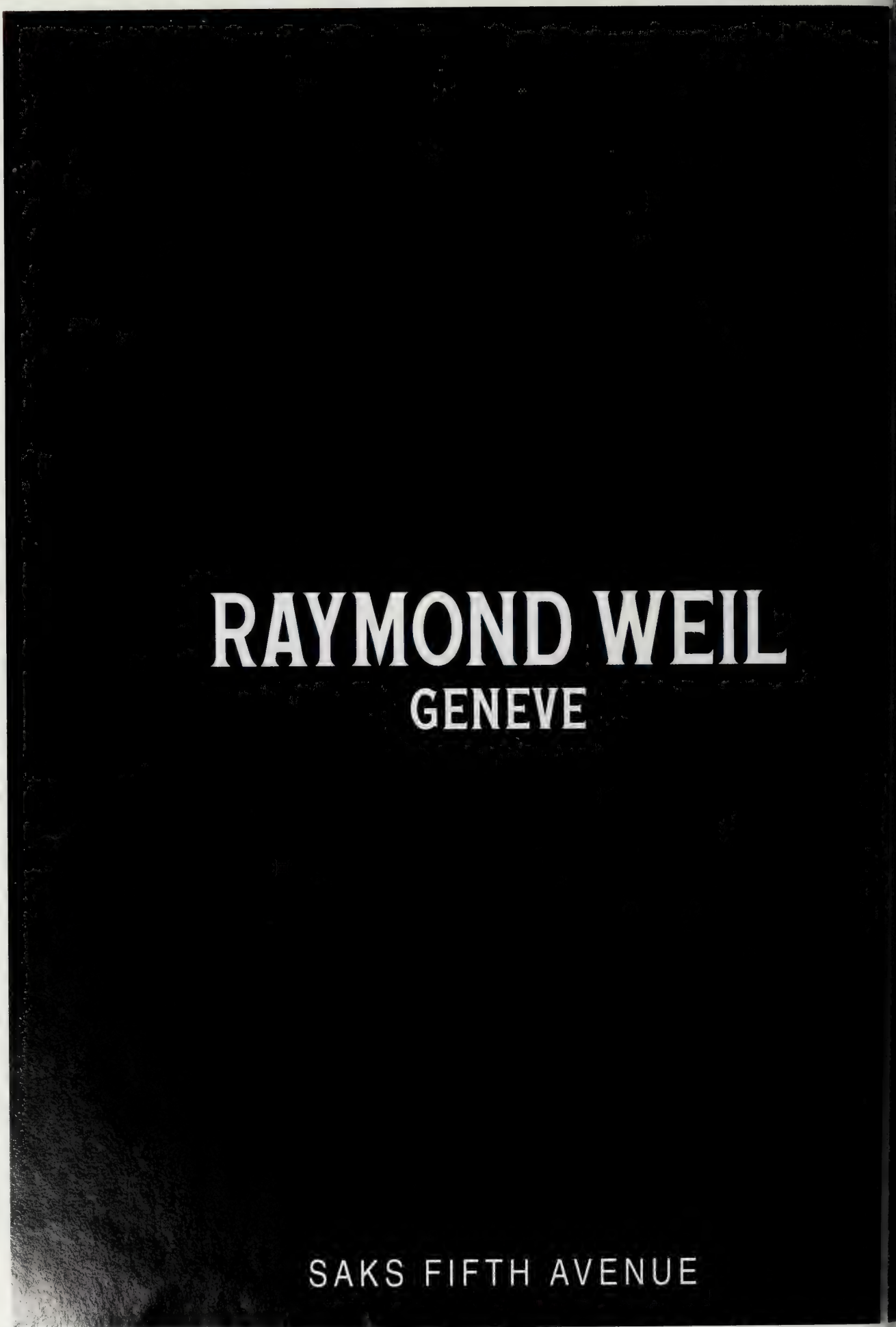
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VANITY FAIR®

November 2002 No. 507

THE MUSIC ISSUE



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OCEAN CROSSING When Americans first heard Bobby Darin crooning "Beyond the Sea," in 1960, few realized it was already a beloved French anthem, recorded at the end of World War II by Gallic idol Charles Trenet. Discovering how one song became an enduring two-continent hit, Will Friedwald tells a tale of transatlantic collaboration and conflict. Portrait by Gasper Tringale 246

THE BRITISH INVASION In 1964, four lads from Liverpool turned postwar England's obsession with the hip-swiveling, blues-loving, sunshine-blessed U.S. of A. on its head. Talking to such chart toppers as Petula Clark, Herman's Hermits, and the Animals, David Kamp creates an oral history of three years when Britannia ruled the American airwaves 258

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HARD WORK AND MERRITT Steven Daly and David Kamp present "The Rock Snob's Dictionary," Version 3.0. A week in the life of Danny Rockhackowitz, rock 'n' roll archivist *extraordinaire.* Out & In: Segway, Dave Eggers, and Dave Eggers again! 29

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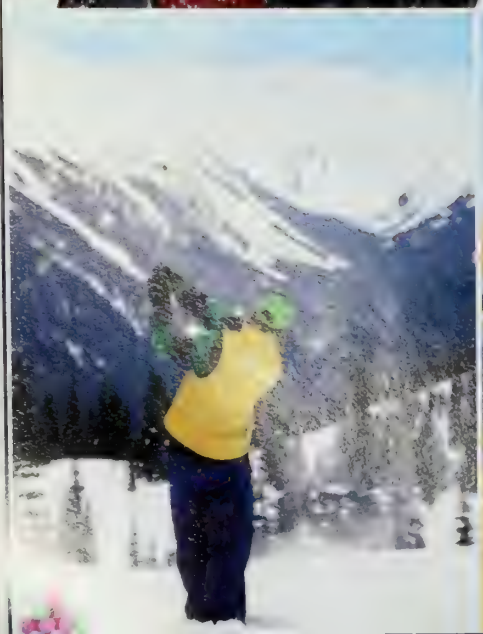



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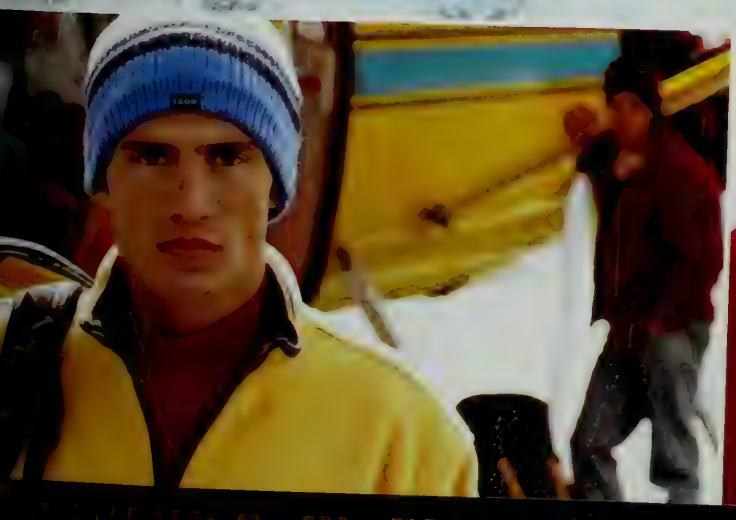




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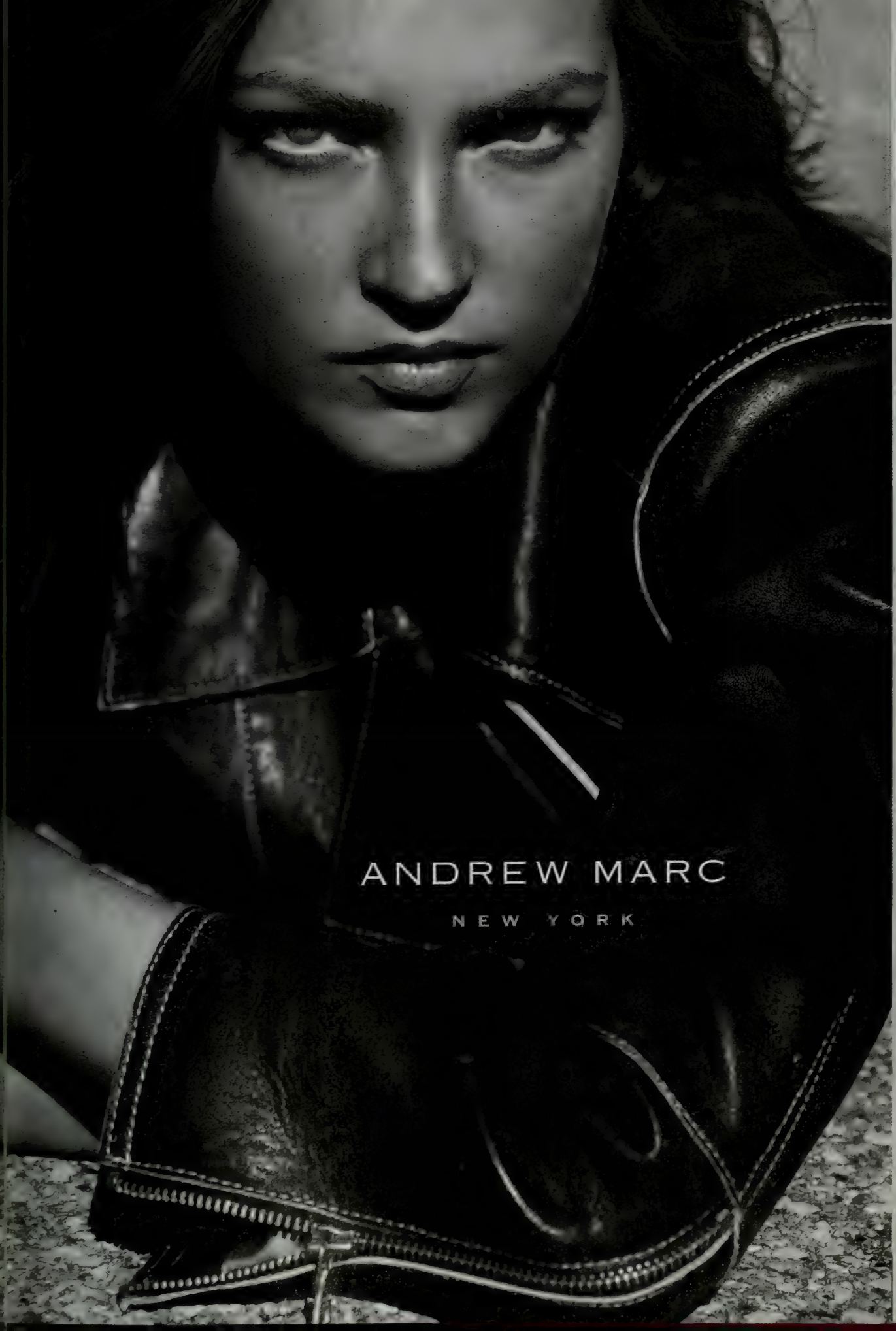
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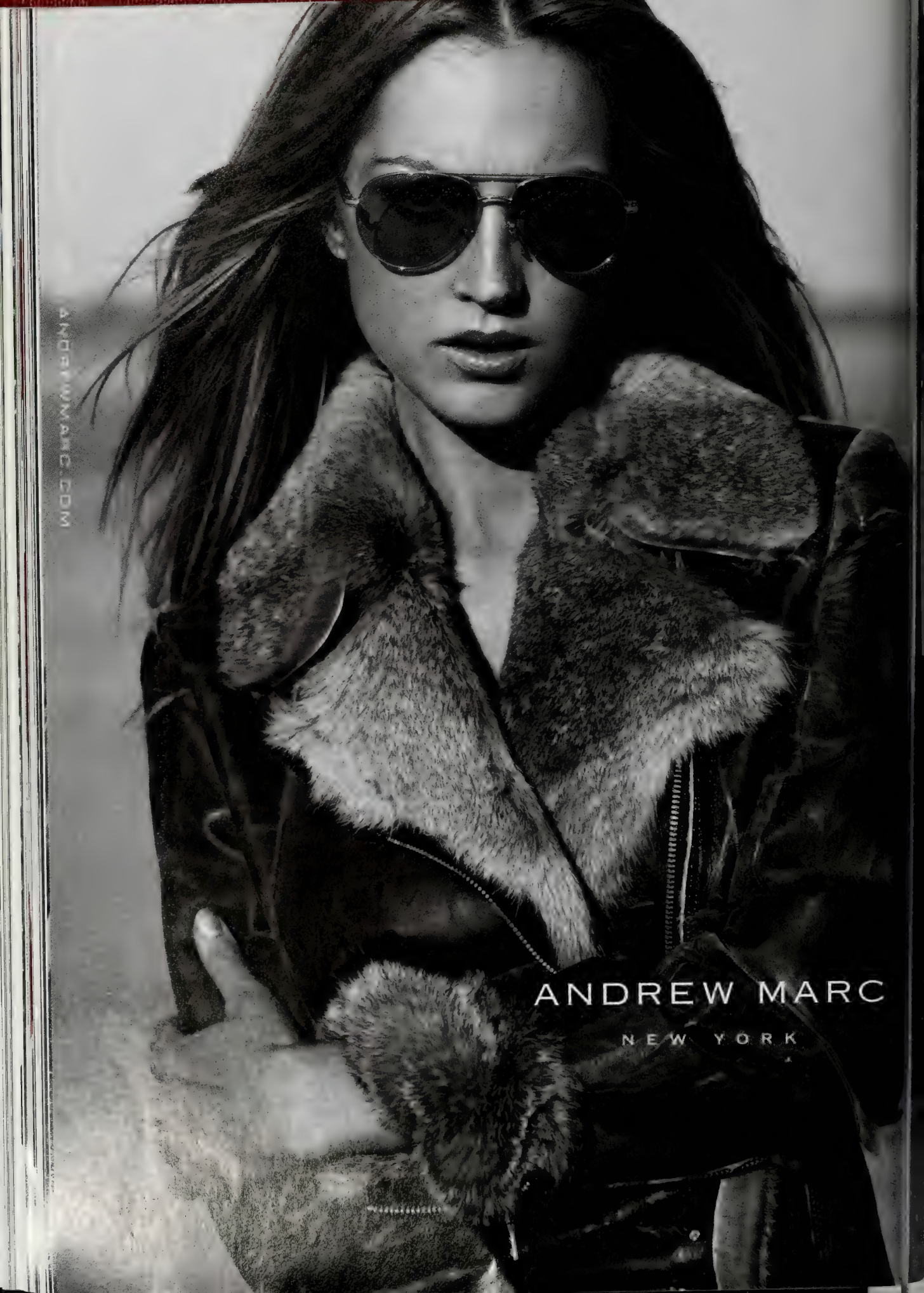
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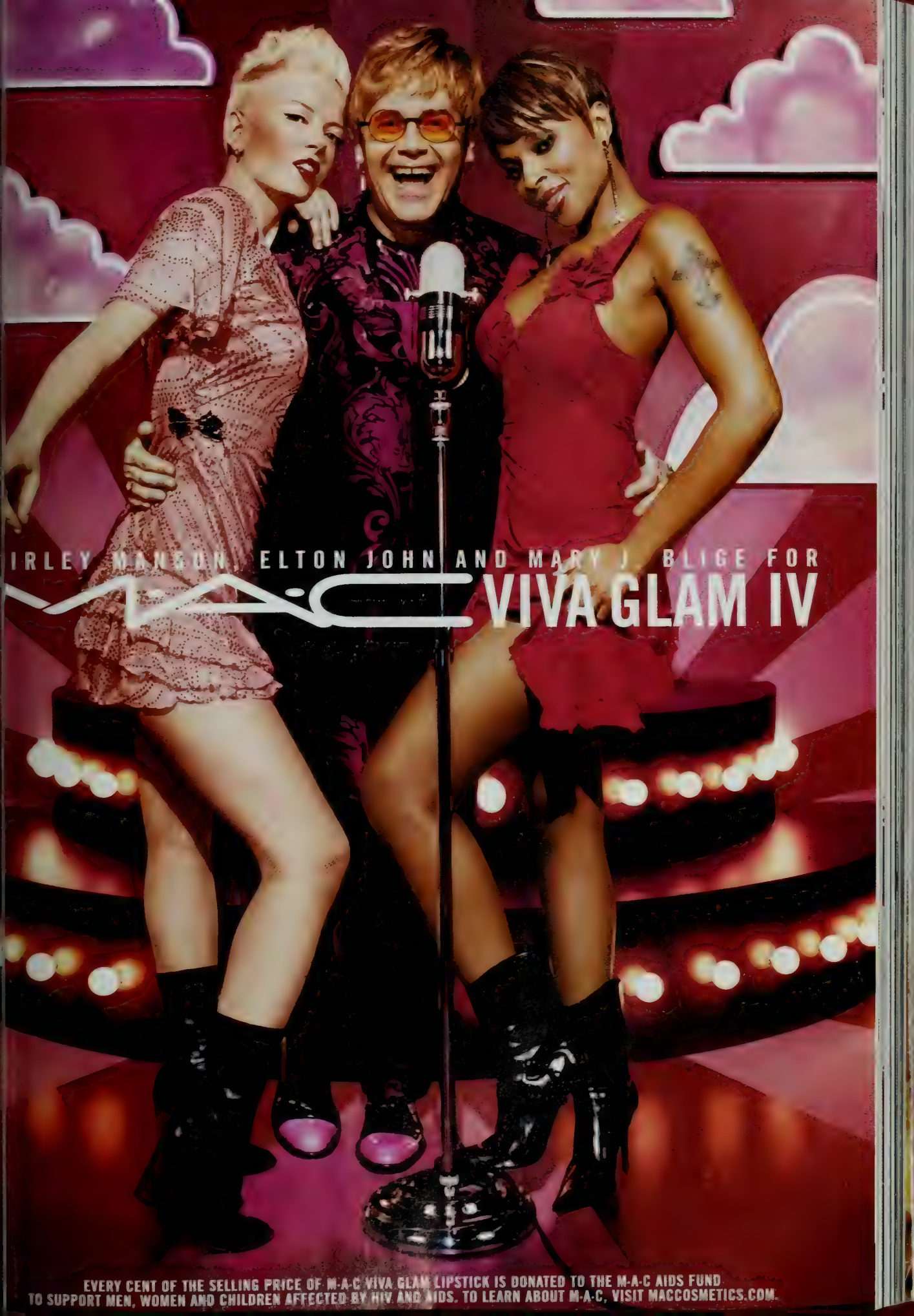
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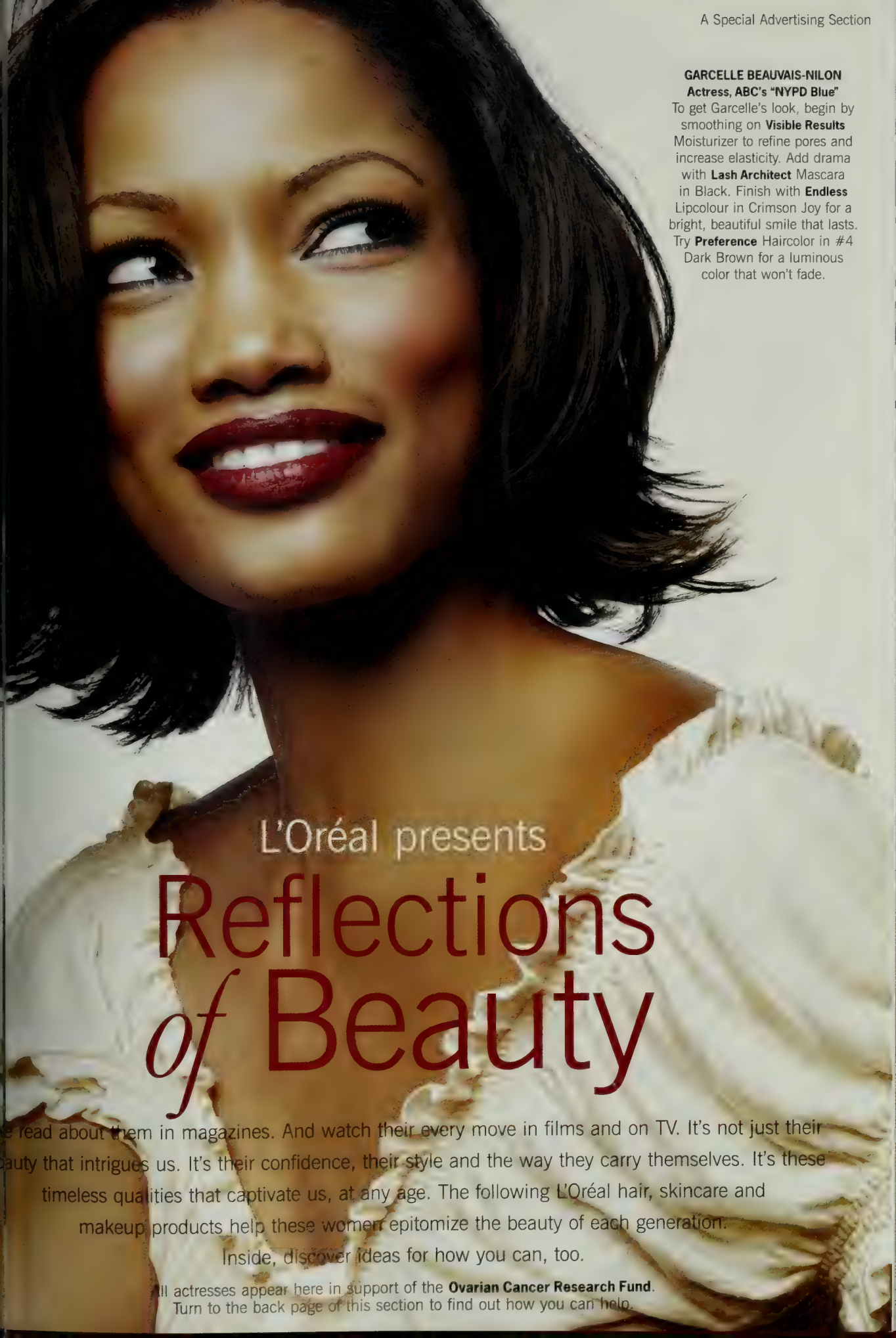
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e read about them in magazines. And watch their every move in films and on TV. It's not just their auty that intrigues us. It's their confidence, their style and the way they carry themselves. It's these timeless qualities that captivate us, at any age. The following L'Oréal hair, skincare and makeup products help these women epitomize the beauty of each generation.

Inside, discover ideas for how you can, too.

ll actresses appear here in support of the **Ovarian Cancer Research Fund**.
Turn to the back page of this section to find out how you can help.



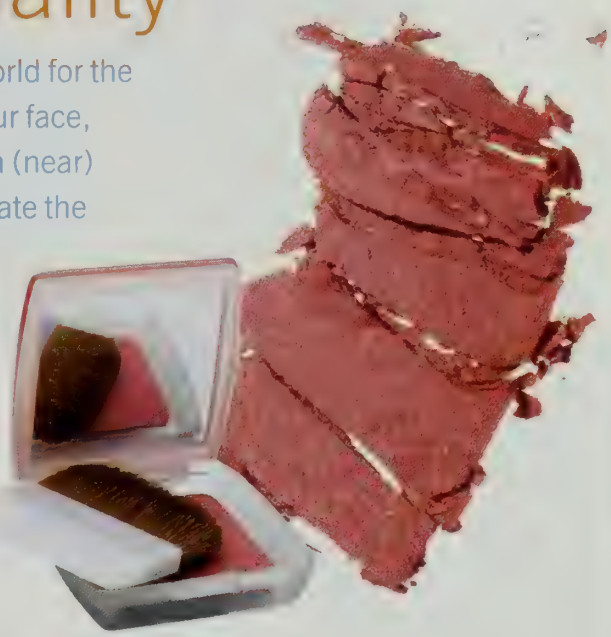
SARAH WYNTER
Actress, FOX's "24"
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h-impact shine.

20s
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Don't just sit there; bring your natural haircolor out into the open with new **Open** Haircolor. Its low-ammonia formula, rich with botanical conditioners, leaves your hair feeling soft and dancing with highlights.



DANA DELANY
Actress, CBS's "Presidio M
To get Dana's look, try **Enc**
Lipcolour in Raisin for long-v
colour that keeps lips soft and
For beautiful amber color like
try **Preference** Haircolor 6
Then, to keep that first-day
alive, use **ColorVIVE** Sham
and Conditioner.

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fect the look and feel of your skin.



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ps are a thing of the
e SoftSeal technology
Endless Lipcolour means
l color wears for up to
urs without torturing
s



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DAYLE HADDON
Author, Actress, Model
To get Dayle's look, begin with **Visible Lift** Makeup in Nude Beige and watch your lines disappear. Add **Colour Riche** Lipcolour in Classic Wine for creamy, moisture-rich color. Use **Studio Line** Volumatic Mousse when styling your hair to add volume and shine.



50s+ The Age of Wisdom and Wit

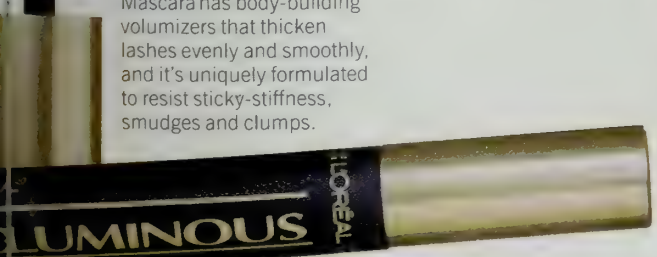
You've seen it all, but it still seems fresh. You've never taken life too seriously, but you know better than to take it for granted. Even if your attitude is outspoken, your style is understated and elegant. Coverage is key, but choose natural shades to let your true beauty shine through.

e Liftoff
st cover up
es, help them
ar. Smooth on
ift Makeup
ediate line-
ring coverage
ual fine line
n in 30 days.









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Tour Schedule

For more information and event times, call (800) 823-3572 or visit http://style.advance.net/promo/loreal.

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King of Prussia, Pennsylvania

November 9–10
The Mall at Short Hills
Short Hills, New Jersey

November 16–17
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November 23–24
The Shops at Willow Bend
Plano, Texas

November 30–December 1
Flatlron Crossing
Broomfield, Colorado

December 7–8
Scottsdale Fashion Square
Scottsdale, Arizona

December 14–15
Fashion Show
Las Vegas, Nevada

December 21–22
Westfield Shoppingtown Valley Fair
Santa Clara, California

The Face of a Generation Contest

You could be the star of the next L'Oréal *Reflections of Beauty* special advertising section. Four winners will show off the beauty of their generation in April issues of six leading magazines including this one. They will be flown to New York City for a professional photo shoot, complete with hair and makeup by a top stylist. To enter (or for complete rules), submit your photo and answer a few questions about your beauty philosophy at the **Reflections of Beauty Tour** in your area or at **http://style.advance.net/promo/loreal**.

Reflecting on an Important Cause

L'Oréal Paris is proud to support the **Ovarian Cancer Research Fund** (OCRF) and has helped raise nearly $2 million for ovarian cancer research. Founded in 1994, OCRF is devoted to the formulation of early diagnostic treatment programs and research toward the ultimate conquest of ovarian cancer. As it strives to find a cure, OCRF also seeks to support patients and their loved ones in understanding this disease and its treatment, as well as to provide educational programs and raise public awareness.
For more information, call (800) 873-9569 or visit ocrf.org.

**Requested donation of $5 at entry to benefit the Ovarian Cancer Research Fund*

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My Soundtrack



This is true for me, so, being a magazine editor, I just assume it's true for everyone else. Namely, that once a song burrows its way into my heart, it settles there until I hear it being played again. Then, as the music washes over me, it re-ignites whatever sentiments I had attached to it, and I'm back to where I was when I heard it the first time or perhaps the last time.

We're obviously more susceptible to the potent draw of music when we're young, when every experience is a huge experience. Indeed, it could be fairly said that music has defined every generation born since the First World War. Our music is part of us, a barometer of our times, and a reminder of who we were and who we are.

I have four children, and I want them to know more about me than I knew about my father. I am familiar with the broad brushstrokes of my father's life, but he was of a generation not given to retrospective chitchat. He played his life close to his vest, saying little about the Depression or the war. As a kid fairly brimming with curiosity, I had to piece together a biography of him culled from scraps of strained conversations on car trips or brief encounters over dinner.

I want my kids to know what moved me and what inspired me. So every other Christmas or so I put something together for them that gives them solid hints. One year I assembled my 120 favorite poems, had them typeset and bound, one copy for each child. Last year I put together a compilation of the 225 songs that had essentially formed the soundtrack to my life. In fact, I called the 10-CD set *Your Father—The Soundtrack*.

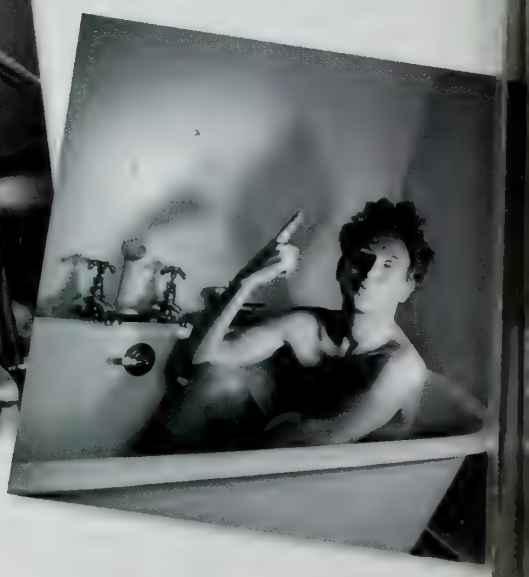
I didn't want it to be all rock 'n' roll and jazz. I wanted to include show tunes and songs from film scores that I loved (the theme from *The Great Escape,* the one from *The Bridge on the River Kwai*). I knew this one thing, though: I w start the set with Bobby Darin's yond the Sea" and end it with Ch Trenet's "La Mer."

My collection is hopelessly s and all over the place. Chet Baker sion of Richard Rodgers's "My ny Valentine" is on the same di "When You Wish upon a Star," by Cliff Edwards. I included wo anthems like "The Internationale "Joe Hill" by Joan Baez, and fav like "Heart and Soul" by the tones, Gordon Lightfoot's "Canadian Railroad Trilogy," and " "Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves." I have the song "Ya Got Tro from *The Music Man,* Anton Karas's *Third Man* theme, Shaw's "Concerto for Clarinet," "I Wan'na Be Like You" *The Jungle Book,* and Etta James's "At Last." There's also a s ing of Beatles, Stones, Presley, Clapton, Springsteen, Beach Clash, and so forth.

References to many of the songs on my soundtrack are kled throughout this issue, but three songs in particular form of the stories. We had Will Friedwald, who specializes in th of thing, report on how "Beyond the Sea" and "La Mer" c be written and recorded (page 246). Nat "King" Cole's "Rou is in my collection. I have a long love affair with that road, traveled it more than 20 years ago. The song, written by Troup, has similarly been close to my heart, and I played and over this spring when I drove through Arizona, hitting es of Route 66 along the way. Check out Christopher Hit own trip down that lovely road (page 172). He drove it i Corvette convertible late this summer and returned with that brought music to the journey and the romance of tha ous highway to life.

—GRAYDON C





SPLISH, SPLASH
Left, Ahmet Ertegun and Bobby Darin in the recording studio, 1959; *below,* Charles Trenet in a bathtub, the late 1930s.


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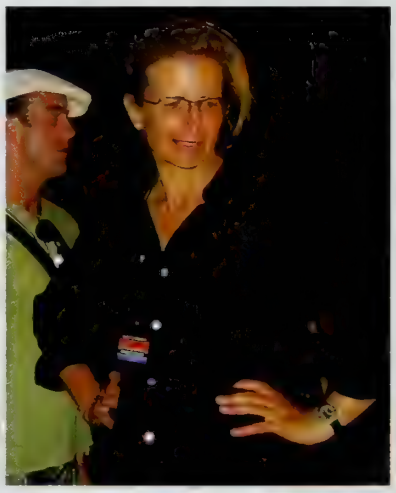
director
Jonathan Demme helms a glittering
Newton) searching for
intriguing

TOBER 25

CONTRIBUTORS



For this year's Music Issue, contributing editor **Lisa Robinson** went through her archives to write about New York's 1970s rock scene. "Those days were incredibl says Robinson, pictured here with Lou Reed in the late 70s, "and you can see simil today with the White Stripes and the Strokes. Rock is exciting again." Robinson al lined up all the musicians for *V.F.*'s cover and portfolio, wrote about *A Very Special Ch* and singer Tift Merritt, and reported on new albums in Hot Tracks. And, she says, of the highlights of this year's issue was the Stax Records reunion. "These musicia hadn't seen each other in years; they were crying, laughing, reminiscing. It was hist



KIM MEEHAN

From her first *Rolling Stone* assignment in 1970, to shoot Grace Slick, to her 1975 tour with the Rolling Stones, to he work on *V.F.*'s Music Issues, music has l almost as close to **Annie Leibovitz** as photography itself. Some shoots for issue, such as the "Next Big Things" portrait, reminded her just how long s has been in the business. Selecting a location down the street from her Chel studio, Leibovitz had been inspired by photograph of Andy Warhol and his Factory entourage. A clever idea, excep the talented—and very young—subjects didn't know what the 60s Factory was Leibovitz is now working on her fifth b *Music in America* (Random House).

Contributing editor **Nick Tosches,** whose article on the history of Warner Bros. Records—from its roots in early talking pictures to its rock heyday, to its corporate decline—starts on page 212, relishes finding the buried stories beneath our culture. He has written about the forgotten era of minstrelsy, in *Where Dead Voices Gather;* about the boxing underworld, in *The Devil and Sonny Liston;* and about his search for the perfect opium den, in *The Last Opium Den.* (The latter two started as *V.F.* articles.) Yet he's reluctant to admit to any grand design. "Any line that I could give that might lend some sense of cohesiveness—or some sense, period—to my writing would be disingenuous," he says.

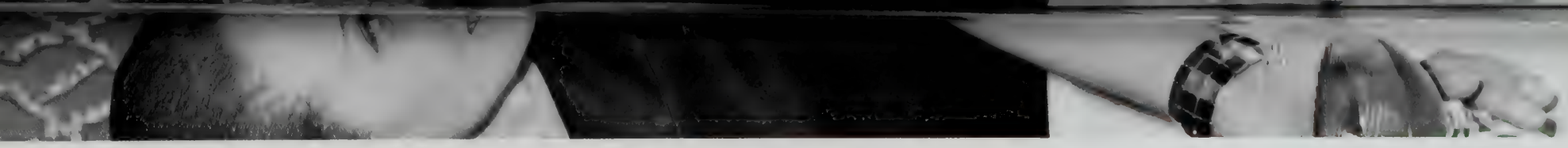
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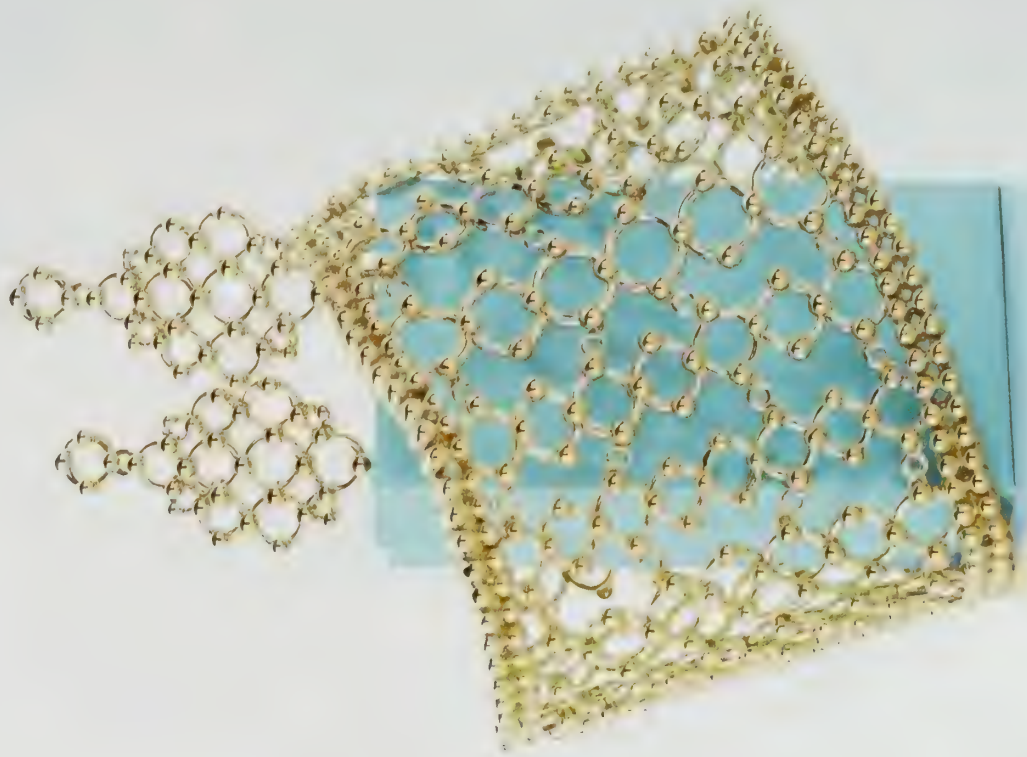

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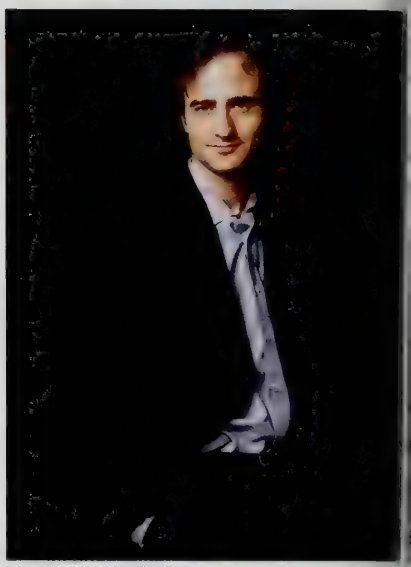
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98



Having completed an oral history of the 1960s British Invasion, which appears on page 258, contributing editor **David Kamp** sheepishly admits he has developed both a soft spot for the Dave Clark Five and "this inordinate, bizarre obsession with Freddie and the Dreamers." Also for this issue, Kamp co-wrote, with Steven Daly, the third installment of "The Rock Snob's Dictionary"—a project that wasn't exactly a stretch. "As a pathetic rock snob myself," he says, "I was secretly over the moon to be interviewing members of the Zombies, who floated to the surface in both stories."



GASPER TRINCALE

As the editor of monthly columnists Christopher Hitchens and James W and such writers as Amy Fine Colli and Laura Jacobs, senior articles ed **Aimée Bell** hardly ever stumbles u dull word of text. But this month sh the pleasure of editing one of her al time favorite stories, Hitchens's Rou odyssey. "We're just glad no one go she says. Additionally, Bell has coo all three Music Issues. "Putting th portfolio together with Lisa Robinso the photo department is always an education," Bell says. "I am basical Beatles fan, so I find it interesting about the likes of Nas." She is espe grateful to the portfolio caption wri Ash Carter, David Friend, Bruce H Michael Hogan, David Kamp, Ste Levey, Aaron Skrypski, and Jim W



Since coming to *V.F.* in 1990, contributing stylist **Kim Meehan** has demonstrated a remarkable talent for dressing high-wattage celebrities in high-fashion clothes that perfectly convey their personalities. No wonder she has styled all three of Annie Leibovitz's covers for the magazine's Music Issues and more than a dozen of this year's portfolio portraits. "For this year's cover, we wanted the girls to look like themselves—not when they're walking down the street, but when they're performing onstag Meehan, with "Next Big Things" Sonny, Craig David, and Andrew W.K. "The ch was to have them look like individuals *and* make all the wardrobes work to Quite a challenge, indeed, with nine divas and a soul god sharing a frame, but M insists egos were never an obstacle. "Everyone got along like best friends fi

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AVEDA

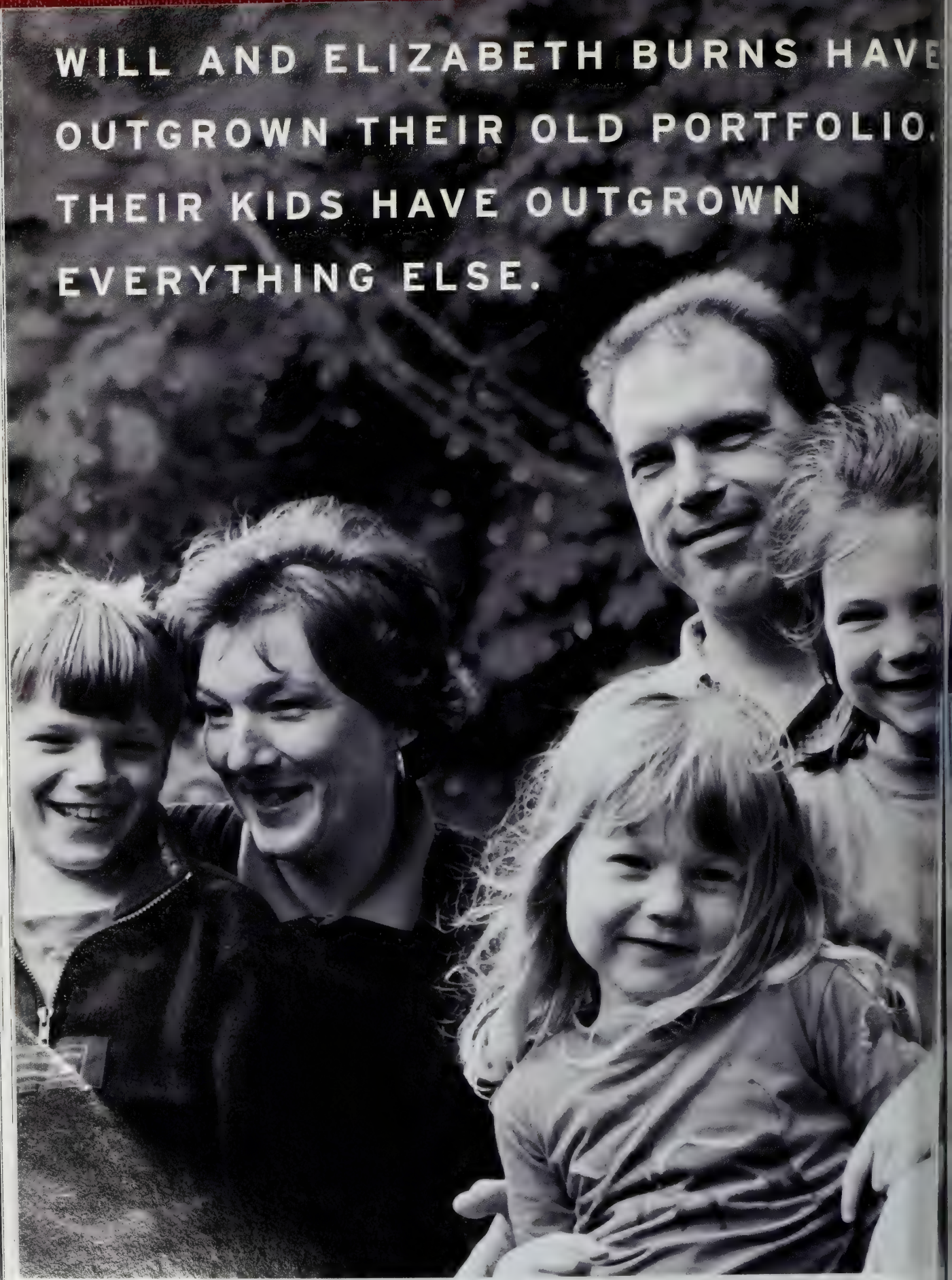
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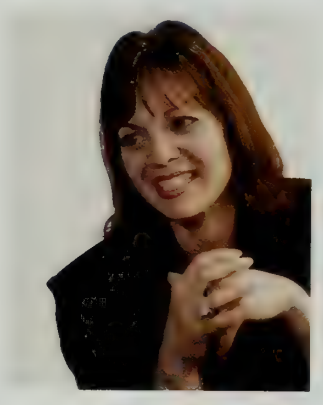


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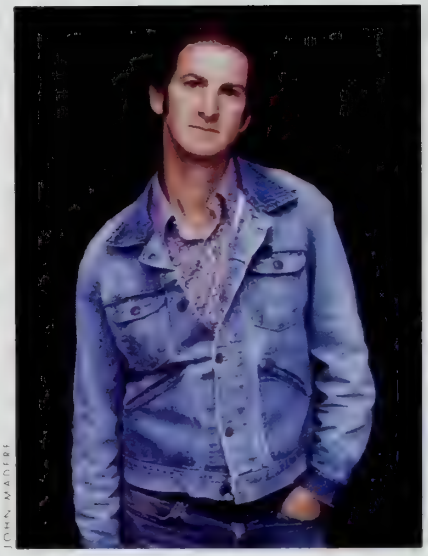
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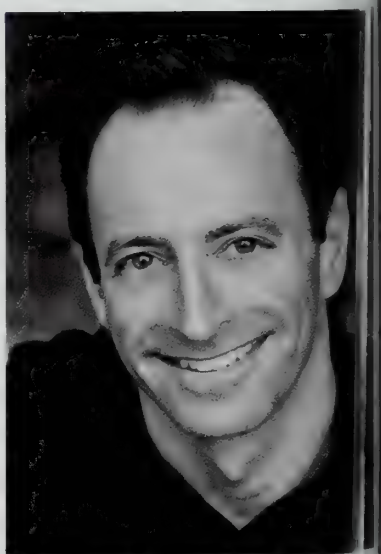


Rankin's shoots in the Music Portfolio were a study in eras. In addition to photographing a group of new folk artists, he shot his "absolute favorite" band of the moment, the Hives; De La Soul, whom he found "so evocative of that one time in the early 90s"; and, finally, the Rolling Stones. "I was remembering seeing them in concert 20 years ago and it really brought me back to that time," Rankin says. "Even more remarkable is that they were still so fresh. They were acting like a band of 18-year-olds who just got together." Co-founder of *Dazed & Confused* magazine and co-publisher of *Another Magazine,* Rankin has just put out two books: *Sofa So Sexy,* and part one of a special collector's edition entitled *Breeding* (both from Vision On Publishing).



JOHN MADERE

This year's Music Portfolio gave contributing photographer **Mark Se** a chance to marry his twin passions photography and music. For his sho the B52's, he says, "they were thinki Neutra house in outer space. I was t the inside of a flying pod." The resu set, seen on page 333, was designed Julian LaVerdiere, one of the creato the Towers in Light at Ground Zero Meanwhile, for sitar legend Ravi Sh "we built a big old flower field, and serenaded us for hours with melodi could bring tears to your eyes." In a increasingly generic music world, Se adds, it was "a real treat to shoot th musicians, who are about as far apa the spectrum as you can go."



Herb Ritts's iconic images have appeared in *Vanity Fair* since 1984, and he has directed music videos for artists such as Madonna and Janet Jackson. For this month's Music Portfolio he photographed Ashanti, Joan Baez, and Kylie Minogue, as well as the people behind the charity album *A Very Special Christmas.* "Movie stars are noticed, but it's not like the frenzy you see with musical artists," says Ritts. "Music has such immediacy, such an emotional impact for people." While Ritts's favorite musical artist of all time is Aretha Franklin, his dream music subject is Elvis Presley. "He had a great voice and a great look. In his day, he was *the* mover and shaker."

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as 1-2-3." ***Popular Science,* 11/01**

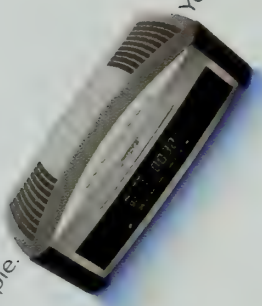
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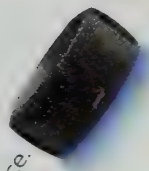
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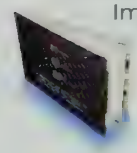
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Like photographer William Claxton, whose new book, *Photographic Memory,* is previewed on page 158, artist and writer **Richard Merkin** has long been drawn to the world of jazz musicians. He is currently creating a series of paintings of contemporary New York pianists. (In addition, he's at work on a group of pastels of notable figures from *The New Yorker,* for which he is a regular illustrator.) A professor of painting at the Rhode Island School of Design, Merkin first wrote about Claxton for *V.F.* in 1987. "Bill Claxton, who is arguably the greatest of all jazz photographers, tells you not only who was there and why but also how the weather was," says Merkin. "His pictures gracefully transport you to the moment."



GASPER TRINGALE

This year's Music Issue took asso photo editor **Sarah Czeladnick** everywhere from the Electric Lad recording studios in New York Cit De La Soul shoot to the streets o Memphis for a Stax Records reun her view, shoots like these are wh *V.F.*'s Music Issue unique. "We try incorporate people who have hist made an impact on music, regardl whether they have something new out," says Czeladnicki, who coord every single photo in the portfolio she needs is to organize the CDs desk. "I have everything from En the Hives, to Isaac Hayes. Workin the portfolio has given me an edu and an incredible record collectic

After a four-year apprenticeship under executive literary editor Wayne Lawson, newly appointed associate editor **Michael Hogan** has made an indelible mark on the culture of the magazine. His excerpt of Tom Shales and James Andrew Miller's oral history of *Saturday Night Live* ran in September, and this month he interviewed the Nappy Roots, compiled Classical Hot Tracks, and wrote captions for the Music Portfolio. In addition, Hogan, who is known in the office as "Coach," founded *V.F.*'s softball team, the Vigilantes, in 1999, and this year led it to an 11–2 season, playing against other magazines in Central Park. "In three years, we've gone from being the Bad News Bears to offensively talented semi-pros," says Hogan, who sings and plays guitar in the rock band the Tokeleys.



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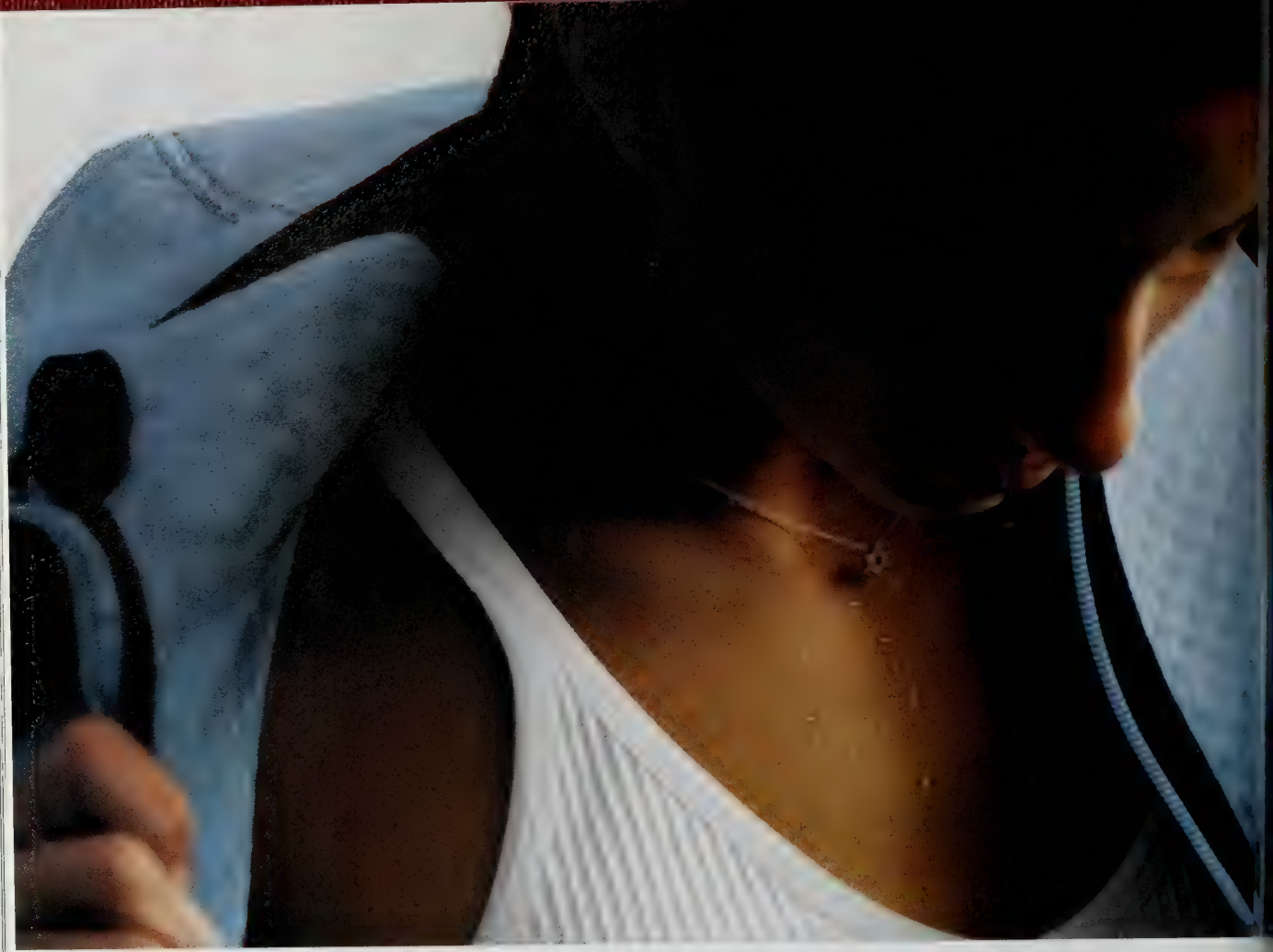


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NINE GIRLS AND A GUY

Gathering on the sultry streets of New York's Meatpacking District, nine reigning female musicians were delighted to pose for ANNIE LEIBOVITZ, not least because of talent No. 10, the mojo-rific Barry White, perhaps the only man who could single-handedly balance the lineup

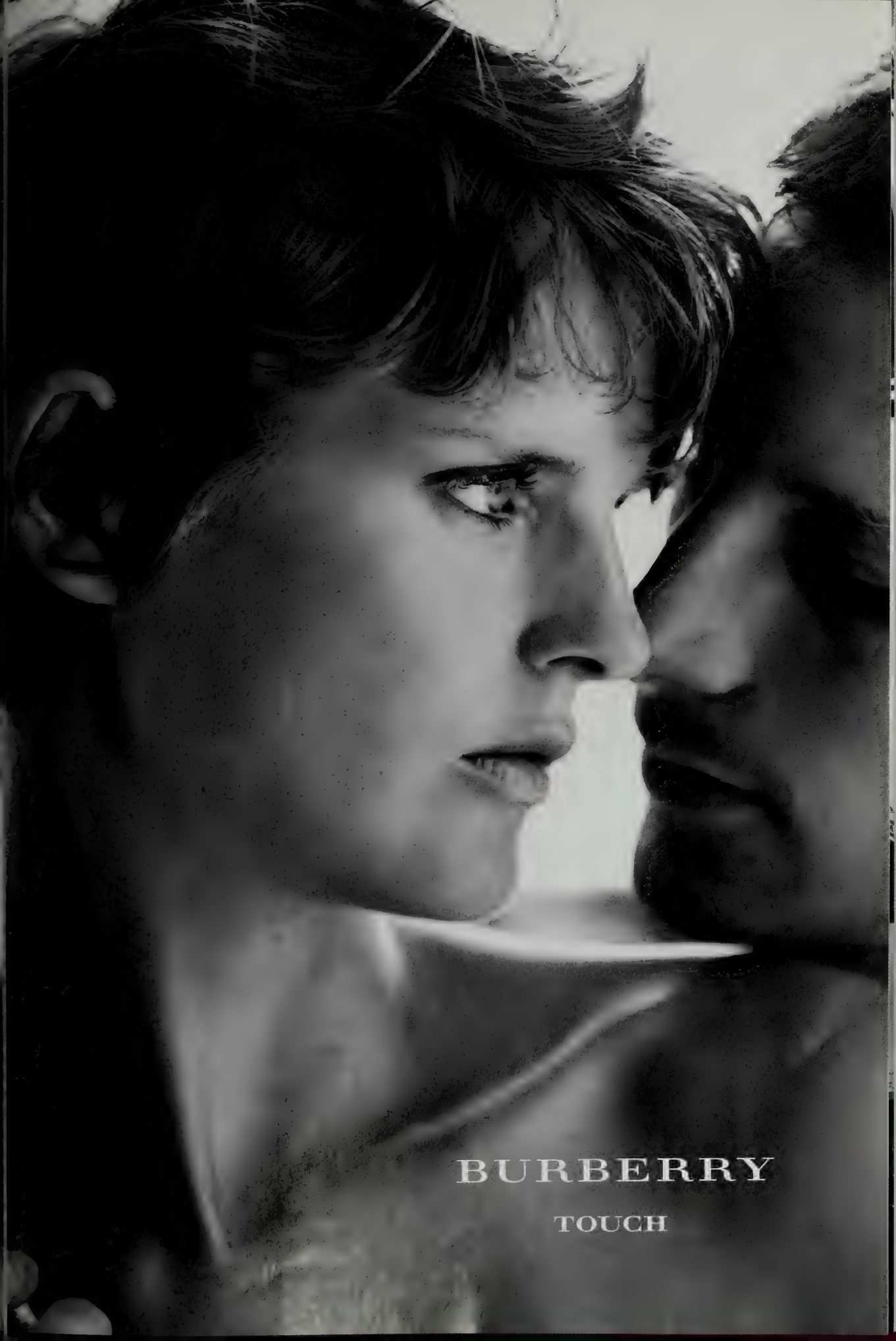


When the Concorde bringing **Gwen Stefani** to New York from London "nose-dived" (her word) shortly after takeoff on the morning of our cover shoot, all hell broke loose. The plane went back to Heathrow, all Concordes were grounded for the rest of the day, and Stefani was in the British Airways lounge, on the phone, sobbing. But, ever the trouper, she got on another flight, did her makeup over the Atlantic, and arrived—albeit seven hours later than originally planned—to take her place (for the second year in a row) in the lineup of superstars for *V.F.*'s Music Issue. That spirit exemplifies Stefani, whose pop-rock-ska band, No Doubt, has persevered since their start in Southern California's Orange County a decade and a half ago. "After years of being a really dorky band, people decided we were cool," says the platinum-blonde singer-songwriter, whose offbeat yet glamorous personal style has created a generation of "Gwennabes." Having achieved stardom—No Doubt's new albums have together sold more than 19 million copies—Stefani, 32, [illegible] long wish this fall, married [illegible] seven years, Bush [illegible] in Rossdale. "The dream [illegible] has always been to get married," she says. "Everybody in the group wa[illegible] to have a family and normal lives—all come from that kind of situatic[illegible] But don't expect her to become a ho[illegible] wife just yet; this month the band laun[illegible] es another U.S. tour, headlining a[illegible] with Garbage. —LISA ROBIN

She sings. She dances. She acts. She's [illegible] geous. She's got a clothing line. She's [illegible] a restaurant. She's got her own bran[illegible] perfume. Still, when you meet her, it's [illegible] possible not to like the very straigh[illegible] ward, very delightful **Jennifer Lop**[illegible] And if her behavior at our cover sho[illegible] any indication, she gets an unfair rap[illegible] all that diva stuff. There were no th[illegible] page lists of her requirements, no spe[illegible] candle or flower demands. She had [illegible] hair and makeup done in a cubicle [illegible] was the same size as everyone else's. [illegible] though she had just finished a long [illegible] of filming for *Maid in Manhattan* [illegible] Ralph Fiennes, Lopez was a dream. [illegible] hung out in the heat on the funky s[illegible] in New York's Meatpacking Dis[illegible] where we shot the cover, signed a[illegible] graphs for policemen, waited for C[illegible] Stefani, and seemed oblivious to [illegible] paparazzi who CONTINUED ON PAG[illegible]

NORTH AMERICAN IDOLS

From left, **Gwen Stefani** (wearing a top by Christian Dior, pants by Ligia Morris for Primal Stuff, scarf by Sula, Swarovski-crystal garter by Zaldy, boots by Giuseppe Zanotti Design, jewelry by Christian Dior, Fred Leighton, Ileana Makri, and Terry Rodgers & Melody), **Jennifer Lopez** (wearing Atelier Versace, jewelry by Fred Leighton and Jacob & Co.), **Sheryl Crow** (wearing a vest by Dolce & Gabbana, custom leather pants by Agatha Blois of New York City Custom Leather, belt by Araik, and necklace by Maryvonne & Gérard), **Alicia Keys** (wearing a shirtdress, belt, and choker by Versace, coat by Lost Art, bustier by Eren Kobrinsky at Apropo, and jeans by Miss Sixty), **Norah Jones** (wearing a top by Alexander McQueen, pants by Talula Babaton, and earrings by Bess), **Eve** (wearing a vest and gaiters by Michael Kors, shorts by DKNY Jeans Juniors, jewelry by Bulgari and Noir), **Nelly Furtado** (wearing a shirt by Sta?, jeans by Diesel, jewelry by M&J Savitt and Tanya Creations for House of Field), **Shirley Manson** (wearing a dress by Cigano, leggings by Donna Karan New York, boots by Chippewa, and ring by David Yurman), **Barry White** (wearing a custom shirt and suit by David K., tie and pocket square by Brioni, and sunglasses by Fendi), and **Debbie Harry** (wearing a dress by Michael Schmidt for Swarovski and shoes by Manolo Blahnik). Car by Bentley Arnage T. Hair products from Aveda, Bumble and Bumble, Kiehl's, L'Oréal, Physique, and Redken. Makeup products from Club Monaco Cosmetics, Estée Lauder, L'Oréal, MAC, Max Factor, Maybelline, Nars, and Vincent Longo. Manicures by Deborah Lippmann. Set design by Bradley Garlock. Special effects by Drew Jiritano. Styled by Kim Meehan. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz on July 15, 2002.


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NTINUED FROM PAGE 118 follow her rywhere. Oh, and she had also spent ne "spare" time earlier that week in ording studios—in two different es—working on her fourth album, ex- ted out this fall. From an early listen, voice sounds stronger than it did on three previous multi-platinum efforts. the past I was always encouraged to for the hits," she says. "And I can al- ys hear a hit. But now the songs are re in my range. This time I'm having re of a say." —L. R.

eryl Crow might have made a big l about the perils of turning 40 last ruary, but two months later her fifth al- n, *C'mon, C'mon,* entered the charts at . 2—a career high for the man who writes her own gs, produces the records, l then micromanages the xes. Things were different Crow in 1986, when she ve alone from Missouri to s Angeles to seek a career the music business. She re- ls: "I landed on the 405 eway at 4:30 in the after- on, didn't know anyone, d just sat in my car and ed, thinking, What have I ne?" Since then she has re- ved eight Grammys for her nsistently authentic rock 'n' l. And in addition to work- g with Stevie Nicks, Liz air, and Emmylou Harris, Crow—a former ichael Jackson backup singer—is the only girl o gets invited on a regular basis to hang out th the boys. Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Keith chards, and Willie Nelson are all fans, friends, d, occasionally, collaborators. Crow plans to tour the rest of the year and then, perhaps, take me time off to enjoy her new hobby. Surfing, o, apparently, begins at 40. —L.R.

nger, beat master, writer, producer—**Alicia Keys** ars many hats, both figuratively and literally. classically trained pianist, she infuses her usic with soul and funk and R&B; stunning ough to be styled like a pop confection, she cks to her idiosyncratic street-chic style. Before e was out of her teens, she had signed on with d then left two very different institutions both med Columbia—the Ivy League university and e record label. Too busy with music to stay en- lled at the former, too independent to be hap- at the latter (she cites "creative differences"), ys found her way to Clive Davis's J Records in 99 and soon achieved platinum-record super- rdom with her first release, *Songs in A Minor.* That album, hich put her at the forefront of the so-called neo-soul move- ent, earned Keys five Grammys in 2001. She's currently bring- g her manifold skills to bear on recording her second album, hich is due out sometime in 2003. —ANDREA THOMPSON







SOMETHING TO CROW ABOUT
From top: well after dark on a hot July night, Manhattan's Meatpacking District finds its streets being walked by more glamorous performers than is customary; Jennifer Lopez, with makeup artist Scott Barnes and hairstylist Oribe, waits for shooting to begin; Norah Jones and Sheryl Crow pose for a snap before making their way to the set.

Not just another pretty face, the new girl at the microphone can also carry a tune. She's so good, in fact, that she's likely to stop people in their tracks the first time they hear her voice, which has a sexy, sultry, whispery timbre reminiscent of Billie Holiday's. Meet **Norah Jones,** the 23-year-old songwriter, pianist, and chanteuse. Her first album, last year's *Come Away with Me,* an effortless distillation of jazz, folk, and blues, has gone platinum and cracked the Top 10—a rare commercial coup for her record company, the venerable jazz label Blue Note. But Jones comes by her eclecticism naturally: the daughter of sitar virtuoso Ravi Shankar, she grew up in Dallas, Texas, where she studied jazz piano and couldn't help but absorb American roots music. When a friend asked her to share an apartment in New York City in the summer of 1999, she went, vowing to return to Texas. But the pull of the Greenwich Village music scene proved too seductive. Jones decided to stay and make a go of it in the big leagues. Thank God for sublets. —KATIE SHARER

Watching **Eve** strut through her videos dressed in gaudy designer outfits, you might be inclined to dismiss her as just another skin-baring female rapper going on and on about sex, diamonds, and D&G. Listen more carefully. You'll hear funny, biting lyrics that deal with issues ranging from heartbreak to abuse—clearly, this self-described "pit bull in a skirt" has a more complicated and ambitious agenda than many of her sex-kitten M.C. rivals. With one platinum album and one multiplatinum album to her credit, as well as a Grammy, a clothing line, and a budding movie career (including a role in *XXX*), Eve, only 23, is definitely opening some eyes, as indeed she suggested she would in one of her five Top 20 singles—"Let Me Blow Ya Mind," with fellow *V.F.* cover girl Gwen Stefani. (The two are good friends, and Eve was quite anxious about Stefani's plane trouble on the day of


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MACADAMIA CRUSTED FISH

- 2 EA. 4 OZ. fresh Mahi Mahi
- 2 OZ. Macadamia nuts, chopped
- 2 OZ. Panko (Japanese bread crumbs, or substitute regular bread crumbs)
- 1 TSP. Paprika
- ½ CUP Flour
- 1 EA. Eggs
- ½ OZ. Omao cilantro, chopped
- salt and pepper to taste

Mix panko, paprika, macadamia nuts, cilantro, salt and pepper in a bowl. Set aside.

Whisk eggs in a bowl. Set aside.

Take fresh fish, season with salt and pepper. Coat both sides with flour, shake off excess flour. Place fish in egg bowl, moisten both sides. Bread fish with panko mixture.

In a sauté pan, heat olive oil on medium heat. Pan fry fish 2 minutes on each side until golden brown. Finish in oven if necessary.

Serve the following Hawaii-inspired sauce with the fish.

COFFEE LIQUEUR, LIME AND SWEET GINGER BUTTER SAUCE

- 2 TBSP. Coffee liqueur
- 2 TSP. Pickled ginger, minced
- 1 TBSP. Butter
- 1 TSP. Shallots
- 1 TBSP. Heavy cream
- 1 TBSP. Fresh lime juice

In a sauce pan, add coffee liqueur, lime, shallots, ginger and heavy cream. Simmer until volume is reduced 50%. Turn heat very low. While whisking sauce, slowly add butter until sauce is smooth.

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DOS AND DON'TS
Fee, Alicia Keys gets a last-minute powdering from makeup artist Ayako while J Records exec Thomas Martin looks on. Above, Lopez and Crow catch up with Gwen Stefani, who described how her hairstylist, Danilo, had to orchestrate her unique Mohawk-pompadour in the car on the way from the airport to the shoot.

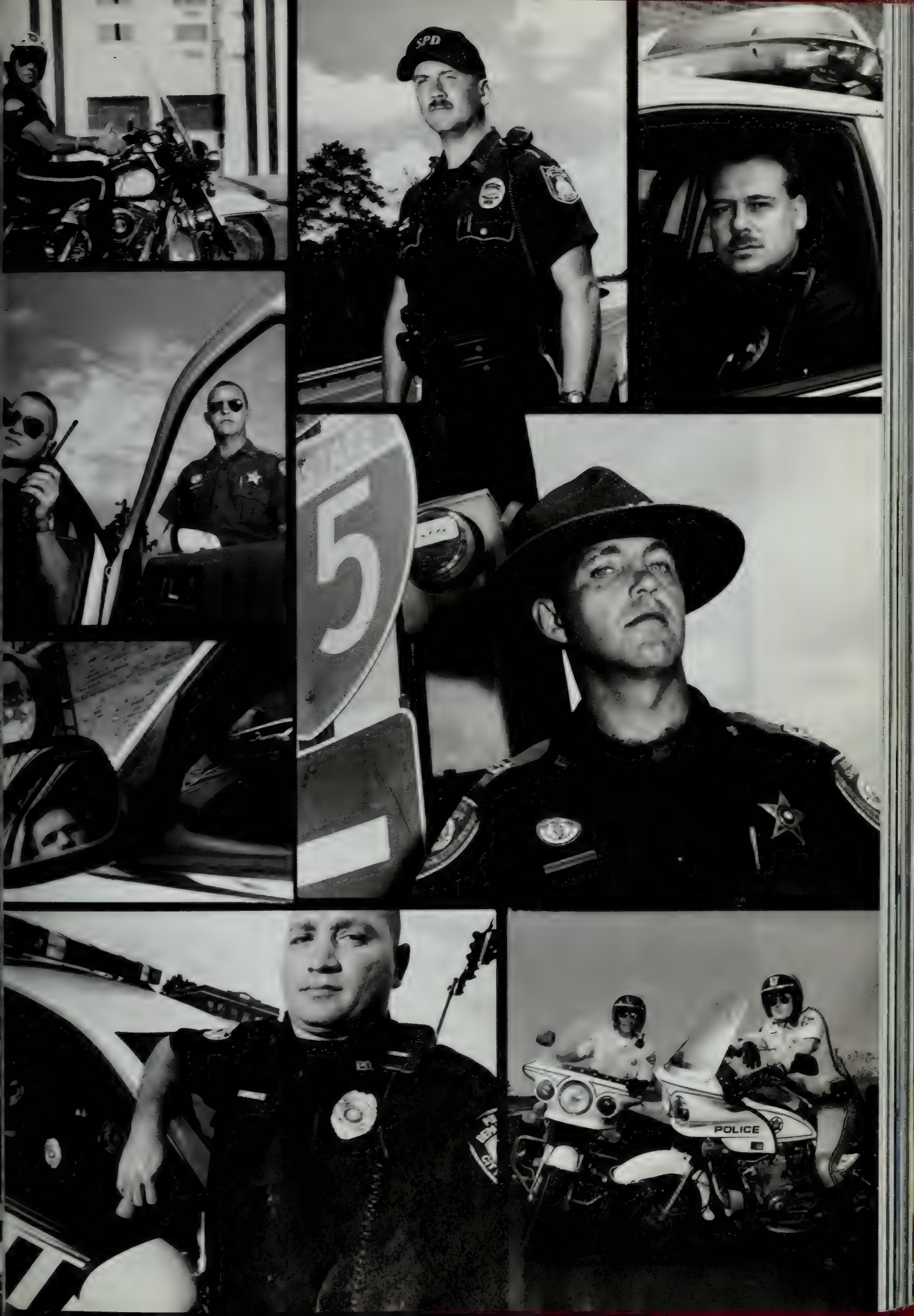
our shoot.) Her third album, *Eve-Olution,* was released in August and debuted at No. 6 on the charts. Its first single, "Gangsta Lovin'," features another of her covermates and friends: Alicia Keys. —ALEX MARTINELLI

The lyrics in singer-songwriter **Nelly Furtado's** Grammy Award–winning single, "I'm Like a Bird," threaten, "I'll only fly away . . . " And with her debut album from 2000, *Whoa, Nelly!,* having gone multi-platinum, the 23-year-old Canadian has certainly proved she can stay aloft. She's also demonstrated that you can remain true to your roots and still climb the charts. Born in British Columbia, the daughter of Portuguese immigrants, Furtado was infused with a love of music from the get-go. Using the lilting rhythms and melodies of Portuguese fado music as her wellspring, and taking further inspiration from the pop-culture heroes of her youth—including Kris Kross, Bell Biv DeVoe, and No Doubt—Furtado (along with co-producers Gerald Eaton and Brian West) has created a singular amalgam of trip-hop, rock, and folk, a spunky, genre-jumping sound that raises pop conventions to a new standard. Which is exactly what we expect her to do once more now that, two years after *Whoa, Nelly!*'s release, the touring and promotion for the record have finally slowed down and she has time to sink her teeth into a sophomore effort. —MATT TRAINOR

If Siouxsie Sioux, Patti Smith, Chrissie Hynde, and Debbie Harry had somehow formed a sorority, the first new pledge might have been **Shirley Manson,** Garbage's down-to-earth, alpha-female front woman. With full lips, widely set blue eyes, punked-out hair, and alabaster skin, Manson's gamine-from-Mars beauty is as distinctive as her shadowy, insinuating, not-too-girly-sounding voice. Since Garbage's inception in Madison, Wisconsin, in 1994, the band has gone on to sell over eight million albums and earn five Grammy nominations. It also recorded the theme song for the 1999 James Bond movie, *The World Is Not Enough,* putting Manson, 35, in the company of such old-school belters as Shirley Bassey and Tom Jones. Resolutely casual about success, she allows that "life will never pan out the way you think it will—ever. You have to be prepared to ride it." And ride it she does, with glee. As an S.U.V. carrying Manson and her entourage pulled up at our cover shoot, a few bars of "There's No Business Like Show Business" were heard coming from the open windows. —LAURA KAMPF

Barry White, who has created some of the silkiest lovemakin'-est music of the last 30 years, didn't even want to be a singer. He began as the writer and producer for the Love Unlimited Orchestra, the San Pedro, California, group whose lush 1974 disco instrumental "Love's Theme" (think ABC's golf coverage) could easily serve as the official anthem of the 1970s. Searching for a male singer to front a new act, White made the demos using his own voice to illustrate what kind of sound he was looking for. Producer and friend Lou Nunes heard them and immediately insisted White record and release them himself. The two men argued for three days straight, White finally relented, and, more than 100 million records later, his honeyed, kitchen-appliance-rattling rumble has made him a pop-culture touchstone, an icon of the seductive arts whose amatory résumé includes guest appearances on *The Simpsons* and *Ally McBeal* and his Top 10 List on *Late Night with David Letterman,* "Words That Sound Romantic When Spoken by Barry White" (No. 4: gingivitis). Even more satisfying than those honors, perhaps, are the facts that *Ultimate Collection,* a new, comprehensive two-disc survey of his hits on UTV, went platinum and that he recently signed with Def Soul Classics to record new material. By their own account, our cover coterie of female impersonators were thrilled to work as Barry's Praetorian Guard for our shoot, during which a tropical wave of mojo coursed through the Meatpacking District. —MARC GOO

Debbie Harry, who came of age in the New York punk scene of the 1970s, is undeniably original. The front woman of Blondie, which she co-founded with longtime lover (and now close friend) Chris Stein, she was known for her pouty aloofness onstage and her platinum hair, a shock in an era when the "natural look" was still big. More important, she was the first female sex symbol in pop to win recognition of her art and attitude, not just her looks; in that she paved the way for Madonna, among others. With hits such as "Heart of Glass" and "Call Me," Blondie would become the most commercially successful band to come out of the New York scene, and in the two and a half decades since the release of the group's first LP, in 1976, Harry has shown her mettle by releasing 24 more albums, both with Blondie and as a solo act. (Nineteen ninety-nine's well-reviewed *No Exit* was the group's first new record in 17 years.) All signs indicate she's not through yet: Blondie is currently in the studio recording an album for release next spring.


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Additional talent to be announced

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 3
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LOS ANGELES, NOVEMBER 5
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JOE HENRY, ROSEY, JOHN DOE
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unreported and largely unnoticed don't: they became part of a recognized community, one which received not only an outpouring of condolences and concern but a worldwide reaction to the crime itself.

That hundreds of the 9/11 families are now suing for $1 trillion seems another sad example of our litigious society, where loss gets translated immediately into liability, followed by opportunity and then financial gain.

ELLEN WARD
Falls Church, Virginia

PERILS OF THE PROMISED LAND

IN "JEWISH POWER, JEWISH PERIL" [September], Christopher Hitchens informs, analyzes, and almost answers a gnawing question that I have not had the courage to ask of my many Jewish friends. How can an "inherently and intuitively smart" people with a remarkably fair sense of morality and justice, who were victims of European anti-Semitism culminating in the Holocaust, practice Zionism in its current form to create an enemy of more than a billion Muslims?

It is difficult to fathom that the continued occupation, the increasing number of settlements, and the military actions, which seem to guarantee a few more acres to Israel without any peace and security, can be worth alienating an entire people. Would not the addition of such a large anti-Semitic population lay the foundations for a possible future (nuclear!) Holocaust in which the victims and the perpetrators would both be obliterated? Given Zionism in its current form, surely the Jews who struck the "Never again" note after the Holocaust cannot ignore such a consequence.

As "a wretchedly heretic and bastard member of the tribe," Hitchens offers a most hopeful solution in the establishment of a secular, multi-ethnic democracy: a U.S.A. ("United States of Arabia") in the Middle East. Unfortunately, that brings to mind the words in John Lennon's "Imagine": "You may say I'm a dreamer."

SURESH PAL SINGH BHALLA
Toronto, Ontario

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS'S article purports to be about anti-Semitism, but what he really offers is a tired argument against Israel's right to exist. Perhaps the most disturbing part of his piece is in the beginning, where he claims to be "a member of the ancient tribe," which is essentially a play on the old "some of my best friends are Jewish" backpedaling one hears after someone has told an inappropriate joke.

Hitchens's evidence is so one-sided it is laughable. It should be pointed out, for instance, that the only reason for the exodus of so many Arabs from the region i the first place was a promise by the go ernments of the Arab world that they woul wage war with Israel and that after the glorious victory the refugees would b free to return. Hitchens further neglects mention that 75 percent of what was th British mandate called Palestine now r sides in Jordan. Why does he never su gest that the exponentially larger Jord give up land for the creation of a Palesti ian state?

And what is Hitchens's grand solutic to end anti-Semitism? He argues that Je should assimilate and give up their drea of a return to Israel. Yet he never on suggests that perhaps the Arab refuge who call themselves Palestinian shou assimilate into the larger Arab worl Why? Because he must know that time a again the governments of Jordan, Syri and Egypt have refused to accept them citizens, thereby only exacerbating t situation.

Although Hitchens tries hard to reb thousands of years of Jewish history, he fa to note that there has never been a civili tion or nation referred to as "Palestin Hitchens's final conclusion is that Jews ha only themselves to blame for anti-Semitis due to their insistence on unity as a religic ethnicity, and nation.

WILLIAM BENSUSS
Los Angeles, Califor

AFTER 50 YEARS of having a military c tatorship, bulldozing homes, stealing lan and running illegal settlements and squa refugee camps, did the Israelis not kn the day of reckoning would arrive? Peo make choices and then must live with consequences.

LOUISE MURP
Naples, Flo

UNHAPPY AS HITCHENS seems to about his small percentage of Jewish blo he currently has the ability to disclaim If he had lived under the Nazis, he mi have felt differently about Zionists disp ing the few Arabs living in a destro nation that had been Israel for centur He also overlooks the chances the Pa tinians had for their own country, firs 1948 and again under the Clinton-sponsc peace talks. The Zionists he obviou abhors took a barren desert and bui thriving democracy that is again besie on all sides.

DAVID RO
Greenfield Park, New

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS REPL

Mr. Rosen's letter contains the highly insu suggestion that I would disown, or that I s how dislike, the element of my heritage th


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Jewish. The contrary is the case. As an atheist and a non-Zionist, I am at odds with prevailing definitions of Jewishness, whether uttered by tribal spokesmen or by anti-Semites, but I believe that I have the better secular and Diaspora tradition on my side, and if I add that anyone defaming the Jewish people would be insulting my mother, my wife, and my daughter, I trust that it would be superfluous to say anything further for myself.

FEMINISTS ON PARADE

I COULDN'T HELP but compare the quiet dignity and strength of the 9/11 widows with the shallow hedonism of the Cake members described in "Girls, Uninterrupted" [by Nancy Jo Sales, September]. If the young women who frequent Cake parties are ever faced with an even minor traumatic event, I doubt that they'll be prepared to handle it.

CHERYLANNE SHARP
Long Beach, California

THE WOMAN WHO THINKS that publicly stripping expresses her "feminist views" needs to read a copy of *Our Bodies, Ourselves*. In viewing stripping as empowering, she's as brainwashed as the Miss America contestants who think the swimsuit competition shows "character."

SUSAN WALTON
Minneapolis, Minnesota



A THOUSAND WORDS FOR 3,000 PERISHED
Thomas E. Franklin's now famous photograph of, from left, firemen George Johnson, Danny McWilliams, and Billy Eisengrein raising the flag at Ground Zero.

DESIGN FOR DISASTER

THANK YOU for the excellent article by David Rose on the crash of American Airlines Flight 587 ["Pilot Terror," September]. Mr. Rose points out how unlikely it is that First Officer Sten Molin would have wildly pumped the rudder pedals without a reason. Probably it was in a desperate attempt to get some sort of reaction from the rudder or to counteract the wild gyrations that would have been caused by the loss of a primary control surface. Unbeknownst to pilots until *after* the crash, a rudder is designed to be able to withstand only a *single* full-scale movement in *one* direction, unlike all other control surfaces on the aircraft. That's a nice piece of information to have.

A key point that Mr. Rose doesn't touch on is the difference in the aircraft-design philosophies of Airbus and Boeing—and that Airbus's philosophy is undoubtedly affecting the way it is approaching the accident investigation. In a perhaps typically French way, Toulouse engineers have decided that under all circumstances they know best. There are numerous examples of modern Airbus aircraft doing things either on their own or contrary to pilots' wishes. A Sabena pilot first told me of the saying that many pilots have: "If it's not a Boeing, I'm not going."

Finally, I recall being in a safety meeting after the crash of our 757 near Cali, Colombia. One of our safety investigators stated in frustration, "If you ever want to find out the cause of an accident, the last place you'd ever want to go is the N.T.S.B." While I'm sure some highly competent people work there, it is an organization subject to political pressure—and plain old governmental incompetence. Pilots have clearly been the primary cause in other aircraft crashes, but in the case of the Queens crash, logic and the evidence do not indicate that "pilot error" was a factor.

DEAN AVARY
American Airlines pilot
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

MR. ROSE'S REPORT was meticulously researched, but he failed to mention that at least one of the same syste malfunctions—unexplaine and unprompted sudden ru der movement—has existed the Boeing jets as well. While believe it initiated a retrofit some sort, I don't think th problem has been entirely rec fied. The single catastroph problem with rudder moveme that is common to both man facturers is disturbing. It mak flying more of a crapshoot tha anyone had previously believe

As for the detailed problema ic history of the airplane used f Flight 587, shame on Americ Airlines, shame on Airbus, a shame on the N.T.S.B. Th should be found criminally neg gent and held accountable.

PENNY JORGENSE
Renton, Washingt

THANK YOU for finally bringi the crash of Flight 587 to t public's attention. My broth was one of the flight attendar killed in that devastating tra edy on November 12, 2001. M heart goes out to the Molin a States families, as well as all t other families who have suffer because of this catastrophe.

David Rose states in his artic that "in the context of the fall 2001, the fact that it hadn't be caused by terrorism meant the news ca 'as somewhat of a relief.'" September was an unspeakable act of horror, but t truth remains that many innocent peop including Americans, died on Americ Airlines Flight 587 as well. Terrorist act not, my brother, Joe Lopes, was yet anot American who was killed in the line of du

LORRAINE CARP
Simi Valley, Califor

THE SHOT SEEN ROUND THE WORLD

I READ WITH GREAT INTEREST your a cle on the photography surrounding S tember 11, 2001 ["Two Towers, One Y Later," by David Friend, Septembe Toward the end of the article, the aut alludes to one photograph so many of know: that of the three firemen raising t American flag amid the ruins. To hear t those in photography circles consider t the "made-for-TV version" of Joe Ros thal's World War II picture of men rais the flag on Iwo Jima was a bit sickeni Talk about sour grapes. Tom Franklin,

otographer, happens to be married to an
l friend of mine, and I can't imagine a
re humble messenger of a truly moving
rtrait. America embraces what it likes,
t necessarily what is the artistic ideal.
ank you, David Friend, for acknowledg-
the true message of that photo: "We are
ll standing. We will continue to stand."

LISA MORRIS
Poughkeepsie, New York

AHVELOUS FOR ATINGS

GARDING "IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT!"
Tom Shales and James Andrew Miller,
ptember], writer-producer Bob Tischler
mes the "whore" Dick Ebersol, his then
ss, for the weekly repetitions of Billy
ystal's characters. At the time, Bob gave
a somewhat different explanation.
hen I asked Bob why Billy was getting so
uch screen time when the cast was bigger
an at any time in the show's history, he
plied, "Billy's very commercial." I then
ld Bob that I found that an interesting cri-
ion for a supposedly cutting-edge come-
show. I still feel that way. Unlike the
tements of Mr. Tischler, who chooses to
member adjectives and characteriza-
ns, this comment is recalled verbatim.

HARRY SHEARER
Santa Monica, California

ANITY FAIR—ACROSS HE POND

YOUR SEPTEMBER ISSUE you feature a
ry on the covers of *Vanity Fair* since 1914
Cover Story: The First 500," by James Wol-
tt]. But no mention is made of the maga-
ne's origin in London in 1868 or of its
vner, Thomas Gibson Bowles, who also
unched the weekly magazine *The Lady,*
hich I edit.

Bowles's friend Frederick Burnaby,
ho helped plan the magazine, lent him
lf the £200 needed for the enterprise.
nity Fair was tailored to Bowles's politi-
l and literary talents, and his friends,
mily, and way of life continued to give
m access to much information in the
nclosed hothouse world that was London
ciety during the 1860s and 1870s.

Its written content could be described as
late-19th-century version of *The Spectator,* the
conomist, the gossip column of the *Daily*
ail, and the funniest essays of *Private Eye.*
Much of it was written by Bowles himself.

Lewis Carroll was among the contribu-
rs, and Oscar Wilde's brother, William,
eviewed the plays. But *Vanity Fair* is best
emembered now for its cartoons of the grand and famous by Pellegrini and Ward, alias Ape and Spy, respectively. The painter James Tissot (whom Bowles helped enormously with introductions to prospective clients) also drew some of the cartoons.

Bowles sold *Vanity Fair* in March 1889 to the publisher Arthur H. Evans for £20,000, but he kept *The Lady,* and it is still published by the same family (the grandchildren of Thomas Gibson Bowles).

One of Bowles's children was Sydney, who became the mother of the Mitfords.

ARLINE USDEN
London, England

HAIL TO THE UNDERWEAR MODEL

MY WIFE AND I were perplexed by George Wayne's interview with new Calvin Klein model Travis Fimmel [Q&A, September]. Did we miss some text where this lucky kid professes to be a visionary or poet? He is an underwear model, for Christ's sake! Trying to humiliate the guy with bait about his "gay icon" status, calling him "darling," and then questioning him about his penis certainly made it seem that somebody was fishing too hard for juicy copy.

STEVE AND MICHELLE JONES
Los Angeles, California

TRAVIS FIMMEL SHOULD be congratulated for his restraint in George Wayne's interview—for waiting until two-thirds of the way through the article, after he had been asked about the length of his dick and about his foreskin, to respond, "You got any serious questions for me here?"

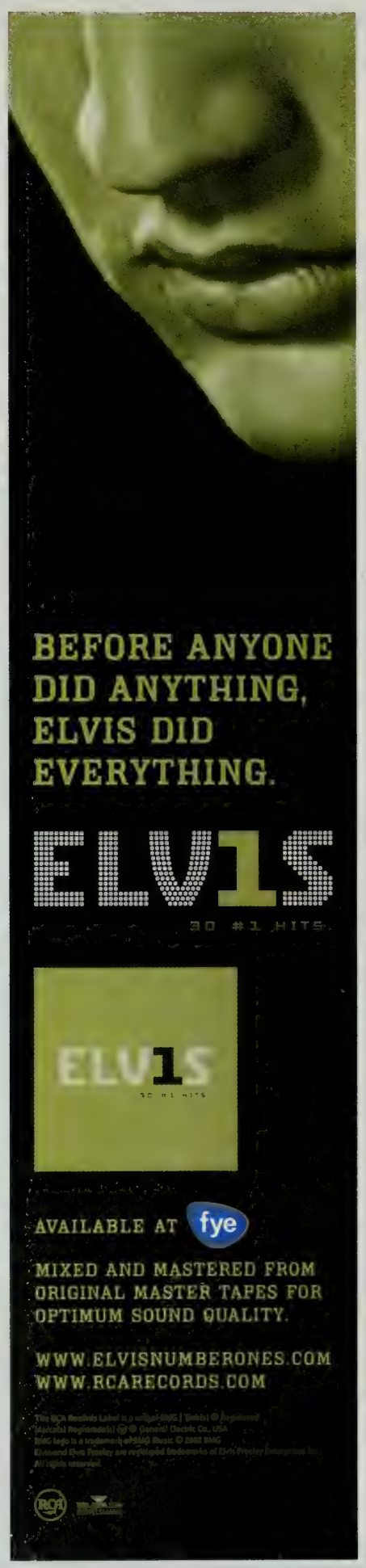
DON CASWELL
New York, New York

CORRECTIONS: On page 278 of the October issue, we incorrectly credit Sherry Lansing with the idea of encouraging studio employees to garden and to paint "nose art" on military aircraft at Edwards Air Force Base. Jonathan L. Dolgen was responsible for the idea.

On page 274, we attribute a quote to Ron Meyer regarding a lawsuit against Mike Myers. Mr. Meyer, it turns out, never made the statement.

On page 152, conductor Daniel Barenboim's first name is incorrectly given.

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to FAIR@neodata.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair.*



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FANFAIR

30 Days in the Life of the Culture

November 2002



Playdate with Destiny

Members of the Los Angeles–based band Playdate, Andrew Lindfield, Tatiana von Furstenberg, and Ryan Bullett. Photographed in Silver Lake, California, on September 2, 2002. For story, see page 162.



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LOUIS VUITTON

FANFAIR

November

BAZ ON BROADWAY, AEROSMITH TAKES SIN CITY, AND TINA TURNER KEEPS ON MOVIN'

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDA



A shot from Guy Bourdin's ad campaign for Charles Jourdan shoes, at the Paris Photo fair.



1

Lyle Lovett turns 45. His hair, however, remains ageless.



2

The Brooklyn Ac of Music: Tom W and Kathleen Bre *Woyzeck*, directe Robert Wilson, b the Büchner play commits murder selling his body t science to suppo family. ("Frothy!" "The new *Millie*!'

3

London infested by Yanks: Norah Jones sings at Shepard's Bush Empire, Michael Tilson Thomas conducts Mahler's Ninth at the Barbican.

4

Chicago's Goodman Theatre presents the Kenneth (*You Can Count on Me*) Lonergan comedy *Lobby Hero* (which is *not* about a sandwich left in an entryway).



5

London's West End: *The Play What I Wrote*, directed by Kenneth Branagh (and rumored to be N.Y.C.-bound). "Comedy duo refuses to perform tribute to two comedy legends, wanting instead to perform a play they've written themselves."

6

Docu-ganza! Yesterday: Alexandra Pelosi's revelatory, brazenly funny *Journeys with George* on HBO (Dubya on the 2000 campaign trail). Tonight: PBS ups the *1900 House* ante with *1940s House*, and AMC airs *Bond Girls Are Forever*.

7

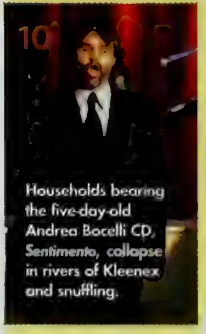
NSO Pops: A Tribute to Richard Rodgers, at the Kennedy Center. "We love his early work with Lorenz Hart. / It's so terribly chic, it's so terribly smart, / An ode to romance, glamour, wine, / The perfect aperitif for Hammerstein."

8

Work by British sculptor Anthony Caro on display at N.Y.C.'s Mitchell-Innes & Nash. (Gossipy art-world tidbit: Caro gave Lucy Mitchell-Innes her first job.)

9

Aerosmith oper can of whoop- at the MGM Las Vega "Thon Song sing Sis 25. Boy Twi Yes-



Households bearing the five-day-old Andrea Bocelli CD, *Sentimento*, collapse in rivers of Kleenex and snuffling.

11

U.S. welcomes the non-Grishams: Mario Vargas Llosa reads at Houston's Cullen Hall; Rohinton Mistry (*A Fine Balance*) reads at Seattle's Elliott Bay Bookstore.

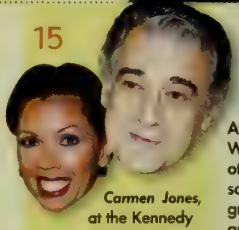
12

Soldiering On, Despite Diminished Forces: TLC releases album featuring the last recorded work of the late Lisa Lopes; *The Producers* opens in Minneapolis *sans* Nathan Lane and Matthew Broderick.



14

The Paris Photo fair, at the Carrousel du Louvre, in the capital of romance. Someday my prints will come.



15

Carmen Jones, at the Kennedy Center. Plácido Domingo conducts. Vanessa Williams stars. Worlds collide.

16

Tomorrow: th Richard Tuckr Opera Gala, Avery Fisher H With—among m other purveyor sonic lushness— greats Renée Fl and Samuel Ra-

17

Kids in the Sticks: the Strokes play Austin Music Hall, and Hansel and Gretel get lost in the woods of the New York City Opera.

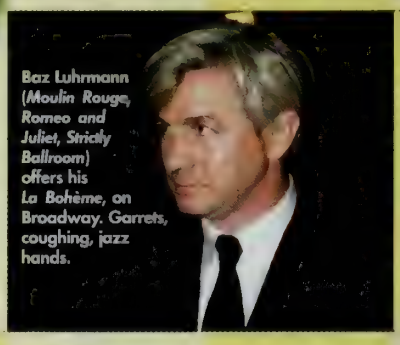


19

Wynton Marsalis's *All Rise* is performed tomorrow by the San Francisco Symphony. 10:13 P.M.: local restaurateur approaches the composer regarding possible marketing of a dish called veal Marsalis.

20

Works by Rouse, Barber, and Beethoven, featuring violinist Midori, at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, former home of the Oscars. 6:45 P.M.: Midori finds bugle bead that was sloughed off of Mitzi Gaynor in 1974.



Baz Luhrmann (*Moulin Rouge*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Strictly Ballroom*) offers his *La Bohème*, on Broadway. Garrets, coughing, jazz hands.

23

That slight rustl the aisles of De Tattered Cover bookstore? Pat and employee prepare for today's in-store appearance of authors Tipper Al Gore.

24

Concert of the best numbers from 10 years of Encores! (great American musicals in concert), at N.Y.C.'s City Center. Character shoes, emoting.

25

London: 50th anniversary of *The Mousetrap*, the world's longest-running stage production. The Queen and Prince Philip will be in attendance (talking on their cell phones, no doubt).

26

Tina Turner's legs, unaccountably, turn 64.



27

Filmmaker David Grubin (*The Secret Life of the Brain*, many of the presidential biographies on *American Experience*) unveils *Young Dr. Freud*, on PBS. This will remind you of your mother.

28

What we less decorous folk are discussing over Thanksgiving turkey today: George Clooney's first nude scene (in Steven Soderbergh's remake of Andrei Tarkovsky's *Solaris*, released yesterday).



29

The New York City Ballet opens its season with *The Nutcracker*. Several miles to the south: Toots Thielemans, at the Blue Note. Tutus-Tootsy.

30

Leon Redbone the Woodstock Opera House i Woodstock, Illi Loudon Wainw III plays Centre East in Skokie. starting with th letter *I* get funk

—BY HENRY


YVES SAINT LAURENT

FANFAIR

De Palma's Way

BRIAN DE PALMA SALUTES HIMSELF IN *FEMME FATALE*

Alfred Hitchcock's 1972 film, *Frenzy,* arguably his nastiest piece of work, was less a satisfying narrative than a meditation on his life's work and attendant obsessions. The director's penultimate film, it has also served as an inspiration for **Brian De Palma,** most of whose filmography also consists of movies about Hitchcock movies. But after 25 pictures, he has finally made what may be his first movie about Brian De Palma movies, *Femme Fatale,* which wears its genre quotation marks proudly (why else open with a scene from *Double Indemnity*?). **Rebecca Romijn-Stamos** is the titular flytrap, **Antonio Banderas** the designated sap. Forgoing obvious hooks such as suspense and character development, *Femme Fatale* unspools like an almost abstract series of set pieces as the director indulges his taste for colonoscopy-like camera moves and high-gloss misogyny. Actresses as sleek as Thoroughbreds are tossed off bridges, hurled through plate glass, gob-smacked by trucks. The boys take their licks, too, and everyone can enjoy the voyeur-vision sex scenes—as spectacle, *Femme Fatale* is undeniably entertaining. But De Palma has fashioned a picture that is singularly, almost defiantly hollow. His most personal film to date? **(Rating: ★★★)**

—BRUCE HANDY

HOT REELS

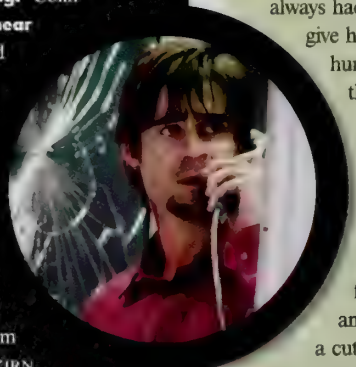


FATALE VISION Rebecca Romijn-Stamos in *Femme Fatale.*

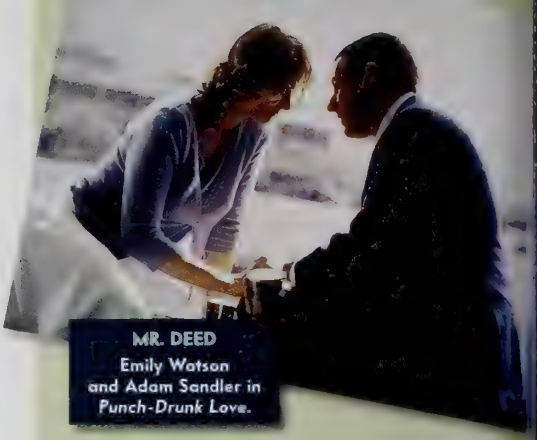
COMING ATTRACTIONS

Trailer of the month: *Phone Booth.* **Directed by:** Joel Schumacher. **Starring:** Colin Farrell, Katie Holmes, Kiefer Sutherland. **Coming to a theater near you:** November 15. **The setup:** Stuart Shepard, a cocky, goateed smooth operator (Farrell), answers a call in what must be the last working phone booth in Times Square and speaks to a sadistic hidden sniper who claims to be watching him from a nearby building and compels Shepard to play a sick game of truth or dare. **A visual medium:** The hearing-impaired can follow the rising action by concentrating on the strand-by-strand disintegration of Farrell's Brylcreemed do. **Mr. Big, it's Dr. Evil on Line 1:** In the oddly enduring Hollywood tradition, the all-knowing, unseen supervillain affects the mucusy, purring, sedated vocal pattern of a lite-FM D.J. or a Vegas-showroom hypnotist. **(Rating: ★★★½)**

—WALTER KIRN



Colin Farrell in *Phone Booth.*



MR. DEED Emily Watson and Adam Sandler in *Punch-Drunk Love.*

Mad Love

P. T. ANDERSON'S LATEST VALLEY TRIP, *PUNCH-DRUNK LOVE*

Adam Sandler stars in *Punch-Drunk Love,* but it is not an "Adam Sandler movie." Rather, it's a **Paul Thomas Anderson** film, which means it is brilliant, peculiar, flashy, riveting, and not 100 percent successful. The director of the San Fernando Valley epics *Boogie Nights* and *Magnolia,* Anderson, 32, may have more raw talent than any other young American writer-director: you can feel his Scorsese-like intoxication with his own movie prowess, the way he gets off on pounding out his internal rhythms on-screen—and that high is infectious. If only the movies held together better. *Boogie Nights* and *Magnolia* were both as sprawling as the Valley itself and, at times, as smoggy and overcooked. *Punch-Drunk Love,* a romantic comedy, if you had to pin it down, is more contained and, at 89 minutes, a far easier sit than its three-hour-ish siblings. The weak link is the hero, Barry Egan, a pudgy, obsessive-compulsive social washout with anger issues and seven castrating sisters ("Remember how much you used to hate it when we called you 'gay boy'?"). Nevertheless, he manages both to run a seemingly successful novelty-plunger business and to infatuate **Emily Watson.** As written, Barry feels less like a character than a body bag of character traits; he's like an entrée in the kind of restaurant where every menu listing has one "clever" ingredient too many. (An obsession with a supermarket pudding promotion is *Punch-Drunk Love*'s equivalent of raspberry coulis.) Sandler has always had more emotional depth than most critics give him credit for—that's why his movies make hundreds of millions of dollars instead of the tens of millions that Rob Schneider's do—but he's not a transparent enough actor, or not yet, to make Barry's weirdness seem organic. Maybe no one could, a flaw in a film that asks audiences to suspend disbelief regarding the rules of attraction. Still, you can fall in love with Watson's deep-dish eyes, and with Anderson's heady way with a cut, a camera move, or an amped-up bit of soundtrack business—with his sheer movie-brat nerve. **(Rating: ★★★)**

—B.H


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FANFAIR



HOT TYPE

ELISSA SCHAPPELL





From top: hip-hop immortal Slick Rick; Velocity Girl's and Squeeze's 45-r.p.m.-record covers; Rowan and Martin with Nat "King" Cole, from *Hollywood Moments*. *Far right:* a 1916 silkscreen by Winold Reiss, from *Steinway*.



So you wanna meet the band? How bad? **David Konow's** *Bang Your Head* (Three Rivers) deifies heavy metal's amp-lovin sinners in spandex, debauched power balladeers such as Black Sabbath, Judas Priest, Motörhead, and Metallica, dudes who single-handedly keep the hair-spray industry in business.

Riff on these: In *Jazz Modernism* (Knopf), **Alfred Appel Jr.** creates unexpected connections between the jazz of Armstrong, Waller, and Holi and the art of Picasso, Matisse, and Joyce. Journalist **Selwyn Seyfu Hin** testifies to the pervasive violence and nihilism in hip-hop culture in *Guns in My Cook Up* (Atria). **Lewis Lockwood** remembers one of music's first re in a wig in *Beethoven* (Norton). **Spencer Drate** spins *45 RPM* (Princeton Architectural), a visual history of the seven-inch record sleeves from Dea Martin to the Sex Pistols. Snaps of the *Hip Hop Immortals* (Immortal Brar from Kurtis Blow to Tupac Shakur, compose this staggering seven-pound honey. Ask Grandmaster Flash, a teenage LL Cool J, or a baby-faced Queen Latifah *Who Shot Ya?* (Amistad) and the answer will be photograp **Ernie Paniccioli. Ashley Kahn** explores the mythology behind the creat of John Coltrane's masterwork, the spiritual opus *A Love Supreme* (Viki In conversations with his best friend, the conductor and writer **Robert C Igor Stravinsky** reflects on his childhood, his peers, and his personal relationships in *Memories and Commentaries* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). **Steve Turner** unveils the history of *Amazing Grace* (HarperCollins), America's most tear-jerking hymn, which was composed by a former slav trader. The father of *tropicalismo,* **Caetano Veloso,** trumpets the Brazil cultural revolution in *Tropical Truth* (Knopf). Stoned again, **Bill Wyman** ponies up an awesome personal archive of Stones memorabilia in *Rolling with the Stones* (DK Publishing). *Steinway* (Chronicle), **Ronald V. Ratch** and **Stuart Isacoff** know pianos. *Wingspan* (Bulfinch) is a family-style scrapbook of **Sir Paul McCartney's** band on the run.



Also this month: **Karl Kirchwey's** newest poems are collected in *At the Palace of Jove* (Putnam). **Charlotte Chandler** gets the inimitable Billy Wilder and pals such as Gloria Swanson, Jimmy Stewart, and Tony Curtis to talk in *Nobody's Perfect* (Simon & Schuster). In *Bachelor Girl* (Morrow), **Betsy Israel** salutes single-womanhood from the last century's spinsters to the career gals of today. The guilty secret lives of working mothers is, gasp, exposed in **Allison Pearson's** novel *I Don't Know How She Does It* (Knopf). I love a man in a uniform! In *Uniforms* (Houghton Mifflin), **Paul Fus** embroiders on why we are what we wear. From the teenage Byron traipsing around his decaying abbey to Henry James's fascination with the Colosseum, **Christophe Woodward** summons the power *In Ruins* (Pantheon). A camp counse struggles with his desire for a teenage boy in **Michael Lowentl** fearless and expertly crafted novel *Avoidance* (Graywolf). **Jeffr Steingarten,** the man who ate everything, returns with *It Must H Been Something I Ate* (Knopf). **David Wise** offers information on and why the F.B.I.'s Robert Hanssen sold out America to the Russi in *Spy* (Random House). **Anita Naughton** and **Nicola Perry** tell h an English tea shop has made itself indispensable to New York City b proffering kindnesses such as *Tea & Sympathy* (Putnam). A rose is a ro is *The Gertrude Stein Reader* (Cooper Square)—**Richard Kostelanetz** edits a collection of the great avant-garde pioneer. Examining the barbed prose and sly caricature of celebrated wit *Max Beerbohm* (Yale), **N. John** is able to capture the great man in full. The cartographic history of the Amer West from 1524 to 1890 is illustrated in **Paul E. Cohen's** *Mapping the West* (Rizzoli). **Lewis Lapham's** *Theater of War* (New Press) contends that, thanks America's cowboy in chief's foreign policy, we are squandering our post–World II legacy of goodwill. The romantic heroine of **Frederic Tuten's** *The Green Hour* (Norton) weighs of passion against one of tranquillity. In her debut novel, **Rebecca Bloom** shows off her *Girl Anat* (Morrow). Photo bug **Murray Garrett** captures movie idols in the telling, unguarded *Hollywood Moments* (Abrams). Divine inspiration abounds in interior designer **John Stefanidis's** *Designs* (Vendome). Best-selling author but only so-so point guard **Pat Conroy** remembers *My Losing Sea* (Nan A. Talese). In *Mr. Nice* (Canongate), fresh from the Terre Haute pokey, the dashing **Howard Marks** narrates how, through 43 aliases, 89 phone lines, and 25 companies, he was able to smuggle parcels of up to 30 tons of marijuana. Crank it up . . .


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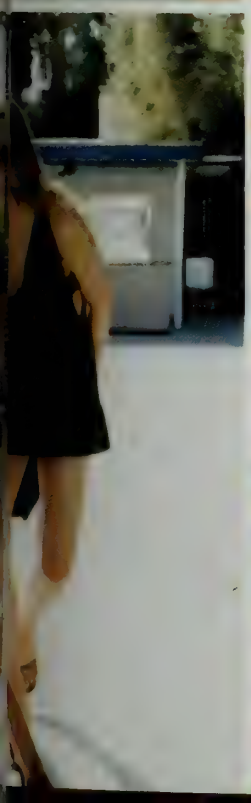
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Sony recommends Microsoft® Windows® XP.

Gauge of Innocence

WILLIAM CLAXTON'S *PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY* CAPTURES AN ERA



Oftentimes great photographs are better known than the great men and women who took them. Surely the steely portrait of **J. P. Morgan** and the peerless *Steerage* are more familiar to the general public than **Edward Steichen** and **Alfred Stieglitz.** And **Diane Arbus's** disturbing *Identical Twins* has produced more than its share of look-alikes, years after her tragic demise. **William Claxton's** singular pictures of the youthful **Chet Baker,** the ultimate saint/sinner with a horn, have somewhat locked Claxton into a solitary and undeserved note. It is true that Claxton has been the consummate observer and reporter, photographically, of the post-bebop jazz world, but his range is far more expansive and incisive. Now comes along, for all fellow Claxtonophiles, a treasure trove that is the rest of him. *Photographic Memory* (Powerhouse) is a rich book of his life, graceful and exuberant and blissfully witty. The book gathers together 115 photos—some never seen publicly before—of culturati ranging from **Lenny Bruce** to **Marlene Dietrich** and including **Marilyn Monroe** and **Ray Charles** in an extraordinary group scene. In addition, there are explanatory notes by Claxton to help the reader along the journey.



Through the decades Claxton has had the uncanny luck of catching people as they are on their way up (luck being the residue of design). So there is a bracing image of a young and very beautiful **Natalie Wood** atop a skyscraper, the city at her feet; **Andy Warhol** about to become Andy Warhol; and an utterly adolescent **Bobby Short** long before he was canonized as "St. Bobby of the Hotel Carlyle." But most of all there is the exquisite **Peggy Moffitt,** the Princess of Gernreich, bathing in her little bathtub in a little hotel on the Rue de Rivoli as her husband snapped her picture, not so long ago, when the world was young. —RICHARD MERKIN

PICTURE PER
From left: Noël
Las Vegas, 1
Judy Garla
Las Vegas, 1
Barbra Strei
New York, 1

WORLD BEAT **Sydney's** hippest late-night, live-music venue is the Kardomah Café and Zen Nightclub (22 Bayswater Road), newly reopened and redesigned since its 80s heyday.... West End revelers in **London** head to Metro (19–23 Oxford Street) to see their favorite bands.... Check out the jukebox at Étienne Marcel (34 Étienne Marcel), the Costes brothers' latest hot spot in **Paris.**

A Star Is Porn

SHERIE RENÉ SCOTT DOES OFF BROADWAY WITH *DEBBIE DOES DALLAS*

Many are the commonalities of pornography and the musical theater: contrived plotlines, a wealth of group scenes, a preoccupation with bales of hay. Now further points of intersection can be examined in the new offering from the folks who brought us *Urinetown*—Off Broadway's *Debbie Does Dallas.* The show is a more or less verbatim enactment of the screenplay of the 1978 porn film, but with more clothing, and with the naughty bits replaced by song. The title role—a cheerleader who resorts to pleasure-making in order to raise funds for her trip to Dallas to audition for the Texas Cowboys Cheerleaders—is played by **Sherie René Scott,** who is well versed in playing nonshyness: she was the spoiled Princess Amneris in **Elton John** and **Tim Rice's** *Aida,* and can be seen as **Lisa Kudrow's** best friend in the upcoming film *Marci X.* Scott herself grew up on a farm in Kansas; upon hearing the title of her daughter's new show, Scott's mother, an Amish-Mennonite who married a Catholic, asked if it was about a tourist named Debbie who *goes* to Dallas. ("They're not gonna come see it," Scott says of her parents. "No way, José.") Scott, like Debbie, is business-minded; she and her husband founded Sh-K-Boom Records, which released **Adam Pascal's, Alice Ripley's,** and Scott's solo albums, and will do the *Debbie Does Dallas* cast recording. Is *playing* an initiative-taking entrepreneur as satisfying as being one? "Yes," Scott says. "I'm shakin' it for a higher cause. I'm shakin' it for the sisterhood." —HENRY ALFORD



GO TEAM!
Sherie René Scott, who plays the titular cheerleader in the play *Debbie Does Dallas.*


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The Kids Are All Right

THE OFFSPRING OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS JUST WANT TO ROCK







KID ROCK

Clockwise from top left: Royal Orange—(from left) Mike Gittes, Jason Sangerman, Mike Moonves, Zach Nicita, and Nick Panama; Tatiana von Furstenberg; and Eddie Ruscha.

Taking their cue from the Strokes, the highborn of New York and Los Angeles have been quick to recognize that good blood and excellent connections are now as good as laminated passes to enter the citadel of music. Equipped with inherited antennae to detect the next big thing, the offspring of recognizable parents are putting their well-appointed garages and spare rooms to the service of making c din. And why not? A rock band, after all, means no casting-call rejections, manuscript rewrites, or getting tangled in turnaround; in the case of **Tatiana von Furstenberg** (daughter of **Diane Von Furstenberg** and stepdaughter of **Barry Diller**), it means never having to haul heavy equipment around, either–the singer and her band, Playdate, rehearse in the back of a music shop in Silver Lake. "On weekends it turns into an after-hours club, so we can take any guitar off the walls and just use it," she says. With varying degrees of application and inspiration, many have got as far as to record demo tapes, play showcases, and lure the interest of record-company men. (Von Furstenberg counted 21 at a recent Playdate show.) A label on your skirt is nice, but a music label so much nicer. Ask **Francesca Gregorini** (daughter of **Barbara Bach** and **Augusto Gregorini** and stepdaughter of **Ringo Starr**) or **Erica Wylie** (daughter of literary agent **Andrew Wylie**) or **Cisco Adler** (son of music producer **Lou Adler,** member of the band Whitestarr, and current producer of **Olivia Newton-John's** daughter **Chloe Lattanzi**) or **Liz Goldwyn** (granddaughter of studio legend **Samuel Goldwyn** and frontwoman for the band Hot Lunch). The band Royal Orange–a teenage outfit which includes CBS Television president **Leslie Moonves's** son **Mike,** CAA agent **Rick Nicita's** son **Zach,** and producer **Harry Gittes's** son, **Mike**–has been playing the Whisky à Go Go. Ear Fetish, composed in part of **Brandon** and **Brody Jenner,** lyricist **Linda Thompson** and Olympian **Bruce Jenner's** sons, is currently recording an album in their home studio, possibly with help from their producer stepfather, **David Foster.** In this crucible of creativity, artist **Ed Ruscha's** son, **Eddie,** counts as something of a veteran. He's scored soundtracks (*Southlander,* starring **Beck** and **Hank Williams III**) and released a number of records. Armed with a melodicc and five Space Echos, Ruscha plays host at an L.A. reggae club every Wednesday night and fronts a psychedelic dub-reggae band, Future Pigeon. In a city where much is hidden behind the shrubbery, don't expect any musical cohesion from the new, do-it-yourself music scene, he says. "Things are constantly forgotten and moved on from. It's like the architecture–they just tear it dow and put up a mini-mall."

—EDWARD HELM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALISON DYER

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Big Country

THE KENTUCKY-FRIED RAP OF NAPPY ROOTS



C'MON GET NAPPY
Nappy Roots, clockwise from top: Ron Clutch, B. Stille, R. Prophet, Skinny DeVille, Big V, and Scales.

A world away from **Jay-Z's** big pimpin' New York and **Dr. Dre's** gangsta-glam Los Angeles, the six self-described country boys of Nappy Roots have carved a new destination onto America's hip-hop map. "Our music is comin' from Kentucky," says group member **Skinny DeVille,** "a place you only know for fried chicken and **Muhammad Ali** and basketball." It's a place where land is cheap, meals are big, and the cultural vanguard can be found on the nearest state-college campus. Nappy Roots formed in the mid-90s, when five of them were students at Western Kentucky University in Bowling Green (**Big V** attended Eastern Kentucky), and their first collaboration was a record store, ET's Music, where they recorded demos in the back room and sold them up front. Atlantic Records signed the group in 1998 but waited until early this year to release *Watermelon, Chicken, & Gritz,* an unabashed celebration of earthy pleasures that gives new meaning to the phrase Dirty South. ("Pull up, dead horns on the hood of my truck / Kentucky Mud on my shoes and my socks," **B. Stille** drawls on "Ballin' on a Budget.") This summer, as the album, propelled by the bouncy single "Awnaw" (roughly translated as "Oh, no"), climbed toward platinum, the group joined Sprite's Liquid Mix Tour, sharing a bill with Jay-Z, N.E.R.D., **Talib Kweli,** and others. "We're gonna get back in the studio probably after Thanksgiving, after we eat real good and get our stomachs real full for the winter," promises DeVille. But will success affect Nappy Roots' commitment to discount delights? "*Hellll* no," DeVille insists. "It's still the same, for real. We're saving our money and investing it before we go out flossing or flashing. Right now it's still a hustle. It's still a grind." –MICHAEL

Björn to Rock

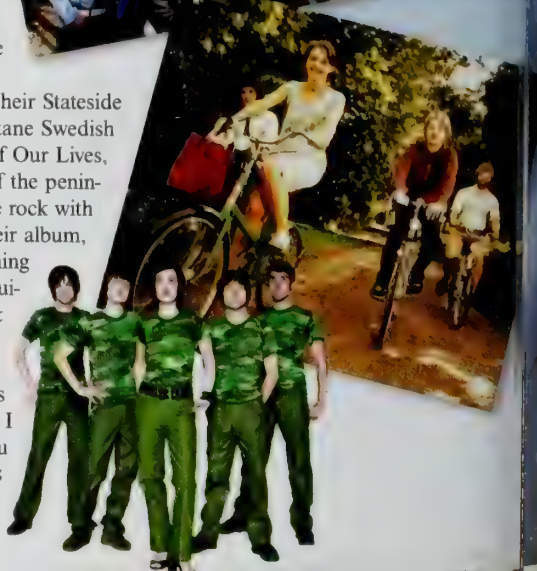
THE SCANDINAVIAN INVASION ARRIVES

This year, America went wild for a new underground music scene coming straight out of . . . Scandinavia. Yes, the region of the world known mostly for clogs and **Ingmar Bergman** is exporting the most energetic rock music on the planet. And while Sweden's current darlings, the Hives (see "The Music Portfolio"), may be at the forefront of the Nordic invasion, they are only the tip of the fjord.

Sweden's Sahara Hotnights, an all-girl outfit that plays Ramones-style punk, made their Stateside debut in September with their kinetic sophomore album, *Jennie Bomb.* Other high-octane Swedish bands forging transatlantic appeal this year included the Hellacopters, the Soundtrack of Our Lives, Division of Laura Lee, and the (International) Noise Conspiracy. From the other side of the peninsula, Norway's Cato Salsa Experience introduced its brand of danceable, 60s-style garage rock with its album, *A Good Tip for a Good Time.* Danish power duo the Raveonettes released their album, *Whip It On,* in August. And this month, Finland's garage-rock torchbearers, the Flaming Sideburns—who share with the Hives a penchant for over-the-top rocker names (e.g., guitarist **Johnny Volume** and bassist **the Punisher**)—release their boldly titled CD *Save Rock 'n' Roll.* A noble mission, but Cato Salsa Experience front man **Cato Thomassen** feels rock 'n' roll is doing just fine in the Land of the Midnight Sun. "Over here it doesn't seem like people get tired of it," says Thomassen. "It's very inspiring to see young kids that grew up with hip-hop pick up those old rock 'n' roll things. That kind of energy, I think it's such an important element of music—it's good to have in your pocket so you can kick some ass every once in a while." Skoal to that! –JOHN GILLIES



NORTHERN LIGHT
From top: Sahara Hotnights, Cato Salsa Experience, and the (International) Noise Conspiracy





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Musical Dares

JONATHAN SHEFFER'S EOS ORCHESTRA MAKES WAVES



FIELD OF DREAMS Jonathan Sheffer (seated, far left) and his Eos Orchestra.

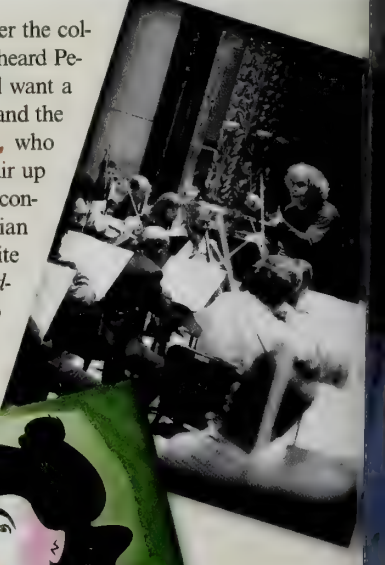
When **Jonathan Sheffer** wants something that doesn't exist, he invents it. In 1995 this composer-conductor founded the Eos Orchestra, single-handedly luring expatriate novelist **Paul Bowles** back to America for the orchestra's debut, which featured Bowles's musical compositions. "Jonathan is making an orchestra to share his own predilections—everything from music from the World's Fair to new commissions and a desire to introduce out-of-the-way pieces," says **Stephen Sondheim.**

This fall Eos kicks off its eighth season, makes its first appearance at the Brooklyn Academy of Music—as the pit orchestra for the **Philip Glass** opera *Galileo Galilei*—performs at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, and launches its first national tour.

Deeply serious fun, Eos is distinguished by its unusual programming. "It's music you won't hear anywhere else," says Sheffer, and a chance for the maestro to combine his interests in theater, film, dance, and literature. Eos's schedule includes a Mahler program featuring work by **Gustav Mahler** and also rarely performed songs by his wife, composer **Alma Mahler.** Another evening features U.K. minimalist composer **Michael Nyman,** accompanying a 1915 film by artist **Paul Strand,** as well as a world premiere with Indian mandolin virtuoso **U. Srinivas.** The season concludes with a program of Latin masses, including one written by the orchestra's composer-in-residence, **Sebastian Currier.** "Working with living composers is a thrill because there exists the opportunity to help create sound that has never been heard and the possibility of greatness; also, I'm a composer myself, so I completely understand the process," says Sheffer. Inexorably blending art and life, Jonathan Sheffer is creating an eclectic repertoire for the 21st century. —A. M. HOME

CLASSICAL HOT TRACKS

If that normally sedate clerk in the glass-encased classical section starts looking a little hot under the collar, it's only because there are so many strong new releases hitting his shelves. Anyone who has heard Peruvian tenor **Juan Diego Flórez** ace that treacherous second-act aria in *The Barber of Seville* will want a copy of his upcoming *Bel Canto* CD. A new recording of Leoš Janáček's *Jenůfa* by Bernard Haitink and the Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, stars the Finnish soprano **Karita Mattila,** who sings the role with the Met next January. Tenor **Roberto Alagna** and soprano **Natalie Dessay** pair up on the Opéra National de Lyon's two-disc package of Donizetti's *Lucie de Lammermoor* (in French), conducted by Evelino Pido. On *The Art of Cecilia Bartoli,* Decca bundles some of the beloved Italian mezzo-soprano's most famous performances. Keyboard kings: It's impossible to choose a favorite among pianists **Leif Ove Andsnes** (Bartók's Piano Concerto No. 2), **András Schiff** (Bach's *Goldberg Variations*), and **Murray Perahia** (Chopin's Études). So why try? American mezzo-soprano **Denyce Graves** found time between nights at the opera (she's singing *Carmen* at the Met this season) to cut *Lost Days,* a collection of songs in Latin. The Cleveland Orchestra's new music director, **Franz Welser-Möst,** guides the young musicians of the Gustav Mahler Jugendorchester in Bruckner's Symphony No. 8, while **Sir Simon Rattle** conducts the Berlin Philharmonic in Mahler's Symphony No. 5. **Valery Gergiev,** the Met's principal guest conductor, continues to demystify the Russian repertoire, recording three lively pieces by Nikolay Rimsky-Korsakov, Aleksandr Borodin, and Mily Balakirev with his hometown orchestra, the Kirov. The choir and orchestra Les Arts Florissants, led by music director **William Christie,** records Michel Pignolet de Montéclair's rarely performed 1732 sacred work, *Jephté,* for Harmonia Mundi. San Francisco's **Chanticleer** celebrates 25 years of singing a cappella with *Our American Journey,* spanning four centuries, from the Mexican Baroque to the present. On the horizon: cello god **Yo-Yo Ma** continues his global walkabout with a Brazilian album, and **Emanuel Ax** plays Haydn on solo piano. —MICHAEL HOGAN

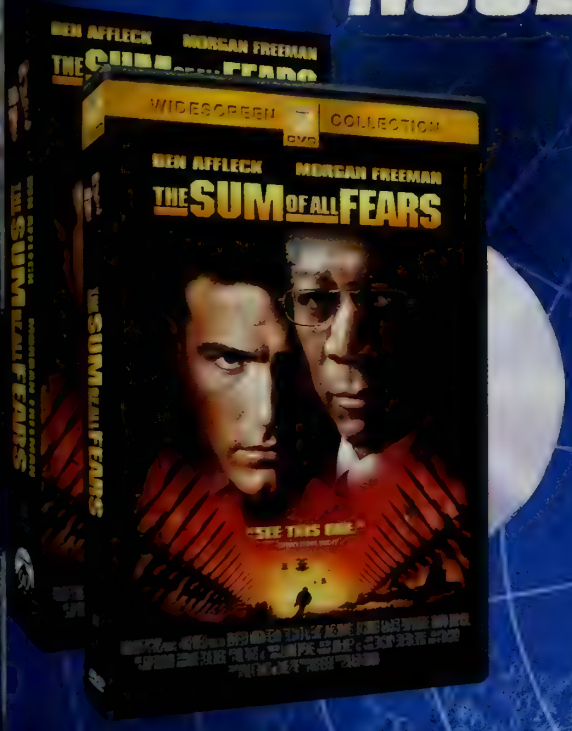




Above, conductor Sir Simon Rattle; left, Cecilia Bartoli illustration by Risko.



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MY STUFF

MOBY

On the eve of his North American tour, as his album *18* soars toward platinum, Moby, dedicated vegan, Manhattan tea-shop proprietor, and the world's most famous club kid, opens his eco-friendly apartment for *V.F.*'s inspection.

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ELECTRONICS

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Answering machine AT&T
Computer TWO APPLE POWERBOOKS, THREE APPLE G4S
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Television SHARP FLAT-SCREEN TV
Stereo JVC AND YAMAHA

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BEVERAGES

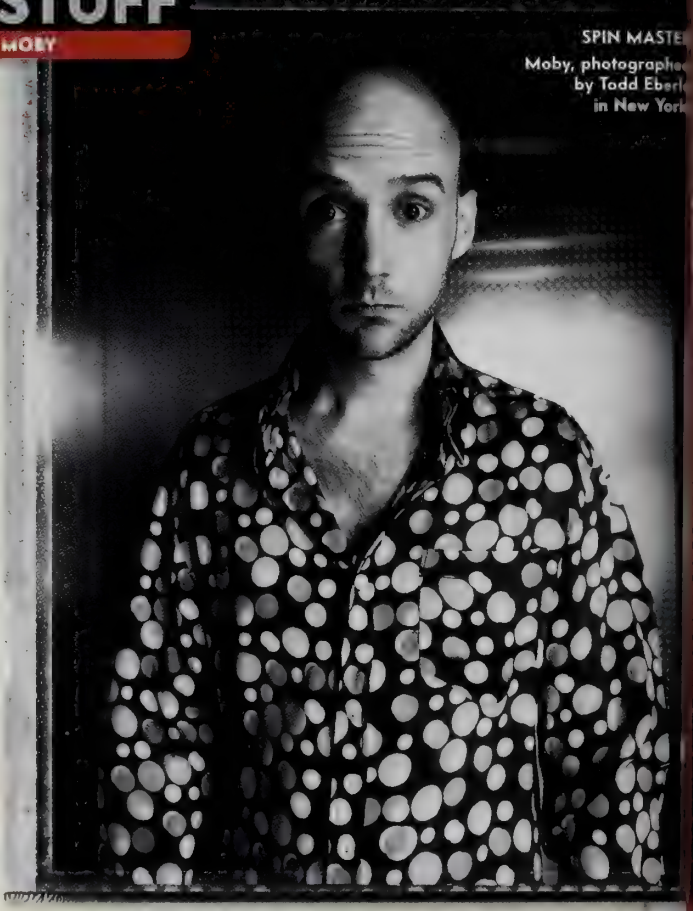
Bottled water CRYSTAL GEYSER
Coffee I'M NOT MUCH OF A COFFEE DRINKER.
Vodka STOLICHNAYA
Beer ANYTHING CHEAP AND DOMESTIC IS O.K. WITH ME.
Other R. W. KNUDSEN'S MEGA ANTIOXIDANT DRINK, NAKED JUICES, AND GREEN TEA

CLOTHES

Jeans DIESEL
Underwear I DON'T WEAR UNDERWEAR.
Sneakers NIKE
Watch I DON'T HAVE ONE.
T-shirt BANANA REPUBLIC OR FRUIT OF THE LOOM
Car I DON'T HAVE A DRIVER'S LICENSE.

AND FINALLY

Coke or Pepsi? MY FRIEND DAMIAN LOVES COKE.
Burger King or McDonald's? HA HA HA. I'VE BEEN A VEGAN FOR 16 YEARS.



SPIN MASTE
Moby, photographe
by Todd Eberl
in New York



HOT LOOKS

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On the Road

THE DONNAS REVEAL ROCKER BEAUTY SECRETS



BELLA DONNAS
Members of the Donnas, from left: Donna C., Donna F., Donna R., and Donna A. at the Viper Room in West Hollywood, California.

With songs about breaking noses and tossing out male group like empty beer cans, the Donnas rock just like the boys, and sweat just like them, too—resulting, unfortunately, in full-on, **Tammy Faye Bakker** Pancake meltdowns. And so, badass as they m be, the girls, whose new album, *Spend the Night,* comes out this month, have developed their own on-the-road beauty regime. Performing unde white-hot lights of clubs across the country, they forgo liquid foundation and instead use MAC Studio Fix powder or Stila face powder. "It's n going to get gross and make you look like a clown later," explains **Donna R.,** the group's guitarist. For the lips, they've discovered sta wonders: Max Factor's Lipfinity and Cover Girl Outlast. For mascar it's either the classic Maybelline Great Lash or waterproof L'Oréal Voluminous, "waterproof" being the key word here, as Donna R. discovered one day when she bought a nonwaterproof mascara before a gig. "I looked like **Alice Cooper** afterwards." And to ta off, only Neutrogena foaming cleanser will do. Donna hair typically smells like a casir at midnight; if it isn't washed daily (Redken All-Soft and Vidal Sassoon Clarifying shampoos are the favor the girls go in search of hard-to-find "hair fresheners." As for their garage-girl wardrobe—the tight jeans, thr miniskirts, and the superbabe halter-tops—these clothes are kept vaulted away, far from human contact, due to t toxic stench. As Donna R. puts it, "They're sort of contaminated."

—EVGENIA PER

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CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

THE BALLAD OF ROUTE 66

Route 66, the highway immortalized by Nat "King" Cole, once spanned the landscape of John Steinbeck and Scott Joplin, of Woody Guthrie and Jack Kerouac. From Chicago to L.A., the author searches for a world that is vanishing as fast as the taillights of his blazing-red Corvette



TAKE THE HIG... THAT IS BEST
A stretch of Ro... outside Barstow, California, 115 ... from Los Angel...

Joseph Heller's masterpiece, originally entitled *Catch-18*, was renamed—or should that be renumbered?—by its editor, Robert Gottlieb. Comes the question. Would the novel have had the same pervading influence under its first digits? I can think of at least some reasons to doubt it. First, certain numbers have hieroglyphic power, and repetition has something to do with this quality. Just take the figure six. Consider the mark of the beast and its three sixes. Then, not every number can be made to rhyme with "kicks." Get your jive on Route 55? Not really. Get to heaven on Route 77? Feel free on Route 33? Too insipid. No hint of sexty-sex . . .

Whereas when Bobby Troup's wife leaned over and whispered in his ear as they were speeding toward California in the heady days of postwar liberty in 1946, murmuring, "Get your kicks on Route 66," he knew at once that he had a song right there. (Bob Dylan had to do "Highway 61" twice, or "revisit" it, and still didn't get the same effect.) Sixty-six is three times Heller's 22. Two sixes is a good throw dice, and always gets a cheer—"Clickety-click, all the sixes, *66* at bingo. Nat "King" Cole took the song off Bobby Troup's ha at once, and he sang the refrain as "Route Six Six" with no d age to the lyric. Since then it's been rerecorded or reworked Dr. Feelgood, Buddy Greco, Depeche Mode, Chuck Berry, E Crosby and the Andrews Sisters, Rosemary Clooney, and Sharks. Mythology says that Jack Kerouac heard the song c

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANNY TURNER

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jukebox in 1947 and decided on the spot to take a westward road trip. I first heard it in the great year of '66 itself, when it was belted out by the Rolling Stones. Here are the words, which have become the song lines of America's western destiny:

If you ever plan to motor west,
travel my way,
Take the highway that is best
Get your kicks on Route 66!
It winds from Chicago to LA,
More than two thousand miles all
the way.
Get your kicks on Route 66!
Now you go through St Looey, Joplin,
Missouri
And Oklahoma City is mighty pretty,
You'll see Amarillo, Gallup, New
Mexico,
Flagstaff, Arizona. Don't forget
Winona,
Kingman, Barstow, San Bernardino.
Won't you get hip to this timely tip:
When you make that California trip,
Get your kicks on Route 66!

When I first bounced to Mick Jagger doing this, I initially heard the fifth line to say, "Forty-two thousand miles all the way," and thought, Jesus, the United States is *big*. And when I lowered myself behind the wheel of a blazing-red Corvette in Chicago in August and pointed myself at the Pacific, the country ahead didn't seem too small, either. From Grant Park on the shore of Lake Michigan—scene of riots at the 1968 Democratic convention—over to the junction of Santa Monica and Ocean.

Just to answer any questions you might have before I roar away: much local politics is highway politics. After the passage of the Federal Highway Act in 1921, which mandated interstate roads, it was determined that east-west highways would have even numerals, and north-south highways would have odd ones. Roads that cut state lines would be designated by shields, intrastate roads with circular signs. Major highways would carry numbers ending in zero. The Chicago–Los Angeles one was to be called Route 60. Or so the Illinois and Missouri authorities decided. But 60 meant so much to the state officials of Kentucky and Virginia that they were prepared to fight over it. The number 66 was still free when the Illinois, Missouri, and now Oklahoma bureaucrats caved in. So the famous "66" shield was born, and in 1926 marked 800 miles of paved road. It took until 1937 to pave the remaining 1,648 miles of gravel, dirt, and asphalt. In 1977 the route was decommissioned and replaced with a new interstate, which, as if in numerical mimicry of the year '77 and the number 66, leaves Chicago as Interstate 55, becoming 44 in Missouri before evolving into a banal 40 and an indifferent 15 before hitting L.A., where it peters out in Interstate 10 to the Pacific.

Yet the attachment to the music and mythology of the old road was and is very great, and for long and short and very broken-up stretches you can still leave the main "drag" of interstate-land, with its homogenized gas stations and chain restaurants and



HIP TO THIS TIMELY TIP Original sheet music to "Route 66" with the "King" Cole Trio on the cover, 1946; inset, the song's writer, Bobby Troup, late 1950s.



franchise motels, and take a spin into a time warp or a parallel universe, where you might have swerved suddenly into *The Last Picture Show* or *Bonnie and Clyde*, or even *The Twilight Zone*. It's all going, and going fast, but then, in my Corvette, so could I.

Perhaps, here, a word about the car. There was a TV series in the early 1960s called *Route 66*, where a couple of lads played by George Maharis and Martin Milner acted as knights of the road on a generic highway, backed by a theme tune from Nelson Riddle and employing a Corvette as a talisman and prop. The ladies among you will not (I hope and trust) be familiar with the sensation of strapping o a huge and empurpled projectile protube ance at about the midsection. But any ma who has sat in the driver's seat of a fier red Corvette and seen the sweeping an rising hood twanging away in front of hi may, as he looks along the barrel, want t make a wild surmise. The song by the arti who was then known as Prince, "Little Re Corvette," just doesn't cover it. Stephe King's mad-car-disease novel, *Christine*, based on the huge number songs from the 50s and 60s th personalized automobiles by givi them names, invariably female. M Corvette was too slim and gracef to be a boy, but it wasn't exactly chick either. I soon got bored wi forcing Winnebag and U-Hauls to di on my dust, and b gan to humble ev faster machines, i cluding that of an linois state troop who was fortunate engaged with someone else. The shi mer of Lake Shore Drive and the grin of Al Capone's Cicero fell away b hind, and I was even thinking irrespo sibly of giving downstate Illinois a m until conscience pricked me to vi Springfield, home and resting-place Abraham Lincoln.

At once I fell victim to three of t many banes that afflict the modern ro warrior in America. Towns that ha

Nat "King" Cole sang the refrain as "Route Six Six" wi no damage to the lyric.

multiple exits don't tell you which exit v take you to, say, where you want to There is never anybody on the sidewalk ask. People in cars, if you can catch th as every red light suddenly goes gre usually aren't from here. And when you find a local, he or she doesn't know way. It was a Hooters bar that fina helped me to get a fix on Honest Abe; waitress knew several of the key sites a scrawled them daintily on a napkin a gave me a terrific quesadilla into the b gain. Thus I discovered, following the brown "66" shields through a shaded p of downtown, that Lincoln may have b reared in a log cabin but it wasn't in Spri field. I also came to the painful realizat that was to recur to me times without nu ber. A shiny red Corvette can be a b magnet, all right. When parked, it drew



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my side many garage mechanics and hotel doormen and learned young black men and polite old roadside coots who would inquire after the finer points and details. When in motion it would summon cops from deserted streets and vacant landscapes. But it appeared to leave the female sex quite unmoved. Could it be a fault in the design? Perhaps the silhouette? I began to brood, and in fine brooding country.

Southern Illinois is flat. There is the punctuation of grain silos and elevators (and the elevators now have their own museum, just like every other "66" feature and artifact). This is "the prairie state" and signs along the road announce the restoration of prairie grass, to forestall complaints about unmown roadsides. Some of the 66 byways are explorable, but they are flat, also, and their surfaces are often too rugged for a low-to-the-ground beauty such as I am driving. Then, to the right, there's a sudden sign for the MOTHER JONES MEMORIAL, and I swing to it on impulse as the sky makes a long and leisurely turn from robin's-egg blue to glaring red. Here, just outside the little town of Mount Olive, is the incongruous sight of a cemetery devoted entirely to the union martyrs of the coal industry. And Mary "Mother" Jones, queen of the labor hell-raisers, has her shrine in its precincts. She was born on May 1, 1830, before there even was a May Day, and lived to be a hundred. This region, now so rural in appearance, was once a heartland of King Coal and the proving ground for the great John L. Lewis and his United Mine Workers. The rows—better say the ranks and files—of tombstones almost all bear German and Hungarian and Croatian names, and the dates of half-forgotten massacres on bloody picket lines. It was the coming of the highways that helped break the railroad monopolies in this and other states: another way in which the open road is associated with liberation. I bowed my head at the gate, where it said, THE RESTING PLACE FOR GOOD UNION PEOPLE, and was given a honk and a wave and many high signs by a carload of (entirely) boys as I drove away. Perhaps not many Corvettes are seen making this particular stop. At this stage, I reflected irrelevantly, I was about seven hours from Tulsa.

I crossed the big Mississippi into St. Louis—forever to be mispronounced as a result of Bobby Troup's lyric—as the darkness thickened and the lights picked out the huge arch, gateway to the West, that when finished in 1965 presumably did not make every tourist think consciously or unconsciously of McDonald's and wonder where the twin arch had gone. St. Louis is the city of Charles Lindbergh, pioneer of the aviation industry, which was to supplant both rail and road. It used to be the hub of Trans World Airlines, now deceased, and the TWA symbol was being replaced with the logo of a brokerage on the stadium where the Rams play. ("Flying across the desert on a TWA," as Buddy Holly sang in "Brown-Eyed Handsome Man," "saw a woman walking 'cross the sand." Who will get that line a decade from now?) This is an odd combination of frontier town and respectable town: the birthplace of T. S. Eliot and of Martha Gellhorn, the first of whom fled it because it was too provincial and uncouth and the second because it was too straitlaced. In the heart of music history it occupies a soft spot, as the birthplace of Chuck Berry, the home of the Scott Joplin museum, and the home, if not the native one, of Miles Davis and Tina Turner.

The most striking thing to me, however, was the constant reminder of Middle America's German past. It's not just the prevalence of the Anheuser-Busch and Budweiser ambience. There was a big *Strassenfest* or street fair, in progress, and in Memorial Park were playing the Dingolfingen Stadtmusikanten Brass Band, Die Spitzbaum and the Waterloo German Band. Some 5 million Americans tell the census that they are of German origin, even more than speak English, and you would never really notice this, perhaps the most effective assimilation in history, any more than you "notice" that the minority leader in the House and the majority leader in the Senate are named Gephardt and Daschle.

In the morning, on an open-air platform of the St. Louis transit system, I fall in conversation with another visitor, named Kevin Honeywood. He wears a nice hat and works for IBM, and he is also looking for a decent place to eat down by the river, so we hunt as a pair. Mr. Honeywood is a boyhood veteran of black South Side Chicago, and as the Big Muddy runs past our equally long and meandering lunch he tells me many things about the old days of "66" as it ran through his neighborhood, things I could never have learned from driving through it. People knew which stretches they were allowed to use along Cicero and Cermak and McCormick, but July 4 they liked to block a section of Cottage Avenue for drag racing. Driving is much easier now for black folks; the rhythm of the road starts to hit me more and more as a variation of upbeat and downbeat, as well as a rapid fluctuation of American geography and history.

In the evening I pay a call on Bluebe Hill, a bar out in the city's "Loo where Chuck Berry still stops in to p one Wednesday each month. There' Hollywood-style "walk of fame" on the joining sidewalk, with stars and short cam biographies for Tina Turner and the oth The joint itself is a bit tame—ID ca mandatory at the door and that sort thing—but it has a terrific jukebox and g playing darts in daring couples and an E Room for events. There's no way to ch out the urban-legend rumor that Ch Berry once had also this ladies' room wi for video. I'm beginning to weary of h burgers already, but the signature vers here is highly toothsome and comes wit



TRAVEL MY WAY Actors Martin Milner and George Maharis, stars of the popular early-60s TV show *Route 66*.

Mythology says that Jack Kerouac heard "Route 66" on a jukebox in 1947 and decided on the spot to take a westward road trip.



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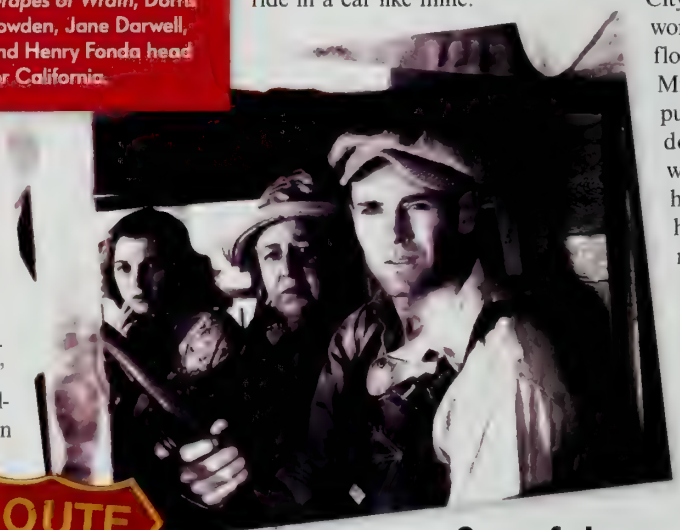
Drive=Love

cheese peculiar to St. Louis which I failed to write down but mean to check out. Still, the evening needs a round-off and so I favor BB's Jazz, Blues, and Soups, nearer the river, with a drop-by. A convincing rainbow-coalition band with a very strong sax is doing its stuff, and the tourist hour seems to have safely passed, until a terrifying skull-faced blonde detaches herself from a gaggle and whacks me in the features with a star wand. "How ya doin'?" I always think, What kind of a question is that?, and I always reply, "A bit early to tell." She gives me another smack with the wand and holds it up so I can see the number "50" emblazoned at the center. "It's mah *birthday!*" Christ. Does she know about the Corvette?

The next morning I roared past the Mississippi, scattering lesser cars like chickens, and nod to the Gateway Arch while noticing for the first time that gateway is an anagram of "getaway." Then it's down through Missouri and toward the Ozarks. Long ago, when there was an Ozark Airlines, I noticed at airports that that name was "krazo" spelled backassward. The hillbillies have taken enough sneers in their time, and you can tell they don't care, because the landscape is clichéd with revival chapels of obscure denominations, gun shops and gun shows, and liquor stores that say "whisky" or "whiskey" and mean bourbon. This is John Ashcroft country, or was until he lost the Senate race to a deceased person. On the radio, people who are very obviously products of evolution quarrel at the top of their leathery lungs with the verdict. My radio can't shake them for miles, but eventually finds a station that plays Chuck Berry singing the first of his songs that I remember—"No Particular Place to Go." This man's music, remember, is on the twin Voyager space probes, in case there is intelligent life anywhere else.

There are shimmering lakes and grand old steel and iron bridges on the side roads, and the wooded hills make it easy to amble, but I'm sorry I did because by the time I got to Springfield, Missouri, at evening the whole place was shut. It was a Sunday, and most restaurants just don't bother. I finally ran down a steak house, where the automatic raunchiness of the barmaids and waitresses, as they lobbed backchat with the guys, was some consolation for the surrounding Sabbath gloom. Only some consolation, though, because it put me in mind of John Steinbeck's line in *The Grapes of Wrath* about "the smart listless language of the roadsides." Reduced to the TV in my motel, I lucked into a rerun of *Thelma & Louise,* which, while it may not be the best buddy and road movie in history, surely features the best blue jeans. Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis pick up Brad Pitt on the way to Oklahoma City, which I was hoping to hit myself by the next nightfall. Among the soundtrack songs are "Badlands" and "Ballad of Lucy Jordan," which showcases Marianne Faithfull's 19th nervous comeback and tells of a girl who never had a ride in a car like mine.

PLAN TO MOTOR WEST
In the 1940 movie *The Grapes of Wrath,* Dorris Bowden, Jane Darwell, and Henry Fonda head for California.



The name Joplin seems to necessitate a stop, like the Bobby Troup line says, and on the way there's a good side stretch of the old Route. On its two-lane pavement, the mirages seem shinier and deeper, and there isn't the eternal nuisance of great swatches of black tire tread, or tire shed, flapping like crows or writhing like snakes under your wheels. For miles I saw no cars in either direction. The town of Albatross was to all outward appearances fast asleep. In Avilla, almost nothing broke the stillness. I tried Bernie's Route 66 bar, with its shanty look and old Pabst Blue Ribbon symbol, but a rail-thin man wearing only jeans and a cowboy hat (and guarding a sign on the fridge that read, FREE BEER TOMORROW) told me they didn't open until late. Following a road of unattended lawn and garage sales, I came to the comparative metropolis of Carthage, where in a slumberous old square there is a marker claiming the town as the site of the first major land battle of the Civil War. On July 5, 1861, it seems, local gallantry fought off "federal dominance" of Missouri in a series of what the polished granite calls "running engagments" (*sic*). That was enough to mus upon until I hit Joplin, which is a wilde ness of strip malls and traffic stoplight "Anything to see or do round here?," asked the young man in the music stor determined as I was to purchase some i dependence from the radio stations. "Jack he replied briefly, knowing from my cred card that this was not my name. Sad t think so of a town that has the sam name as Scott and indeed Janis.

There are about a dozen miles of Ka sas on Route 66, and if you blink, the well, you aren't in Kansas anymore. few of those burgs where, when the win drops, all the chickens fall over. Kans City, home of those "hungry litt women," is back in Missouri. Be floor it and get to Oklahoma. Missouri, a distinctive feature is th pull-over pay phone that has bee downsized to allow you to ca while sitting in your car. In Okl homa, the keynote is roadside e hortation. Not only is Oklahom ready to proclaim itself "Nati America," but it is also "Cher kee Nation." Regular signs i struct you to KEEP OUR LAN GRAND. It's the boostering a the upbeat that force the dow beat into mind, and not ju because of the luckless Che kee and their "trail of tear

One of the many breezy names for Route 66 is "the mother roa

One of the many breezy names for Rou 66 is "the mother road," but this phra was first deployed by Steinbeck (whose c tennial is this year) in the following treme dous passage from *The Grapes of Wrath:*

Highway 66 is the main migrant road. 6 the long concrete path across the count waving gently up and down on the m from Mississippi to Bakersfield—over the lands and the gray lands, twisting up i the mountains, crossing the Divide and do into the bright and terrible desert, a across the desert to the mountains aga and into the rich California valleys.

Sixty-six is the path of a people flight, refugees from dust and shrink land, from the thunder of tractors a shrinking ownership, from the desert's sl northward invasion, from the twisti winds that howl up out of Texas, from floods that bring no richness to the la and steal what little richness is there. Fr all of these the people are in flight, a they come into 66 from the tributary s roads, from the wagon tracks and the

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ted country roads. Sixty-six is the mother road, *the road of flight.* [My italics.]

The title of his 1939 classic—and just try imagining *that* novel under a different name—comes from the nation's best-loved Civil War anthem. (It was Steinbeck's wife Carol who came up with the refulgent idea.) When first published it carried both the verses of Julia Ward Howe *and* the sheet music on the endpapers in order to fend off accusations of unpatriotic Marxism. But really it succeeded because it contrived to pick up the strain of what Wordsworth called "the still, sad music of humanity." Another subversive, Woody Guthrie, effectively set the novel to music with *Dust Bowl Ballads:* combine these with the photographs of Dorothea Lange and you have a historic triptych. A song of Guthrie's—"The Will Rogers Highway," another folksy name for 66—manages to rhyme Los Angeles with both "Cherokees" and "refugees." (Guthrie sounds a bit folksy, too, when you replay him today. But without Woody, never forget, we would have no Bob Dylan and perhaps no Bruce Springsteen.) I remind myself again that this superficially cheery and touristic route was a road of heartbreak for hundreds of thousands of the poor white underclass, who were despised foreigners in their own country.

But black Oklahoma was visited by tribulation far worse and somewhat earlier. (You can revisit part of it in Toni Morrison's Oklahoma novel, *Paradise,* which is the perfect antidote to Rodgers and Hammerstein.) In Tulsa, I made a stop to see the Greenwood memorial, which ought to be better known than it is. The Greenwood quarter of town included in 1921 a thriving business district, known as "the Negro Wall Street." On June 1, 1921, it was torched from end to end in a vicious and jealous pogrom, which burned out most of 35 city blocks, incinerating more than 1,200 homes and businesses as well as at least a half-dozen churches. The forces of law and order either pitched in or stood aside while as many as 300 citizens were murdered (and planned exhumations may raise that figure). Planes from neighboring airstrips reportedly even dropped explosives into the conflagration. As a symptom of bad conscience, part of the front page of the *Tulsa Tribune* and part of the editorial page were later ripped from the files, and it took a long while before acknowledgment was made, let alone reparations.

It's not an easy part of town to find, and I felt awkward asking directions, but a white receptionist in a motel near the Broken Arrow exit went out of her way to give me slightly too much guidance (and a clip from the local press about the monument), and when I got lost again I was told "follow me and I'll take you there" by a white female motorist. The neighborhood is still surrounded by vacant lots, and somebody has smashed one panel of the memorial, but as I pulled away, Tulsa's nearby Art Deco district seemed friendlier, and I even managed a bleak smile at the signposts to Oral Roberts University, former employer of Anita Hill.



NOW YOU GO THROUGH ST. LOOEY, JOPLIN, MISSOURI
Vintage Route 66 postcards from 1942 (top) and 1964.

The name Joplin seems to necessitate a stop, and on the way there's a good side stretch of the old Route.

Oklahoma City, miles on through more red-soil country, is not so pretty. (Oh, the sacrifices that songwriters will make for a rhyme.) And some of its inhabitants are a tad bored by its piety. In the joint that I find as evening descends, the bony young barman tells me that locals head for Texas for three things (it's always three things): "Booze, porn, and tattoos." His plump gay colleague, when I ask if there is anything else to look forward to on the road, exhales histrionically and breath the magic name "*California* . . . " The th one is an ex-soldier who gives directio by reference to army and air-force base and I notice again how much Route 66 h evolved according to military imperativ It was pulled out of the Depression by t huge traffic of armaments and trainees b tween the coasts after 1941—*Oklahoma!* self was the big musical Broadway hit the wartime years—then hymned after 19 by ex-G.I.'s spreading their wings, a finally doomed by President Eisenhow whose Cold War push f an interstate system h been influenced by the i posing straights and curv of the German autobah

A resentful ex-soldi indeed, was the prompti for my pilgrimage the f lowing morning. On the ruins of the A fred P. Murrah Federal Building in Ok homa City is another shrine to the murd of Americans by Americans. A reflecti pool borders a garden with the same nu ber of upright symbols as there we victims of Timothy McVeig From a distance these sy bols could be anything, b on close inspection they pro to be statuary chairs: ro and rows of stone-and-bron chairs with straight bac to represent the bureaucr ic pursuits of the innoce dead. There are 168 them; 19 are slightly s puttingly half-size to ma the murder of the childr at the day-care center and elsewhe The figures 9.01 and 9.03, which conf ingly could be dates, are incised in sto to indicate the unforgiving minute tha took for the huge building to slide cha cally into the street. A new whitish c crete statue of Jesus stands with its ba to the scene. It's all slightly bland, and inscription puts the blame on generic ' olence" rather than native American F cism. When this memorial was unveil the United States wasn't yet a country t honored the frontline nature of office wo It's clearly a style of commemoration which we are fated to improve, as the ward curve steepens.

Caring little for booze, porn, or tatto I noticed as I dressed to leave Oklaho City that my white socks, washed toget with my red ones, had produced a furt but somehow flagrant pink. Secure in own masculinity, and bodyguarded by sleek Corvette, I decided to make noth of it and turned the proud prow of car toward Texas, the resulting unit c potent and seamless weld of man and r

Turning heads day and night





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When day turns to night, [illegible] woman turns her Reverso Duetto's case, to conceal its daytime grace, and reveal its sparkling evening beauty. It is a magical moment that others love to share. The Reverso has always turned heads, and never more beautifully than now.

ALVIN GOLDFARB

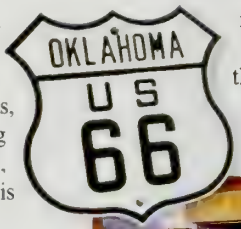
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chine. I stopped on 66 at the town of Clinton, which has the best of the "66" museums, featuring an antique T-Bird and an overloaded Okie truck, and paid a call on the Tradewinds Motor Hotel, now a Best Western, where Elvis Presley used to stop over and sleep on his way to and from Las Vegas. Room 215 is the one his manager always reserved, and the lady at reception, responsive to the name of *Vanity Fair* as well as to my own charisma ("Seen ya on that Fox tee-vee"), gave me and my pink socks a key. The same love seat is still there, with added photographs but—I thought—a bathroom too small for the King's heartbreaking needs. He never showed his face in the daytime, but was once spotted by a room-service maid who went on a Paul Revere ride to alert the whole town. After that, he signed a few autographs, checked out, and, according to at least some accounts, has never been seen in this area again.



To rejoin the main drag, one takes old 66 through Erick, a dying dump which used to be home to Roger Miller. I tipped my hat to the singer of "King of the Road," which I consider the best bum-and-hobo ditty since "Big Rock Candy Mountain," and passed on. As I thundered past Elk City, I was listening to Elton John—who, oddly, seemed to be imploring someone, "Don't let your son go down on me"—when I heard and felt an impressive *whomp* somewhere in the rear. The thoroughbred car seemed to shake it off with abandon until, a mile or so later, it nearly threw me by wrenching the steering wheel from my grasp and lurching like a stallion on amyl nitrite. Managing to gain the roadside, I was informed by the screen on the dashboard that the left rear tire had blown and I had experienced "reduced handling." The Corvette has tires which can drive flat for a while, so I limped on, man and machine a single, soggy weld of sagging flesh and soft rubber. Finding a turnoff, I entered the other, parallel world of those who live by vehicular misfortune. Larry's Transmission Shop was mercifully near the exit, and there I whimpered in, with the car (which is able to get in touch with its feminine side) looking suddenly like a brilliantly colored but wounded bird. Larry and Charolett Posey succored me, let me use their phone and their front parlor, refused all money, and summoned another Larry. Indeed, they activated a network—a whole underground railroad—of Larrys. A guy came swiftly with his truck, looked at the tire, briefly pronounced, "She's history," and gave me a ride, with the round and ruined object, back into Elk City. Here, at Larry Belcher's truck and tire center, I was allowed to hang out while strong men frowned at the rare catch. There were no 18-inch tires to be had anywhere in Elk City, and the Larrys built me a patch which they wouldn't guarantee would last as far as Amarillo, 140 miles over the horizon. It was, one of the men said, the worst puncture he had seen since he left his army unit in Korea 12 years ago. The damn hole looked as if it had been made by a bullet. (His National Guard unit was being recalled to the colors, and he wasn't that thrilled about it.) It was perhaps at this point, in a world of gruff and tough men who do nothing all day but wrestle with grease and machinery, that it occurred to me that my pink socks were a mistake. Arguably a big mistake. I think I may have sounded unconvincing and even a bit fluting as I bid farewell and decided not to miss my one chance of saying "Is This the Way to Amarillo?" Tony Christie's simpering 70s hit (he dared to rhyme "pillow" with "willow" while crooning and weeping) plainly hadn't registered with my rescuers, and so I drove on with a fragile tire: man and machine now an uneasy meld of psychological and mechanical anxiety.

You can still leave the main "drag" and take a spin into a tim warp or parallel universe.



OKLAHOMA CITY IS MIGHTY PRETTY Room 215—where Elvis slept—at the Best Western motel in Clinton, Oklahoma.

However, I had promised myself to risk the byway that reaches the ghost town of Texola, and there was still enough daylight to chance it like a real man. In this part of southwestern Oklahoma, past the rock cuts and bridge spans of the undulant Ozarks, the horizons recede to the utmost, and the red soil shows itself only when there are roadworks. The land flattens out toward the Texas Panhandle, and there Texola lies, desolate down a deser ed track. Its position right at the borde has meant that it's also been named Te okla and Texoma in its day, before a pr war vote settled the matter. But the 100t meridian has been surveyed seven time so that the locals had at various period lived in both Texas and Oklahoma wit out knowing it, or at any rate without ha ing to move, or care. The point is moo now, because Texola is dead, its barn and shacks boarded up and occasionall adorned with a NO TRESPASSING sign. Th is one of the stretches where 66 is sti made up of the original white portlan cement concrete squares, which are quai enough but too quaint for bulging and patched tire, l alone a bulging and patch driver. I tooled slowly back the modern world and wh pered softly to the Corvette the way to Amarillo, whic with Larry's fine work v reached without incident. C the way, outside the town Groom, was advertised t largest cross in North Americ forcing itself on ever body for miles aroun but I deliberately stopp whispering at that poi in case anyone thoug I was beseeching n just one inanimate obj but two.

Why a town should be named "Y low" I don't know, unless it's af the famous rose of Texas or so long-demolished adobe, but the tones Amarillo are identical to those of any o er town. At this point the society and t landscape begin to vary a bit: you s more horses than cattle—and some no palominos at that—and begin to hear Sp ish on the streets and on the radio, an was asked to check my unlicensed gun the door of a restaurant. (I wasn't packi one, so I disobeyed.) But Texas still was as different as it likes to think. You hea lot about the standardization of Ameri the sameness and the drabness of the bra names and the roadside clutter, but y have to be exposed to thousands of miles it to see how obliterating the process r ly is. The food! The coffee! The news


NOTHING ELSE WORKS LIKE LASZLO WORKS
NOTHING ELSE LOOKS LIKE LASZLO SKIN
LOOK LASZLO
ERNO LASZLO
S FIFTH AVENUE BERGDORF GOODMAN NORDSTROM HARRODS NEIMAN MARCUS HOLT RENFREW

pers! The radio! These would all disgrace a mediocre one-party state, or a much less prosperous country. Even if you carry Jane and Michael Stern's *Roadfood* guide, you can't always time your stops to it, and if you can't, why, you are at the mercy of the plastic industry and its tasteless junk. The coffee is a mystery as well as an insult: how can it be at once so bitter and so weak? (In "Talking Dust Bowl Blues," Woody Guthrie sings of a stew so thin that you could read a magazine through it; today's percolators contain the ditchwater equivalent. It tastes as if it were sucked up through a thin and soured tube from a central underground lake of stagnant bile.) And talking of reading, what can one say about the local press? It looks like indifferently recycled agency copy from the day before yesterday, relentlessly trivial and illiterate. Happening upon a stray copy of *USA Today* seems like finding Proust in your nightstand drawer instead of a Gideons Bible. And as for the radio—it was a dismal day when the Federal Communications Commission parceled out the airwaves to a rat pack of indistinguishable cheapskates, whose "product" is disseminated with only the tiniest regional variations.

I hear the first curtain-raising show about the 25th anniversary of Elvis's death as I enter Amarillo, and something in me causes me to lift the phone and send some flowers to my rescuers, Larry and Charolett, back in Elk City. A posy for Ms. Posey. I make it anonymous, except for "the guy in the Corvette." No doubt this will resolve any remaining doubt in her mind about having aided a limp-wristed Brit, but so much the better for the next straggler on that road.

This is John Ashcroft country, or was until he lost the Senate race to a deceased person.

The great Dr. Samuel Johnson had his answer ready when he was asked whether it was worth visiting some piece of scenery. "Worth seeing," he replied, "but not worth going to see." One has to make this snap decision often along Route 66. The Meramec Caverns, supposedly a hideout of Jesse James's and perhaps the site where the first bumper sticker was handed out? No. The Cadillac Ranch outside Amarillo? Yes, all right. In the dirt on the western edge of town 10 Caddies, ranging in model from a 1948 Club Coupe to a 1963 Sedan DeVille, have been driven into the ground at what local freaks say is the same angle as the Great Pyramid of Cheops. First rammed home in 1974 by Stanley Marsh, the cars were moved away from the city in 1997 as the sprawl increased, and are now right next to a handy snake farm.

As I trudge across the field toward the half-buried vehicles I am treading where Bruce Springsteen once trod. He later wrote "Cadillac Ranch":

James Dean in that Mercury '49
Junior Johnson running through the woods of Caroline
Even Burt Reynolds in that black Trans Am
All gonna meet down on the Cadillac Ranch.

Sounds improbable. Spray paint—the very essence of Pop art—had been layered thickly over the exhibits, giving them the look of New York subway cars in pre-Giuliani days. Nobody had written a single thing of interest. I was at first their only visitor, but as I traipsed back across the field I met a man wearing a CHICAGO LAW ENFORCEMENT jacket who said brightly, "Definitely not something you see every day!" No, sir, but if I did see it every day I'd very soon stop noticing it. Nothing goes out of date faster than the ultra-modernistic. Exiting, I see a sign that reads: BATES MOTEL. SHOWERS IN ALL ROOMS. TAXIDERMY. KNIVES SHARPENED. Like a sap, I follow the arrows until I hit a dead end. American kitsch combined with a cheesy false alarm.

Trying to shake a bad mood, I meander over to the ghost town that marks the other frontier of the Texas Panhandle. Here is Glenrio, killed off by the opening of the interstate. Old 66, a pavement which is punctuated in town by a vestigial slab divider, simply peters out into red dirt and potholes. A cemetery for wrecked cars makes a nice counterpoint to a wooden water tower leaning at a drunken angle, downstreet from a wrecked coffee shop. This used to be the site of the celebrated "First and Last Motel in Texas," and some shards of the old sign can still be seen on the abandoned skeleton of the building, which is a dried-out mausoleum preserving the faint redolence of countless cross-border fornications. For additional Larry McMurtry–like eeriness, the spot is so negligible and dilapidated and done-in that my radio "seeker" can't pick up a signal in any direction. A deep calm descends upon me at this discovery, and I just sit listening to the insects until a nearby do gets up the courage to break the silenc If I roused myself from the enveloping to por and threw him a stick, it would fa into the next-door state.

This is the New Mexico border, whic jauntily announces that I'm now on Mou tain time and, as if to press home th point, gradually discloses a handsome mes hoving into view on my left. At last, som landscape after the flatlands. The mes also signals the old town of Tucumcar which is a place of motels, a strip of motel a grid of motels, a theme town of motel

You could stay in a motel while yo looked for a motel roon A motel owners' conve tion would be a distinct po sibility. Queen of the flop is the Blue Swallow Mote which preserves the old an charming and discreet ide of an individual attache garage, placed like a pigeo hole next to each room. Th buildings are pink. The ga age doors are blue. Down t the wrong side of the railway tracks, I che up further by engulfing two bowls of chea but gorgeous chili at Lena's Cafe, whe Spanish is the tongue and where a flyswa ter is placed wordlessly next to my plate. am politely asked twice, "Are you sure' The first time is when I ask for a secor bowl. The second time is when I leave $3 tip on an $8 check. A large color post of Jesus Christ is on the outside of th men's-room door: somehow it's a differe Jesus from the one featured in the Prote tant highlands and lowlands a few hu dred miles back.

The road through Albuquerque mimi an 1849 gold-rush trail, cut in a hur for those seeking to reach the Califo nia diggings from Arkansas and oth Dixie territories. Extreme modernity i poses itself at the Kirtland Air Force Bas on the fringe of town, which houses th National Atomic Museum, the natio principal destination for those who li collectible cards of weapons of mass c struction. I always strive to avoid writi about the "land of contrasts" when I trav but here in the most ancient settled pa of America—there is an Indian pueblo Acoma which archaeologists theorize h been continuously inhabited since abo A.D. 1150—the nuclear state was born, a its weaponry first designed and teste Every effort has been made to leach bo of these historic dramas out of the roa side scene: the wigwam-shaped tourist sto and gas stations are parodic and chir and the main reminders of the milita industrial world are the long, anonymo



She's a fan.

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trainloads over to the right, which according to local opinion are rumbling across their high desert from the huge bases in California. The motels and shops prefer to present this as a relic of the old Santa Fe Railroad days, when trains had cowcatchers on the front rather than suspicious materials in the boxcars. There's an extremely short strip of old 66 around here, perhaps the shortest of all, that preserves the old steel bridge across the Rio Puerco. The Puerco is a dry gulch, or is at this time of year.

A big rampart of red rock starts to dominate the same right-hand view, and also begins to look familiar, which, I suddenly realize, it would to anybody who had viewed an old Western movie. (You've seen it, probably just as a bristling rank of filmic feathered warriors appears at the summit.) This ridge also marks the Continental Divide, where rainfall—everything hereabouts is decided by water—makes its decision about whether to flow east or west. The elevation approaches 7,000 feet and the wind can be fierce. As I get near to Gallup, a sign on a bridge advises me that GUSTY WINDS MAY EXIST—a fascinating ontological proposition. Here, between the Navajo and Zuni lands, is the town that has some claim to be the capital of Native America. But it too is utterly buried in an avalanche of kitsch, with more bogus beads and belts and boots on sale than you can shake a lance at. I find that "folkloric" displays of the defeated and subjugated have a marked tendency to induce diarrhea at the best of times, but there is something especially degrading and depressing in the manner of all this: I prefer the United States of America to the idea of Bronze Age tribalism, yet surely a decent silence could be observed somewhere, instead of this incessant, raucous, but sentimental battering of the cash register. On many stretches of road, you can barely see the primeval hills for billboards and pseudo-tepees. The El Rancho Hotel in Gallup is actually one of the more restrained evocations of the old-ish days, with only a thin veneer of neon surmounting its basic structure of wooden fittings and weathered exterior. However, this is more like an outpost of old Hollywood, where the stars of those movies filmed in and around nearby Red Rock State Park could get a decent meal and some comfort. The brochure is the only one I've ever seen that claims both Ronald Reagan and his first wife, Jane Wyman, as guests (it doesn't state whether together or separately), and every room is "starred" with Alan Ladd, Paulette Goddard, and so forth. I'm billeted in the one named for Carl Kempton, whoever he was, right next door to Rita Hayworth. California, which has seemed so far away for so long, suddenly begins to feel attainable. The annual Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial, which sounds like the corporate or casino or cable version of a clan gathering, was soon to get under way in the town. One might have expected this to be an occasion for even more cashing in, but all I can tell you is that in Gallup, with its hard and acquisitive glitter and its resolute face to the future, I met with many trivial moments of hostility. Roadside America is always polite, even when the politeness is synthetic, and almost always friendly. But here—and I don't think it was the car—it was the monosyllable and the averted glance, even when I was only asking directions. I couldn't tell whether I was running into a superiority complex, or an inferiority one, but I was glad of a thick skin. I wasn't going to buy anything anyway.



YOU'LL SEE AMARILLO, GALLUP, NEW MEXICO
A vintage postcard from 1958.

The town of Clinton has the best of the "66" museums, featuring an antique T-Bird and an overloaded Okie truck.

Bleakness stayed with me until I traversed the Arizona border and turned off, near the absurdly named "Meteor City," to view this continent's most astonishing crater. Here, some 50,000 years ago, a huge piece of iron-and-nickel asteroid slammed into the desert with enough force to transform graphite into diamond. It displaced 175 million tons of limestone and sandstone, and left a beautifully rounded hole, 570 feet deep and 2.4 miles in circumference. We have a silly way of trying to make human scale out of these majesti things, so, O.K., if it were a football stad um, I am informed by the "Meteor Crat Enterprises Inc." brochure, it would se two million spectators for 20 simultaneou games, and include the Washington Mo ument as a flagpole in the center. I sa clustered around the telescopes on the rin the largest concentration of that speci tourist species—those who wear shorts an shouldn't—that I have ever witnessed ou side Disneyland. The swaying, pachyde matous haunches of my fellow creatur seemed bizarrely transient and vulnerab in the context. Perhaps in reaction, I foun it impossible to stand on the edge witho looking up rather than down—though dow is very impressive—and trying to pictu what the last seconds before impact coul conceivably have been like. It doesn't tak long to give up on the endeavor: try ima ining the apocalypse. NASA trained in th crater for a lunar dress rehearsa And the moon itself was prob bly the result of a much mo dynamic collision with our pla et. The whole solar system is th outcome of similar smashes, probably was the extirpation of th dinosaurs, whose jokey features a much exhibited locally to captu the kiddie market. It all bears o what I've always said, which is th there can be no progress witho head-on confrontation. However, impact site of this magnitude lends bit of perspective. Large meteorit or asteroids get through the atmosphe of Earth about every 6,000 years or without burning up, so we are about d for another smack. Go and see Arizo while you can.

On the road into Flagstaff the Corvet gives a slight whinny as it senses a riv Off to the left is what looks like an o Rolls-Royce, parked outside yet anoth wigwam-shaped souvenir store. On inspe tion, it proves to be a beautiful Aust Princess, still with its English license plat standing aloof in the broiling sun. I quiries within disclose that it's the prop ty of the store owner, who proudly reve that he bought it out of a garage in nea by Winslow, where it had been sitting u driven for years. He has no idea how su a vintage masterpiece, with its original I came to be hiding in the Arizona dese Giving Flagstaff a bit of a miss—too m ropolitan for my needs—I venture dow the hairpin forest road to Sedona, whi offers me the most slender and cathedr like mesa columns as they are noosed the rays of evening sun. Sedona has becor the Aspen of the area, with resort hot and golf courses and fancy restaurants phony Spanish courtyards, but the air a

to me Harry Winston...



Bold chronographs from the Premier Collection.
Left to right: diamond bezel and subdials with an 18K white gold and rubber bracelet $49,300,
diamond subdials with an 18K white gold and rubber bracelet $23,200, diamond bezel and subdials $26,600.

HARRY WINSTON

NEW YORK . BEVERLY HILLS . PARIS . GENEVA . TOKYO . OSAKA

light and verdancy are astoundingly refreshing after the high desert.

"Don't forget Winona," urges the song. Winona is put in, I can promise you, only because it rhymes with Arizona. But then, so does Sedona, and you can really find Sedona, whereas you drive straight through Winona without noticing it, and can't even identify it when you turn back. It's become a Flagstaff sub-burg, another featureless location. But the old 66 between Flagstaff and Kingman is one of the best and easiest stretches of the remaining pavement, and it's deliciously quiet and still and untraveled. On one fence post I see a beautiful motionless bird, which to my trained ornithological eye resembles either a very large hawk or a medium-size eagle. It waits imperturbably for a rodent or other small mammal to break cover and make the crossing. It returns my gaze without flinching. Turning away from feral nature, I find this is the only road on which the tradition of the Burma-Shave ad survives. In the interwar years, the makers of that amazingly successful brushless cream evolved the idea of putting a line from a jingle every half-mile or so, thus forcing motorists and their families to keep pace with the rhyme. So you would see, punctuated at intervals, lines such as "If you / Don't know / Whose signs / These are, / You can't have / Driven very far. *Burma-Shave.*" Or "Shaving brushes / You'll soon see 'em / On the shelf / In some / Museum. *Burma-Shave.*" Old-timer accounts of 66 never fail to cite this nostalgic feature. On the road into Seligman, the tradition has revived in the form of a public-service announcement. Over the course of a couple of miles without another car in view, I learn in sequence that: "Proper distance / To him was bunk / They pulled him out / Of some guy's trunk." Can't be too careful.



Seligman itself is one of the smallest and sweetest stops on the Route, and aptly enough its centerpiece is a one-chair barbershop, owned and operated for decades by Angel Delgadillo, a senior citizen with a huge, toothy smile who founded the original Historic Route 66 Association and probably stopped his hometown from going the way Texola and Glenrio did when the road passed them by. These days it's tourism or death, or both. Angel is cutting chunks from the mane of a Christ-bearded hippie type when I walk in, and has the practiced air of an unofficial mayor and ambassador, with a roomful of visitors, so I amble down to the Black Cat Bar and brown-bag store. Here, the friendly Tim tells me that he was moving his truck and his dogs from New Orleans to Washington State about a year ago when he broke down in Seligman and decided to stay. It's nice for the dogs, you can save money, and people are friendly enough, though in a town of fewer than 1,000 souls you have to watch out for "the Peyton Place side of things. Everything is everybody's business." All the time I am in Seligman, with its Marilyn Monroe posters and old-style gas pumps, there is a train longer than the town standing at the nearby station.

Kingman is the last major stop before the real desert begins, and here too the old Santa Fe system makes its point with a noble steam engine mounted—like a fish out of water? like a train off the rails?—at the edge of a park. There was a random, decent full-service restaurant as well, named Calico's, where a hauntingly beautiful Spanish waitress had a good sense of the times and distances ahead, fueled me with a rich variety of calories for the ordeal to come, and warned me that the California Highway Patrol was a good deal more picky than the New Mexico and Arizona boys. (The speed limit varies from 75 to 65 as you cross state lines: the limit on the old 66 road is a euphonious 55, and the optimum overall is 77 unless you have a Corvette rearing and plunging under you.)

Steinbeck wrote of his desperate Okies as they left behind "the terrible ramparts of Arizona" and attempted to cross the desert at night because of the appalling glare and heat, and I try to make up time across the anvil of pain that stretches before me. A baby twister gets up outside Kingman and struggles to become menacing. But the turnoff sign to "London Bridge" proves too seductive, and I make the detour to Lake Havasu City, which regularly posts some of the highest temperatures in the continental U.S. I remember reading in my boyhood that some idiot had taken down a bridge over the Thames stone by stone and re-erected it in the desert, and here it all is. On the edge of a lake formed by the Colorado River, an artificial stream has been created, and the old gray span of London Bridge, which had survived fog and drizzle and German bombs between 1825 and 1968, is draped across it. This is the grand scheme of Robert P. McCulloch Sr., a chain-saw and oil and real-estate king who bid on the bridge and got it shipped across the At lantic, shrapnel scars and all. Apparently he believed that he was getting the spire and drawbridges of Tower Bridge and didn' discover his error until too late. (The on he got was a descendant of the star of th old song "London Bridge is fallin down.") But it would be wrong to call thi McCulloch's folly, as one is tempted t do. Last year more than one million peo ple made the stop. The howling absurdi ties of desert-oasis Anglophilia dwarf th collector's-item Austin Princess nea Flagstaff as I pass the "Canterbury Estate Gated Community"—gated against what the Navajos?—and view the Jet Skiers o

Sixty-six could survive only by sellin itself . . . another coffee mug, another T-shirt, another line of cheap "Route 66" jeans.

"Windsor Beach" and the shoppers "Wimbledon Goldsmiths." Union Jack hang limply in the heat next to Old Glor There's a "pub," of course, and some re telephone boxes and a red double-decke London bus. Yet the beer isn't warm enoug to be authentic, and while the weathered o stone may last longer in this arid frazzl it still sags a bit. The genuine fake is sta ing to become a bit of a theme along her

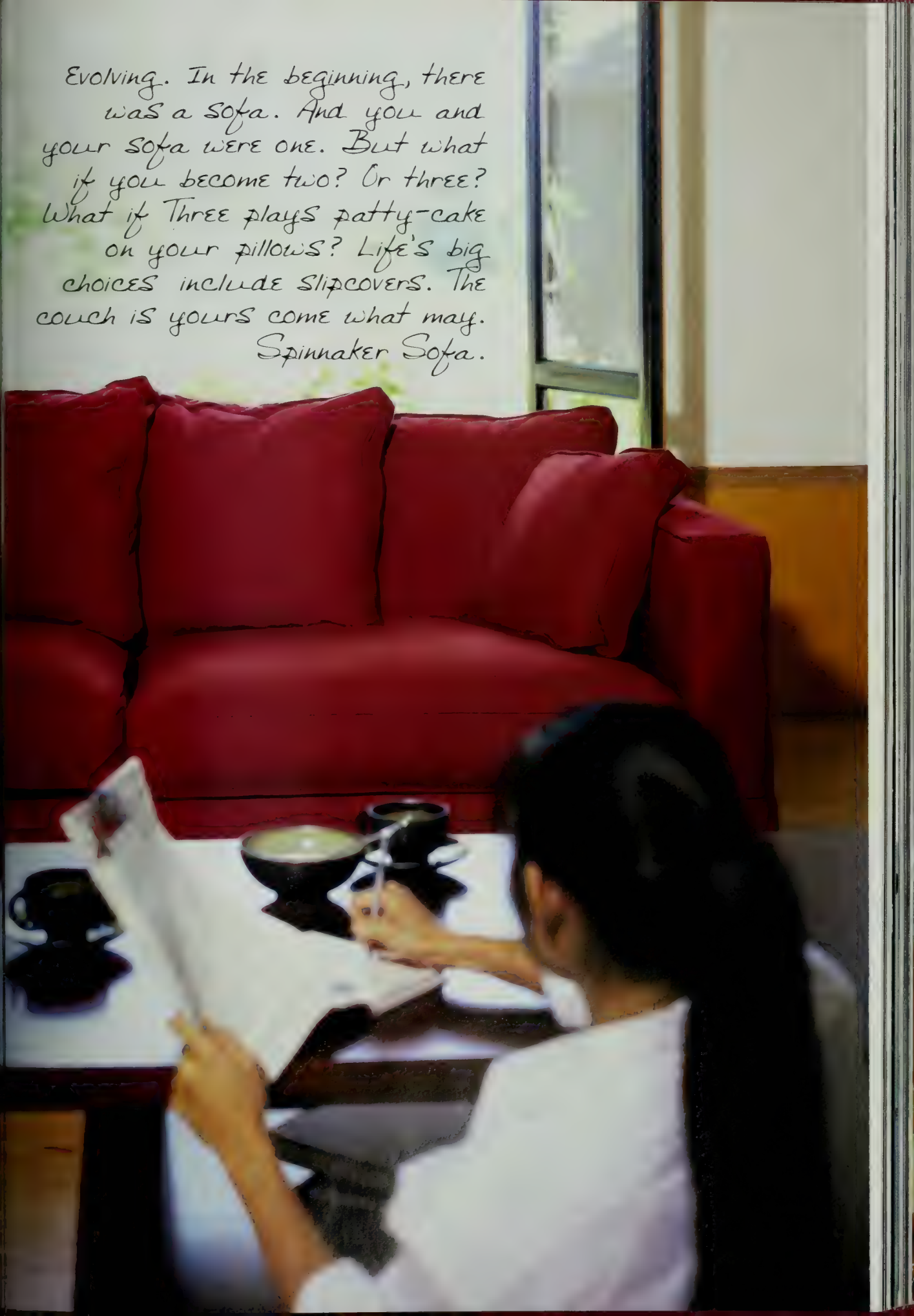
Returning to the main road, I pa through Yucca, near Yucca Flat, whe the open-air nuclear tests of the 195 and 1960s had many glowing and electri ing effects, of which the best are captur in the movie *Atomic Cafe.* Which wou have been the more impressive and terri ing to see: the landing of the meteor th turned graphite into diamond, or the det nation of man-made devices that could fu sand into glass? In 1955, John Wayne w playing Genghis Khan, possibly the ve worst of his roles, downwind from Yuc Flat during the tests. Of those on the sho he was only the most famous one to g lung cancer later on: that location was culling field. Susan Hayward, Agnes Moo head, and Dick Powell were also to su cumb. Can Wayne have been fatally p soned by the military he so adored? A cording to a recent biography, it looks if that was the way it was. This sinist worked-over sandscape has a weird ant na on every other hill, and the alien eff persists as the Colorado River cuts ag across the wilderness, appearing rather sh with false modesty after its epic work designing and forging the Grand Cany


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Evolving. In the beginning, there was a sofa. And you and your sofa were one. But what if you become two? Or three? What if Three plays patty-cake on your pillows? Life's big choices include slipcovers. The couch is yours come what may.
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less than a hundred miles upstream. California! Here I come. But right away I am forced to pull in to a state "Inspection Station," as if meeting a frontier in Europe. The boredom and conceit of this—it's the only such barrier in all the eight states of Route 66—plays to the Californian narcissistic fantasy of being a semi-independent nation, with its own economy. But it also provides a reminder of the cruelty with which the state treated the migrants of the 1930s, tearing up their driver's licenses and turning them back as vagrants, until the courts finally put a stop to it. The gray-haired taxpayer-funded lady at the barrier waves me through after saying she preferred the color of my car to its make. Who the hell asked her?

The Mojave Desert is almost frightening. No—it *is* frightening. It's easy to see why the surviving Okies wanted to cross it at night, and not just because of the annihilating heat. In the dark, you wouldn't have to see the grim, dirty hues of the rock and the soil, and the endless, discouraging length of the road stretching ahead forever. There is something infinitely wearying about seeing one summit after another prove to be an illusion, range replacing range with ruthless monotony. The mile markers seem to slow down—*surely* I came farther than that? The sensation, of moving fast but never escaping, is dreamlike and hypnotic but not in a relaxing way, and the knowledge that this is homestretch territory makes me superstitious about a last-minute mishap. Many of the turnoffs on the map are to vanished places that are only names, and the truth is that somewhere along this harsh and lifeless highway the old Route 66 just dies. It disappears into the trackless mess of suburban California as Los Angeles spreads out to embrace and claim it, and the last real stop is in Barstow, where the old road is blocked at the edge of town by a huge Marine base. Here at the El Rancho motel, built out of old railroad ties and festooned with 66 memorabilia, I mentally announced journey's end. The motel is indeed journey's end for a number of other people; in its rear court I was offered crystal meth and the services of a haggard and punctured whore before I could get out of the car. Snarling and shivering figures mingle with those to whom blank, inert amiability has become a signature. Down at the end of lonely street . . .



WHEN YOU MAKE THAT CALIFORNIA TRIP Christopher Hitchens at the wheel of his '98 Corvette in Barstow, California.

Bobby Troup's original ditty was better than perhaps he knew. He borrowed from the Homeric tradition by drawing a word-picture treasure map with memorable and rhyming place-names, an *Odyssey*-like mnemonic for the American Dream. And he and Cynthia, who suggested that crucial rhyme in the refrain, were able to buy a house in California within weeks of the release of the song. Postwar optimism drew on freedom of travel, extra dough, and sexual emancipation. Those words and that music touched such a nerve that I don't think I met anybody of any age last summer who, on hearing my plan, failed to respond with something like "Get your kicks, huh?" But try listening to the newer songs that mention the nation's most beloved road trip. On "Lost Causeway," Jason Eklund sings, "Get your kicks on what's left of 66," and says, "So follow state and homespun signs, leading on this historic route / Take a grab at the corporate crapola where history has been rubbed out." (Interestingly, he preserves the eastern pronunciation of "route.") Picking up on the cynicism of the commercialized Indian reservation with its tax-free cigarette bonanzas, he suggests "Get your *fix* . . . "

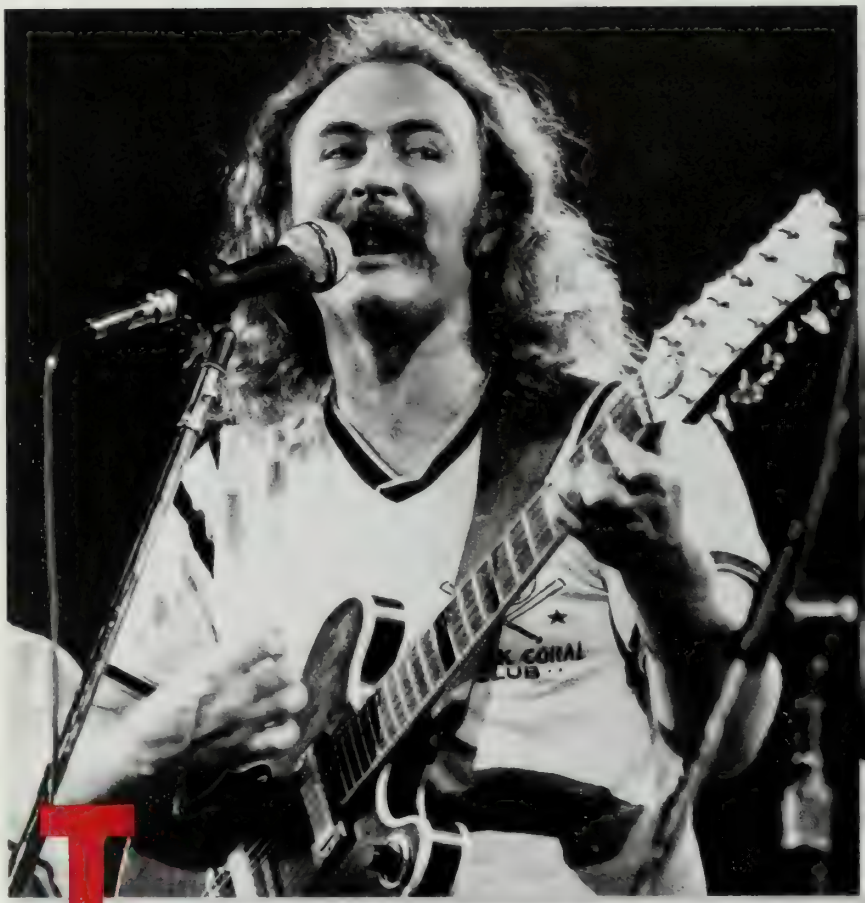
The Red Dirt Rangers in their song "Used to Be," which has a tang of Springsteen's "My Home Town," speak of "holes in the roof and weeds by the door" of the trailer where the motor courts once stood, while the Mad Cat Trio intones the words "Get your kicks" with positive sarcasm. The Dusty Chaps, in "Don't Haul Bricks on 66," put their advice—"Route 66 ain't the way to go"—on the same level of obviousness as "Don't go pissing in the wind" and "You know the white hats always win." The music didn't quite die on this road, but it changed from celebration to melancholy and disappointment. Perhaps it all went when the last hitchhiker gave up, or was banned. Larry McMurtry was certainly right, in *Lonesome Dove,* to point out that once something is sold as "the Wild West" it means it's become domesticated. The luminous Robert Crumb registered a similar point in a 12-frame cartoon, showing the evolution of a roadside scene from a setting with a road to a place where the road was the setting. The old 66 tried to be genuinely different from the new for a while, but it could survive only by selling itself as different, and those very sales tactics meant that it had to become the same. It's another coffee mug, another T-shirt, another line of cheap "Route 66" jeans from Kmart. The living bits of antique 66 are colonies of the new interstate, and the dead bits are, well, dead. I doubt that Texola or Glenrio will still be there if I travel that way again; outside Glenrio, I could already see and hear the earthmovers. In California the 50-year-old Trails Restaurant, a 66 holdout in Duarte, was demolished almost as I drove by. You never step into the same river twice. All travel is saying farewell. Most voyaging in the United States has become either impossible (by rail) or a misery and a humiliation (by air) or a routine (by roads with no individuality). No poet has yet attempted to say what this defeat means for the American idea. But the melancholy is all around us, transmitted on frequencies that nobody can possess. After one last, brief, yearning sweep along Sunset, I did what I would once have bet I could never do, and roared down Rodeo Drive in a brash Corvette. The window-shoppers barely looked up. The drop-off point for my mettlesome steed was just at the corner of Wilshire. I tethered it, patted it, handed over the keys, and forgot to look back. □

PORTRAIT BY DANNY TURNER

JAMES WOLCOTT

TUNE IN, TURN ON, PASS OUT, TYPE UP

Churning through a shelf of rock-star memoirs, the author identifies the five stages of drug meltdown that turned so many talents into vegetables with entourages. There's something wrong with music culture when even self-immolation has a familiar beat



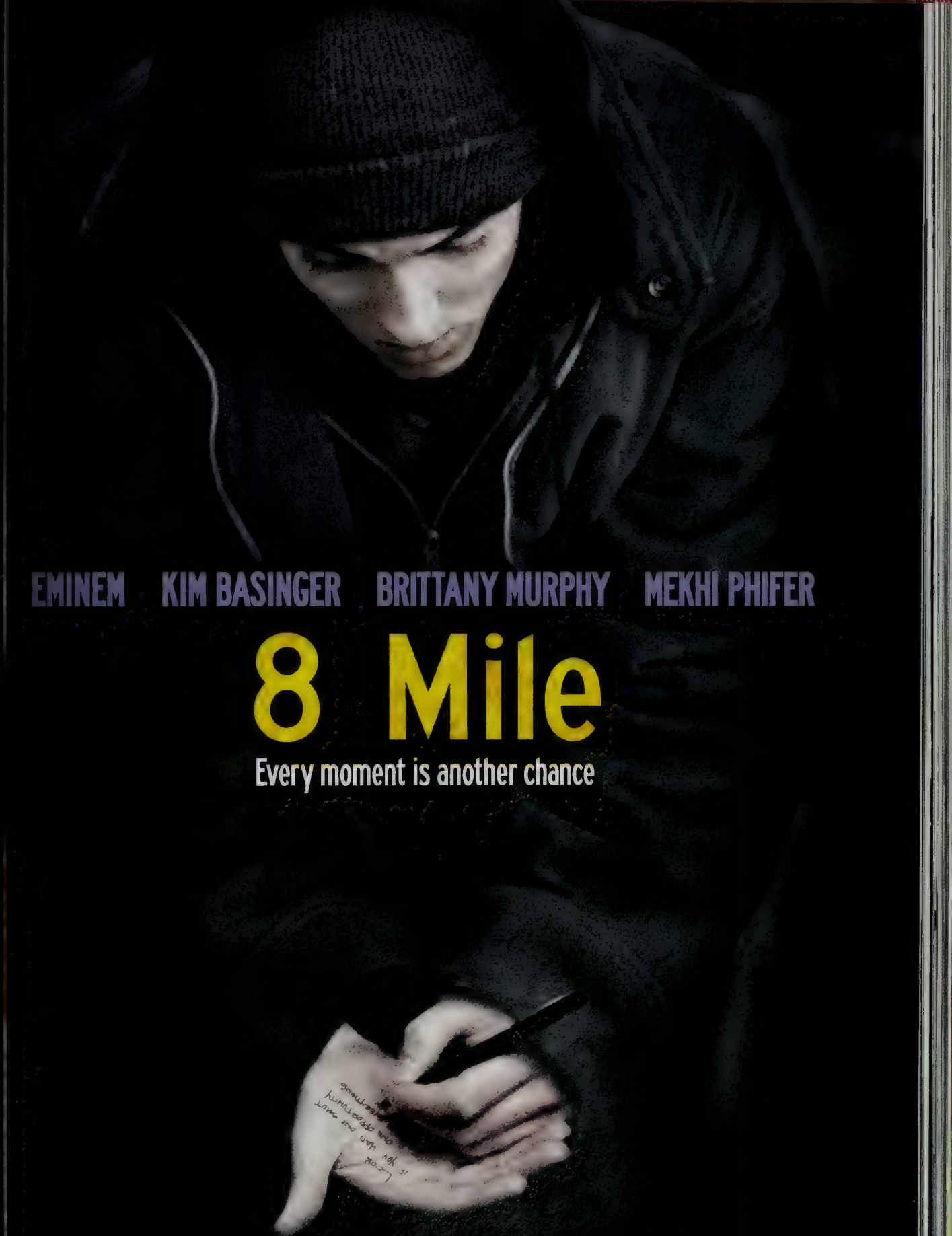


HIGH NO
Left, David
onstage in
August 197
Manhattan
New York

To understand rock stars and the racket they make, critical analysis often requires chemical analysis. Albert Goldman, the author of the *Walpurgisnacht* biographies of Elvis Presley and John Lennon, believed that an outsider couldn't crack the rock-star psyche without first X-raying the medicine cabinet—the prescription labels would tell you more than any interview blather. Drugs regulate the mood and climate controls inside the pleasure dome or isolation tank the superstar calls home. They may spur inspiration at first, unlocking inhibitions and freeing the carnival attractions from the subconscious (picture the cover of the Doors' *Strange Days*). However, as drugs gain mastery over the *Rolling Stone* cover-story subject, morphing from cooing seductress into cruel dominatrix, the brain that pumps out those hauntingly cryptic lyrics and power chords slowly Swiss-cheeses into a lunar landscape. (CAT scans of drug-bombed brains reveal grayish sponges pockmarked with deep shadows of vacant activity—Ozzy Osbourne with the lid off.) Too much white powder and the rocker can become a pod person, a vegetable with an entourage. Then one day it's all over and it's time to patch together the pieces of your life, assuming you can remember any of it.

In the age of recovery literature and VH1's *Behind the Music,* rock stars, former rock stars, and other semi-beloved burnouts have started opening the medicine cabinets and disclosing the contents themselves, beating nosy biographers to the punch and the profits. The rock-star drug memoir is a burgeoning genre, a collection of shipwreck tales from the bottom of the *Billboard* chart. Judging from the testimonies of David Crosby (*Long Time Gone*), Marianne Faithfull (*Faithfull*), John Phillips of the Mamas and the Papas (*Papa John*), Chuck Negron of Three Dog Night (*Three Dog Nightmare*), Iggy Pop (*I Need Mon*
Ike Turner (*Takin' Back My Name*), Ae
smith (*Walk This Way,* a group oral histor
and their various ghostwriters and sten
raphers, the rock-star meltdown is a fi
stage ritual, a Mad Hatter tea party th
ends with everyone passed out under t
table. As a lifelong drug virgin, I can o
say that reading these tell-alls has fortifi
my resolve not to become a crack who
The five stages are as follows.

INITIATION. This can be the first puff
pot, the first pill that ferries the futu



EMINEM KIM BASINGER BRITTANY MURPHY MEKHI PHIFER

8 Mile

Every moment is another chance

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THIS FILM IS NOT YET RATED

www.8-mile.com

NOVEMBER 8

SOUNDTRACK ON SHADY/INTERSCOPE RECORDS/UMG SOUNDTRACKS

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

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UNIVERSAL

Rock and Roll Hall of Famer downstream to the land of glazed expressions. For Marianne Faithfull, barbiturates and lesbian wrestling intertwined when she was seduced at the age of 17 by a pint-size maiden named Saida—"Exquisite, like a little figurine in an Indian temple"—who melted Faithfull's resistance, assuming she had any, with a Tuinal. David Crosby gobbled morning-glory seeds and gazed at himself naked in the bathroom mirror as if he were an anatomy-class model, his skin so transparent that he could see the traffic network of veins, bones, and nerves. He also got loaded on cough syrup, "but it was kind of a woozy high." Chuck Negron was another cough-syrup space monkey, guzzling Romilar with a girl named Judy. The stickiness of cough syrup took some getting used to. "It was so awful we had to brush our teeth between doses." But soon it worked its voodoo. "Something inside me just went VAR-O-O-O-O-O-O-M! It made you nearly blind for a while, then you saw double, then triple." Cubism, straight from the bottle!

INTOXICATION. This is the phase when drugs have only an upside for the user, fueling a glory ride through the aurora borealis located just under the eyelids. Creativity flows in stage two. There's no static in the receptors. Songs seem to write themselves, as if one were taking dictation from a higher power, tapping into the sublime. Noise acquires a natural rhythm. The druggie's mind mellows into a soft machine that discerns virile beauty in industrial feedback (the roar of a jet takeoff, the screech of subway wheels). Exotic strains are also embraced, as Indian ragas and Irish dirges become woven into the magic carpet. Grace Slick, the lead singer of Jefferson Airplane, discovered while stoned that she had a Spanish soul. "In fact, I discovered that I could jam in the Eastern flamenco tradition easier than I could sing in the Western twelve-tone scale." The subatomic harmonics of the spheres translate into a cosmic greeting: the universe loves us . . . it wishes us well in our foolish endeavors. The euphoria that one experiences after receiving these telegrams from the fourth dimension dissolves the body armor that Wilhelm Reich perceived in Westerners' tense postures into a fluid shimmy. Faithfull recalls that when Mick Jagger danced before her under the influence of acid he was a man transformed. "It was as if he were unwinding himself like a mummy shedding layers of wrapping, revealing at the core of this suburban English boy's body a many-armed, blue-headed dancing god. The macrocosmic Mick." On acid, bandmates begin to permeate one another's minds, blurring together like a Romilar multiple exposure. It was another acid trip, Faithfull says, that bonded and blended Mick and Keith. "They tuned into each other's wavelengths and began to see each other in a much more sympathetic light. For years after this, they became that inseparable entity, the Glimmer Twins."

ZONKED THIS WAY Aerosmith's Steven Tyler performs at the Reading music festival in Berkshire, England, in 1976, quite possibly under the influence.



ENTHRALLMENT. Success rolls up to the curb, and it's time to pile into the limo and head off to Hef's mansion. The Playmates are awaiting. Creativity gets sacrificed to the frantic, exhausting distractions of touring, keeping the show on the road, and maintaining a hotel-wrecking reputation. Drugs lose their recreational status and become part of the cost of doing business, both a lubricant and a source of friction. Like racecars being serviced at a pit stop by a team of mechanics, rock stars acquire an entourage of handlers, flunkies, and spit-shiners to help keep their engines running. John Phillips recalls, "There were always rock and roll doctors lurking at sessions, concerts, backstage, parties—true seventies Renaissance figures who had found a way to mix expertise in psychopharmacology with a flair for Air Guitar."

Hippy-trippy drugs don't provide sufficient push in the enthrallment stage. Drugs are popularly divided between soft and hard, feminine and masculine, Technicolor (think *Sgt. Pepper*) and monochrome (the White Album). Soft, girly drugs include acid, pot, downers, and ecstasy. They promote the wise passivity and androgynous languor associated with Keats's "negative capability" and the Pre-Raphaelites. Hard, macho drugs—coke, speed, poppers—function as a codpiece for the psyche. They feed an ego already swollen red and add muscle to one's capricious moods, fostering aggression, arrogance, and world-conquering certitude. Rockers begin treating groupies like extras in *Caligula,* or throwing fits backstage because someone forgot to stock plain M&M's. "The more I got into hard drugs, the more I got self-indulgent," Crosby says. "They make you more self-centered, more selfish and less sensitive." This is when the grandiosity seeps into the cracks, double albums are conceived, and the delusional rock star believes that s/he is the unacknowledged legislator of mankind. Grace Slick and Abbie Hoffman tried to smuggle powdered acid into the White House so that Slick could slip President Nixon a psychedelic Mickey Finn and freak his uptight Quaker mind out. "We'd hoped that after he got through acting crazy, Tricky might contemplate his navel for six hours and decide that government just wasn't the way to go. What if he really saw the truth, shifted gears, and left politics?" (In retrospect, she concedes this was a cockamamie scheme.)

In his heyday with the Mamas and the Papas, Phillips bought a Telex machine for his private library. "I'd get wired on coke or speed and fire off dozens of Telexes a day and night. . . . There was no quicker way to feel a rush of omnipotence than to sit there with all those drugs and instantaneous global communications at my disposal." During this woolly period Phillips conceived of a rock musical set in spa

In the enslavement stage, the addict becomes a mixmaster of self-modulation.


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whose original numbers included "Yesterday I Left the Earth" and "Von Braun's Blues." "Because of the Apollo moonwalk, outer space was in," he explains. When the musical premiered in New York in 1975, it resembled the amateur production in *Waiting for Guffman* without the hokey charm. "Palm trees fell onstage.... Actors dropped their lines," Phillips writes. Brendan Gill, reviewing the show for *The New Yorker,* marveled at its serene idiocy, saying it "came as close to being totally mindless as any stage work that I can recall, and to its mindlessness was coupled an inexplicable self-confidence." That's the downslide stage of enthrallment in a nutshell.

But as self-confidence reaches its full public strut, it begins to chip away on the inside. The rehearsals for the space musical were so disheartening that Phillips took refuge with the needle. "In my anger and dejection, I began dabbling with snorts and skin-pops of heroin at home."

ENSLAVEMENT. Congratulations, you're a junkie. A marionette at the mercy of your own nerves, jerked around by your body's cravings. (Steve Tyler snorted two grams of baby laxative, thinking it was coke, and nearly farted himself senseless in concert.) Heroin is the graduation drug, the one that certifies you're sincere about going off the deep end. The penultimate opt-out, it's a hard drug that softens, inaugurating the trance of the living dead. "Unlike ecstasy which opens doors of perceptions and exaggerates physical and mental sensations, heroin simply puts its user inside a beautiful feelingless bubble," writes Simon Napier-Bell in his pop survey *Black Vinyl White Powder.* Faithfull decided to be a street junkie after reading William Burroughs's *Naked Lunch,* disproving the adage that no girl was ever ruined by a book. When she performed Ophelia onstage in *Hamlet* in 1969 (she also did the movie version starring a snarling Nicol Williamson), she'd get a fix of heroin every night during intermission—"Right before the mad scene!"

In the enslavement stage, the addict becomes a mixmaster of self-modulation, using coke to get up after heroin, heroin to chill out after coke, downers to help him sleep, uppers to get himself out of the rack of pain that is his bed. A suicidal overdose of downers sent Faithfull into a six-day coma, during which she had an astral visit from the recently departed Brian Jones, and the royalties from her hit album *Broken English* financed a binge that resulted in cocaine psychosis, where she obsessed about bugs crawling under her skin. Typical day for Faithfull circa 1982: "I'd do coke, write songs and when I couldn't think of anything else to do I'd go in the bathroom and pick my face."

David Crosby got so bad that he actually freebased during an intervention! Grace Slick, Graham Nash, Jackson Browne, and other concerned souls thought they had prevailed upon him to get help, but when he went into another room to pack, he tried to score a few hits off the pipe. During a reunion tour of Crosby, Stills, and Nash, a private offstage area was set up where he could get high during concerts. According to the road manager, "It had to be within a certain distance of the stage because if it was too far, he wouldn't make it." They might find him flat on the floor, trapped in no-man's-land. Chuck Negron was in such "a constant stupor" that he once took a header off the stage during a Three Dog Night concert, landing in a corner where fans had been urinating during the opening acts. Just as Aerosmith gave the gassy Steve Tyler a wide berth, the other Dogs shunned Negron when he returned to the stage. As a result of Negron's and his wife's drug abuse, their son was born addic to heroin and methadone. He visited son in the intensive-care unit, where baby was suffering through withdrav then slunk off to the bathroom for a sr of heroin. Phillips, who would shoot with vitamin C as "target practice," out of targets of opportunity on withering body. "By the tin got down to the juicy that stretches across top of my left foot, I utterly crazed and of control."

Doing drugs at di ent intensities and vel ties, bandmates begi turn on one another like boat survivors. Punctuality right out the window. Palimony fly in from one-night stands swore they were on the Pill. are missed; producing an alb turns into a protracted psycho ma. Aerosmith's *Draw the Line* six months and half a million lars to record because all of t acted like divas having a hissy. Perry: "The Beatles recorded White Album, right? Well, *the Line* is our 'Blackout Albur The quality of the music suf the reviews become brutal, an blame game degenerates into fi quittings, and trading snide ments about each other's slutty friends. The parabolic rise to only makes the kamikaze dive follows more shearing, the rock burning up like a satellite retu to the earth's atmosphere. Pride glory are stripped away in the

The star reels from disgra disgrace. Ike Turner was pulled ov the police after he crammed the tru a car with towels, dinnerware, an feepots he had stolen from the Be Hills Hotel during a weeklong stay. " the man from the hotel came we w ing on the street with our hands b our heads. And he said, 'Ike, I'd hav en you this shit, man.' I felt real s Negron, who traded in his villa in th lywood Hills for an abandoned bu where he shot up on a dirty mattres other junkies, pawned his gold albu fellow band member and junkie, J



ONE PILL MAKES YOU SEXY
Grace Slick in New York, July 1976, a few years after she tried to slip President Nixon a psychedelic Mickey Finn.

Drugs regulate the mood and climate controls inside the pleas dome the superstar calls home.


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Greenspoon, "woke up in a pool of vomit mixed with feces from the house cats who had crawled up on the bed while he was unconscious." Busted for drugs, David Crosby also dropped down the sewer hole, tossed into solitary confinement—"the grubbiest, filthiest, shittiest solitary they had: a steel box, with a steel door with a slot in it, a shitter, a shower, eight or nine roaches, one dim lightbulb, peeling paint, and a lot of stink."

Also convicted on drug charges, jailbird John Phillips had an easier go of it, spending a month at a minimum-security prison that had housed several Watergate figures. (He and Ike Turner both say getting arrested helped save them.) After his release, he began boozing, "ballooning to 250 pounds," and commenced an affair with a next-door neighbor, which further unhinged his wife and fellow addict, actress Genevieve Waite, who locked herself in the bathroom one night with a bottle of scotch and a knife and nearly carved herself up like a Thanksgiving turkey. It would be years before the two of them got straight, and even then the sirens would be calling. Phillips: "I was haunted by nightmares in which the Rockettes at Radio City Music Hall came out in their kick line, except that each dancer's long legs were transformed into loaded syringes." Admitted to the Hazelden Clinic, Marianne Faithfull climbed under 10 blankets and spent a week detoxing, sweating and shaking as if giving birth to her fragile future self.

STONERS ON BOARD The Mamas and the Papas—John Phillips, Denny Doherty, Michelle Phillips, and Cass Elliot—in September 1965.



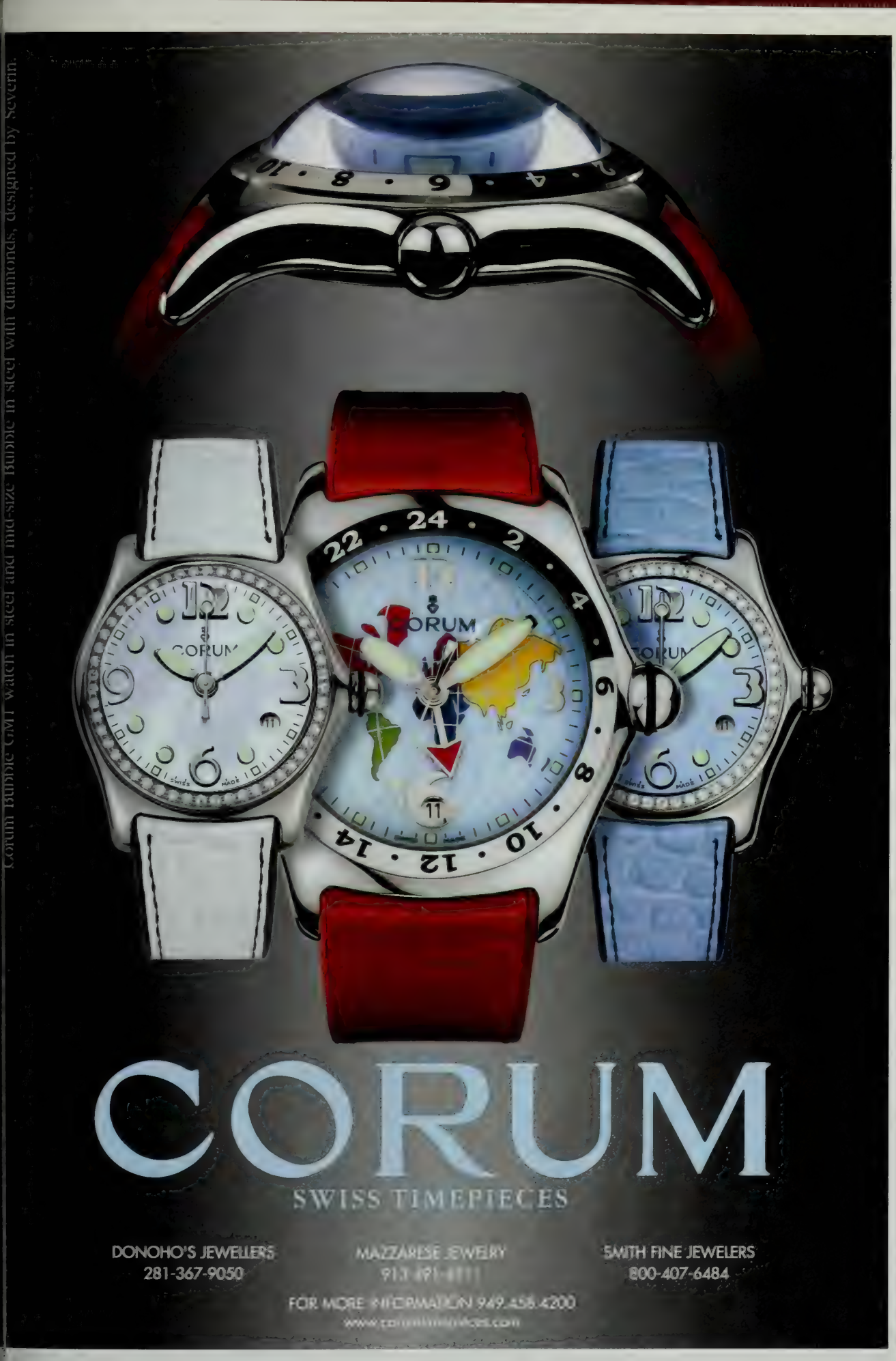
Reading these tell-alls has fortified my resolve not to become a crack whore.

In recovery narratives, "hitting bottom" is a singular event, a lonely cold-gray-dawn dry heave into the greasy, collapsed paper bag of one's being. Cue the string section on the soundtrack and let a shaft of light illuminate the way. But, as Faithfull says, "once out of that feral stage one is not, alas, automatically cast into a state of grace." In reality, hitting bottom is more like the bottoming process in the stock market, a halting, stabilizing interval of bumps and reversals where one foot drags in the gutter as the other makes progress. There are relapses, blindsiding setbacks. (Faithfull moved in with a man she had met in rehab who, still vulnerable to cocaine psychosis, flung himself to his death after she told him they were through.) But over time the jagged highs and lows of the raucous past recede and even out into the reality of the present moment, where just waking up each day is a gift.

ACCEPTANCE. Having used up his best anecdotes, the (former) rock star prepares to silhouette into the sunset. This tends to be the briefest section in the standard memoir, a gallant wave good-bye to the camera as the credits roll. Acknowledging and accepting his imperfections, the celebrity author apologizes to those he has hurt and neglected (Phillips: "I cheated three of my children out of having a real father with them when they were young and I will always be sorry for that"); regrets the wasted years, squandered talents, and expensive toys that are no longer there to play with (like the Cessna plane Steve Tyler used to own—"Wish I still had it, but I snorted it up"); and thanks the friends, lovers, family members, health professionals, and fellow 12-steppers who believed in him when he stopped believing in himself—when it would have been much easier to walk away and leave his raggedy ass to rot. Some also put in a good word for the man upstairs. (God, not Clive Davis.)

The sense of reprieve, of a second lease on life, is bittersweet, too tinged with regret to have the Christmas spirit of a Frank Capra movie. A rock star in sobriety is a goblin at the party. After getting clean, Marianne Faithfull ran into Bob Dylan, with whom she had had a tempestuous non-affair in the mid-60s (he tore up a poem written for her when she rebuffed his spidery advances), and regaled him with her recovery saga, babbling with the zeal of a convert. Dylan responded with something less than a fervent amen, scoffing, "What? You? Nah!" Faithfull reflects, "His reaction was fairly typical of the rock contingent. They liked me better on heroin." Even more insidious is the muttering from punksters in the music press that you've somehow lived past your cut-off date and it would have been better for your legendary rep if you had checked out earlier. Your best work is behind, you've buried most of your musical compatriots, you're already carrying a wan, posthumous air, so how come you're still here and Nico, Hendrix, Marvin Gaye, and Joey Ramone aren't? It's a punitive variation of survivor guilt, often inflicted by voyeuristic ghouls. There was an opinion piece in *Details* recently by some laptop desperado auditioning to be the next Lester Bangs about how rock music needs a violent splat on the pavement for its cultural renewal. "Because at this point, the only thing that's gonna clean out rock's cash-clogged colon is a proper, cathartic human sacrifice—something shocking, something seedy, something that'll leave skid marks on the social fabric." No one should be that viciously bored.

Rock, like the rest of pop culture, doesn't need any more sexy death. It's toting enough negation in its luggage. Pop culture has so cannibalized itself over the last 25 years that even its self-destructives are copycats, following the needle tracks laid down by oblivion seekers who have gone before. I look at the Gallagher brothers from Oasis doing their caveman-eyebrow drunken-hooligan act and think, Sorry, guys, Keith Moon beat you to it. I see some tattooed-pirate guitarist flashing us his missing teeth and think, You're infringing on Keith Richards's copyright. Today's dissolutes need either new drugs or new scripts so that the rock memoir of tomorrow—when Axl Rose or Whitney Houston decides to step into the confessional—can do more than rattle the same old skeleton bones. □



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TODAY



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Clockwise from top left: Bobby Shriver, Jimmy Iovine, Special Olympics athlete Thomas Klos, Vicki Iovine, athlete Toni Tyler, athlete Michael Fields, and, center, Eunice Kennedy Shriver.

VANITY FAIR NOMINATES

"A Very Special Christmas"

BECAUSE, after acclaimed record producer and music executive Jimmy Iovine's father died in 1985 at Christmastime and Iovine wanted to honor his memory, he produced *A Very Special Christmas*—a CD to benefit the Special Olympics, the organization that provides sports training and competition for mentally challenged children and adults. BECAUSE Iovine's wife, Vicki—then a volunteer with the Special Olympics—Jimmy, and their friend Bobby Shriver (whose mother, Eunice, founded the organization in 1968) called everyone for a year to get the record done. BECAUSE those who answered the calls and recorded songs for the first disc included Bruce Springsteen, Whitney Houston, U2, and Stevie Nicks. BECAUSE, since that first Iovine-motivated CD, with its distinctive Keith Haring artwork, there have been four others (all on A&M, now part of the Interscope Geffen A&M Records label where Iovine is chairman), with such stars as Mary J. Blige, Aretha Franklin, and Stevie Wonder—and a total of $75 million raised for the Special Olympics. BECAUSE, every four years, the Special Olympics holds World Summer Games (in 2003 they'll be held in Dublin), and, says Bobby Shriver, there are plans to do a sixth Christmas CD: "Maybe bluegrass this time." —LISA ROBINSON

PHOTOGRAPH BY HERB RITTS


OPIUM
GRANCE FROM
YSAINTLAURENT



GOOD MORNING, MY SWEET String Quartet in C Major, anyone? The author, awake in a New York hotel room, and in the mood for some seven A.M. Mozart.

ROCKING AROUND THE CLOCK



The perfect music for five A.M. jitters, nine A.M. bustle, two P.M. contemplation, eight P.M. assignations? The author presents a 24-hour soundtrack–Mary J. Blig Haydn, Björk, Van Morrison, Hank Williams Sr.– that can only improve your day

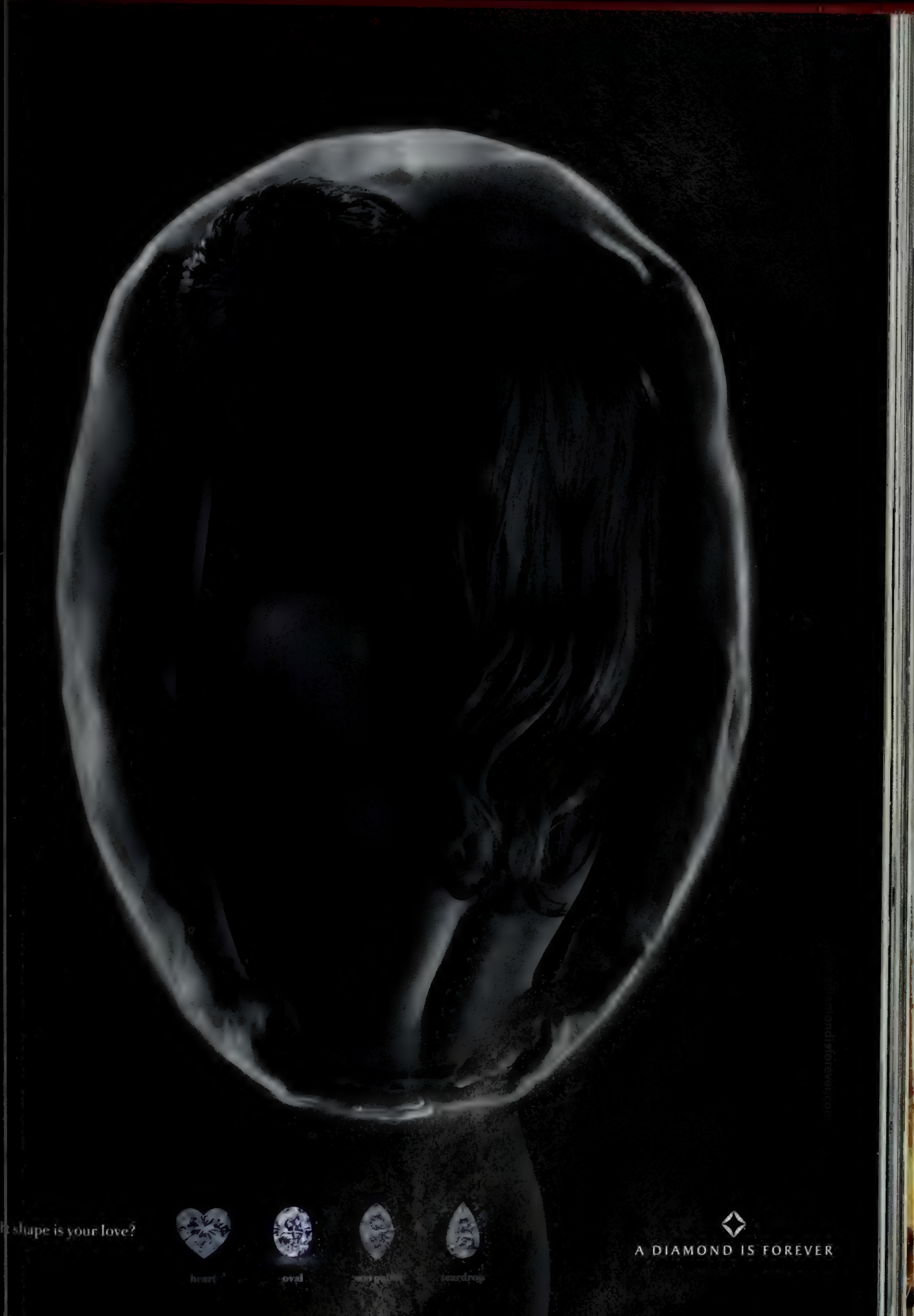
BY ELVIS COSTELLO

What wakes you up at five A.M.? Toothache? Heartbreak? Or the nervous rush that comes from too much wine the previous evening? You can tell yourself it is still "night" in the hour after four. Once five strikes it is indisputably "morning."

What sound will soothe as the sharp light floods past the ill-fitting curtains of your hired room? You need fine gauze for the senses. Outside, the last taxis with exhausted revelers skulk home as newspaper trucks sling piles that lie in doorways.

Play **João Gilberto's** "Águas de Março" (PolyGram), a song that has no need to raise its voice. It's either this or **John McCormack's** ***Songs of My Heart: Popular Songs and Irish Ballads*** (Angel) at a low volume. The circuit of the vanity clock

PORTRAITS BY JASON SCHMIDT


shape is your love?
heart
oval
teardrop
A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

commences. It's just another parlor (or boudoir) game; in the words of Errol Flynn, this is only "for fun and sport."

6 A.M. A time of brief respite, before telephones and televisions assault us, and we may be still and patient enough for **Palestrina's** ***Missa Papae Marcelli*** sung by **the Westminster Cathedral Choir** (Hyperion). It was once thought that this work saved music in a time when dogmatic cardinals wanted to forbid the use of polyphony. Scholarship does a disservice to our imaginations by illustrating a more mundane reality. Listening to the "Kyrie," you can believe that it would have been very persuasive.

Voices are raised in praise. Perhaps it is enough to believe that they believe, but if that feels hypocritical, then you could always turn to **Monteverdi's** "Lamento d'Arianna" performed by **the Deller Consort** (Vanguard). It speaks of another kind of love and sorrow.

7 A.M. There is a need for order and purpose to the day. **Haydn** symphonies are ideal at this hour. Concise and with an absence of bombast, they sharpen your wits with a wit of their own. Don't expect this from the slick machine of the modern orchestra. The period group is what you need, with the buzz and clang of the arcane bells, reeds, and bows. There are many recordings, but ***Volume 2 of the Haydn Symphonies Series,*** by **the Academy of Ancient Music** (L'Oiseau-Lyre), directed by **Christopher Hogwood,** is a good place to begin.

As the murmur of news seeps unbidden through the walls and windows, you may prefer the prophecy of the opening measures of the **Mozart** String Quartet No. 19 in C Major, K. 465, often subtitled "Dissonant," performed by **Le Quatuor Talich** (Calliope), or turn to the piano for "On an Overgrown Path" played by **András Schiff** on the album ***Leoš Janáček: A Recollection*** (ECM), or **Brahms's** autumnal intermezzos Opuses 117 and 118, performed by **Radu Lupu** (Decca).


Blues & Roots Charlie Mingus

8 A.M. The day is picking up pace, **Mingus** is playing *loud* in the kitchen, something is boiling. It's ***Blues & Roots*** (Rhino), or the excellent ***Thirteen Pictures: The Charles Mingus Anthology*** (Rhino). Hit the repeat function on "Jump Monk." Like the motor of a guy, the rattle of an overhead railway, blood coursing back to the heart, air propelled through the pipes of an old hotel. There is a hoarse voice rising to a shout with the force of life.

What else would work at this hour? The rock-steady beat of ***Tighten Up: Trojan Reggae Classics 1968–1974*** (Trojan) or "Expecting to Fly" from **Neil Young's** great, reissued compilation, ***Decade*** (Reprise).

9 A.M. The guitar and tender falsetto of **Curtis Mayfield** lead **the Impressions** in "I'm So Proud" and "Keep on Pushing." If you can't find ***Big 16*** (HMV) or ***28 Originals*** (ABC) on vinyl, then the ***Ultimate Collection*** (Hip-O) will spin you out of doors or across tiled floors.

Men of leisure and the Victorian-minded are inclined to answer their mail at this hour. The distraction of **Aretha Franklin's** ***I Never Loved a Man the Way I Love You*** (Atlantic) will save on postage. Mighty singers still walk among us. **Solomon Burke's** mid-2002 release, ***Don't Give Up on Me*** (Fat Possum), is all the proof you need. I must declare an interest in this one, having co-written one track, "The Judgement," with my wife, Ca Songs from **Dan Penn, Tom Waits, Ni Lowe, Bob Dylan,** and the album's p ducer, **Joe Henry,** recrown the King Rock and Soul. Now it is time to do so housework.

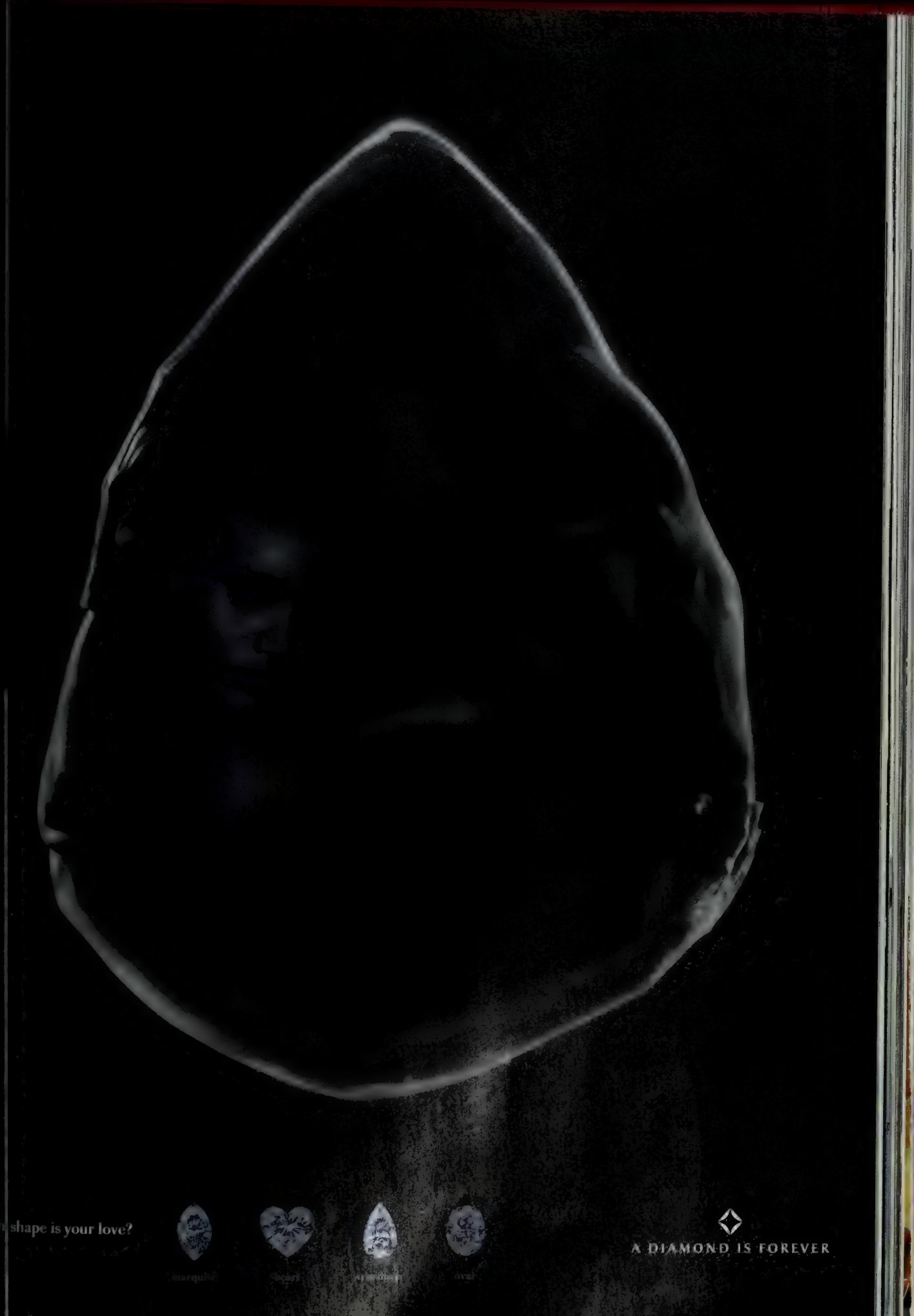


10 A.M. Turn up **Madonna's** "Ray Light," or even that "Into the Groove" inch single (Warner Bros.) . . . until neighbors complain. Dance around the l niture with the Hoover like Fred Asta and his hatstand. **The Pet Shop Bo** ***Please*** (Capitol) will assist with the d ing. **Elgar's** ***"Enigma" Variations*** condu ed by **Sir Adrian Boult** (EMI Classi may bring a little nobility the washing up. Gentlem beware, that novelty ap will rob you of your dign

11 A.M. Time for a cup of and a biscuit after all t hard work. Select a rec from the dressing-up bo **David Bowie's** ***Hunky D*** (Virgin) or **Elton John's** excellent ***Tum weed Connection*** (Rocket), from his Ar Oakley period. This is also the occas

THE MUSIC DOCTOR IS IN
Take some Aretha at 9 A.M., then a dose of Madonna at 10. Dancing with the Hoover is permitted, even encouraged.




shape is your love?
A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

when you might seek out a lost gem like **Judee Sill's** "Jesus Was a Cross Maker" (Asylum) or "The Bells" from ***Gonna Take a Miracle*** (Columbia), performed by **Laura Nyro** and **Labelle.**



Noon If you are just waking up now, then you have missed a wonderful morning. Try playing the title song from ***Oklahoma!*** (Angel Classics) at full blast until you repent. For those of you just returning from your morning appointments, there is time enough for an act or two of a **Mozart** opera. Try the first act of ***Le Nozze di Figaro*** conducted by **Karl Böhm** (Deutsche Grammophon), all temptation and intrigue, or the finale conducted by **John Eliot Gardiner** (Archiv), for some sublime forgiveness. It depends on how that meeting went. Those leftovers in the refrigerator start to look like lunch.



Scare the pants off your death-metal nephew with the ancient tale "Little Mathie Grove," performed by Ralph Stanley.

1 P.M. Coffee is on the stove, if that is your poison. **Duke Ellington and His Orchestra** fill the air—it's ***Ellington at Newport*** (Columbia). Follow up with selections from ***Porgy & Bess*** (Verve) performed by **Louis Armstrong** and **Ella Fitzgerald.** This may be just the time to play Louis Armstrong's "Wild Man Blues" from ***The Complete Hot Five and Hot Seven Recordings*** (Columbia/Legacy). That cut contains everything you need to know.

2 P.M. Switch off the television, disconnect the phone, and pull down the shutters. Abandon clock time for one hour in a cool, low-lit room. Everything can wait. Two works from the end of the catalogue occupy you now: **Schubert's** Piano Sonata No. 21 in B-flat Major, D. 960, played by **Alfred Brendel** (Philips), followed by **Beethoven's** String Quartet in F Major, Opus 135, performed by **the Budapest Quartet** (Sony). They sing of ideas beyond words. Tell whoever was waiting on your arrival that you had to see your priest.

3 P.M. You are out of this world now. You might as well keep going. **Skip James's** ***Complete Early Recordings*** (Yazoo) will be your guide. The eerie falsetto ray sails out beyond the surface clicks and scratches. You may also need **PJ Harvey's** ***Stories from the City, Stories from the Sea*** (Island), where the air is rarefied. By the time you read this you should be able to purchase ***Björk's Greatest Hits*** (Elektra). When you feel it is time to re-enter the atmosphere, cue up ***Ralph Stanley*** (DMZ/Columbia), a new installment of Dr. Stanley's beautiful art. Scare the pants off your death-metal nephew with the ancient tale "Little Mathie Grove": "And with his sword [he] cut off her head and kicked it against the wall."

4 P.M. Music of the longer shadows is now needed, something where you can detect the glue and rivets holding it all together. For goodness' sake, it's **the Mississippi Sheiks'** "The World Is Going Wrong" from ***Stop and Listen*** (Yazoo). **Richard Manuel's** yearning voice cries "Tears of Rage" from ***Music from Big Pink*** (Capitol), while **Emmylou Harris's** unsentimental "Red Dirt Girl" (Nonesuch) reports the demise of a childhood friend. Finally, enter the world of ***Alice*** (Anti), **Tom Waits's** masterpiece of dark mirrors and the frozen earth.

5 P.M. Let's try another language. ***Swinging Addis, Volume 8,*** or ***Ethiopian Blues & Ballads, Volume 10,*** of the superb Ethiopiques series (Buda Musique), will transport you in time and space. We whine about whether our records are free enough, and dupe ourselves into thinking that piracy is a blow against the capitalist marauders, when we just want something for nothing. Here is a country that had a pop explosion in the brief window of opportunity between a feudal monarchy and the insane repression of distorted Marxism. Imagine that you dropped the greatest James Brown records into a 5,000-year-old well of deep lamentation and you will get the idea. Do you really want me to care about the nasty little Reagan's children of the Napster generation or which nitwit is running AOL Time Warner or Vivendi Universal this week? They all deserve one another.





Blasting out from the opposite coas "Envy No Good" is a standout track fro the ***Afro-Rock Volume 1*** (Kona/DMI) co lection. A young Englishman went to Gh na to seek out the last vinyl copies of th music. He made sure the musicians g their royalties. Any record that contains t work of **K. Frimpong and His Cubano F estas** can only improve your day.

6 P.M. As you gather yourself for th evening ahead, some cautionary wor from **Luke the Drifter** may be advisabl "Too Many Parties an Too Many Pals" is one **Hank Williams Sr.'s** hom lies under that alias. You find it alongside terrifyi ballads such as "They' Never Take Her Love fro Me" on two of Hank s nior's numerous collectio (Jasmine, Mercury).

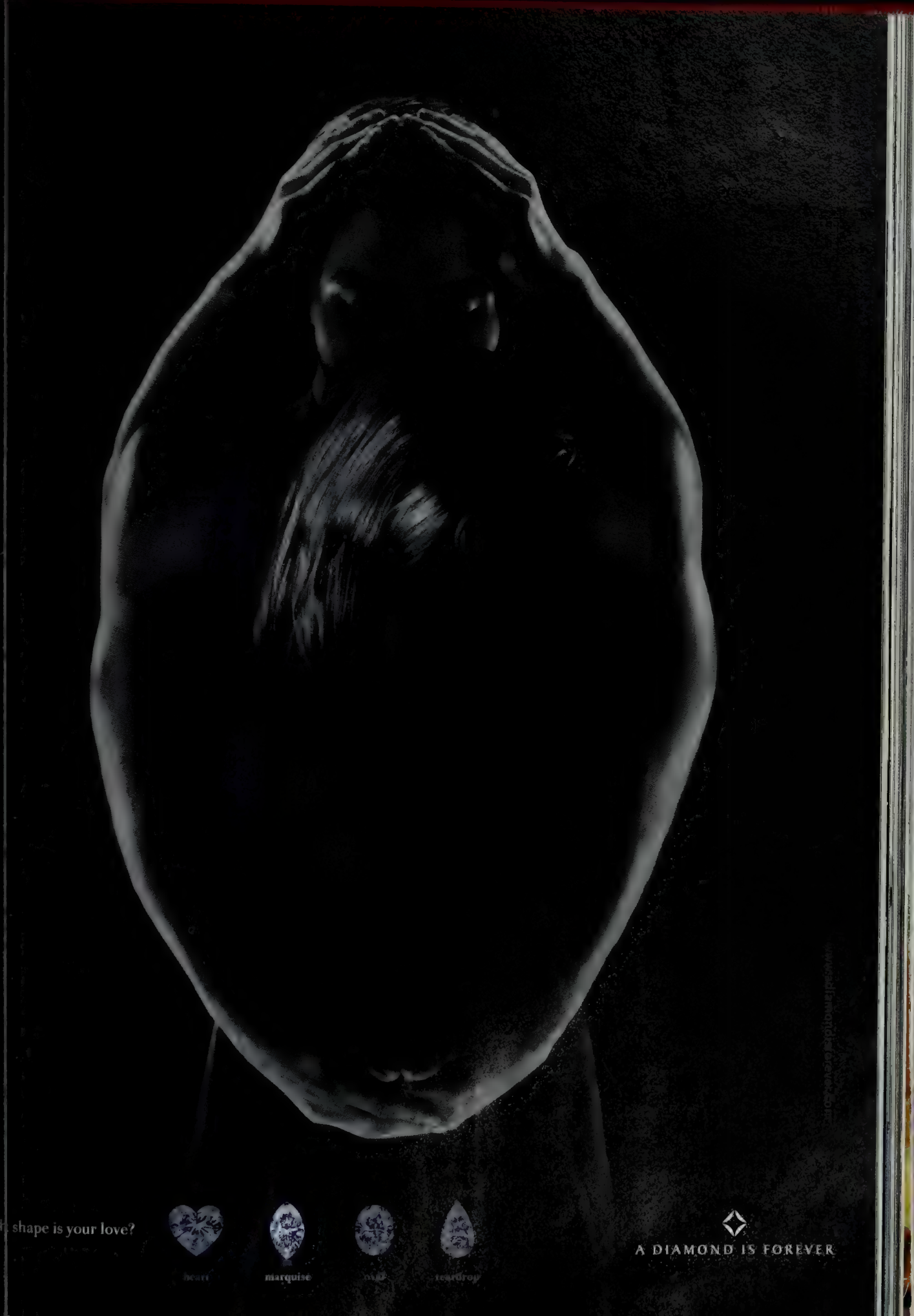
George Jones sings of man who did little to heed such warning As "The Last Town I Painted" conclude "I painted it blue." Then check out "M Fool" from ***Cup of Loneliness: The Class Mercury Years*** (Mercury).

Switching over to **Merle Haggard,** y can take some comfort in the recklessne of "No Reason to Quit" (Capitol). G back in the mood with some of **Mud Waters's** ferocious Chess sides; "Just to I with You," "Too Young to Know," a "I'm Ready" should do it. Then take it to the top of the hour with **Sonny B Williamson's** "One Way Out" and "Co mit a Crime" by **Howlin' Wolf** (vario Chess compilations).

7 P.M. You're in a car now, destination u known. "Ball of Confusion (That's Wh the World Is Today)" from **the Tempt tions'** ***Psychedelic Soul*** (Spectrum) com lation is rattling the bodywork. It alterna with **Mary J. Blige's** ***No M Drama*** (MCA) and **El-P** ***Fantastic Damage*** or ***El Presents Cannibal Oxtr mentals*** (both Definitive Ju

This might also be t time to revisit songs that y haven't heard for a whi such as "She Is Still a M tery" and "Six O'Cloc from ***The Lovin' Spoonfu Greatest Hits*** (Buddha). You might pre something by **Salt-N-Pepa** or **Hanson,** pending on your birthday.

At this hour, ***A Hard Day's Night*** (Ca tol) is almost certainly a better **Beat** choice for the motorcar than ***Revolver*** **the White Album.** Then crank up D One of **the Byrds'** boxed set (Columb Legacy) for "She Don't Care Abo


shape is your love?
heart
marquise
pear
teardrop
A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

Time." Ignore people staring as you sing along with "I'll Feel a Whole Lot Better" while waiting at a red light.

8 P.M. Assuming you didn't get pulled over for speeding, you are where you need to be by now. If you are with your beloved, then you already know what sets your scene. We shall discreetly fade to black. Is that Sonic Youth that I hear in the distance?



If you should find yourself waiting by the phone for an invitation that never comes, literal-minded selections may mock you as much as they comfort. In this respect, **Al Green's** ***Call Me*** (Hi) probably just beats **Don Covay's** "It's Better to Have (and Don't Need)" from ***Mercy Mercy: The Definitive Don Covay*** (Razor & Tie).

Resist the temptation to play old show songs. "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face" from ***My Fair Lady*** (Sony Classical/Columbia/Legacy) will only alarm the neighbors as they hear the stifled sobbing coming through the walls. Dogs fear human tears nearly as much as lightning.

9 P.M. Face it, you are settling in for the night. Let **Van Morrison's** ***Veedon Fleece*** (Polydor) wash over you:

> Fair play to you
> Killarney's lakes are so blue.

These songs are beautiful and unfathomable:

> Linden Arden stole the highlights
> And he put his finger through the glass.

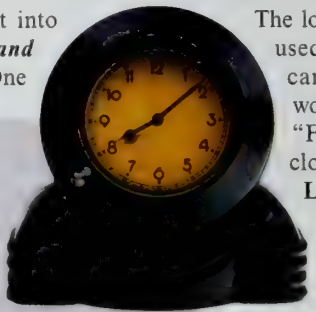
For still more mischievous moods, dive straight into **Bob Dylan's** ***Love and Theft*** (Columbia). One song, "Floater (Too Much to Ask)," states

> I left all my dreams and hopes
> Buried under tobacco leaves.

The very next, "High Water (for Charley Patton)," advises you to:

> Throw your panties overboard.

There is lots of life in lots of old dogs.



10 P.M. You've run out of explanations and tall tales. **Miles Davis's** ***In a Silent Way*** (Columbia/Legacy) rides on a Tony Williams cymbal all the way to the immaculate puzzle of **Radiohead's** ***Amnesiac*** (Capitol). "Morning Bell" at evening time. Something leads you to ***Surf's Up*** (Capitol), **the Beach Boys'** very own archaeological dig, you dig? The **Brian Wilson** title song is so beautiful and bold. The lovely track that Cameron Crowe used at the end of *Almost Famous* can also be found here. It's the work of brother **Carl** and is called "Feel Flows." Keep that remote close at hand. Here comes **Mike Love's** "Student Demonstration Time." Will the madness never end?



TIME TO HIT THE TOWN
For the evening hours, our musicologist recommends Mary J. Blige, to prepare the mind for the night's exploits, followed by Al Green.

11 P.M. The day is almost done. Now there is a choice between words and another form of eloquence. **Joni Mitchell's** ***Blue*** (Reprise) sounds better than ever at this hour. All of today's confessional writers need to spend a year of pre-midnight hours with this record before sharing the pain with us.

Something still darker and stronger can be found in the tormented imagination of ***Gesualdo: Madrigals,*** directed by **William Christie** (Harmonia Mundi). It is hard to imagine the world from which these compositions came. **Carlo Gesualdo** was the heir to a prince and was said to have been a murderous cuckold who displayed the slain bodies of his first wife, her lover, and a child of doubtful paternity. It can make you uneasy about even listening to this music.

You probably have enough of your own troubles. **Pablo Casals's** recording of the **Bach** Cello Suites (EMI Classics) will bring the day to a supernatural conclusion.

Midnight

> Can't I cry a little bit?
> There's nobody to notice it
> Can't I cry if I want to
> No one cares . . .

Randy Newman's magnificent "Just One Smile" comes from **Dusty Springfield's**


shape is your love?
A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

field's *Dusty in Memphis* (Rhino). It's the record you selected just ahead of that pile of **Peggy Lee** albums you keep for this very occasion.

The blue mood is irresistible now. The hi-fi plays "You Don't Know Me" from **Ray Charles's** *Modern Sounds in Country and Western Music* (Rhino):

> You give your hand to me,
> and then you say hello
> And I can hardly speak,
> my heart is beating so . . .

1 A.M. Surrendering to melancholy . . . **Lucinda Williams's** *Essence* (Lost Highway) plays as loud as the hour allows. Her tales of "Lonely Girls" and reasons to cry use only the essential words. This is a deeper shade of "Blue," her lovely ballad. She will inquire, "Are you down?"



If this is not the way to go for you, then put on **John Prine's** *Great Days* (Rhino), a collection of his finest moments, or his album of duets, ***In Spite of Ourselves*** (Oh Boy). Finally, play **Sam Phillips's** *Fan Dance* (Nonesuch). It is in a world (and class) of its own and you can visit it.



2 A.M. Jimmy Reed will put a little motor in the mood with the woozy groove of "Take Out Some Insurance" and "My Bitter Seed" from ***Rockin' with Reed*** (Vee-Jay). The lights are low—there would be cigarette smoke, but you know that it is a filthy habit . . . and your heart can't stand another drink. This record does all the hurting for you. The world is winding down. ***Houndog*** (Columbia/Legacy) is the perfect accompaniment. **Mike Halby** and **David Hidalgo's** impossibly slow blue pulse never sounds better than on "I'll Change My Style."



3 A.M. Quarter to three has come and gone, but that won't stop ***Only the Lonely*** (Capitol) from being the ultimate **Frank Sinatra** album for this time of night—weary, confidential, and completely self-possessed. You could ask for no more than "Angel Eyes," "Good-bye," or "One for My Baby." The only record that I know of that is more drained of expectation is **Chet Baker's** early vocal masterpiece "The Thrill Is Gone." Indeed. You can find it on ***Chet Baker Sings*** (Pacific Jazz), and he does. There is a **James Van Heusen** song that both men share. Sinatra's version can be found on ***In the Wee Small Hours*** (Capitol). It is both noble and knowing. Chet's narcotic rendition could once be found on ***Chet Baker with Fifty Italian Strings*** and has now been reissued as the title track of ***Deep in a Dream: The Ultimate Chet Baker Collection*** (Pacific Jazz). It is altogether more troubling.

> My cigarette burns me,
> I wake with a start
> My hand isn't hurt,
> but there's pain in my heart
> But we'll love anew,
> just as we used to do
> When I'm deep in a dream of you.

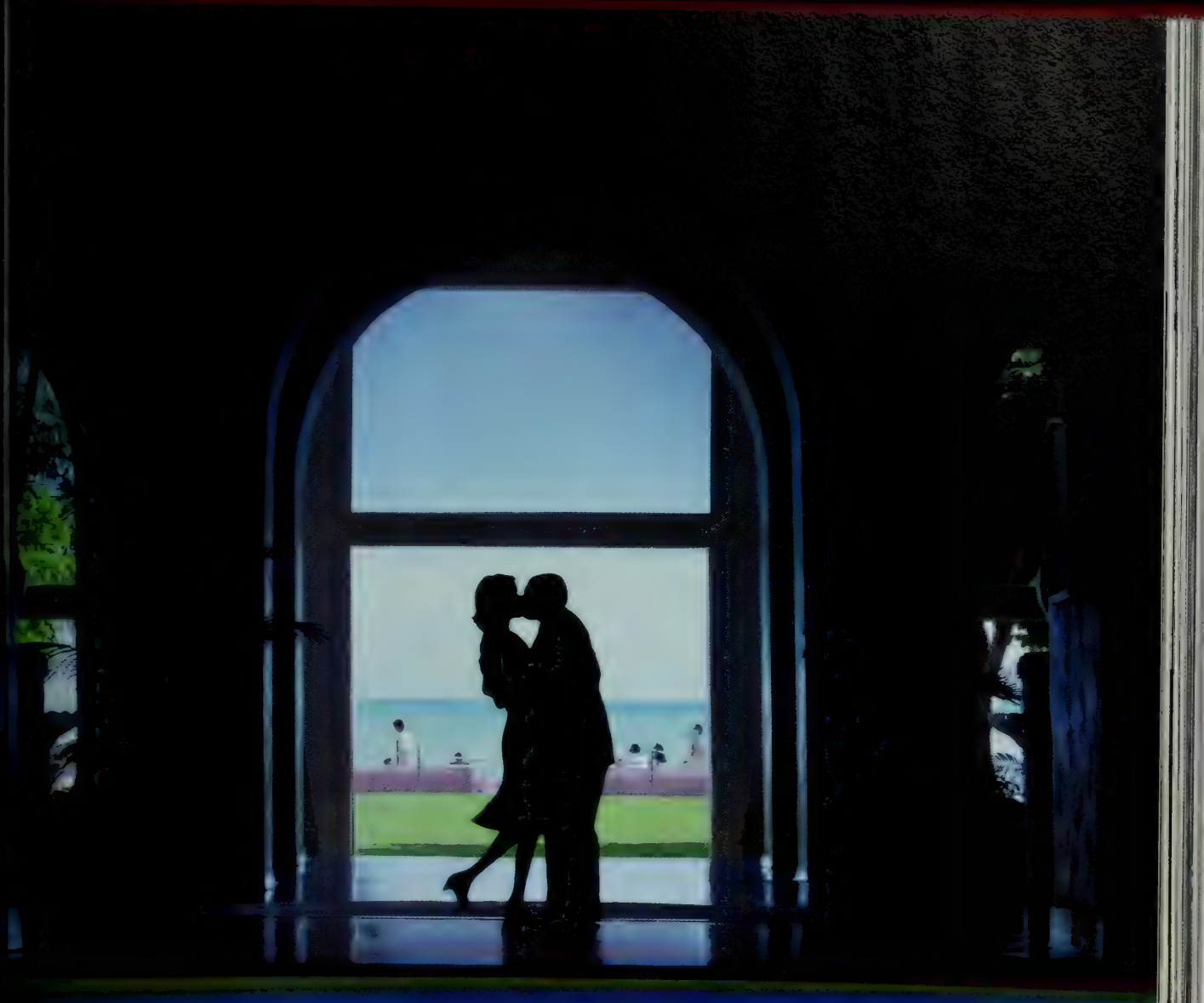
Now as you edge closer to the darkest hour, play "Ghost of Yesterday" or "Laughing at Life" (with **Lester Young**) from ***Lady Day: The Complete Billie Holiday on Columbia (1933–1944).***



MUST . . . HAVE . . . MUSIC One A.M. The night is winding down. You are not. Surrender to the melancholy of Lucinda Williams.

4 A.M. Eyes are closing despite your struggle. **Morton Feldman's** almost seamless fabric of music for piano and string quartet is both hypnotic and transporting. I use the word "fabric" with good reason. The composer is said to have written in admiration of tapestries with just the occasional fascinating imperfection. The recording ***Piano and String Quartet*** is by **the Kronos Quartet** and **Aki Takahashi** (Nonesuch).

As you drift between the conscious and unconscious worlds, you may glance at a mute television to find that Oliver Postgate's *Clangers* is being aired. If you can't find a channel showing these stop-frame animated parables of the wonderful armadillo-like creatures and their planet, you can always use **Vernon Elliot's** lovely score (Trunk) to dream your own version. □



A P.T. ANDERSON PICTURE

PUNCH-DRUNK LOVE

ADAM SANDLER EMILY WATSON

PHILIP SEYMOUR HOFFMAN LUIS GUZMAN

TION STUDIOS/NEW LINE CINEMA PRESENT A JOANNE SELLAR/GHOULARDI FILM CO. PRODUCTION MUSIC JON BRION
RK JEREMY BLAKE COSTUME DESIGNER MARK BRIDGES LESLIE JONES PRODUCTION DESIGNER WILLIAM ARNOLD
CTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY ROBERT ELSWIT PRODUCED BY JOANNE SELLAR DANIEL LUPI PAUL THOMAS ANDERSON
WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY PAUL THOMAS ANDERSON

REVOLUTION STUDIOS

R RESTRICTED
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN
STRONG LANGUAGE INCLUDING A SCENE OF SEXUAL DIALOGUE

COMING SOON

NEW LINE CINEMA

COLUMBIA PICTURES

WHO KILLED THE HIT MACHINE?

Without synergy or strategy, Warner Bros. Records provided the sound of late-20th-century America—Peter, Paul & Mary, the Grateful Dead, Joni Mitchell, Madonna. But once money mattered more than music, the label's glory days were numbered

BY NICK TOSCHES



It all began with schmattes and schlock, the rag trade and the junk trade, and with the few Jewish immigrants, or sons of immigrants, from Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Russia who moved from these trades to invent Hollywood and the dirty business of dreams. Adolph Zukor, the head of Paramount; Marcus Loew, the head of the Loew's theater chain and of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Carl Laemmle, the head of Universal; Harry Cohn, the head of Columbia; William Fox, the head of the Fox Film Corporation; the pioneering producer Samuel Goldwyn: they all had labored in the rag trade. Louis B. Mayer, who became the most despotic and most feared of the Hollywood moguls, had been a junkman.

Ben Warner, who never revealed the original family name, came to America from Poland. Failing to make his way a furrier, he returned to the low work of cobbling shoes in Young town, Ohio. There were 12 childre 9 of whom survived childhoo Four of these—Harry, Abe, Sa and Jack—worked with Ben in th youth. The eldest of the four, Har had been born, in the old count in 1881. The youngest of the fo Jacob, who became known as Ja and who later bestowed upon hi self the middle initial L (because sounded classy; it stood, he sa for Leonard), had been born in 18

It was young Jack who came ho one day with a stack of pictures: che prints of the 1877 series of rapid-sequen photographs that had been executed Eadweard Muybridge to resolve the qu tion of whether the hooves of a racing ho rose into the air together. When the pri



DISC MEN
Top, Warner Music execs Jerry Wexler, Mo Ostin, Nesuhi Ertegun, David Geffen, Ahmet Ertegun, and Joe Smith at the Beverly Hills Hotel, 1974. *Above,* three of the Warner brothers: Jack, Harry, and Abe.



n says sip responsibly

were riffled, they seemed to come alive with the blurred moving image of the horse at race. Jack was amazed when his brother Sam told him that there was a machine, the kinetoscope, that showed real moving pictures, and that it had been around for years.

On May 28, 1905, with 13-year-old Jack in tow, Harry, Abe, and Sam opened their Cascade Theatre in a rented hall in New Castle, Pennsylvania. They couldn't afford to install seats, so they rented chairs from a funeral parlor.

That was the beginning.

By 1917, Jack, now 25, and Sam were in Hollywood, searching for a property that could serve the four Warner brothers as the vehicle for their own first big-time movie production. Sam came upon a book, *My Four Years in Germany,* by James W. Gerard, the American ambassador to the German imperial court. These were days when books were still valued and respected by the ragmen and the junkmen, if only as a means to add cultural legitimacy and cachet to the transmuted schmattes and schlock of this newfound sephira of flickering images and answered prayers; and when Harry met with Ambassador Gerard he discovered that William Fox had already offered the author $75,000 for the rights to his book.

Harry secured the rights by offering Gerard $50,000 plus 20 percent of the gross profits of the movie. As it turned out, the Warner brothers' hunbaiting production of *My Four Years in Germany* was a popular success, with a then considerable gross of $800,000. Gerard came away with $210,000; after expenses, Harry, Abe, Sam, and Jack had $130,000 to split among themselves.

It was the only time that anyone from the pulp end of the rag trade beat Hollywood at its own racket. Gerard, who was born in 1867 and who died in 1951, lived to propagate America's entry into the Second World War. But neither he nor any other pulp peddler was ever again to prevail over the ragmen when the gelt got divvied. However, for Jack Warner, whose wedding of ruthless greed and bad business sense was the one true and enduring marriage of his long life of wives and mistresses, there would be other, similar deals: not with those pulpmongers called writers, but with other peddlers, other pimps.

It was in the spring of 1923 that Warner Bros. Pictures was incorporated, with Harry, Abe, Sam, and Jack holding 60 percent of the stock. And it was in the spring of the following year that researchers at what would soon be known as Bell Laboratories, then headquartered on West Street in Manhattan, unveiled the means by which the Warner brothers' new little moving-picture corporation would become the richest and most powerful of the studios.

By then, experiments to merge recorded sound with recorded moving images had long been under way. It is known that, in 1894, William Kennedy Laurie Dickson, the Edison assistant whose work has all too often been credited to Edison himself, produced a primitive sound kinetoscope in which two men danced while a third man fiddled, his music coming forth from a synchronous phonograph recording. Well into the next century, other attempts by other men would leave behind only the fanciful names of failed, forgotten devices—the Vivaphone, the Chronophone, the Cinephone, and more—to testify to their failed, forgotten endeavors. Then, in 1915, the future Bell Laboratories began a research-and-development program that would lead to the electrical-recording technology that brought both the recording industry and the movie industry into a new age.

Jack Warner saw the future through the polarized cardboard glasses of a true visionary.

The recording industry entered this new age in 1925, when the major companies ditched the mechanical sound-reproduction techniques that dated back to Edison's first tinfoil-cylinder phonograph and began to adopt the Bell Laboratories electrical process, producing records of greatly enhanced fidelity, frequency response, volume, and richness of sound. The ragmen, however, were not so keen on entering any new age. The money was good as things stood, they seemed to reckon: why gamble by buying into a so-called technology that might very well be a loser? Thus it was that, in 1924, when the first real "sound pictures" implemented by the Bell Laboratories process were exhibited privately in New York to the ragmen who ruled, none among them expressed better than wariness for this strange new schmatte that spoke its name. "Who the hell wants to hear actors talk?" Harry Warner said, or so legend has it.

Only Sam Warner wanted to roll the dice. What the others saw as unthinkable dreck he saw as the future. Of course, they all were right: dreck was the future, and the future was dreck. It was one horse with two names, and Sam alone was eager t lay his money down on that horse, no ma ter what you called it.

Sam convinced his brothers. In May o 1925, Western Electric, a part of Bel which in turn was a part of AT&T, entere into an agreement with another party t form a sound-film-system company. Les than a month later, a half-interest in thi inchoate company was sold to Warne Bros. Earlier that spring, in April, Warne Bros. had bought the ruins of the old Vit graph company, an early, New York–base "class" studio that had been founded i 1897 by two sons of British immigrar families and had been driven out of bus ness in the early 1920s by Adolph Zuk and others. Vitagraph, figured Sam: wh the hell was that? Life-sign? How abo Vitaphone? What the hell would that b Life-sound? Whatever. It sounded snazz it sounded classy. And so the sound-filn system company that Warner Bros. ha owned came to be called Vitaphone.

And it was on August 6, 192 that Warner Bros. Picture Inc., and its partners showe the world's first successful cor mercial sound picture, *Don Jua* featuring John Barrymore, at tl opening of the new Warners Th atre on Broadway at 52nd Stre in New York. The price of a tic et was 10 bucks plus a dollar ta Within weeks, Warner Bros. sto rose from $14 to $54 a share. The follo ing year, with the success of the Al Jols vehicle *The Jazz Singer,* Warner Bros. del ered the *coup de grâce.* The film premier on the night of October 6, 1927. Sam, wh had bet on the future and who had broug his brothers to the glory of that night, w not there. He had dropped dead of a ce bral hemorrhage in the early hours of t previous day. He was 39 years old. much for Sam's bet and so much for Sar payday: a gambler's tale.

In the year that followed, his survivi brothers brought out their second Jols feature, *The Singing Fool.* It took in an u precedented $5 million. The price of W ner Bros. stock rose to $130 a share. Th followed the first all-dialogue movie, t gangster picture *The Lights of New Yo* In 1929 came the spectacular Technico musical *Gold Diggers of Broadway,* feat ing Nick Lucas.

Warner Bros. was built on sound; an was through these two films that War Bros. became involved in the record bu ness and the music-publishing business.

Jolson—born Asa Yoelson, the son o rabbi, in 1886, in what is today Lith nia—had enjoyed success with his reco of songs from *The Jazz Singer* on t

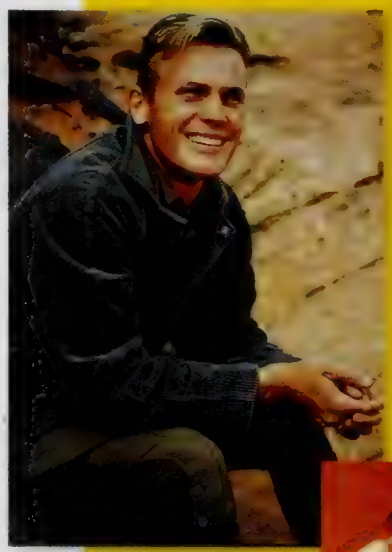

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ALTER AND EGO
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Brunswick label. But it was his Brunswick record of "Sonny Boy," from *The Singing Fool,* that made history. It was the first record of a song from a moving picture to sell a million copies. Nick Lucas—born Nicholas Lucanese, in 1897, in Newark—was also a popular Brunswick recording artist. His record of "Tip Toe Through the Tulips with Me," which he sang in *Gold Diggers of Broadway,* was one of the best-selling records of 1929. Through Black Monday and the worst of the Depression, it sold and sold and sold—more than two million copies—as the economy came crashing down. Furthermore, the B side of the record, "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine," also from the movie, became a hit all its own. Both songs had the same publisher, M. Witmark & Sons, and when both sides of a record had the same publisher, the publisher doubled his fortune from royalty payments, regardless of the relative popularity of the sides. And this was apart from the publisher's sheet-music income. "Tip Toe Through the Tulips with Me," to which Witmark had the sole publication rights, was also among the year's best-selling pieces of sheet music. God only knew what Brunswick had made from these records. God only knew what Witmark had made from the Lucas record. Hell, even Warner Bros. had had to pay to use the songs in the goddamned movies that made those songs best-sellers in the first place. And even what only God knew was merely a glint. Brunswick was one of the biggest recording companies in America, with a wealth of recordings going back a decade, while Witmark had a catalogue dating to 1885; what Witmark's "Tip Toe Through the Tulips" was to 1929, Witmark's "All Coons Look Alike to Me" had been to 1896.

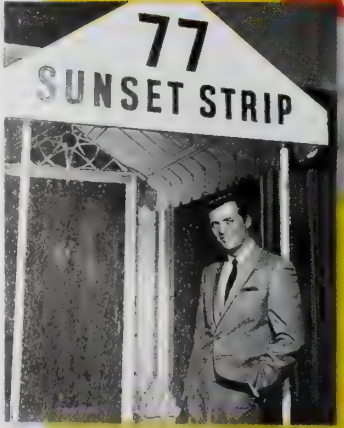
Warner Bros. itself had not done poorly in that year of the Crash. The company took in more than $14 million. This was in no small part due to the fact that it was not truly only God who knew what Witmark had made from the Lucas record. Harry Warner himself now knew what Witmark had made from the Lucas record. For Warner Bros., under Harry's guidance,



Most likely, the record label was just another of Jack Warner's dumb mistakes.







HITS AND MISSES *From above:* Jack Warner and Al Jolson, star of the Warner Bros. sound hit *The Jazz Singer;* Tab Hunter, Warner Bros. Records' great early hope; Jack Webb's stab at make-out music, one of the label's first releases; Edd "Kookie" Byrnes, one-hit wonder and star of *77 Sunset Strip.*

had bought M. Witmark & Son in 1928, the year before "Tip To Through the Tulips" came to be fe tured in *Gold Diggers of Broadwa* and that subsequent $14 millio take allowed Warner Bros., aga under Harry's guidance, to bu Brunswick Records, for $8 millio from Brunswick-Balke-Collender, April of 1930.

Skip to 1958. Yes, skip. That what records do. Even CD They skip.

The three brothers who had walk over their brother's corpse to cash on the shining moment of his visi had been doing their best to bu one another. Abe was getting old a sick and tired of the whole racke Harry, who was even older, gaspe for breath as he chased Jack throu the streets of the Warner Bros. l wielding a length of pipe and swea ing murder, as their endless, increa ingly private feud—about everything erupted one day into public violenc Jack, when he was not raging agai Harry, spent much of his time the South of France, gambling a philandering with the likes of t deposed King Farouk.

But if Sam had been the visio ary who brought talking pictures the masses, so Jack was the visio ary who, in 1953, brought them wo drous cardboard eyeglasses with p larized plastic lenses through whi to experience, in his epochal 3- production of *House of Wax,* wh television could not give them.

The brothers' final act of unity h been to sell off the past. In early 19 the full negative rights to every W ner Bros. moving picture releas before 1950 went to a television-fi distribution company op ated by Elliot Hyman, $21 million. Jack was fool. Fuck all that wor less old shit. *The Jazz Sin* and *Little Caesar, The Pu lic Enemy* and *42nd Stre The Maltese Falcon* a *Casablanca.* Edward Robinson, Paul Muni, Be Davis. Cagney, Boga Gable. Errol Flynn, B bara Stanwyck, Willia Powell. All those Bus Berkeley pictures. This shit wo fade away, go to the scrapyard af a few brief years as cheap fodder television and then be forgotten f ever. He saw the future through polarized cardboard glasses o


GUESS
BY MARCIANO




GUESS
BY MARCIANO






GUESS
BY MARCIANO

rue visionary. He knew what was worth vhat and what wasn't. Thanks to him, Warıer Bros. still owned *House of Wax*. Peering through those cardboard spectacles, ıe saw and he knew.

By then Jack had fucked his big brothrs but good.

In the spring of 1956 an investment roup headed by Serge Semenenko, the Russian-Orthodox Boston banker to the Hearsts and the Kennedys, had offered $22 nillion for 90 percent—800,000 shares—of ne brothers' holdings. Abe and Harry, who vere now in their 70s, figured that it was a ood time to retire. In the boardroom, as ne documents were signed and the deal vent down, Jack spoke to them in a soft nd conciliatory way, setting a tone of quiet entimentality, as if expressing his hope that ney could now all be brothers again, simply rothers, as in the old days. What Abe and Harry did not know was that Jack nd Semenenko had a secret deal f their own. It had been agreed nat, following the successful exeution of the sale of Abe and Harry's 600,000 shares to the emenenko group, Jack would beome a partner in the Semennko group's acquisition of those nares, while retaining the ownerhip of his own 200,000 shares, hus emerging as the president nd largest stockholder of Warner Bros.

When Harry discovered this, he fell to ne floor, then suffered a stroke. He was ever the same. There were further strokes. Ie died in the summer of 1958. As for old .be, he never spoke to Jack again—again isting until 1967, when he too died of a roke.

The involvement of Warner Bros. in Brunswick Records had not lasted long. In late 1931, Warner Bros. had censed the Brunswick imprint to the merican Record Corporation group of ow-budget labels, owned and operated by Herbert J. Yates as a part of his Consoliated Film Industries, whose laboratories eveloped film for several studios; and in ne spring of 1941, Warner Bros. had sold Decca Records all of the Brunswick aster recordings made prior to Novemer 17, 1931.

Much had changed since that brief inolvement.

The era of electrical recording had come an end. The era of electromagnetic-tape cording had begun. This technology had een popularized in Germany under the azi regime. The Magnetophon recording evice was invented by Allgemeine Elekizitätsgesellschaft (AEG), which later as acquired by Daimler-Benz. The plasticased electromagnetic tape itself was invented by Badische Anilin & Soda Fabrik (B.A.S.F.), a part of I. G. Farben, the manufacturer of Zyklon B, the death gas used in concentration camps. So vastly superior was the lifelike fidelity of the technology that it allowed Hitler to address the nation by radio while confounding the Allied forces, who could not determine his location by tracing the sources of these time-delayed broadcasts.

When the war ended, the United States commissioned the new Ampex Corporation of California to further develop this Nazi technology for use by the government's own agencies. By the spring of 1949 high-fidelity magnetic-tape recording had become the standard of the music business, and the first high-fidelity phonographs and records—vinyl 33⅓-r.p.m. long-playing microgroove records, then vinyl 45-r.p.m. singles—had been introduced to the market, delivering this fuller, wider, more powerful spectrum of sound.

"I had no secretary. I had no file cabinet.... That was Warner Bros. Records, Inc."

Rock 'n' roll was already going strong. Nineteen forty-eight, the year that electromagnetic-tape recording burst forth in all its power, had also been the year of Wynonie Harris's thundering hit "Good Rockin' Tonight," the year of the advent of the first, fulminous, solid-body electric guitars.

Initially, as the new music spread, and as it became obvious that the prospering major companies such as Columbia, Victor, and Decca, with their rosters of swing-era stars, were for the most part unaware of and uninterested in the sea change, numerous little labels were founded by men and women who smelled money in what was happening—Savoy and Apollo, Exclusive and DeLuxe, National and King, Modern and Aladdin, Mercury and Specialty, Chess and Sun, Duke and Vee-Jay, Atlantic (the Tiffany of the independents, with acts such as Ray Charles and the Coasters and, later, Aretha Franklin), and hundreds more. They were the true breeding ground and glory ground of rock 'n' roll. These little companies were not so foolish as to try to shape or control the strange new creature; they just let it be, and they glommed the gelt. National Records, which had success with Big Joe Turner and the Ravens, had been founded in 1944 by an ex-con who was in the toilet-seat business and realized that the same plastic-injection-molding process used to make cheap toilet seats could also be used to make cheap plastic 78-r.p.m. records. With a few notable exceptions, such as Sun, Vee-Jay, Excelsior ("the All Colored Recording Company"), and Atlantic (co-founded by the Turkish Ahmet Ertegun and later owned in partnership with his brother, Nesuhi), most of the seminal rock 'n' roll record companies had been founded and run by Jews. Leonard Chess (Lejzor Czyz) and his brother Phil, who founded Chess Records, were, like the Warner family before them, immigrants from Poland.

Yes, music-lovers have the technology of the Nazis to thank; but it was the Jews who kept aflame the glorious Reichstag Fire of rock 'n' roll.

So, anyway, yes: 1958. This was the year that 66-year-old Jack L. Warner, having fucked his brothers out of the picture and thus having emerged as the last and sole mogul of the Warner family, decided to start a record company. The closest that Warner ever came to elucidating his decision was in his 1958 letter to the company's stockholders: announcing the formation of Warner Bros. Records, he noted that the recording industry "has more than doubled in size since 1955," and that "the advent of stereophonic records for the home is expected to increase the market further." Perhaps, in an age when the performance of a song on a television program could transform it into a hit—rock 'n' roll had by now died its first death, had gone from black and threatening to white and benign, had devolved from Wynonie Harris to Ricky Nelson wimp-singing "A Teenager's Romance" on *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet*—Jack saw, as his company's involvement in television grew, a new era in which the screen, smaller now, could sell the record, as in the Brunswick days. (In fact, Warner had begun his company after a failed attempt to buy Imperial Records, the company that held Ricky Nelson's contract.) Or, more likely, it was just another of his dumb fucking mistakes.

Warner Bros. Records had come into being on the Monday morning of March 10, 1958.

At that time, Jack Warner still did not know how to operate a record player.

Yes. Jack Warner was mean and he was treacherous and he was ruthless, and he was as greedy and coldhearted as they came. But he was also one stupid son of a bitch.

And that is what made Warner Bros. Rec-



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illion. Plastic injection molding
id the Muses. Toilet seats and Vi-
phonic vinyl. If you were out to
ake money through art—or, how-
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rough music for people with $3.98,
us tax, if any—you should just let
be and just let it happen, for
uantitative and qualitative factors
id nothing to do with nothing.

nter Frank Sinatra.

After a dismal decade with Columbia, Sinatra had been recording for Capitol since 1953. At his relationship with Capol had grown increasingly tter, and he wanted out: not ily from Capitol, but also om the whole rapacious, ntrolling world of the major cord companies. He wanted freedom. He wanted his n record company. He tried buy Verve Records from orman Granz. Formed by ranz in 1956, from his older ef label, Verve was a young and all company, but its roster, which cluded Count Basie and Ella Fitzrald, had established it as a presce in the popular-jazz market. egotiations between Granz and natra's lawyer, the Harvard-trained bull Milton "Mickey" Rudin, proeded slowly, then came to a sudn end and Granz, in 1960, sold Verve MGM for a few dollars more. natra then resolved to start a comny of his own from scratch. He lled it Reprise, and when he called hat he did not say Re-*preez*, but onounced it rather as the poet ryden and others did in the 17th ntury, rhyming it with "eyes" as a nonym for "reprisal," the act of taliation. With Mickey Rudin as s partner, and while he was still der contract to Capitol, Sinatra up Reprise using office space at e William Morris Agency, which presented him. In time, Reprise oved to less classy environs: half floor on top of a carpeting op at 8330 Melrose Avenue, West L.A.

During the failed negotiions to buy Verve, Rudin d come to know Mo Ostin, the young and underpaid ancial manager of that mpany. Born in 1927 in w York, Mo Ostin—Morris eyer Ostrofsky—had moved to s Angeles in his teens and studl economics at U.C.L.A. Rudin



It's Everly Time! wasn't as big as 77 Sunset Strip, but it was the first real, credible hit.



KISS SANDWICH *Top:* hits, expected and unexpected, from Bob Newhart, the Everly Brothers, and Peter, Paul & Mary. *Above,* Jack Warner gets a smooch from Frank Sinatra, founder of Reprise Records, and Dean Martin. *Left,* LP label featuring Sinatra's autumnal smash "Strangers in the Night."

perceived in Ostin a man who knew and loved music and money as few others did, and who, even more rarely, loved the music more than the money. He had been with Granz at Clef when Charlie Parker blew brilliance through a saxophone for that company; and this education, in letting creative forces work unhindered, was as important as his education in economics. In late 1960, Sinatra hired Mo, 33, as the administrative head of Reprise.

A few days later, on December 19, exactly a week after his 45th birthday, Sinatra made his first recordings for Reprise, and the first Reprise release, his version of "The Second Time Around," followed on Valentine's Day 1961. Sinatra induced his friend Dean Martin to leave Capitol, and Martin began recording for Reprise in February of 1962. Later that year, in November, Duke Ellington also came on board. But things did not go as planned. Sinatra had not had a Top 20 hit since "Witchcraft," in early 1958, and his downhill slide merely continued on Reprise. Dino's records for the new label did even worse. By 1963 it seemed that Sinatra's dream of freedom, like almost everyone else's, was destined to doom.

Meanwhile, in 1961, Jack Warner had learned that Jim Conkling had been cashing in his Warner Bros. stock options. Furious, Warner fired Conkling, and another former Capitol executive, Mike Maitland, took over as the president of Warner Bros. Records. Maitland brought in Joe Smith, a young, Yale-educated disc jockey from Boston who had relocated in Los Angeles after the payola scandals. Joe would complement Mo perfectly: the future colleagues were two of a kind, music-loving and smiling. Smith, 33, was placed in charge of promotion at Warner Bros., but, as he soon discovered, titles and job descriptions in those cranny-like quarters above the machine shop were somewhat nebulous.

As for Conkling, he returned to the retirement from which Jack Warner had summoned him. Recounting his illustrious career in a 1998 obituary, *The Washington Post* would name Bozo the Clown as one of the many "artists" with whom he had worked.

It was through his work with Allan Sherman, the 60s-shtick suburban-

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Jew comedian, that Joe Smith first drew Jack Warner's notice:

"I get this call. It's Jack Warner, wants to talk to me. He says, 'Hey, kid, who the fuck is this Allan Sherman?' I said, 'He's recording for us.' Warner said, 'Zanuck says he's funny. Is he funny?' I said, 'Why don't you listen to the record? You've got the record.' He said, 'I don't know how to work this goddamn thing.' I said, 'Mr. Warner, you turn it on, you put the needle on the record. How about trying that, or getting somebody to do it?' He says, 'I don't know.' He says, 'O.K., I'll play the record.' So I said to him, 'Would you like to meet Allan Sherman?' And Jack Warner, who has dealt with Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Jimmy Dean, Humphrey Bogart—'Could I? Could I meet Allan Sherman?' And I said, 'Yeah, sure.' So I told Allan, 'Listen, we're gonna see the Chief. Don't jerk around in there, you understand? This is serious.' So we go up to see him. He had just produced *My Fair Lady,* and they were giving him a big award dinner, and he said, 'I don't know what I'm supposed to do at the dinner. They want me to get some entertainment. What am I supposed to get?' So I said, 'I got an idea. Allan can write an entire parody of *My Fair Lady.*' Then I got kicked under the table so hard by Allan. And Warner says, 'Could—could he do that?' I said, 'Sure he could. When is the dinner?' This was like a Tuesday. He says, 'Oh, it's next Monday night.' I said, 'Allan will go right to work and do it.' And I remember we went right outside, we ended the meeting, and Allan started hitting me, beating me. He was this short fat guy. Shorter than I was and fatter than I was. He's beating me up. And he then proceeded to write the funniest goddamn group of songs. 'With a bagel and a little cream cheese and a little bit of lox and a little bit of lox.' It was a smash."

Smith tells this tale fondly and whimsically, but he has never had any illusion about Jack Warner's true nature. "He was a despicable character to most people," Smith says plainly. "People hated Jack Warner. They despised him."

Reprise had moved from its floor above the carpet shop on Melrose to the floor above a Pacific Radio outlet on Cahuenga Boulevard in Hollywood. It did not seem to matter that Frank Sinatra knew how to work a record player and Jack Warner did not. As business prospered above the machine shop, business suffered above the electr

Mike M d signed Peter, Paul & Mary, a ith had promoted them—"this g ch I called the Two Rabbis and th r"—along with the other acts that were bringing in the money. But Jack Warner still held dearly to the Tab Hunter principle, the principle that went back to the days of Jolson, the early sound pictures, and Brunswick Records. When Joe Smith signed a 28-year-old Brooklyn-born New York cop named Saverio Saridis, Jack Warner saw true potential.

To Smith, it was a joke. "These two managers, they were hustlers and they had some acts. They tell me this great story. There's this cop that patrols outside the Plaza Hotel and he sings in this baritone. So we make this record, 'Love Is the Sweetest Thing.' Now I got to go out and promote this. In the end, I think we sold about 6,000 records." But when Jack Warner became aware of the Singing Policeman, "he wanted to sign this guy to play Mario Lanza in *The Mario Lanza Story* . . . and I'm trying to tell Warner, 'No, man.' And he signed him, he gave him $75,000. Of course, nothing ever happened. He never made the picture or anything like that, but he gave him $75,000."

"I get this call. It's Jack Warner. He says, 'Could I? Could I meet Allan Sherman?'"

And to Jack Warner, of even greater appeal than Saridis, and of proven box-office value, was Sinatra, whom he had wanted to sign to an acting contract ever since the success, in 1960, of *Ocean's 11,* in which Sinatra had starred and which Warner Bros. had coproduced with Sinatra's own little Dorchester Productions. The ghost of the ambassador was about to smile down upon Sinatra.

"Reprise was a stiff," as Joe Smith recalls. "Jack Warner figured Frank was a great movie star, and he wanted to sign Frank to a movie deal." To get Frank as an actor, Warner "got conned by Mickey Rudin into this Reprise deal."

The deal came down to this: Sinatra signed a four-movie contract with Warner, and Warner in turn paid Sinatra $1.5 million for his controlling interest in Reprise while also granting him a one-third interest in Warner Bros. Records. Furthermore, he was given veto power over any proposed sale of either Warner Bros. Records or Reprise Records; and while he held a one-third interest in the newly merged companies, he was not to be held responsible for any financial underwriting.

Warner Bros. Records and Reprise merged officially on September 3, 1963. Mo Ostin ran the Reprise end of thing Joe Smith was promoted to run the W ner end of things. Mike Maitland overs the newly formed parent company, Warn Reprise.

"And the four pictures Frank made w all stiffs," Joe Smith says with a laug "Complete stiffs."

It was under the concordant and libert ian regime of Mo and Joe that Warn Reprise burst forth in nova-like splend In 1964, Dean Martin's Reprise single "Everybody Loves Somebody" knock the Beatles' "A Hard Day's Night" out the No. 1 position on the pop charts become the biggest hit in America. It w uncanny. The recording started out a throwaway. The song dated to 1948. Si tra and others had flopped with it. E Dean made magic of it.

It was also in 1964 that Mo signed first rock act, the Kinks, whose lead Reprise single, "You Really Got Me," lowed Dino's record into the T 10. Even Sinatra would rise an in the summer of 1966, w "Strangers in the Night," his f No. 1 hit in more than a deca

Mo just let them do what t would, and the music, and hits, and the money flowed fr that understanding and that f dom.

And, later in 1966, Joe the Grateful Dead. "I was in S Francisco, and my wife and I were Ernie's, and I'm wearing a dark suit she's wearing her basic black and pea We're having dinner at this elegant rest rant, and Tom Donahue"—an influen San Francisco disc jockey—"calls me says, 'Get ready to meet at the Avalon B room.' I said, 'Now? I'm wearing a s He says, 'Nobody will notice.' We wal in and—no one had ever seen this bef body painting, people smoking joints, cense in the air, the Dead up on the st with one of their interminable drones, minute song, or something like that. We made a deal that night. That starte nine-year odyssey with the Dead."

The price, according to Smith, was grand. The group recorded its first alb in a few days in early 1967.

"I could've signed every band in Francisco for a $25,000 advance. Maitl said, 'Let's see how we do with the De I said, 'It'll be too late.' . . . Mike w very square guy."

Smith gave complete freedom to Dead. He recalls the time that the b wanted to record air.

"I look around and I think they're joking. We were debating what kind o cording technique to use, and it was

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esh or Jerry Garcia that
id, 'I've got a great idea,
erybody stop: we'll go to
A. on a smoggy day every
ar and then go to the des-
t to cleaner air and that's
rhythm track.' And they
l looked at me and I said,
he union won't allow it.'
iat was my only response—
couldn't say anything else."

While Joe got the Dead, Mo got Jimi Hendrix. And on it went. Len- Waronker, a young man ose father had founded Lib- ty Records in 1955, joined e Artist and Repertoire de- rtment of Warner/Reprise in e year of "Strangers in the Night," d with him came his friends Randy ewman and Van Dyke Parks, two the most creative composers and ngwriters of the era.

"I was working for Liberty's pub- hing company, Metric Music," says nny. "In those days you had to ake demos of songs, and the demos songs had to be pretty damn close what they should be, because cord producers, again those days, would tcher the songs. They uldn't pay attention to e detail. The chords uld be wrong—all rts of horrible stuff. iat's why Randy New- an ultimately became artist, he just couldn't nd it anymore. A lot the younger singer- ngwriters that emerged m that time period, like Carole ng and Neil Diamond, people like at, I think had a similar situation here some of their best songs were ined by bad records. So knowing at you really had to do it up, I rned how to make demos, and I cluded the songwriters, which again sn't something that people did. t because of my knowledge of the uggle between producers and song- iters, all of that stuff, I decided get it as close as you can.... So at's how it started. And Mo Ostin tually called me to interview me."

The fact that such acts as Parks d Newman did not bring in much oney, or lost money, did not deter- ne their fate at Warner. The ac- untants did not rule, and creative aracters were supported regardless the profit and loss columns. The acts, and their potential audiences, were allowed to grow. The Grateful Dead did not have a Top 40 album until their fifth time out.

The bigger Warner Bros. Records grew, the greater a force for freedom it became. In 1967, while contemplating a takeover by Warner, Atlantic Records was scheduled to release an album by the Fugs, the once infamous and now fondly remembered New York group known more for its celebrations of sex and drugs than for its musical renderings of poems by Blake and Matthew Arnold or its lyrics in Latin and classical Greek.

The poet Ed Sanders, the ringleader of the Fugs, tells the story on the band's Web site: "We did some research on why we were thrown off Atlantic, and we were told by Albert Grossman"—an acquaintance of their manager—"that Warner Brothers was negotiating to purchase Atlantic and the pooh bahs at Atlantic were afraid having the Fugs aboard would lower the selling price. Learning that, we surged forward and opened negotiations with Warner Brothers, and Reprise signed us! Heh Heh Heh. There was a slight consolation in being signed by the company that was purchasing the company that had tossed us." Further into the weird: "The president of Reprise Records told me that, before they could sign the Fugs, they played the album tape to ... Frank Sinatra. Sinatra, to our lasting gratitude, okayed the deal." (As to the bit about Atlantic's alleged fear that the Fugs would drag down its sale price: "No way," says Jerry Wexler, former Atlantic vice-chairman. "I just didn't think that 'Coca Cola Douche' would resonate with the likes of Aretha Franklin and Ray Charles.")

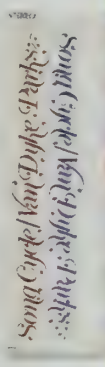
In 1967, Warner Bros. Records took over Atlantic. In 1970, Warner Bros. Records took over Elektra. In 1973, Warner Bros. Records took over Asylum. Elektra, which had been founded by Jac Holzman in 1950, had broken big with the Doors in 1967. Asylum, founded by David Geffen in 1971, was a big California-



NICE PANTS *From above:* Ed West (treasurer of Warner Bros. Records), Stan Cornyn, Joe Smith, Mo Ostin, and Lenny Waronker in Smith's office, 1972; the Grateful Dead; Van Dyke Parks's brilliant dud, *Song Cycle*; a representative Warner/Reprise ad.









singer-songwriter company. Warner Bros. Records, or Warner/Reprise, became known as W.E.A. (Warner-Elektra-Atlantic), a division of W.C.I. (Warner Communications, Inc.), but everybody still called it Warner Bros. And Warner Bros. was big, and Warner Bros. was powerful, and it was the wildest label in the industry. There were new, flush offices—at 3300 Warner Boulevard—for new, flush times. Executive titles became grander, but still seemed to bear no clear relationship to anything. (Many former longtime executives have difficulty recalling the exact titles they ended up with: "Oh, vice president in charge of something or other, or something like that.") And the executives still played the same no-rules game.

Stan Cornyn was the only advertising man who could have handled it and enhanced it, and he did. There was his "'Win a Fug Dream Date' Competition." (One entry, perhaps the only entry, survives, from a Barbara in Reno, Nevada: "Dear Sirs: (Or Whoever You Are:) I would like to go out with Tuli"—Tuli Kupferberg, one of the band's singers—"because I would like him to fuck me. P.S. Even if I don't win I would still like it. Pacem In Terris.") There was the "How We Lost $35,509.50 on 'The Album of the Year' (Dammit)" for Van Dyke Parks's *Song Cycle.* There was the "Joni Mitchell Finally Comes Across" advertisement, its final paragraph of text headed "Concluding Pitch."

Cornyn recalls only two incidents of resistance. "One was Joni Mitchell hated the ad whose headline was JONI MITCHELL IS 90% VIRGIN. I was talking, of course, that she was not well selling at that point, that there was a long way to go. But she objected to that one. So I think Mo just said that to me and I just nodded and went on. I didn't do any more with Joni Mitchell, out of respect." (Mitchell, who was with Reprise, later became part of that oh-so-sensitive California crew from Asylum.) Then there was "the original soundtrack to a movie called *Deep Throat.* Which had perhaps one of the worst soundtracks ever. I don't know, it just kind of—anyway, we did it, and then we decided to have a double album. So we had this inner spread, and I'll just leave the words 'inner spread' with you on that. I guess the word got to corporate that this might not go over with the shareholders in the Midwest too much to have her going down on this guy on an inner spread." But most often, Cornyn was left to his own devices. "There was some tiny bullying," he says, from his corporate masters. "As a matter of fact, I got into this odd position of being sort of flown around to talk to stock analysts in New York."

Cornyn reflects, "I would say in retrospect now, after some decades, our leaders—and I'm talking about Mo and Joe and there are others—had two ideal traits. I will call those brains and humility. Brains means that they reached out and got the right problem solvers and creators to conduct their company. And they had the humility not to think that they knew it all. And those worked, I think."

The Warner group of labels was not without problems, both with artists and among themselves. Atlantic's relationship with the Rolling Stones took a turn for the worse when Ahmet Ertegun refused to include the song "Starfucker" on the Stones' album *Goats Head Soup.* Ertegun relented when the song was renamed "Star Star." Atlantic and Asylum fought furiously against each other to sign Bob Dylan, a battle won by Asylum's David Geffen. Atlantic's Jerry Wexler berated him: "You'd dive into a pool of pus to come up with a nickel!" Joe Smith remembers the 1967 ordeal of signing Van Morrison, who was then under contract to dark forces:

"He was the artist that I had coveted, but I didn't know where to find him and I didn't know who had his contract. I called Joe Scandore, who was Don Rickles's manager. The Mob guys called him the *elegante* of Brooklyn. And Joe knew about people. I said, 'Joe, find out what I got to do to get his contract.' We found Morrison. He was in a basement in Cambridge with the immigration people trying to throw him out, and there was no record label, and he was broke." Scandore found out that the characters who had Morrison would sell the contract. They wanted $20,000. Smith continues: "So I had to meet a guy at six o'clock at night on the third floor of a warehouse on 10th Avenue in Manhattan. The guy said to bring the money. I wasn't feeling very good about that. I had the cab wait and I walk up the stairs and I knock on the door and I come in and it's central casting. There's a big wide guy sitting behind the desk and a big tall guy standing beside him. I come in and I say, 'I'm Joe Smith, I'm with Warner I need to talk.' I talk to somebody. H says, 'You got the money?' I say, 'Yes, y got the contract?' 'Let's have the mone 'The contract, is it signed?' 'It's signe 'Are you authorized to sign it?' '*What* 'O.K., O.K.' Now, what I'm concerne about is, I'm gonna take the contract, outside, and something's going to hit n in the side of the head, and the next thi I won't have a contract. I jumped from t third-floor landing to the second floor- almost broke my foot—and I ran out on the street and got into the cab and we back and put the contract in the safe the Warner office."

The Dead wanted to record air. "I said, 'The union won't allow it.' I couldn't say anything else."

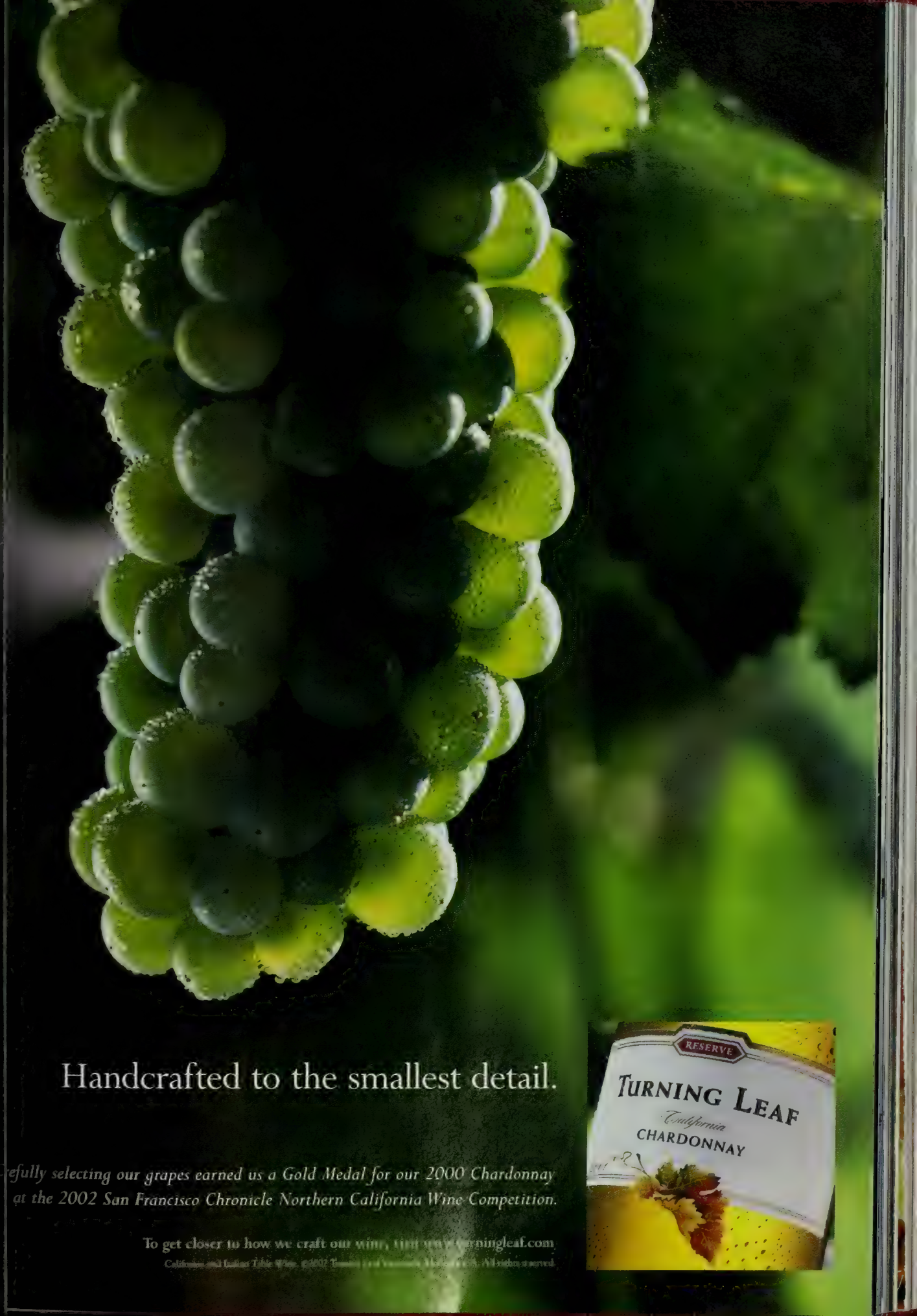
Strange times, wild times, glorious time And through those years, into t 70s, into the 80s, into the 90s, W ner Bros. was the most prestigious, t most daring, and arguably the most su cessful record company in the world. Fro Dino and the Dead to Prin and Madonna, Warner Bros. w the soundtrack of, ahem, Ame can culture for a quarter of century and more.

And what of Jack Warne Well, Elliot Hyman, head of A sociated Artists Productions, whom Jack Warner had in 19 sold, for $21 million, the rights every Warner Bros. moving p ture released before 1950, h earned a profit on his investment with two years. Hyman then sold A.A.P. t division of United Artists. With the m ey from this sale, he formed a movie co pany, Seven Arts Productions, in 19 Eight years later, in late 1966, Jack W ner sold his interest in Warner Bros. P tures to Seven Arts. Jack was 74: fuck enough was enough. The sale price v $32 million. Thus, Hyman's revenues fr the rights that Jack Warner had sold h in 1956 had in part allowed him a deca later to buy Warner Bros.

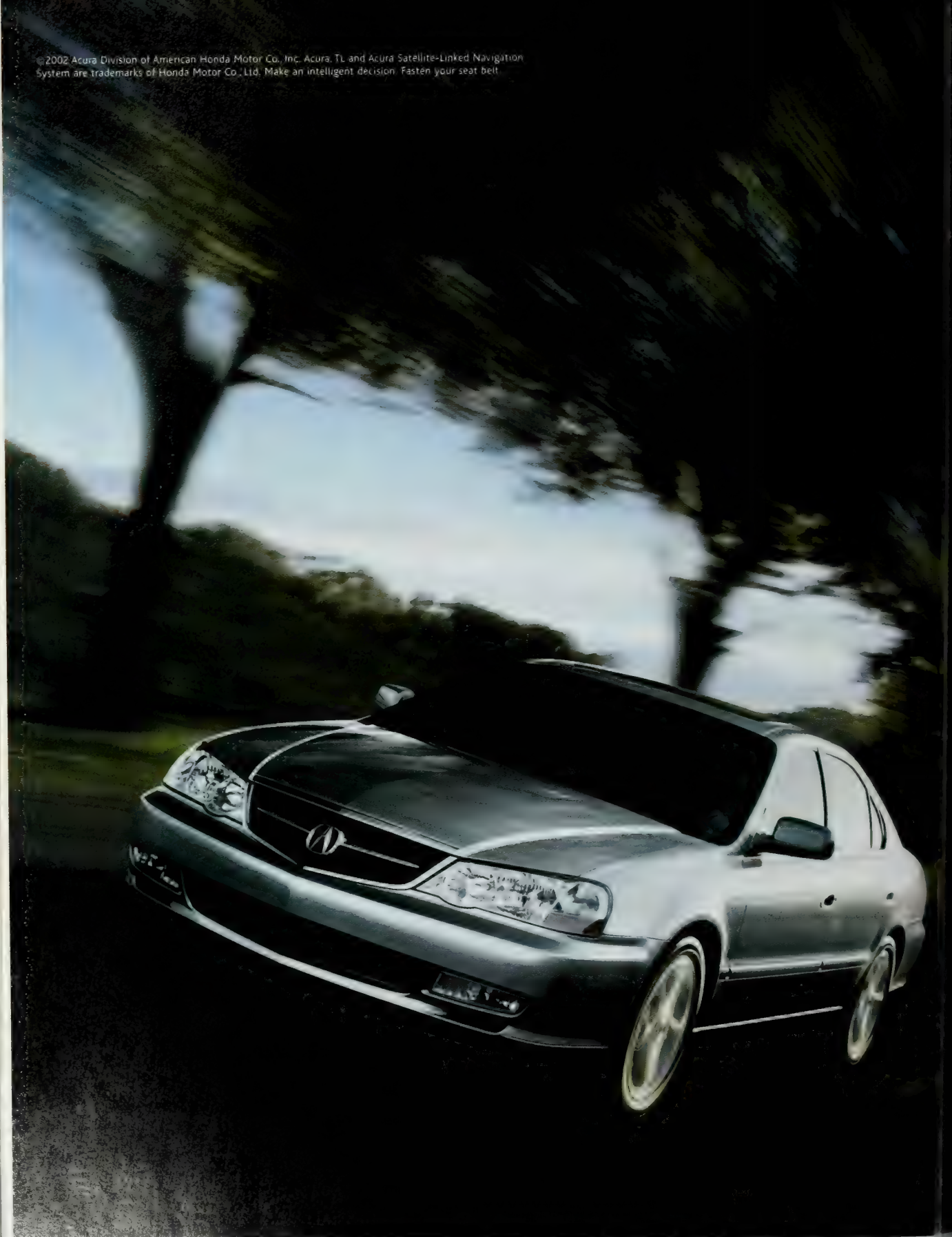
"Yeah," Jack is said to have remark after the sale, "today I'm Jack L. War but wait until tomorrow. I'll be just anot rich Jew."

He was a bad old man who lived t good old age. He was 86 when he died, September 9, 1978.

In 1967, after the sale, Warner Bros. came for a while Warner Bros.–Seven A and Warner Bros. Records became War Bros.–Seven Arts Records. On Octobe 1967—the same day that Atlantic was c cially acquired—13½ percent of Sinat interest in the record division was p chased from him for $9 million, leav him with a 20 percent interest and controlling company with an 80 perc interest. Other than that, neither the co


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nor the nature of Warner Bros. Records changed under Hyman. Nor did Hyman's reign last long.

Kinney National Service, a funeral-home-and-parking-lot company, had been seeking to buy out Hyman since as early as 1968, the year that Tiny Tim had a Top 20 hit for Warner Bros. with his revival of "Tip-Toe Through the Tulips with Me." By the summer of 1969, Kinney had succeeded in acquiring Warner Bros.–Seven Arts through a $400 million tender offer. Recounting this Kinney "coup," *The New York Times* described Warner Bros. as "an ailing movie company with a conspicuous difference—its vibrant record division."

Steve Ross, the 41-year-old president of Kinney—and soon-to-be chairman of the board and chief executive officer of Warner Communications, Inc.—was born in Brooklyn, in 1927. His father, Max, had changed his German-Jewish family name from Rechnitz to Ross. Like a character in a Dickens tale, Ross had married into both money and the undertaking business when he became, in June (as in moon and spoon) of 1954, the husband of Carol Rosenthal, whose family fortune in the funeral racket dated to 1897. Under the aegis of Carol's father, Ross became a funeral director. By 1958 he had begun to arrange an alliance between the Manhattan-based family business and New Jersey's Kinney System, a parking-lot concern whose shadowy ownership had roots in businesses such as bootlegging and the numbers. The merged company's initial public offering was in March of 1962. By November, what was now Kinney National Service had moved from downtown Newark to headquarters at 10 Rockefeller Plaza. Ross became the president.

The Kinney deal with Warner meant another, grander score for Sinatra: $22.5 million in cash and stock for his remaining 20 percent interest in the record division, with $15.5 million of this to be paid out between the years 1971 and 1979.

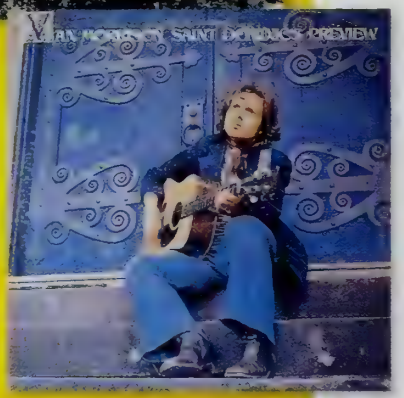
"[illegible] neither the course nor the [illegible] of Warner Bros. Records [illegible] For the most part, Steve Ross just let things be, and for tha he is well remembered.

"Steve, he was something else man," says Joe Smith. "He was s amiable and smooth and smar and instinctive that he immediate ly endeared himself to all of us. H wanted to take care of the guys... His philosophy was to let us be... He would always tell us, 'Look we're going to have these two finan cial meetings a year. You' come in, and if you've go a problem, you'll let m know. You don't have problem and the compan is doing good, just kee going.' That was a grea way to run a record com pany."

Lenny Waronker, wh was made a vice presider of Warner/Reprise in 197 and eventually became pre ident, says of Ross, "He w incredibly supportive. Th fact of the matter is th guy that was running th show understood it, got i and stayed the hell out the way and was helpf when you needed him. H was one of those rare guy He had a sense of creativ ty and understood the cr ative process and at th same time was an incred bly shrewd business guy."

The merger of Time In and Warner Commun cations, Inc., begun 1989 and finalized on Ja uary 10, 1990, seemed first to mean little except to the m dia and the key executives and torneys who stood to make a f tune from it. But a merger that i tially was to be effected primar through an exchange of stock w disrupted by a hostile attempt Paramount to take over Time in t midst of the merger. This disrupt bid forced the transformation of t nature of the merger, from stock cash, and from cash to debt. protect itself from Paramount's h tile bid of more than $10 billio Time bid $14 billion for Warner, hurry the merger that would res in a corporation too big for a h tile takeover. In the end, 500 W ner executives were paid a total $680 million; several executives $20 million each; Steve Ross close to $200 million; and the





MOSTLY SMILES *From above:* Joe Smith and Mo Ostin get happy on a Sunset Strip billboard, circa 1970; Van Morrison's *Saint Dominic's Preview;* Smith (front row, left) with Ozzy Osbourne (circled) and Black Sabbath; Steve Ross and Time Inc.'s Nick Nicholas, 1989.



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law firms that handled the merger shared $76 million.

But Time Warner, Inc., itself began life with a debt load of $16 billion. This kind of debt meant interest payments alone of a few million dollars daily.

"Steve could have pulled back and saved what he had," writes Stan Cornyn in *Exploding.* "But Steve had gone for the Big Payoff. The result created a burden of debt that from then on made cash more critical than better records."

The Big Payoff. Something about no pockets in a shroud.

Not long after the Big Payoff, Ross fell ill. He suffered in agony from prostate cancer for a year or so, and then he died, on December 20, 1992, at the age of 65.

While some of the old crew date the ultimate demise of Warner Bros. Records to the death of Steve Ross, the truth is that the record company predeceased him.

As Stan Cornyn observed, the merger had drained the company and rendered the money more important than the music.

As Lenny Waronker says simply, "The corporate crap started."

In the summer before Ross's death, when a great outcry arose against "Cop Killer," a recording by Ice-T and Body Count, Ice-T and Warner Bros. replaced the song on the album. Never before had Warner Bros. bowed to the forces of outside censorship. Never.

Warner Bros. had lost its soul, and nothing without a soul can survive.

Many people say that, following Ross's death, his loathed henchman, Bob Morgado, the former chief of staff to Governor Hugh Carey of New York, became oppressive, antagonistic, stifling in his role as the head of what was now called the Warner Music Group. Joe Smith had turned away in 1975 to run Elektra, then, farther away, in 1986, to run Capitol/EMI. Then Mo was gone, then Lenny.

One former Warner Bros. executive, Jeff Gold, describes the changing tide succinctly: "The gestalt of the place had been: Do what's right for the artist and you'll end up doing what's right for yourself. But once [Mo and Lenny] were gone, it was: I don't care if the record's not completely finished, it's gotta come out for the fourth quarter."

Many tell of the numerous attempts by [illegible] to seize power: machinations and [illegible] dragged down the [illegible] final years of the [illegible] past.

[illegible] witness to these [illegible] royals looks back on [illegible] says. "Bob Morgado forces Mo from the company," in 1994. "Lenny is then going to take over. It's just an incredible situation. Nobody can fathom this but, O.K., Lenny's coming in. And then, after a month, two months, three months of contemplating this, Lenny decides, nah, forget it, he's going to go with Mo. He's leaving. Mo and Lenny leave and everybody is horribly depressed." Morgado's own tenure would be brief. He was fired in 1995 and replaced by Michael Fuchs, late of HBO, who in turn was eased out six months later when the Warner Music Group was placed under the command of Warner Bros. co-chairmen Bob Daly and Terry Semel. All this under the expert management of Jerry Levin, Steve Ross's successor as C.E.O.

There was even more turmoil at the individual labels: "You had four chairmen of Warner Bros. Records in 18 months, something like that," the abovementioned gentleman says. "It's just unbelievable. And nobody can believe how this incredibly stable company has been so destabilized and seems to be, the whole Music Group, seems to be a plum awarded to whomever Jerry Levin is trying to keep.

The Time Warner deal drained the company. Money was more important than music.

"It's kind of firing on four of eight cylinders when you don't really know who you're working for and who they're working for," the gentleman continues. "There was a meeting [at which] Jerry Levin made a speech in which he said, 'The three most important things for this corporation are stock price, stock price, and stock price.'"

We've all seen the result of that philosophy.

There are other men with other postmortems, other names, other angles. None of it matters. The music was over; turn out the lights.

No one mentions the AOL Time Warner merger that was so grandiosely consummated on January 11, 2001. Everyone was gone by then, anyway—Mo and Lenny to DreamWorks Records (where they have been having success with acts such as Nelly Furtado and Jimmy Eat World); the rest fled, fired, happily retired. Roger Ames, former president of PolyGram, has been running the Warner Music Group since 1999.

And there really is nothing to say about it. A year and more ago, when I fir raised a pen to write this story, I foresaw as a tale in microcosm about the death culture through corporate conglomeratio I would, I felt, doomsay the conglomerat that have come to control the music bus ness. But, in that short span, their doo has come. AOL Time Warner is nothir but the takeover by a short-lived maggot the corpse of a once thriving thing. T speak of it would be to deliver an obitua of a death gone unnoticed years ago.

Once upon a time, in less innocent an less purblind days, there was a better u derstanding of what the nature and mac inations of business were all about. "Not ing matters but money." Every unlettere laborer could quote these words from t *Fasti* of Ovid without knowing it; and n one would have questioned why Ovid's co temporary and fellow victim of imperi politics, Jesus Christ, declared in the Go pel of Thomas that "businessmen and me chants will not enter the Places my Father." From Ovid to roc 'n' roll—"Money Honey," by t Drifters, in 1953; "Money (Tha What I Want)," by Barrett Stron in 1960; and a wealth of others the truth was plain. Greed w understood.

But we have become a stup race given to false and st pid speech.

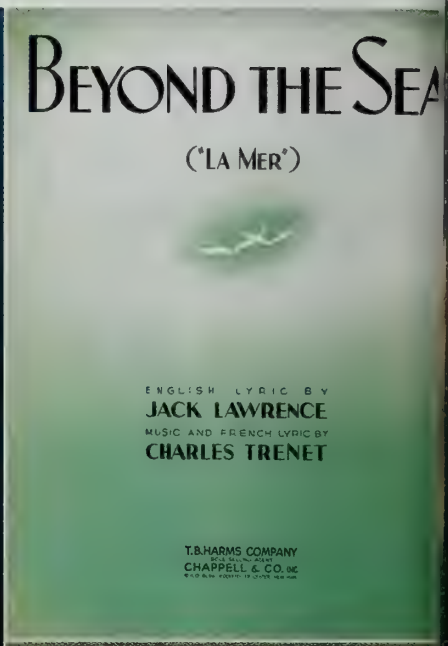
It was in 1965—the year of that sudd exundant wave of rock 'n' roll's resurre tion, of "(I Can't Get No) Satisfactio and *Highway 61 Revisited*—that H. Igor A soff published his book *Corporate Strateg An Analytic Approach to Business Policy f Growth and Expansion.* "We begin to e plore *synergy,*" wrote Ansoff. "In busine literature it is frequently described as the + 2 = 5' effect to denote the fact that t firm seeks a product-market posture with combined performance that is greater th the sum of its parts." Here we have t formal debut of the dirty lie of synergy, first retrievable use as a business term. became the lie and the shibboleth whi corporate greed rode to ruin over the yea

There is a beautiful moment near t end of "Third Stone from the Sun," fr that first Jimi Hendrix album, *Are You E perienced?,* as Hendrix prayerfully utte "And you'll never hear surf music agai Well, we may not all be so fortunate; but can at least rest assured that we likely m never suffer hearing the word "synerg again. If you don't believe me, ponder th

In the summer of 2002, it came to p that the price of a share of AOL Ti Warner stock could not have bought yo ticket to opening night of *Don Juan* 1926. Yeah, ponder it. □


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BEHIND "BEYOND" With his exuberant take on the song, Bobby Darin made "Beyond the Sea" a classic. By now, up to 4,000 versions have been recorded. *Top right,* the sheet music, with its reference to Charles Trenet's "La Mer," the song's original, French incarnation. *Bottom right,* lyricist Jack Lawrence, circa 1946, who made the song undeniably American.

Ocean Crossing

Most Americans know "Beyond the Sea" as Bobby Darin's 1960 hit. But it was first written and recorded as "La Mer," at the close of World War II, by French music idol Charles Trenet. How one song swept two cultures–remaining hugely popular in both–is a tale with many twists

BY WILL FRIEDWALD

"Beyond the Sea" exploded onto the Americ pop-music scene in early 1960. This was Bob Darin's follow-up to his blockbuster hit "Ma the Knife," and it was almost as success where "Mack the Knife" had shot to No on the charts, "Beyond the Sea" made it No. 6. "Beyond the Sea" also followed "M the Knife" as the second selection on his bre through, *That's All,* the album on which Da up until that time strictly a kiddie-pop idol ("Splish Splash," "Qu of the Hop," etc.), revolutionized the music industry by unit the pop music of the baby-boomers with that of their parents

"Beyond the Sea" was, if anything, an even better dance rec than "Mack the Knife," because it took its tune at an easier, m terpsichoreally copacetic tempo and with a somewhat less blo thirsty sentiment. "Beyond the Sea" was obviously a love sc although the way Darin irreverently danced through the lyric could have been about anything—the content didn't matter. nautical-but-nice version shouted with the same exuberance his tale of a blade-happy *Über*-criminal.

At first, "Mack the Knife" was by far the more popular disc


SKYY

the early 60s, the Kurt Weill–Bertolt Brecht–Marc Blitzstein piece was heard so much that it became something of a cliché. In the last 40 years, however, "Beyond the Sea" has become an even more popular choice of Darin fans and imitators and anyone aspiring to gain entry to his era. The song has opened the gates for dozens of other pop stars who yearn to sing the traditional standards and, in fact, become the next Bobby Darin.

"Beyond the Sea" is one of the few works of world culture that have held entirely different meanings for different groups of people. In France the song is known as "La Mer," and it is significantly different from the better-known "Beyond the Sea." In stark contrast to Darin's impudent version, "La Mer" is, for the French, an ongoing source of Gallic pride—the best-known work by a beloved son of France, one of the country's most celebrated singer-songwriters, Charles Trenet. Far from background for lindy-hopping teenagers, "La Mer" is generally performed with all the solemnity of a national anthem. In America, the song has become an anthem of another sort, a call to arms for retro swingers (such as the Royal Crown Revue) who may be conscious that, by summoning up the ghost of Darin, they are bringing together two generations and two genres—the Sinatra thing and the Elvis thang—but remain unaware that they're also uniting two countries and two cultures.

Unlike Bobby Darin's "Beyond the Sea," "La Mer" is performed with the solemnity of a national anthem.

The careers of the two men who wrote "La Mer" and "Beyond the Sea"—Charles Trenet and Jack Lawrence—are likewise similar and disparate. Both men were long-distance runners with careers that lasted from the Depression to beyond the millennium. Yet they barely knew each other and, in the nuts and bolts of their professional lives, could hardly have been more different—and each, in his own way, is a perfect representative of his country's musical culture. Trenet, who lived to be 87, was an archetypally flamboyant Frenchman who not only wrote both words and music but also was the greatest performer of his own compositions—a singer-songwriter about 30 years before the concept became popular in the States. Lawrence, still going strong at 90, was and is, in the best Tin Pan Alley tradition, a specialist who concentrates on lyrics.

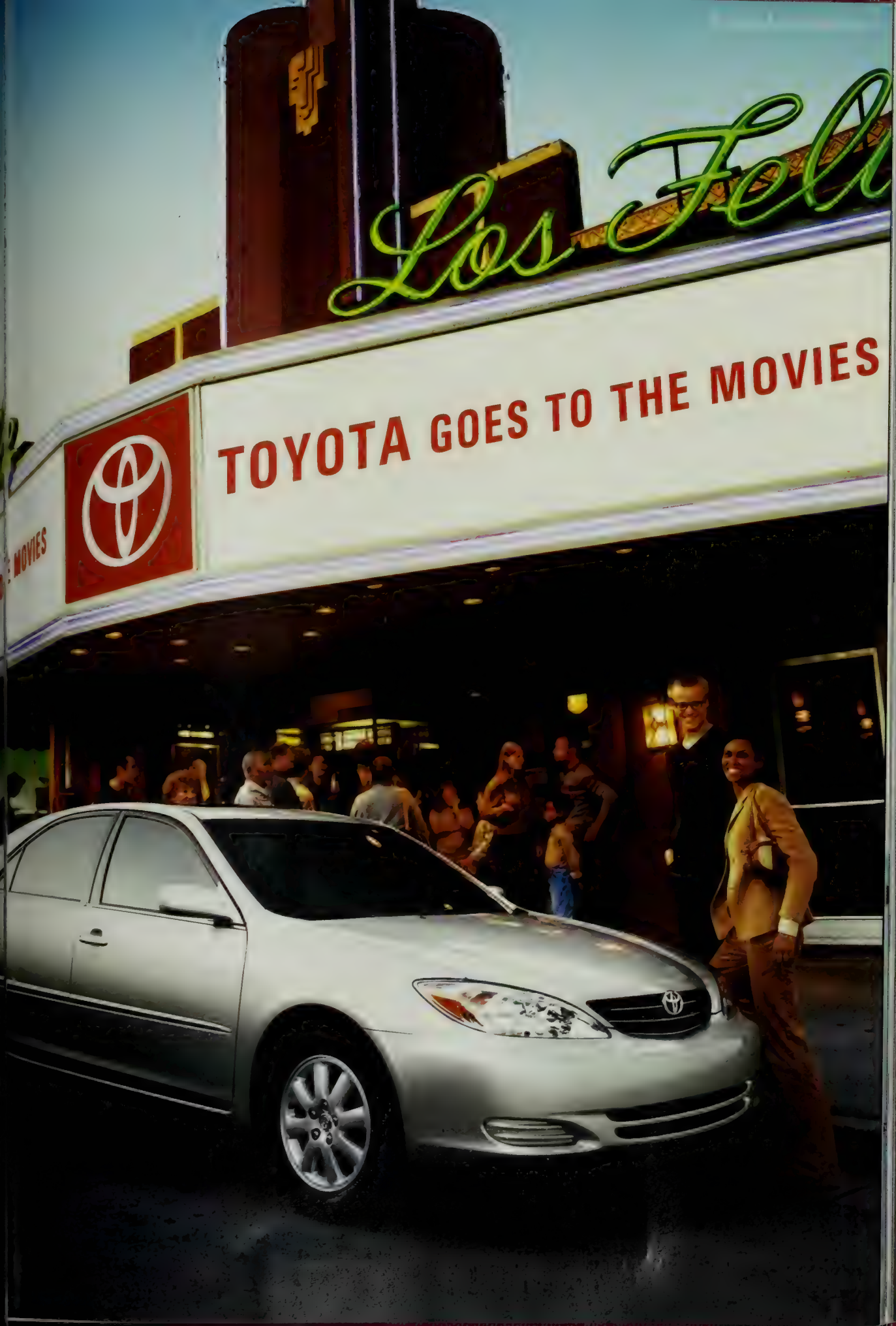
When Charles Trenet passed away in early 2001, France reacted almost as dramatically as America did following Frank Sinatra's death nearly three years earlier: it was a time of national mourning. Tributes filled the TV, and nothing but Trenet songs were heard on the radio. He was a prophet so honored in his native land that not even the rumors that he was both a homosexual (apparently true) and, far more worrisome, a collaborator with the Nazis during World War II (probably [illegible] but it's complicated) could temper the national enthusiasm for the man, who was billed as "Le Fou Chantant" (the Singing Fool).

He was born in 1913 in Narbonne. His father was a lawye and his mother was a free spirit who ran off with a paramou while Charles was still an *enfant*. As a youngster, Trenet was a tracted to poetry and music, and as a student in Paris in the ea ly 1930s he gained his first shot at fame as a singer and son writer when he met the young pianist Johnny Hess. As Charle and Johnny, the two became a popular cabaret attraction, singin American hits as well as their own compositions. Trenet was, this time, being drawn in many directions: poetry, music, son writing, singing, American pop, jazz, theater, and film. By the la 30s, his songs were being performed by the well-establishe Maurice Chevalier and emerging stars such as Yves Montan and Jean Sablon.

Charles and Johnny broke up when Trenet was drafted, b even the war couldn't slow down his momentum. As a so artist, Trenet came to be identified by his beaming, Harp Marx-like visage, his famous tilted fedora and light-blue suit, well as a series of songs that were by turns lightly comic lightly romantic, sometimes both. His upbeat songs could ne er be described as hard-swinging, and his sad son were never suicidally despondent, but all of h songs were strongly melodic and rhythmic. Th were not—as Mel Brooks and Carl Reiner's *200 Year Old Man* album characterized French m sic—overly repetitive. Trenet's friend Jean Cocte once wrote of Trenet's singing, "He was so youn so fresh that the bar yielded to a rustic décor, t projectors became the stiff branches of a cher



A FRENCHMAN IN NEW YORK
Singer-songwriter Charles Trenet in 1946. He was known as "Le Fou Chantant" (the Singing Fool).


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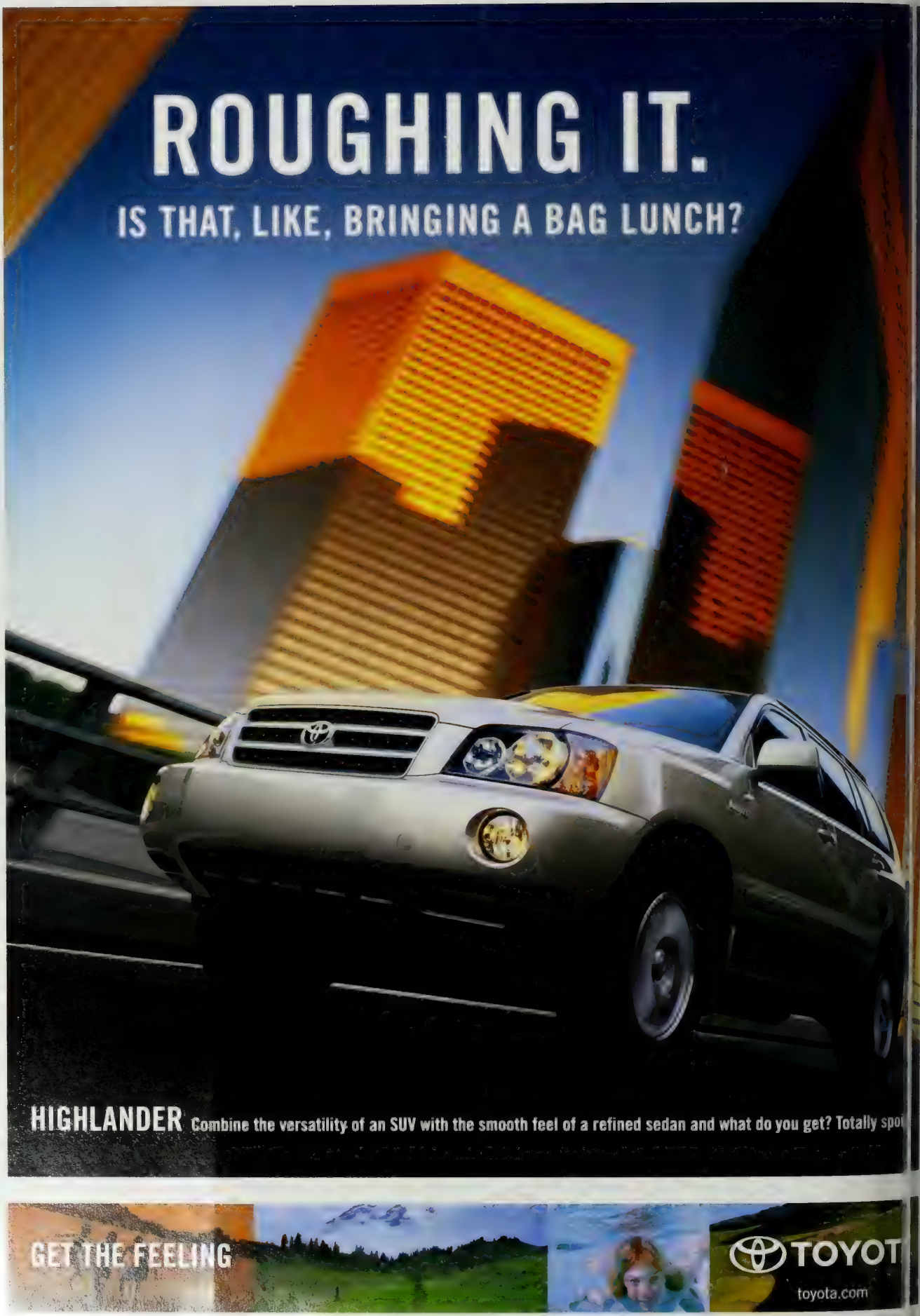

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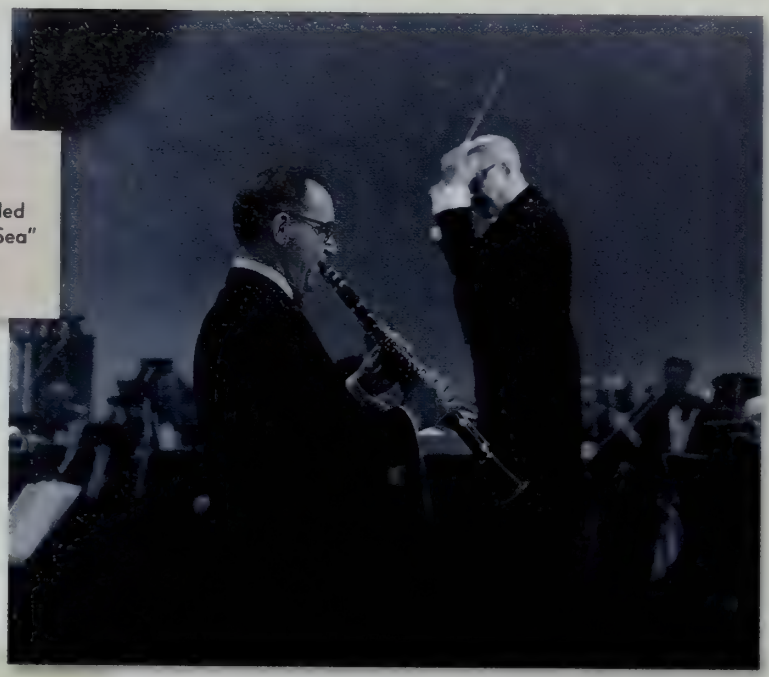

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e, the microphone a hollyhock, the piano a cow." By the time of the occupation, both Trenet's music d Trenet himself were French titutions. In retrospect, the war- ie Trenet seems naïvely apolit- l: he did not appease the Nazis appearing at Fascist rallies; he also managed to stay on bad side of the French Resis- ce. In the early 40s, a rumor culated that Trenet had died, d around the same time a newspaper reported that was Jewish. He quickly made it known he wasn't id, and denied he was a Jew with a vehemence that to charges of anti-Semitism—charges that shocked many Jewish friends. He even went to the trouble of ving visiting cards printed up that read, "Charles net—neither dead nor Jewish." A copy of this card nehow reached London, and Trenet was accused on BBC of collaboration. Even so, his songs, particu-



AN EARLY TAKE A 1960 shot of Benny Goodman, who recorded a stately "Beyond the Sea" with a string orchestra in 1947. It wasn't a hit.

For all the song's craftsmanship, "Beyond the Sea" was not an instant hit in America.

ly "La Douce France," which became almost a new "La rseillaise"—the French equivalent of "There'll Always Be an gland" and "God Bless America"—continued to inspire French edom fighters.

It was on a train between Narbonne and Carcassonne in 45—shortly after the defeat of the German Army—that Trenet g the idea for the song that became "La Mer." Rather than te about the rhythm of the rails, Trenet was moved to de- ibe the fluctuating moods of the ocean in such a way that the g soon became a source of national pride for the newly liber- d nation. According to legend, it took Trenet all of 20 min- s to write the song, which he recorded shortly thereafter with orchestra and chorus conducted by one Albert Lasry. It was vy of him to title the song "La Mer," since Debussy's famous phonic tone poem of that name was well known to practical- very Frenchman, but Trenet's "La Mer" was an immediate in postwar France.

His de facto co-writer, Jack Lawrence, had enjoyed a career that was somewhat less colorful, although equally prof- itable. Born in Brooklyn in 1912, Lawrence was writing gs while in high school when he met Arthur Altman, an as- ng composer who was a year ahead of him. At 20, Lawrence s the youngest person ever to be admitted to ASCAP, and in 3 he and Altman published their first songs. That same year, wrence and Altman had a hit with "Play, Fiddle, Play," which s used in the film *Dinner at Eight*. Over the years, working h a variety of songwriters, Lawrence wrote the lyrics that ped to launch the careers of the Ink Spots ("If I Didn't re") and, somewhat more important, Frank Sinatra ("All or thing at All").

By the time the war began, Lawrence had also established a utation as an American songwriter with strong ties to Eu- e. In fact, "Play, Fiddle, Play" (subtitled "Sumna Violino") was popularized by the Hungarian, Gypsy-style violinist Emery Deutsch. Lawrence wrote Americanized lyrics for such imports as "Ciribiribin" (Harry James's theme song) and "Sleepy Lagoon" (an English "lite classic"). Lawrence also wrote songs that were recorded by Bing Crosby ("What Will I Tell My Heart?"), Billie Holiday ("Foolin' Myself"), and Nat King Cole ("A Hand Full of Stars" and "Hold My Hand"). "Linda," a song inspired by his lawyer's baby daughter, Linda Eastman (who ended up marrying Beatle Paul McCartney), was a No. 1 hit in 1946. All the while, Lawrence continued to transform old-world melodies (even the works of Tchaikovsky and Mozart) into American pop hits.

The lyricist enjoyed an especially good relationship with the Parisian publishing house Breton Music, which published the songs of Charles Trenet. Lawrence worked with Trenet for the first time in the early 1940s, on a song called "Passing By," later performed by Nat Cole, and in 1945 on a song called "Whispering Pines." "Whenever I worked on a foreign hit," Lawrence says, "I always made a point never to do a direct translation of the original lyric. I felt that wouldn't be contributing anything. I wanted to be more creative." He gives as an example Trenet's "Passing By." "The original French lyric was kind of a sad song. The full title in English was actually 'You Who Pass Without Seeing Me,' but when I did an English lyric, I made it a happy song—'you and I passed by and fell in love,' that sort of thing. Trenet came to this country shortly afterward and told me he loved what I had done, which was very gracious of him, considering that I had completely changed the intention of his song. I told him that I loved his writing and wanted to work some more with him."

In 1946 the song publisher Raoul Breton and his wife made a business trip to America. "They brought 'La Mer,' which was becoming a big hit in France, thanks to Charles's performance," Lawrence recalls. "They said, 'We'd like Jack to do this English lyric, because he's very good with these things.' So I was brought in and given the song." Trenet's song, much like Debussy's symphonic piece of the same title, was a tone poem that contemplated the ocean, finding in the depths of the waters "the sea shepherdess of infinite azure," "pure angels," and "white sheep." "He had written a kind of a mood poem," says Lawrence, "about the different moods of the sea, and how the

sea affected him—the tides reflecting the skies, sometimes the clouds—and how the sea could be happy or sad. That was the thrust of the whole lyric, and I said, 'Well, I don't want to do that. I'm not going to write a poetic-type thing. I don't think that would mean anything as an American pop song.'"

Instead, Lawrence says, "I made it into a love song. There's somebody standing on the shore waiting for their lover to come back, never to sail again, so they can be together." Thus, the song became part of a continuum of popular songs in the tradition of "Harbor Lights" and "Red Sails in the Sunset"—although Lawrence's lyric differs from convention in that it is expressed from the perspective of the sailing lad heading home toward his beloved; the protagonist is on the ocean and contemplating the land ("my lover stands on golden sands") that lies beyond the sea. Since the end of the war, songs of homecoming—"Sentimental Journey," "It's Been a Long, Long Time"—had become an instant staple of American pop.

Lawrence's words to "Beyond the Sea" constitute a lyric of the highest order. "I started by adding that one word, 'beyond,' and that drove the whole song," he says. In the song's bridge (middle section), Lawrence goes beyond "beyond" by using the word as the linchpin of a series of phrases, each with a slightly different meaning: "Beyond a star . . . Beyond the moon . . . Beyond a doubt." The word "star" arrives on an accidental C-sharp, which charges the phrase with unexpected oomph and gives the word an especially starry feeling. Changing the title, paradoxically, allowed Lawrence to remain phonetically faithful, at least, to Trenet's original: in Trenet's text, each eight-bar "A" section begins with the words "La mer"; in Lawrence's version, each of these sections commences with "Somewhere," so that the English lyric has the same sonic feel as the original.





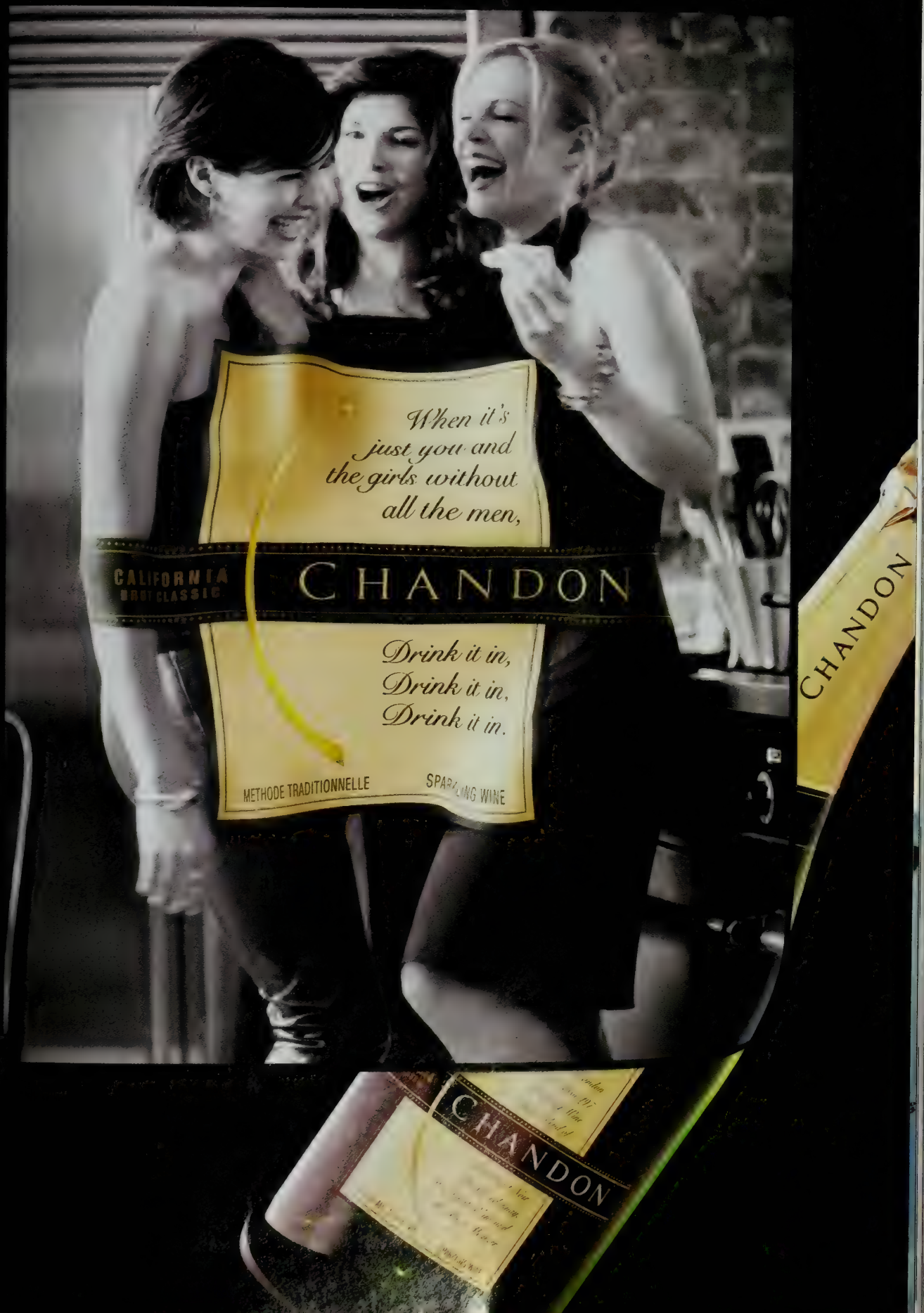
STILL NOT A HIT
Bandleader Tex Beneke, *top*, cut a version with vocalist Ronnie Deauville circa 1946 that collectors later mistook for a Glenn Miller–Frank Sinatra collaboration; Gypsy guitarist Django Reinhardt, *above*, gave it a jazzy flavor with his 1949 rendition.

For all the craftsmanship of Lawrence and Trenet, "Beyond the Sea" was not an instant hit in America. The song was recorded by a number of important Stateside orchestras, but where the original Trenet recording was, in spite of the poetic lyrics and the presence of a choir, essentially light and frothy, the early American recordings were surprisingly heavy. Benny Goodman recorded it with a string orchestra in 1947, and Tex Beneke cut it with his string-laden postwar Glenn Miller Orchestra. (An air check also survives of Beneke playing it with Ronnie Deauville, a crooner who was almost impossible to distinguish from the young Sinatra; this track has been circulated by collectors mistaking it for a Frank Sinatra–Glenn Miller collaboration.) "The first recordings we got were beautiful," says Lawrence. "Lush, really almost classical in interpretation, like Mantovani and Percy Faith. They all did it in a lush, broad manner, with lots of strings. They were beautiful to listen to, but the song wasn't going anywhere." In 1949 the song received its first im[illegible] jazz interpretation; ironically, this didn't occur in Ameri[illegible] n Europe, where it was enthusiastically swung by [illegible]ist Django Reinhardt (who had recorded [illegible] 1949).

[illegible]ears or so afterward, the song lay dormant in Ameri[illegible] time Trenet and Lawrence had oth[illegible] hits to concern themselves with: Lawrence's "Tenderly" an[illegible] Trenet's "I Wish You Love." "Beyond the Sea" was forgotten—at least in America—until some[illegible] time around 1958. At a publishing office i[illegible] New York, Lawrence happened to run int[illegible] Bobby Darin, and he gave Darin a copy of th[illegible] music to "Beyond the Sea." Why it occurre[illegible] to Lawrence to do this, he doesn't remembe[illegible] since Darin was at that time exclusively a kiddi[illegible] pop/rock 'n' roll star who had yet to ventur[illegible] into the world of adult star[illegible] dards. "He was just on hi[illegible] way up," says Lawrence. "H[illegible] was very brash and arrogan[illegible] but a great talent. I gave hi[illegible] a copy of the song and [illegible] said, 'You might be able t[illegible] do something with this.' [illegible] wasn't until maybe a year la[illegible] er that he called me and sai[illegible] 'I'm gonna do it, but I don[illegible] like what they've done with it so far. I don't wanna do a lon[illegible] drawn-out, mournful song. To me it needs a beat.' He starte[illegible] snapping his fingers and he said, 'I can do it that way.' I sai[illegible] 'Listen, you're a very talented guy—do it your way.'"

At the New York City recording sessions for the album *Tha[illegible] All,* Darin made "Beyond the Sea" of a piece with "Mack th[illegible] Knife." Both are older songs of European provenance give[illegible] hard-swinging, thoroughly American treatments in Richard Wes[illegible] arrangements. "Beyond the Sea" uses a chart that has since be[illegible] echoed by zillions of Darin and Sinatra imitators: it opens alte[illegible] nating the rhythm section with tightly muted trombones, a[illegible] once Darin enters, after an amazingly catchy vamp has been e[illegible] tablished, he plays with the time and his phrasing throughou[illegible] Strings and other horns enter in the second eight, and then, [illegible] the bridge, the brass starts to really kick. There follows an instr[illegible] mental break, in which thunderous drums (played by Don La[illegible] ond, best known for his work with Woody Herman) alterna[illegible] with soft strings. When Darin returns for his final chorus (u[illegible] usually, he re-enters at the third line of the bridge, "I know b[illegible] yond a doubt . . . "), he's even friskier than before, especially [illegible] the coda, in which he expands on the concept of ceasing to s[illegible] ("no more sailin' . . . so long sailin' . . . bye-bye, sailin' . . . ").

With the success of the Darin record, "Beyond the Sea" b[illegible] gan to be widely recorded. Trenet's obituaries claimed th[illegible]


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more than 4,000 recordings of both the European and American versions have been made. Although that's certainly an exaggeration, the song is on at least 100 compact discs, as well as the soundtracks of a dozen or so films, including *Diner, Goodfellas, Apollo 13, Sea of Love, Father of the Bride,* and Jerry Lewis's *Funny Bones.* In the tradition of American popular standards, it has been adapted to all manner of subgenres: in 1959, Martin Denny, whose usual approach was to make any song sound as if it were being chanted in a Polynesian hut, reworked it into his brand of exotic jazz Muzak via a hypnotic vibraphone solo embellished with seagull calls; in the 1960s, a quasi-folk trio called the Sandpipers sang it, sounding like three stoned guys sitting around a campfire on the beach. The song has also been Muzaked by Percy Faith, Ray Conniff, Mantovani, Roger Williams, and the Three Suns.

But as a rule the song is most often the province of aspiring Sinatra-Darin clones such as Frank Stallone (Sly's brother), crooning Warner Bros. music executive Gary LeMel, and the prolific singer-songwriter Bobby Caldwell. In recent years, it has been covered by two younger British pop stars—the enormously successful Robbie Williams (who also fools around with the concept of sailing in the coda) and Will Young (who mimics the Darin orchestration almost inflection for inflection). The song is nearly always done by swinging young males: some, thankfully, have found a way to swing it without aping Darin, such as jazz guitarist George Benson and emerging cabaret star Eric Comstock.



ONE STEP BEYOND Lyricist-composer Jack Lawrence at his Connecticut home on September 6, more than 50 years after writing the words to "Beyond the Sea."

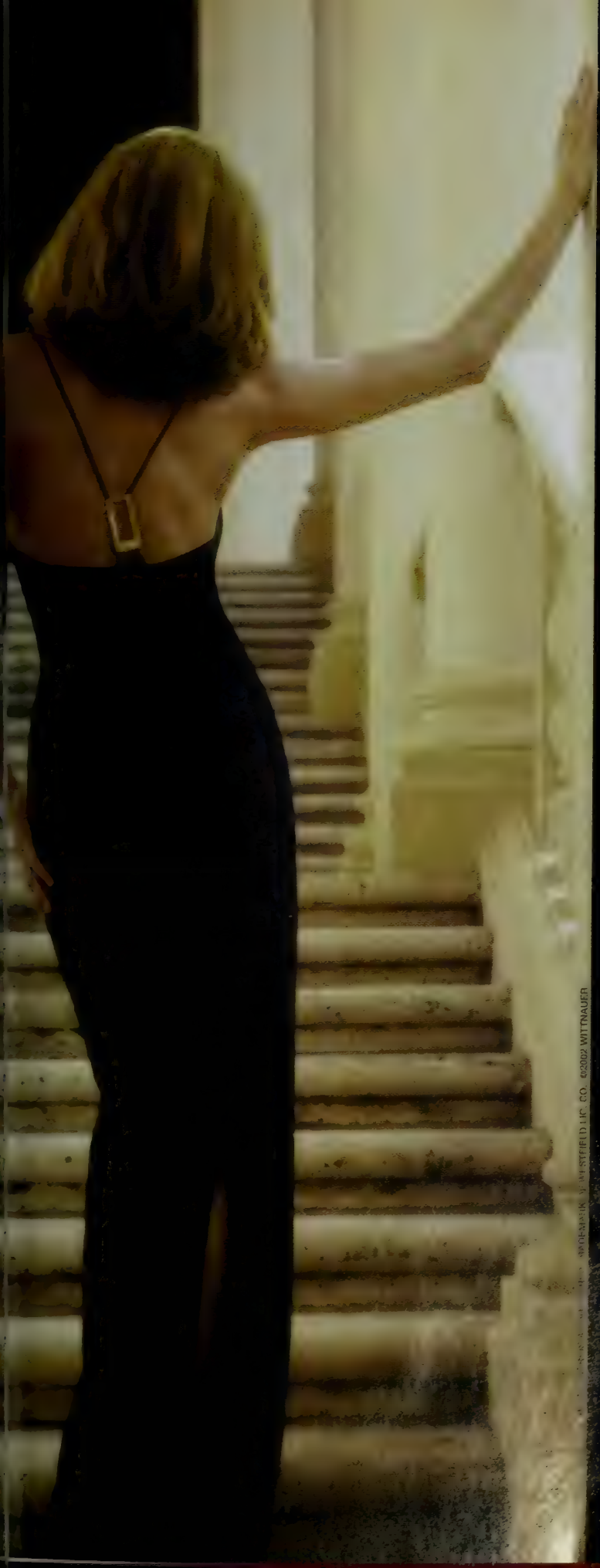
"I started by adding that one word, 'beyond,'" says Lawrence, "and that drove the whole song."

"La Mer" continues to rack up recording after recording in France: Patricia Kaas summons both of the song's identities in a rendition that sounds characteristically French and yet jazzy at the same time, replete with a Miles Davis–style muted-trumpet solo. Davis himself had, in the 1950s, enjoyed a relationship with the French actress and singer Juliette Greco; the Kaas disc sounds like the kind of thing Greco and Davis would have done had they ever made it into the studio together. In 1946, Trenet himself recorded "La Mer" in a manner similar to that of the somewhat inflated early American symphonic versions—sounding, in fact, more as if he were singing the national anthem.

[illegible] still quite active in 1995, when his music was [illegible] and appropriately featured in Lawrence Kasdan's [illegible] romantic comedy concerning Franco-American [illegible] Meg Ryan and Kevin Kline. Trenet's song [illegible] underscores a love scene between the [illegible] Mer" figures significantly in a post-[illegible] over the end titles: Ryan plays a boorish American who wants to hear "the Bobby Darin song" again, and Kline a belligerent Frenchman (a redundant statement—*c'est la guerre!*) who insists the song was by Charles Trenet, "not Bob-bee Dar-rin!" Kline then talk-sings a touchingly soft-spoken rendition of "La Mer" with a very hip string orchestration by Hollywood vet (and Oscar winner) Johnny Mandel.

Exactly whether the song is French, American, or a product of world culture is an issue that the courts may soon decide. In 1959, the original publisher, Raoul Breton, passed away and his widow sold the company to a firm called France Music. France Music's method of asserting Gallic pride has been to deny Lawrence his share of the royalties. "They claim that it never performed as 'Beyond the Sea,' only as 'La Mer,' which is absurd," says Lawrence. "Charles would have been the first to agree that the English title and lyric are performed all over the world—and heard in movies all over the world." Recent French editions of the song now credit two composers, Trenet and Albert Lasry, the musical director for Trenet's original 1946 recording. France Music's representatives say that Lawrence is entitled only to an "adapter's fee" for his work on "Beyond the Sea." "I have formally asked them for proof of Lasry's contribution to the song," Lawrence says, "which, so far, they have failed to supply." Even if France Music acknowledges Lawrence's right to artist royalties, he will most likely have to split the money three ways.

Fortunately, there's more than enough to go around—the accumulating royalties from the Darin version alone would be sufficient to support Lawrence's and Trenet's heirs for as many generations as the song remains under copyright. Lawrence certainly didn't seem bitter when, at a Carnegie Hall concert in June 2002, he was introduced by Michael Feinstein, who said, "I hope I look this good when I'm 90." (Amen to that.) "Everybody was applauding, oohing and ahing," says Lawrence. "I guess I am a phenomenon." He's almost as much of a phenomenon as this most remarkable of his songs, a piece of music that has existed in two cultures at once and thereby can be said to express the universal aspirations of man. □



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The British Invasion

For two years after "I Want to Hold Your Hand" topped the U.S. charts in February 1964, the only sound that mattered had a British accent. The Dave Clark Five, Herman's Hermits, Petula Clark: it was an obsession that went beyond the Beatles—and initially ignored the Rolling Stones

BY DAVID KAMP







THE BRITISH ARE COMING! *From above:* the Dave Clark Five at London's Heathrow Airport, about to set off for the Chicago premiere of their movie *Having a Wild Weekend;* Herman's Hermits, 1965; Petula Clark busts through the Union Jack.

This much is familiar: On January 25, 1964, the Beatles' single "I Want to Hold Your Hand" entered the American Top 40. On February 1 it reached No. 1. On February 7 the Beatles arrived in New York for their inaugural U.S. visit, and two days later played on *The Ed* [illegible] to hysterical response and record viewership, thereby [illegible] a cataclysmic cultural shift and triggering a musical [illegible] that would come to be known as the British Invasion. [illegible] aming girls, fringe hairdos, Murray the K, etc.

What's less remembered are the specifics of precisely what all from this invasion encompassed. Today, the term "the British Invasion" is usually employed t describe (and market) the tr umphal epoch of the Beatles, th Rolling Stones, and the Who with honorable mentions to th Kinks and the Animals. In hindsight, and on merit, this sounc about right—these are the best and most revered of the Englis bands who came of age in the 1960s—but the reality of the Britis Invasion, which was at its most intense in the two years immed ately following the Beatles' landfall, was somewhat different. Fa from being solely a beat-group explosion, the Invasion was a rath

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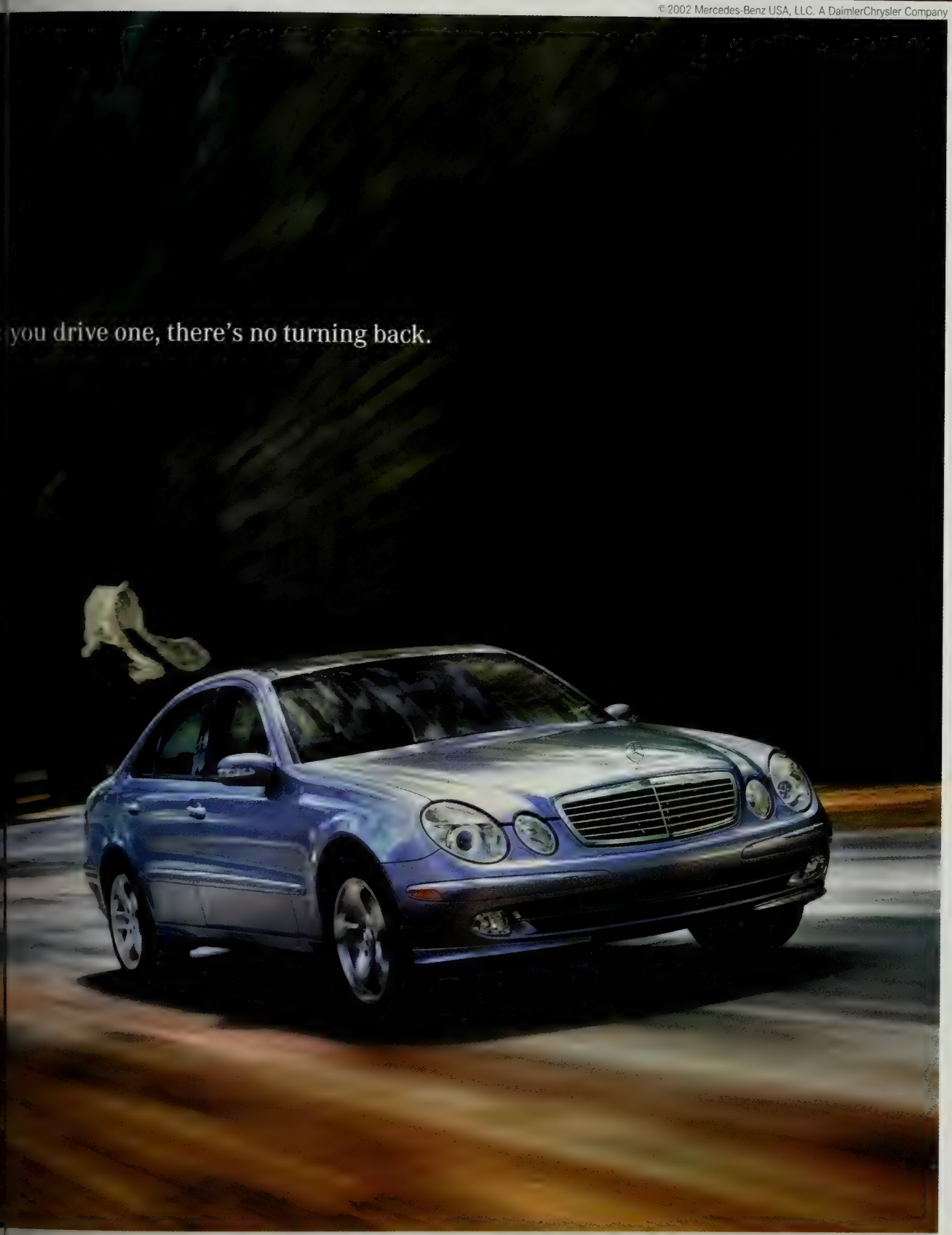




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eclectic phenomenon that took in everything from Petula Clark's lushly symphonic pop to Chad and Jeremy's dulcet folk-schlock to the Yardbirds' blues-rock rave-ups. And while the Beatles were unquestionably the movement's instigators and dominant force, the Rolling Stones and the Who were, initially, among the least successful of the invaders—the former group struggling throughout '64 to gain a foothold in America while the Dave Clark Five, Herman's Hermits, and even Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas vaulted ahead of them, the latter group struggling even to get its terrific run of early singles ("I Can't Explain," "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere," "My Generation," "Substitute") *released* in the United States. (Arguably, given that they didn't perform in America or chart in its Top 40 until 1967, with "Happy Jack," the Who don't even qualify as an Invasion band.)

The British Invasion was, nevertheless, a very real phenomenon. Prior to 1964, only two British singles had ever topped *Billboard*'s Hot 100 chart—Acker Bilk's "Stranger on the Shore" and the Tornadoes' "Telstar," both instrumentals—and between them they held the No. 1 spot for a total of four weeks. In the 1964–65 period, by contrast, British acts were at No. 1 for an astounding 56 weeks combined. In 1963 a mere three singles by British artists cracked the American Top 40. In 1964, 65 did, and in 1965, a further 68 did. Beyond all the statistics, the English musicians who came to America between 1964 and 1966 found themselves in the grip of a rampant, utterly unanticipated Anglophilia that made them irresistibly chic and sexy no matter what their background—London or Liverpool, middle class or working class, art school or tradesman's apprentice, skiffle or trad jazz. Anything English and sufficiently youthful was embraced, exalted, fondled, and fainted over. This applied not only to the important bands whose music would stand the test of time, like the Beatles, the Stones, and the Kinks, but also to such confectioners of engaging period work as the Hollies and Herman's Hermits, and to such one-hit wonders as Ian Whitcomb ("You Turn Me On") and the dubiously named Nashville Teens ("Tobacco Road"). America lapped it *all* up, and the cultural exchange proved beneficial to both sides: the Brits, still very much in the throes of postwar privation, saw their nascent "swinging" youth culture further buttressed, their country abruptly transformed from black-and-white to color; the Americans, still very much in mourning for John F. Kennedy, were administered a needed dose of fun, and, thus re-invigorated, resumed the youthquake that had lapsed into dormancy when Elvis joined the army, Little Richard found God, and Buddy Holly and Eddie Cochran met their makers.

Here, a variety of figures who witnessed and participated in the British Invasion in the Beatles' wake—musicians, managers, industry folk—recount the era as they experienced it, from its arrival in the form of "I Want to Hold Your Hand" to its dénouement in the hairier, heavier year of 1967, by which time American bands had begun to redress the imbalance, and the pheromonal hysteria had worn off.

Britain's postwar era, the formative period of the future invaders, was marked by an unbridled, condescension-free love of America that hadn't been witnessed before and hasn't been witnessed since. To British youth of this time, America was the antithesis of their rain-sodden existence—a promised land of big Cadillacs, rock 'n' roll, authentic Negro bluesmen, Brando and Dean delinquent pics, and muscular Burt Lancaster movies.



ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM, MANAGER, THE ROLLING STONES: You sucked up America as *energy*, to get you out of the cold, gray, drab streets of London. Before global warming, I doubt that England had more than three sunny weeks a year. Which is one of the reasons that England fell in love with the Beach Boys, to a certain degree, more than America did.



IAN WHITCOMB, SINGER: I think history shows that it rained a tremendous amount in Britain in those days, much more than it does now. And there were no sweets; they were rationed. World War II didn't end in Britain until about 1955, because that's when rationing stopped. And everybody in Britain looked pale and ugly and flaccid, whereas Americans, at least on the screen and in the pictures in magazines that we got, looked in great shape.



PETER NOONE, HERMAN'S HERMITS: I grew up thinking that all American music was good and all English music was crap. I was a Yankophile. All the TV shows I liked were American—you know, [the sitcom] *Sergeant Bilko* and so on. You have to imagine that these poor English guys were living in miserable, provincial, rainy, dreary cities, and saw posters with James Dean standing in the boots and the jeans and the T-shirt, with the cigarettes rolled up in the sleeve. I mean, if you look at Keith Richards he *still* dresses like James Dean in that movie.



RAY PHILLIPS, NASHVILLE TEENS: I grew up in Surrey. We used to do a song by the Everly Brothers called "Nashville Blues," and we were all teenagers, so we called ourselves Nashville Teens.



ERIC BURDON, THE ANIMALS: I remember flipping through the pages of this jazz magazine with John Steel, the original drummer with the Animals in art school. We came across this photograph of a bass player walking past the Flatiron Building after an all-night session in New York City, carrying his bass. We turned around and said, "Yeah! We're gonna go to New York, and we're gonna be junkies!"

For all its allure, though, America was, prior to 1964, thought to be impregnable—more a fantastical construct than a practical ambition.

ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM: America was not even a possibility for anybody before the Beatles. As a place to practice your business, it wasn't even a consideration. Before the Beatles what were the possibilities? Scandinavia, maybe. The toilets of Belgium—the way the Beatles had done Hamburg. France for holidays. Even the French stars, they used to say, "We're touring America" . . . really, they were shopping. You know, they might play Canada, but America wasn't open to them.



PETULA CLARK, SINGER: It was all one-way traffic. For instance, the London Palladium—most of the big stars were American. Danny Kaye and Johnnie Ray and Frankie Laine, those sort of people. Everything was coming *from* America.



PETER ASHER, PETER AND GORDON: The big thing was, Cliff Richard had never made it in America. He's *so* huge to us. He was our Elvis, our idol. Him not making it in America made it look impos

True enough—America just couldn't be bothered with English [illegible] including, as late as the end of 1963, the Beatles, who were already huge stars in the U.K. and on the European mainland. In autumn of that year, the famous disc jockey Bruce Morro

a.k.a. Cousin Brucie, joined several other D.J.'s and executives at his station, WABC–New York, to listen to a test pressing of "I Want to Hold Your Hand."



BRUCE MORROW: All the geniuses got together, including this one here. The first time we heard the record, all of us gave it the thumbs-down. I think most of us had the feeling of "How dare these Brits, these upstarts, take the American idiom of rock 'n' roll and do what they did to it?" I think it took over three meetings for us to realize that there was something more to this than protecting the American rock 'n' roll industry and community. We started reading what was going on all over the Continent and we figured, "Well, we'd better give this a listen again."

When "I Want to Hold Your Hand" finally made the American playlists, its shocking success abruptly changed the game for everyone in American music. Kim Fowley, a promising young Los Angeles record producer with a No. 1 hit to his credit (the Hollywood Argyles' "Alley-Oop"), was riding high in January of '64 with another of his productions, the Murmaids' "Popsicles and Icicles," when reality walloped him.



KIM FOWLEY: There were three trade papers in those days, *Billboard* and *Cashbox*—we were No. 3 in both—and the Murmaids were No. 1 in the third one, *Record World*. All of a sudden, "I Want to Hold Your Hand" comes along, and I was No. 1 no more. From, let's say, February 6, which was when my record ceased to be No. 1, up to May, the only American hits were "Hello, Dolly!," by Louis Armstrong, "Dawn," by the Four Seasons, and "Suspicion," by Terry Stafford. That was it—those were the only three records that got in the first five months of the year. Everything else was British.



FRANKIE VALLI, THE FOUR SEASONS: At the beginning of our career, we had "Sherry," "Big Girls Don't Cry," and "Walk Like a Man"—all No. 1s, one right after the other. And then came "Dawn," and it was No. 3. It was a big letdown.

BRUCE MORROW: The Four Seasons and the Beach Boys did O.K. and carried the American flag for a few years, but the solo artists had a very rough time. I'm talking, like, Neil Sedaka and Chubby Checker. Because, suddenly, everybody was putting their money and attention and production values behind the British groups. Suddenly there was a flood of British groups—a *flood*.

KIM FOWLEY: America just laid there, spread its legs, and said, "Come on in, guys. Come over and violate us with your Englishness." Everybody suddenly wanted an English band, an English song, or something that could be sold or classified or categorized or manipulated into that area.

Indeed, as the winter of '64 progressed into spring and summer, the American charts were inundated with British product—not just the Beatles' hastily issued '62–'63 back catalogue ("She Loves You," "Love Me Do," "Twist and Shout," "Do You Want to Know a Secret," "Please Please Me"), but singles by the Dave Clark Five, Gerry and the Pacemakers, Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas, Peter and Gordon, Chad and Jeremy, Dusty Springfield, Cilla Black, the Animals, the Kinks, the Searchers, and Manfred Mann. With all these chart-storming acts came an attendant, and often ridiculous, American Anglophilia.

BRUCE MORROW: Kids would call me for dedications and talk to me with British accents. Some kid from the Bronx would all of a sudden speak the King's English: "'Ello? Sir Brucie, this is Sir Ivan . . . " Literally, they gave themselves knight titles.



MARK LINDSAY, PAUL REVERE AND THE RAIDERS: I learned to speak with an English accent, or my best facsimile, as soon as I could. Because I found out that's what chicks wanted. They didn't care about the American guys. They were looking for the Brits.

Of all the early Invasion acts, the Dave Clark Five, from the dismal North London neighborhood of Tottenham, were the most serious challengers to the Beatles' supremacy—far more serious,

"Kids would call me for dedications and talk to me with British accents. Some kid from the Bronx would all of a sudden say, "'Ello? Sir Brucie, this is Sir Ivan.'"





FAB FOURS The Kinks performing, 1965; *inset*, the album cover for 1964's *Meet the Beatles*, the band's first album in America.

initially, than the Rolling Stones, who were still playing blues and R&B covers on the U.K. circuit.



ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM: It should be remembered that the Dave Clark Five were the next God for more than a few minutes. In March and April of 1964, with "Glad All Over" and "Bits and Pieces," they hit the U.S. Top 10 twice. "Glad All Over"? The Stones and I thought it was sad all over. London was as big as the world in those days, very territorial, and Dave Clark came from no-man's-land, according to our New Wave elitism. But we did not laugh at his business acumen and ability to get it right in America.



SIMON NAPIER-BELL, MANAGER, THE YARDBIRDS: I have more respect for Dave Clark than anyone else in the whole business. If you were hanging around the fringes of show business in those days, you were obviously thinking, Hey, I'd like to be the Beatles' manager. And since you couldn't, you had to find another Beatles for yourself. Dave Clark was the best of all—he said, "I'd like to be the Beatles' manager. I think I'd like to be the Beatles too."



DAVE CLARK: When people talk about my business acumen, I have to laugh. I left school when I was 15. My dad worked for the post office. Looking back, I think I was just streetwise.

Clark, the band's drummer and chief songwriter, was a preternaturally driven young jock, aspiring actor, and stuntman who had first organized his band to finance his youth soccer club's trip to Holland for a tournament (which they won). He also managed the band and produced its records, securing a royalty rate exponentially higher than the Beatles' and becoming a millionaire at 21. Clark attracted Ed Sullivan's attention when "Glad All Over," a No. 1 hit in the U.K., started climbing the U.S. charts, portending another Brit sensation.

DAVE CLARK: When Ed Sullivan first asked us to do his show, we were still semi-professional—the boys still had day jobs—and I said we wouldn't go professional until we had two records in the top five. This was before "Bits and Pieces." I turned him down, but then he offered us an incredible amount of money, so we came over. We did the show, and Sullivan liked us so much he said, "I'm holding you over for next week." But we were already booked in England for a sold-out show. I said we couldn't do it. So he called me up to his office and said, "I'll buy the show out."

For some reason, without thinking, I said, "Well, I don't think I can stay in New York for the whole week." And he said, "Where do you want to go?" Well, on the way in from the airport, they had these billboards out, and one of them said, "Montego Bay, Island Paradise." So I said to him, "Montego Bay"—I'd never heard of it! And so we went to Montego Bay just for the week, all expenses paid. Went on the Monday and came back on the Friday, and there were 30,000 or 35,000 people waiting at the airport.

By that May, we were touring America, every show sold out, in our own private plane, which we leased from the [illegible]llers. It had "DC5" painted on the nose. I just said, [illegible]oing to do it, let's do it in style."

[illegible] *tour was the first by an Invasion band,* [illegible] *e Beatles' first tour proper. With an innate grasp* [illegible] *a gift for writing peppy,* [illegible] *propulsive "Bits and Pieces"*

virtually invented glam rock), Clark scored seven straight Top 20 singles in the U.S. in 1964, and four more in '65. His band also sold out 12 straight concerts in Carnegie Hall and, over the course of the 1960s, made 18 appearances on Ed Sullivan, *more than any other rock group.*

DAVE CLARK: We'd get hundreds of girls leaving us hundreds of dolls and gifts in every city. And one of the gifts was a sheep. I didn't have the heart to send it anywhere, so I took it back to the hotel suite. And we came back after the show, and it had chewed every credit card, every piece of furniture—we didn't trash hotel suites, but the sheep did.

But whereas Ed Sullivan saw in Clark a nice, wholesome bandleader who appealed to kids and parents alike, some of Clark's peers back in England saw hauteur and slick opportunism.



DAVE DAVIES, THE KINKS: Dave Clark was a very shrewd guy, but he wasn't particularly well liked. Because he wasn't really a musician—he was more of a businessman: "Let's make a band up like the Beatles and try to make a lot of money."



GRAHAM NASH, THE HOLLIES: We fuckin' hated the Dave Clark Five! They were just awful to us. They were snotty and they couldn't play for shit. I mean, if you're great, maybe you have the right to be a little stuck-up, but if you're not great, fuck you and your attitude.

Beyond the Dave Clark Five, the acts that broke early in the Invasion seemed to be those with Beatle associations, whether because they were fellow Liverpudlians, like the Searchers ("Needles and Pins," "Love Potion No. 9"); fellow clients of manager Brian Epstein, like Gerry and the Pacemakers ("Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying," "Ferry Cross the Mersey") and ex–Cavern Club coat-check girl Cilla Black ("You're My World"); recipients of John Lennon and Paul McCartney's songwriting largesse, like Peter and Gordon ("A World Without Love"); or all of the above, like Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas ("Little Children," "Bad to Me").



BILLY J. KRAMER: I came with Brian for a week in New York before the Beatles; I think he was negotiating with the *Ed Sullivan Show* people. I was totally intimidated. Brian said to me when we got off the plane, "What do you think of this place?" And I said, "I think we should get the next plane back to England."



GERRY MARSDEN, GERRY AND THE PACEMAKERS: New York was brilliant! People used to say to me, "Doesn't it get on your nerves when they try and rip your clothes off?" And I'd say, "No, they paid for it—they can have 'em. Just leave me underpants."



CILLA BLACK: I remember coming down Fifth Avenue, and I was wearing a Mary Quant black plastic mac. Some fans who had caught me on *The Ed Sullivan Show* wanted a souvenir, so they pulled a button off my mac. And of course it all ripped, and I was really upset. But they were still being friendly—they just wanted a Beatle souvenir.



PETER ASHER: Almost all our fans were also Beatle fans. By zeroing in on one of the subgroups of the Beatle phenomenon, the fans had more of a chance to actually get to meet the musicians, or to feel more personally



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YEAH, BABY! Dave Clark here on the Ed Sullivan Show, [illegible] to land [illegible] a youth [illegible] trip; [illegible] Peter and Gordon, the [illegible] Englishmen after the Beatles to top the U.S. charts.



"I had pretty substantially crossed teeth. I think the cliché of th glasses and the bad teeth—I know that I contributed something to Aus Powers's reality," says Asher.

involved. I remember one time, we finished a show and jumped off the stage in San Diego or somewhere. And as we did, the girls broke through some sort of barrier thing, chasing after us. My glasses fell off and fell to the ground. I picked 'em up and put 'em back on, and looked behind me. And a girl, where my glasses had fallen on the lawn, was pulling the grass out and stuffing it in her mouth. Something that had touched me had now touched this grass, and the grass had now become sacred. It was fascinating.

Of these acts, Peter and Gordon were the odd ones out, not rough-hewn northerners but posh kids from London's prestigious Westminster School who'd formed an Everly Brothers–style harmony duo. Their Beatle connection was that Paul McCartney was dating Peter Asher's actress older sister, Jane. Lacking a permanent home in London at that time, McCartney had taken to bunking with the Ashers, a bourgeois-bohemian Jewish family, when the Beatles weren't on tour.



PETER ASHER: The top floor of our house had two bedrooms on it, which was him and me. So we were hanging out together a lot. One day—I think Gordon was there, too—Paul was fiddling about, playing a [illegible] I said, "What's that?" And he said it was something [illegible]ten for Billy J. Kramer, and that Billy J. didn't like it, that John didn't want to do it with the Beatles. So I said, "[illegible]uld we sing it?"

The song, "A World Without Love," became Peter and Gordon's debut single, and it went to No. 1 in America in June 1964, making them the first Englishmen after the Beatles to top the U.S. charts.

But even British acts with no Beatles connection whatsoever discovered, as they made their way to the United States in '64 and '65, that they were fab-by-association, no matter what their actual provenance.

PETER ASHER: The funny part was that in America at that time "Beatle" almost became a generic term. People would actually come up to you and say, "Are you a Beatle?" Literally, middle-aged America at that time thought everyone with long hair and English was a Beatle.

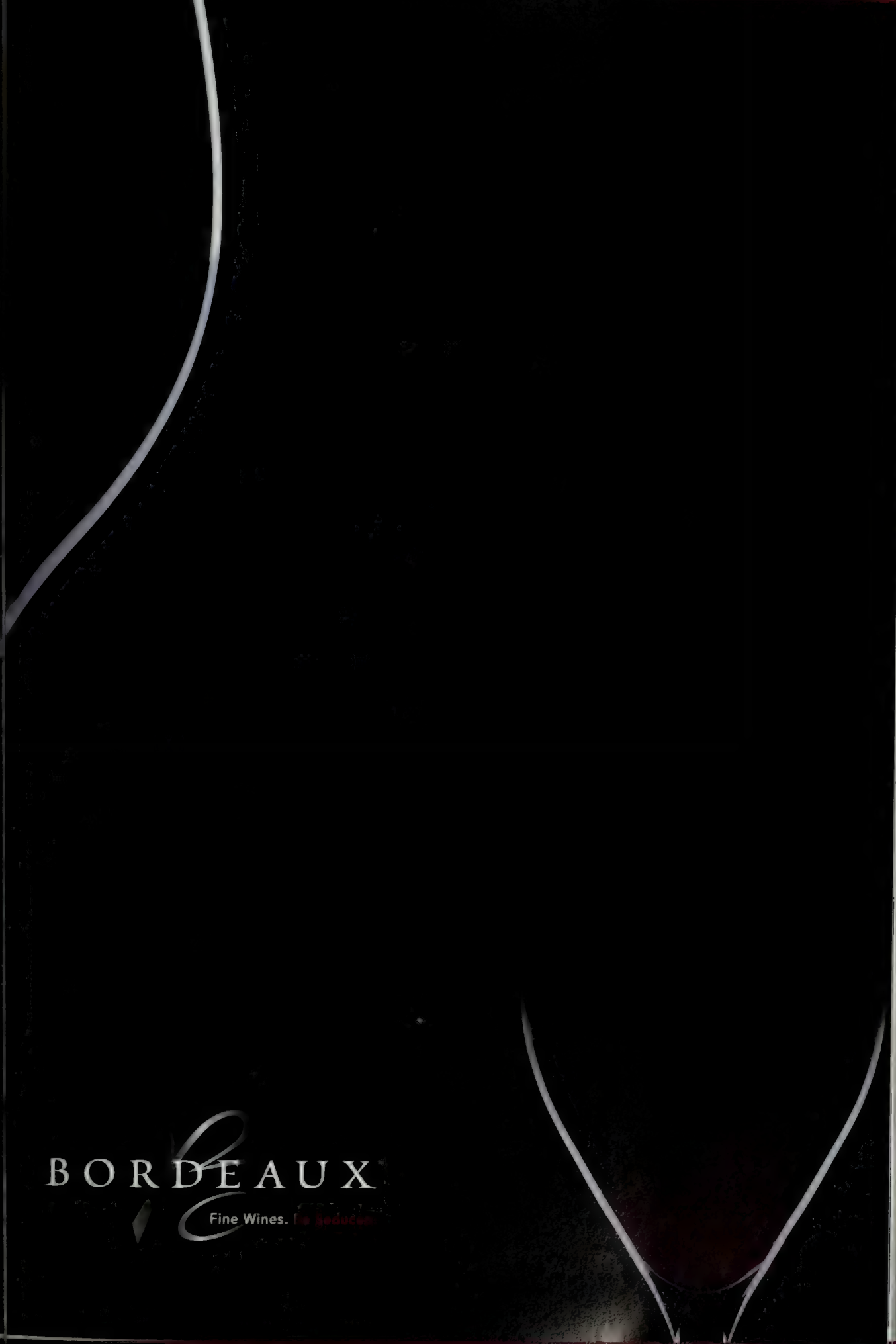


JEREMY CLYDE, CHAD AND JEREMY: All the time—"Are you from Liverpool?" And our record company, since they didn't have a band from Liverpool, dubbed us "the Oxford Sound," because I had been brought up near Oxford at one point. "You've heard the Liverpool Sound. Now—wait for it, kids!—it's the Oxford Sound!" The Oxford Sound, thank God, didn't last very long.



GORDON WALLER, PETER AND GORDON: Americans just assumed that everyone from England was from Liverpool. But if they referred to us as "the Liverpool Sound," I just went with the flow. If that made them happy and made the kids buy the records—solid!

One band that did not instantly reap the benefits of hysterical Brit-mania was the Rolling Stones. By 1964 they had already developed a fierce live reputation, had hits in England (including the Lennon-McCartney-written "I Wanna Be Your


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'an"), and had appeared on the frenetic British teen-pop program eady Steady Go! *But establishing a U.S. foothold proved elusive.*



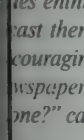
VICKI WICKHAM, PRODUCER, *READY STEADY GO!*: I remember sitting with Brian Jones and Mick Jagger at Wembley Stadium when we were doing *Ready Steady Goes Mod,* some extravaganza out there. We were sitting over a cup of tea, and I remember them ying, "If only *we* could get a hit in America—wouldn't it be great? e'd get a trip, we'd get to shop, we'd get to *go there*."



NDREW LOOG OLDHAM: All the people that we ould laugh at while we were backstage at *Ready eady Go!*—Dave Clark, Herman's Hermits, the nimals—they were having hits in America a long ne before the Rolling Stones. Name anybody—even [the nforgivably glutinous Irish vocal trio] the Bachelors t to No. 10.

'dham, just 20 years old in 1964, had already made a name for nself in England by embarking on a whistle-stop apprenticeship ur of early Swinging London, working brief stints for the signer Mary Quant, the jazz-club impresario Ronnie Scott, and e Beatles' famous manager, Brian Epstein. The son of an nerican soldier who had been killed in World War II combat fore Andrew was born and an Australian-born Englishwoman o concealed her Russian-Jewish background, Oldham gorged nself on American culture, became obsessed with Alexander ackendrick's quintessential New York film, The Sweet Smell of ccess, *and became one of Swinging London's greatest lf-inventions—an immaculately turned-out press manipulator who ed trouble, wore eyeliner, and, in Marianne Faithfull's words, ould say things you only hear in movies, like 'I can make you tar, and that's just for* starters, *baby!'"*

At 19, Oldham took over the management of the Rollin' Stones s they were then known), a nice group of middle-class ues enthusiasts from the suburbs of London, and masterfully ast them as mystique-laden bad boys—scruffing them up, couraging them to unleash their delinquencies, and stoking the wspapers with his "Would you let your daughter marry a one?" campaign.



SIMON NAPIER-BELL: What Mick Jagger did onstage subsequently was what Andrew did offstage. Andrew was camp and flamboyant and outrageous, and Mick stole Andrew's movements and put em into a stage act.

t, for all his bravado in England and his romance with America, dham never anticipated that he would actually have to try to ck the States.

NDREW LOOG OLDHAM: February '64, when the Beatles came America, it was a big "Uh-oh"—no, a huge one. I was a fuckin' panic, man. All of my gifts were of absolutely no e to me. This was a country where you killed your president. nean, c'mon, we're turning up only six months after u'd popped Kennedy. That did have an effect on one.

e Stones arrived in the U.S. in June for a disastrous two-week r that found them, at one juncture, playing four consecutive ows at the Texas State Fair in San Antonio.

NDREW LOOG OLDHAM: Texas . . . [*Sighs.*] There was a imming pool in front of us. With seals in it. *Performing seals* re on in the afternoon, in front of us. And Bobby Vee appearing in tennis shorts—forget the American Dream, now we've got the American nightmare. The tour was only 15 dates, but it was a hard slog, a lot of disappointment. You know, if the Beatles' landing at J.F.K. was like something directed by Cecil B. DeMille, it looked as if Mel Brooks directed our entry.

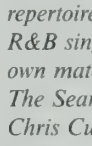
The indignities piled on. Making their American TV debut on the ABC variety program The Hollywood Palace, *the Stones were ritually abused by that week's host, Dean Martin, who said of them, "Their hair is not long—it's just smaller foreheads and higher eyebrows."*

Oldham did manage one coup on the Stones' first trip, though, getting the group a recording session at Chess Studios in Chicago, where many of their blues idols had put down their most famous tracks.

ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM: I could not have them going back to England with long faces. So, as a compensation, I organized a recording session at Chess, where they could basically record at the shrine. That got us as far as "It's All Over Now," the Bobby Womack song . . .

. . . the Stones' cover of which squeaked into the American Top 40 in late summer '64, peaking at No. 26 in mid-September—just as their nemesis, Martin, was enjoying his eighth week in the Top 10 with "Everybody Loves Somebody."

The early Stones were hardly the only British group whose repertoire consisted almost entirely of covers of American R&B singles. For bands who were not writing their own material, it was crucial to have a good song picker. The Searchers, from Liverpool, had one of the best in drummer Chris Curtis.



CHRIS CURTIS: At Brian Epstein's family's store, NEMS, you could ask him, and he'd get you anything you wanted. I listened to Radio Luxembourg virtually every night—they used to do an American slot, and I'd say, "Oh, that's good," and order it at NEMS. "Needles and Pins"—I just heard Jackie DeShannon's version on the radio, so I bought the record. "Love Potion No. 9"—we were in Hamburg, and I used to go out on my own, looking in old shops. I found this old secondhand shop in the next road up from the Grosse Freiheit, which is where the Star Club was. I thought, That's strange—what's a 45 doing in the window? And it was the Clovers singing "Love Potion No. 9," which became our biggest hit in America.

Manfred Mann's song picker was its singer, the dreamy Paul Jones. The band, named after its bespectacled, Beatnik keyboardist, started out as a jazz combo but had little success. Enlisting Jones, they reconstituted themselves as an R&B outfit but still weren't having much luck, prompting the singer to take them in a poppier direction.



PAUL JONES: I would avidly listen to the very few programs on British radio where you could hear American popular music. And every time I heard something that I liked, I would go to one of the very few record shops in London you could rely on to stock that stuff. And I heard this "Do Wah Diddy," by [the black New York vocal group] the Exciters, and I thought, It's a smash!

"Do Wah Diddy Diddy" had been written by Jeff Barry and Ellie Greenwich, one of the hit-making teams that worked in

Manhattan's fabled Brill Building. But the Exciters' version had done surprisingly little business in the U.S. Manfred Mann's version, however, a future staple of sports-arena playlists, became another No. 1 for the British side in October of '64.

PAUL JONES: I wanted to get over to America as fast as possible. And when some guy said, "There's a tour with Peter and Gordon," I said, "Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!" And it was *dreadfully* arranged, in the *depths* of winter '64–'65. When we got to New York, we played at the New York Academy of Music, and ticket sales were very poor indeed. So they decided that it would be necessary, at the last minute, to beef up the bill with some local talent. And of all the blind-blank stupidities, the local talent that they booked was the Exciters, who then sang "Do Wah Diddy" before we did.

Manfred Mann's tour wasn't a total washout, though. While the band was in Los Angeles, the ubiquitous scenester Kim Fowley witnessed what he deems a seminal event in music history: the first official campaign by a groupie to bed a rock star.



KIM FOWLEY: Her name was Liz, with red hair and green eyes; she looked like a Gidget version of Maureen O'Hara. She was about 18 years old. She was the first girl who I ever saw walk into a hotel room for the express purpose of fucking a rock star. I was standing in the driveway, between the Continental Hyatt House and Ciro's. I had just gotten out of a cab, and I was gonna go over to the hotel and welcome the guys. Then her cab came up. I said, "Hey, Liz, what's going on?" She said, "Do you know Paul Jones in Manfred Mann?" I said, "Yeah." And she said, "Well, I want to fuck him." I said, "Really? So what do you want me to do?" She said, "I want you to drag me into their room and introduce me, so I can nail this guy."

So we knock on the door, and they open the door, and I said "Paul Jones, here's your date for the evening." "Hi, I'm Liz, I'm gonna have sex with you tonight!" And he said, "Great!"



PAUL JONES: If I said Kim was lying, I'd be lying, because I don't know whether it's true or false. I seem to remember that at the time there were lots of girls that made a beeline for groups—especially the singer. Look: the music was always the main thing for us. If I *did* get into debauchery then I have to admit that girls were more likely to be the subject of it than drink. And drugs a poor third.

"Mick was asked for his autograph. And they were disappointed that he hadn't signed 'Peter Noone.'"



The greatest of England's song pickers in the Invasion era was Mickie Most, a former pop singer of middling achievement who'd made himself over as a Svengali-like producer. Unique among London music figures, Most was jetting off to New York even before the Beatles' breakthrough, trawling the Brill Building music publishers for songs that he could turn into hits with the promising young groups he'd found, the Animals and Herman's Hermits.



MICKIE MOST: The previous generation of British pop artists, like Cliff Richard, Adam Faith, and Marty Wilde, were basically clones of the Americans, except that they didn't have the ability to write. They used other people's songs, normally covers of American records that had already been successful. So I designed a shortcut—go to America, to the publishing companies, and get the songs *before* they were recorded. When I'd find a band like Herman's Hermits—I liked the band, but they didn't have any tunes. So off I went to New York, and we found a song called "I'm into Something Good," written by Gerry Goffin and Carole King. And the Animals, for instance—their first hit was "House of the Rising Sun," which was an old folk song they were doing in their set; they weren't writers. So "We Gotta Get out of This Place," "Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood," and "It's My Life"—those tunes were all American songs which had never been recorded



THE NEW BREED The Rolling Stones (in 1965), who first played R&B, inset, Manfred originally a jazz combo; changed styles.

The Animals, from Newcastle, were an earthy blues-R&B act fronted by Eric Burdon, a volatile, charismatic belter of small stature and serious intellect. Their slow, portentous version of "House of the Rising Sun" held the No. 1 spot for three weeks in September '64, establishing them as rootsy heavyweights of the Invasion.

ERIC BURDON: I still resent being lumped in with the British Invasion. That's just not the way I saw music—to have our


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management look around for chewing-gum commercials. We weren't bubblegum. I was fuckin' *serious* about the blues. In one of my first journals, I made an incision into my arm and wrote the word "blues" in blood. It was a *crusade.*

Herman's Hermits, on the other hand, were the perfect teen-dream band, acutely polite, unsubversively cheeky, and forever dressed for school-picture day. "Herman" was actually Peter Noone, a relentlessly chipper, well-to-do boy from the suburbs of Manchester who had been a child actor on the English soap opera Coronation Street. *He was barely 17 when "I'm into Something Good" became an American hit in the fall of 1964.*



PETER NOONE: Herman's Hermits were always very civil. Girls, guys, mums, and dads liked us, 'cause we were not in your face in any kind of way. You know how people say, "I couldn't let me sister see that"? That's how we were. We all had a sister who was a little bit older than us or a little bit younger than us, and my sister had, like, a plastic statue of Sister Mary Teresa implanted in her forehead: ALL MEN, LEAVE ME ALONE. We thought all girls were like that. Until we found out that we had a shot at them.

Precocious and possessed of Clintonian energy and political skills, Noone proved adept at ingratiating himself to the appropriate American media figures.

PETER NOONE: I made an alliance with Gloria Stavers, the editor of *16* magazine, because I knew that she was the most important person in rock 'n' roll in America. She developed acts. If she liked what you represented—she liked Paul McCartney; she liked John Lennon—she made you look better. She would change your answers to make you look better . . .

. . . e.g., Stavers: "What do you think of American girls?" Noone: "They make me wish we still owned the colonies. That's what America used to be, luv!"

PETER NOONE: And Ed Sullivan was charmed by Herman's Hermits because I was a bit brighter than the average musician. He said, "You're a Catholic, aren't you? Meet me tomorrow at Delmonico's"—which I thought was a restaurant; he meant the building—"and come with me and my family to Mass." It was a big honor. I showed up, suited up and everything, and genuflected in all the wrong places; I hadn't been for about 10 years.

Noone's politicking and Most's production savvy paid off. Herman's Hermits commenced a streak of five straight Top 5 hits, including the No. 1s "Mrs. Brown You've Got a Lovely Daughter" and "I'm Henry VIII, I Am."



WAYNE FONTANA, WAYNE FONTANA AND THE MINDBENDERS: I'd say that at that time in America, in '65, Peter was bigger than the Beatles.

PETER NOONE: Mick Jagger didn't like Herman's Hermits. [illegible] people would ask was he Herman in those days.



ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM: Mick was stopped in Honolulu Airport and asked for his autograph. And they were disappointed that he hadn't signed "Peter Noone." The look on his face! But we took Noone and Mickie Most very seriously, and so did other [illegible] and the Dave Clark Five, after [illegible], took the heart of America way before the Stones. They toured on hits, we went looking for them.

PETER NOONE: There was a time when we were all staying at the City Squire hotel in New York—us, the Stones, and Tom Jones. Herman's Hermits had just done "Henry the VIII" on *The Ed Sullivan Show,* and there were two or three thousand kids standin outside the hotel for us—it had been on the news. We went up on the roof—the Stones and Tom Jones too—and it must have made a big impact on the Stones, because they started to write pop tunes. No more of the blues stuff, "Little Red Rooster"—tha was instantly gone. They went to start and write songs, 'cause they said, "Look what happens when you make it in America.

As '64 turned into '65, the Invasion grew ever more literal, with British groups coming over in great numbers for package tours, New York variety showcases hosted by D.J. Murray "the K" Kaufman, and appearances on the various manic television programs that had arisen to cater to the hysterical-teen demographic: NBC's Hullabaloo, *ABC's* Shindig! *and* Where the Action Is, *and the syndicated* Hollywood A Go Go. *Among the groups to visit were the Kinks, whose Ray Davies–written originals "You Really Got Me" and "All Day and All of the Night" were all over the radio; the Zombies, whose extraordinary debut single, "She's Not There," was the first self-written British No. 1 after the Beatles; the Yardbirds, who came to America with a new featured guitarist, Jeff Beck, because the old one, blues purist Eric Clapton, found the band's hit "For Your Love" inexcusably poppy; the Hollies, who were having hits in England but who wouldn't crack the U.S. Top 10 until '66 and '67 with "Bus Stop" and "Carrie-Anne"; and lesser acts like Nashville Teens, yet another Mickie Most discovery, who had a hit with a cover of John D. Loudermilk's "Tobacco Road," and Wayn Fontana and the Mindbenders, who went to No. 1 with the soulful "The Game of Love."*

For young Brits abroad for the first time, America was at one a wondrous land of untold exotica . . .



GRAHAM NASH: Those little white grease pencils, where you don't sharpen them, but you pull a little string and they sharpen themselves—incredible!

WAYNE FONTANA: American diners were like top restaurants in London. Meat loaf, Boston cream pie, the steaks—incredible!



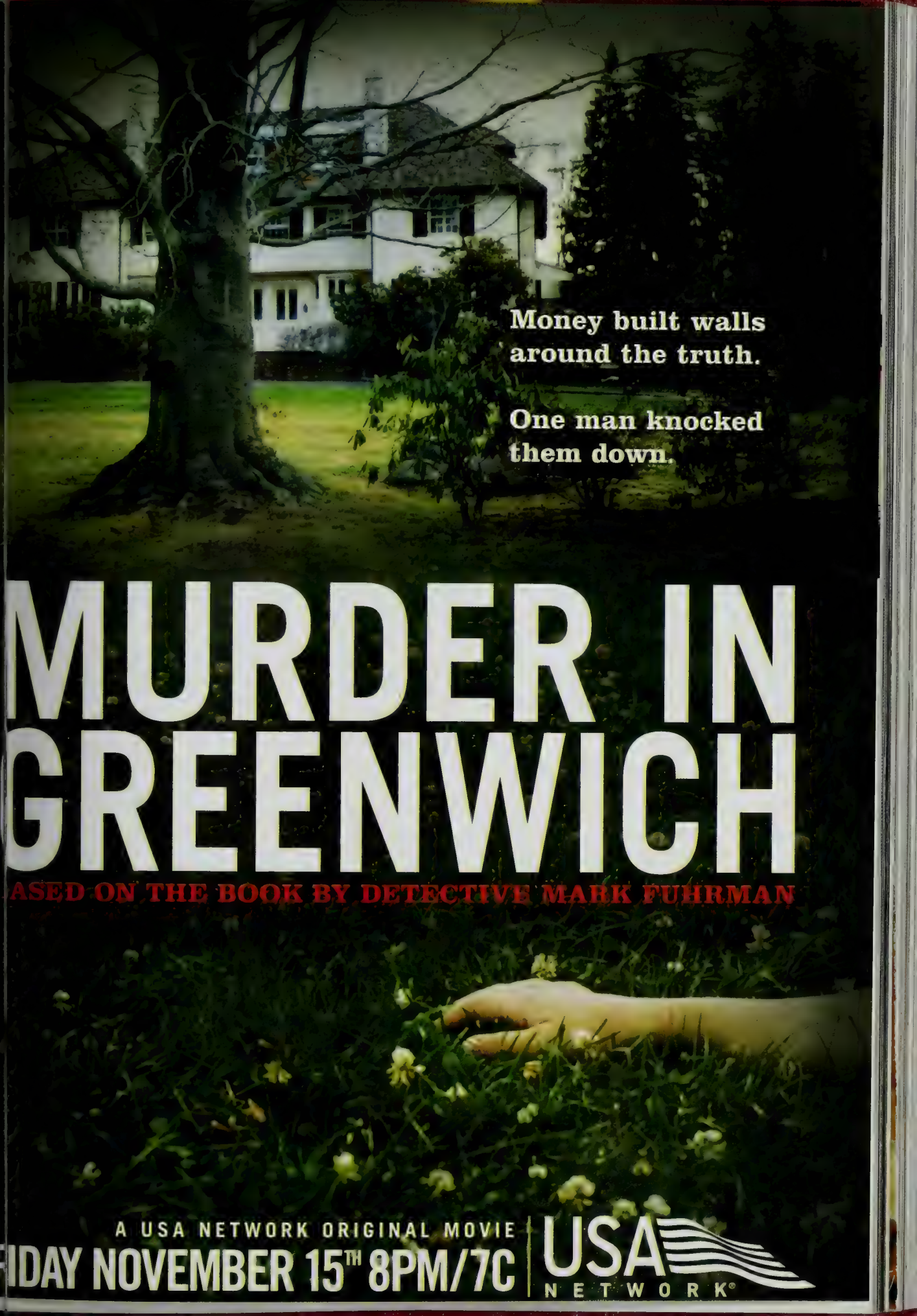
RAY PHILLIPS, NASHVILLE TEENS: This little Jewish gir she always used to bring a hot casserole along to the dressing room in the Brooklyn Fox. It was stuffe peppers. Which I guess must be a Jewish thing.

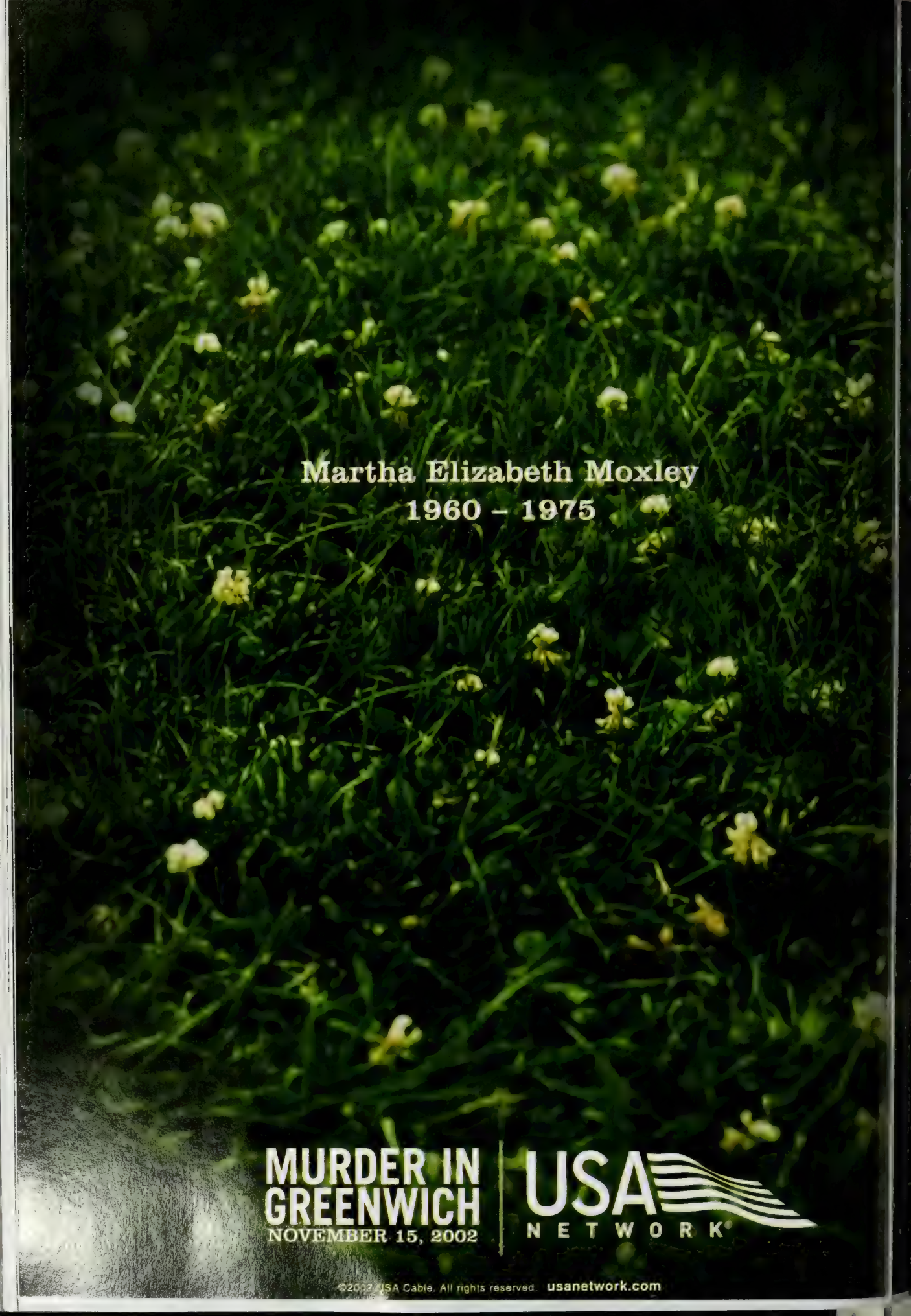
. . . and a place that was, surprisingly, still very much in thrall t 1950s mores and tastes.



DAVE DAVIES: On our first tour, I was surprised how old-fashioned Americans were. Ray and I grew up listening to Big Bill Broonzy and Hank Williams and the Ventures, all these really cool people. So before I went, I was in awe of America, thinking, We're gonna go places where all these great people are, and we're gonna listen to the radio and hear all this great music! And they didn play anything on the radio that was any good; it was all that poppy, croonery, 50s kind of stuff. I expected to hear Leadbel on the radio—no one knew who he was!

ERIC BURDON: We were put in a Christmas special called *The Dangerous Christmas of Red Riding Hood,* with Liza Minnelli


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Little Red Riding Hood, Vic Damone as the romantic lead, and Cyril Richard as the Big Bad Wolf. We were his Wolfettes. We'd walk around with this bloody makeup on and tails, and we had to sing a song called "We're Gonna How-How-Howl Tonight."



ROD ARGENT, THE ZOMBIES: We did the Murray the K Christmas Show at the Brooklyn Fox. It was Ben E. King and the Drifters, the Shangri-Las, Patti LaBelle and the Blue Belles, Dick and Deedee, and another English band, Nashville Teens. Headlining the show was Chuck Jackson. We started at 8 o'clock in the morning and did six or eight shows a day, until about 11 o'clock in the evening. Each act did a couple of songs—our hit and one other song—and then we would have to go to the back of the stage and sort of dance, almost like a very naff chorus line.

But, for all the bands who were chagrined at having to go the cornball route, there were those who embraced the opportunity.



GERRY MARSDEN: On *Hullabaloo,* I think I was in a hairdresser's chair, singing "I Like It" while surrounded by a bevy of beauties. I found it great—bloody hell, to be on television in America, I would have shown me bum to get on!



Chad and Jeremy, a harmony duo whose mellow, Kingston Trio–like sound on such hits as "A Summer Song" and "Willow Weep for Me" was as far away as could be from that of the Rolling Stones, were so Old Guard–friendly that they actually lived *with Dean Martin for a short time.*

JEREMY CLYDE: We were brought over to do the *Hollywood Palace* show as a sort of antidote to *Ed Sullivan*—"Well, he's got the Beatles, so we'll get Chad and Jeremy!" My parents knew Jeannie Martin, so we stayed with Dean and Jeannie and hung out with Dino, Deana, and Claudia. The house revolved around this great big wet bar.

Clyde was the Invasion's one authentic English aristocrat, the grandson of the Duke of Wellington. Between his august lineage and his and Chad Stuart's drama-school backgrounds, Hollywood could not keep its hands off the pair. They could sing; they could act; they had English accents; they had mop-top hair—they were TV-land's official Invasion mascots.



JEREMY CLYDE: We were on *Batman* and *Patty Duke* and *The Dick Van Dyke Show.* On *Dick Van Dyke,* we played a British band, and Rob and Laura Petrie kept them in their house for three days—actually, not unlike Dean and Jeannie Martin. On *Batman,* we did a double episode. We played ourselves, Chad and Jeremy. Catwoman stole our voices—Julie Newmar, who was *gorgeous.* As I remember, because Catwoman had stolen our voices, the amount of tax that Chad and Jeremy were paying to the British Exchequer would then be lost, and Britain would collapse as a world power. It was a Beatle joke, obviously.



CLEAN-CUT The Hollies, 1965. *Inset,* Chad and Jeremy, mid-60s; Jeremy Clyde was a grandson of the Duke of Wellington.

"On *Batman* we played ourselves. Catwoman stole our voices. The amount of tax that we were paying would be lost, and Britain would collapse," says Clyde.

Like Chad and Jeremy, Freddie and the Dreamers were a clean-cut English group who, through the magic of American television and the sheer force of the Invasion, became much bigger in the U.S. than they were in their homeland. Freddie Garrity, a 26-year-old who'd shaved five years off his age to appear more youthquake-friendly, was an impish little fellow in Buddy Holly glasses whose trademark was a spasmodic leg-flailing dance that came to be known as the Freddie.



FREDDIE GARRITY: We were really just a cabaret act. The Freddie dance was just an old routine—it depicted a farmer in a field kicking his feet out in the mud.

Freddie and the Dreamers' chart placings were already in decline in England when, in 1965, Brian Epstein, moonlighting as the host of Hullabaloo*'s London segment, showed a clip of the*

group performing its 1963 U.K. hit "I'm Telling You Now." The clip proved so popular that the group was invited to Los Angeles to perform live on Hullabaloo.



FREDDIE GARRITY: So we went on, did "I'm Telling You Now," and the phones lit up. Policemen were doing the Freddie in the street. And the song shot to No. 1 in America . . .

. . . which it hadn't done even in Britain. Freddie-mania took such hold in America that Garrity's record company hastily put together a follow-up single called "Do the Freddie" for him to sing (it reached No. 18), and on Hullabaloo *such luminaries as Chuck Berry, the Four Seasons, Trini Lopez, Frankie Avalon, and Annette Funicello joined Garrity in doing the dance. Freddie and the Dreamers also embarked on a U.S. tour with two fellow Manchester bands, Herman's Hermits and Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders.*



WAYNE FONTANA: We had No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3 on the chart throughout the tour. One week I was No. 1 with "Game of Love," then Freddie and the Dreamers, then Herman. It was amazing, because we'd all grown up together.

Another young Englishman unwittingly caught up in the slipstream of the Invasion was Ian Whitcomb, a wellborn boy who, while attending Trinity College in Dublin, had started up a band called Bluesville and secured a modest recording contract with Tower, a small subsidiary of Capitol Records. At the end of a Dublin recording session in which he'd committed to tape a protest song called "No Tears for Johnny," he and his band played a boogie-woogie joke song they'd made up in which Whitcomb panted like a phone pervert and sang, in falsetto, "C'mon now honey, you know you really turn me on."



IAN WHITCOMB: I was brought across to New York in spring of '65 by Tower Records. And, to my horror, the promotion man had a copy of the next release of mine, and it was called "Turn On Song." I said, "You're not gonna release *this!* It's 'No Tears for Johnny'! I'm gonna be the next Dylan!"

"You Turn Me On (Turn On Song)," as it was officially billed by Tower, somehow made it all the way to No. 8 in the U.S.

IAN WHITCOMB: I was so embarrassed by this damn thing, because I thought I was a singer and rhythm-and-blues man. And here I was with this *novelty hit,* and I couldn't stop this damn thing from going up the charts. It's still an albatross around my neck. When I was on tour with Peter and Gordon in late '65, Peter said, "You know, you've made one of the worst records that's ever been. Just as pop is progressing, just as we're getting into serious art with the Beatles and we're trying to elevate rock into a serious art form, you come along with this rubbish."

Conveniently, the British Invasion dovetailed with the sexual revolution, which made for plenty of post-show action for visiting English musicians.



GORDON WALLER: It was all too easy, frighteningly easy. I bumped into a woman a couple of years ago who still had a youthful figure and a great-looking face, and she said, "Are you Gordon?" I said, "Yeah." She said, "I'm Cathy. You took me to Vegas when I was 15." I said, "Cathy, I think we'll rephrase that. We were playing in Vegas, and you happened along." She said, "Yes, happened along—in your bedroom." These days, damn, you'd be banged up, wouldn't you?



PETER NOONE: I thought I was in love with every girl and I was gonna get married. I never, ever took advantage of anybody. I didn't *know* that they were groupies. I thought, What a nice girl! She likes me!

FREDDIE GARRITY: It was difficult. I had a wife and a baby daughter. And all of a sudden you've got girls coming out of your ears! And, you know, I didn't want to go deaf.

WAYNE FONTANA: Oh, Freddie was the *worst!* Even though he was the funny one that jumped around—oh, what a lech! The group joined in—they hired film cameras and everything, so they could set movie scenes up in bedrooms.

Among the most famous of the early rock groupies was Cynthia Albritton, a shy Chicago teen who, for reasons she barely understood, found herself suddenly impelled to storm the hotels where visiting British musicians were staying. In time, she would make a name for herself, literally, as the groupie who made plaster casts of rock stars' erect penises—she became Cynthia Plaster Caster.



CYNTHIA PLASTER CASTER: I'd say the British Invasion made me what I am. It was the hysteria of *Meet the Beatles* that evolved into plaster-casting. When it happened, a lot of us were virgins. We would climb fire escapes—like 15, 20 stories—to get to the rock 'n' roll floor, because the hotel security guards just didn't allow girls in. They didn't think it was proper.



PETER ASHER: The funny part was, a lot of the girls were really young. They'd be trying to sneak into the hotel room, but they would have no idea what to do if they got there. They would be horrified if you really said, "Well, O.K. now—take 'em off!"

CYNTHIA PLASTER CASTER: I didn't know *what* my goal was. I didn't even know why I was drawn there. The guys were like magnets, and I didn't know what I wanted at first. 'Cause I'd only made out with a boy or two before that.

In time, though, Cynthia and her friends embraced overt naughtiness.

CYNTHIA PLASTER CASTER: We discovered along the way that Cockney rhyming slang that only British bands seemed to know. So we learned all the dirty words that we could find out. Such as "Hampton wick," which rhymes with "dick," and "charva," which meant "fuck." I'm guessing it rhymed with "larva." Maybe larva's a sexual term, I don't know—they didn't go as far as telling me what it rhymed with. But it was a very popular word; we made a lot of contacts from that word. We actually wrote a note to somebody saying that we were the Charva Chapter of the Barclays bankers. And "Barclays Bank" rhymes with "wank." "Would you like to make a deposit? Would you like to make a nightly deposit? We have nightly banking hours" that was it. This was for somebody in Gerry and the Pacemakers. And we didn't even know what a wank was. We were still virgins.

The end result was that two days later I got a long-dista

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phone call from the guy. And it transpired into him finding out very quickly that I didn't know what the fuck I was talking about.

The plaster-casting idea arose from Cynthia's and her friends' desire, having given the matter some consideration, to lose their virginity to British pop stars. Nervous about how to break the ice, Cynthia and company decided that asking musicians to submit to having their members coated in a viscous molding agent was the way to go.



ERIC BURDON: I was fascinated by the whole thing. They had a team, and one of them was a real expert at fellatio, and she was beautiful. They came with a wooden box and showed us all the equipment and everything.

The problem was that, initially, Cynthia was not well schooled in the art of molding.



CYNTHIA PLASTER CASTER: There was, like, a two-year period where we were dragging the [casting-equipment] suitcase around, not really knowing how to do it, just wanting to try it out, using it as shtick to get to the hotel rooms. We'd tell people, "We need someone to experiment on. Would you like to help us experiment?" We'd get the pants down, and then, ultimately, they would put the make on us, and *voilà*—sex would happen. I think we encountered Eric Burdon during that time period. We were on an airplane with him, and we were gonna try aluminum foil, wrap it around his dick. That proved not to work.

ERIC BURDON: It was on a tour plane, and the engines were already running. And they had me in the bathroom, and everybody was yelling, "C'mon—we gotta leave!" And the plane was rockin backwards and forwards. They got as far as getting the plaster on. It wasn't very comfortable, you know. I'm a romantic character—I have to have candles, music, and a bottle of wine.

"I still resent being lumped in with the British Invasion. I made an incision into my arm and wrote the word 'blues' in blood," says Burdon.

The British Invasion also ushered in a new kind of sex symbol—not the Brylcreemed, conventionally handsome pop idol of yore, but the skinny, spotty, often myopic, often dentally deficient Englishman whose magnetism derived from his Englishness and status as a musician.

CYNTHIA PLASTER CASTER: Peter Asher was *so* cute. Him and that guy from Herman's Hermits, Lek? [Derek "Lek" Leckent the group's bassist.] They wore those Peter Sellers glasses. I thought that was really hot.



PETER ASHER: I had pretty substantially crossed teeth I think the cliché of the glasses and the bad teeth—I know that I contributed something to Austin Powers's reality. People have said to me, "It must have been yo who inspired Mike Myers." And while he won't say *that,* he d say, in the one conversation we had, that he knew all about Peter and Gordon. Unfortunately, I was never that shagadelic.

For all the fun that touring America entailed, there were some rocky moments for the invaders. Some were merely tempests in teapot . . .



JEREMY CLYDE: It was difficult when you were working with American musicians, 'cause they were resentful. Len Barry, who we toured with, had a hit calle "1-2-3," and he had quite a chip on his shoulder—"Engl musicians don't have the chops," all this kind of stuff. A Paul Revere and the Raiders were th to bring American music back to Amer





MARK LINDSAY, PAUL REVERE AND THE RAIDERS: Actually, Derek Taylor, who was the Beatles' publicist, split from them kind of e on and came to America, and we were one of his first clients, and said, "This is a publicist's dream—the Americans stem the tide for the second time!" There was never any animosity or real competition. As far as the Brits, I was going, "Y more power to 'em!"



REALLY BIG SHOO The Animals with Ed Sullivan, October 1965; *inset,* Freddie and the Dreamers.

. . . while others were more serious.



JIM McCARTY, THE YARDBIRDS: Giorgio Gomelsky, our first man was a big guy with a bea who looked like Fidel Castro. And when we first came to America, th



In Estonia we say:

Ilust juba suppi ei keeda, viinaga on hoopis teine lugu.

In America you say:

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was still a lot of Communist paranoia going on, you know? And, of course, lots of people used to think he *was* Fidel Castro, and that all of us, with our long hair, were dropouts following him around. So we'd get people threatening to throw us out of town and beat us up.



DAVE DAVIES: I said "cunt" on the radio in Boston once. The D.J. was talking like the Beatles, so I called him a cunt on the air. They closed the radio station down and dragged me out of the building.



ERIC BURDON: America was hotter than I expected it to be and colder than I ever imagined it would be, weatherwise and culturally. I went to the Stax Studio in Memphis one day and watched Sam and Dave cut "Hold On! I'm a Comin'," and the next night, in the limousines on the way to the gig, we ran into the Ku Klux Klan on the streets. So one minute you were like, "This is the new South! This is the new dream!," and then the next minute the old world would just come and slap you upside the head.

Burdon did discover, serendipitously, that his affinity for black America had a secondary benefit.

ERIC BURDON: I wanted to hear black music. Anywhere I went, I asked, "How do I get across the tracks? How do I get to Browntown?" And I found out that all you had to do to get away from the screaming girls was drive across the tracks. They would follow us up to Harlem—flying wedges of cars, teenagers hanging out of cars—and as soon as we crossed 110th Street, they would peel off and fall back, and then I'd be alone.

There were fewer high jinks and groupie problems for the women of the British Invasion, a stylistically disparate group—the soulful Dusty Springfield ("Wishin' and Hopin'") and Cilla Black; the poppier Petula Clark ("Downtown") and Lulu ("To Sir with Love"); and the enigmatic Marianne Faithfull ("As Tears Go By")—whose one common trait was that they were all solo artists who couldn't seek solace in the camaraderie of a group.



CILLA BLACK: It was all right for the guys in any of the bands, because they all had each other. But I'd lost my grandmother while I was over in New York, and it really hit me badly. I was just too homesick, and I wanted to come home. Which I totally regret now.

More sure of herself was Petula Clark, who, at the time of her first U.S. smash, the winter '65 No. 1 "Downtown," was a trouper already in her third show-business incarnation—as a child she'd been an actress, England's answer to Shirley Temple, and as a young woman she'd married a Frenchman, relocated to Paris, and had a second career as a French-singing chanteuse.



PETULA CLARK: The first show I did live was *The Ed Sullivan Show.* I got there on the day of the show, which was unheard of. But I had a show in Paris on Saturday night, so I got there on Sunday just in time for the dress rehearsal, which was in front of a live audience. I was totally jet-lagged, no makeup, just enough time to throw on my funny little black dress, and they were playing my music—too fast, actually. I walked out onstage, my first time in front of an American audience, and before I'd sung a note, they stood up and cheered. It was extraordinary—that was the moment that I realized what this British Invasion really meant. And then I remember waking up in the hotel and hearing "Downtown," thinking, Am I dreaming this? It was the St. Patrick's Day Parade going up Fifth Avenue—the marching band was playing it.

The most beguiling of the Invasion gals was Marianne Faithfull, an aristocratic beauty who was just 17 when Andrew Loog Oldham discovered her at a London party in March of 1964, pronouncing her "an angel with big tits." By Christmastime of that year, her single "As Tears Go By" had become the first original Mick Jagger–Keith Richards composition to crack the American Top 40. Though she was at the epicenter of the Swinging London scene—friends with Paul McCartney and Peter Asher, a visitor to Bob Dylan's Savoy Hotel suite as chronicled in D. A. Pennebaker's 1967 documentary, Don't Look Back, *affianced to bookstore and gallery owner John Dunbar—Faithfull was reluctant to plunge headlong into America to capitalize on her success. She had her reasons.*



MARIANNE FAITHFULL: I was pregnant. So I got married to John Dunbar and had my baby. But, also, I was so young, I couldn't quite get my head 'round going away to America for a long tour. A very sheltered little girl I was—I honestly did think I would be eaten alive in America. I also knew about the Buddy Holly thing and the Big Bopper and all that stuff. So I couldn't imagine touring America, and maybe I was right. I did do *Shindig!,* and it was very weird. I was really beautiful, right? And they covered me in makeup, and put false eyelashes on me, and made me look like a tart—a fucking dolly bird!

Still, Faithfull's success augured the beginning of better times for the Rolling Stones. The group had secured its first U.S. Top 10 hit late in '64 with yet another R&B cover, of Irma Thomas's "Time Is on My Side," but Oldham had already realized that for the Stones to compete they would have to start writing their own material. After a tentative start, Jagger and Richards, egged on by their manager, finally hit their stride in 1965.



ANDREW LOOG OLDHAM: That was a hell of a process for two people who basically thought I was mad, telling them that they could write. My stance, as I was not a musician, was based on the simplicity of "Hey—if you can fuckin' play music, you can write it." And they did. "The Last Time" was the first time they got into the Top 10 [in May 1965] with a self-written song. And then the record after that was "Satisfaction" . . .

. . . which was a No. 1 in the summer of '65, to be followed by "Get off of My Cloud," to be followed by "19th Nervous Breakdown," to be followed by "Paint It, Black," and so on. The Rolling Stones were at last the Rolling Stones.

Another significant development of '65 was the emergence of Invasion-inspired American bands. Back in '64, the future members of the Byrds, all folkies, had bonded over their mutual love of the Beatles—a bold stance in the severe, smoky environs of hootenanny-land.



CHRIS HILLMAN, THE BYRDS: I was a bluegrass mandolin player before I was in the Byrds, and I'd cross paths with David Crosby and Jim McGuinn, as Roger was then known, at this folk club in L.A., the Troubadour. So one night I'm down there with my bluegrass group to play open-mike night, and Jim McGuinn gets



LAY, LADY, LAY Marianne Faithfull, 1966; she feared she would be "eaten alive" in America. *Inset,* Cilla Black, circa 1967.

"I think Dylan was irritated that I wouldn't run away with him to America. Then I went off with bloody Mick Jagger!" says Faithfull.



up. His hair is a little funnier, it's starting to grow out, and he's doing "I Want to Hold Your Hand" on an acoustic 12-string! And I'm going, "What the hell is that?"



ROGER McGUINN: I was working for Bobby Darin in New York, working in the Brill Building as a songwriter, and he was a mentor to me. He said, "You ought to get back into rock 'n' roll," because I was influenced by Elvis Presley originally. So I would go down to the Village and play these sort of souped-up folk songs with a Beatle beat. Then I got a gig at the Troubadour in California and did the same thing. Of course, it didn't go over well—it was like Dylan at Newport. They were antagonistic, and I got the freeze, and they'd talk and talk over my set. Except [future Byrd] Gene Clark was in the audience and was a Beatles fan, and he liked what I was doing. So we decided to form a duo around that, and then Crosby came in a few days later.



DAVID CROSBY: Roger and I and Gene Clark all went to see [the Beatles' 1964 movie] *A Hard Day's Night* together. I was, like, spinning around the stop-sign poles, thinking I'd just seen my life's work. We started growing our hair right away. We learned how to manipulate a dryer and a comb pretty quickly.

On the more plastique *end of the Anglophilic spectrum was Gary Lewis, Jerry's son, who was the drummer, singer, and leader of the beat combo Gary Lewis and the Playboys.*



GARY LEWIS: Hearing the Beatles inspired me to get the drums out of storage and put a band together from college students. My father was very supportive. He said, "Son, you're doing great. Just give it a hundred percent and don't ever grow your hair like those damn Beatles."

Soon enough, the Byrds were holding their own during the Invasion with their jingle-jangle No. 1s "Mr. Tambourine Man" and "Turn! Turn! Turn!," and Lewis was at No. 1 with the ersatz Merseybeat of "This Diamond Ring."

The English bands weren't offended by their American imitators—far from it. The Beatles and the Stones befriended the Byrds, while Peter Noone befriended Gary Lewis, toured with him, and found his Old Guard connections useful.



PETER NOONE: We were in Kansas City with Gary Lewis and the Playboys, and Gary says, "I'm gonna go up to see my dad's friend, this guy who used to president." He meant Harry Truman, who was one my heroes, just because he had big American balls. So I said "Can I come with you?," and off we went.

Meeting one's heroes was a big part of the American experience for Invasion acts, and the biggest hero of all was Elvis Presley who, though he'd been rendered passé by the Beatles and was then trapped in a grim career limbo of overbaked, sideburnless movie features, proved surprisingly sympathe to English artists.

PETER NOONE: Elvis was absolutely charming. I had to interview him for the BBC or something. It was the most ridiculous interview, because I didn't prepa "When are you coming to England? How did you make it without long hair?" The dumbest questions! But he was charmed, because I was so respectfu And he looked fucking unbelievable! I mean, if you were a woman, you would come.



ROD ARGENT, THE ZOMBIES: When we were on tour, we got up one day and said, "Let's go to Graceland." And we just walked through the gate. There was no security. We walked up the drive; we knocked on the door. And the guy that I remember being Elvis's father Vernon—but some of the others remember it being his uncle—came to the door. And we said, like little boys, "We' the Zombies from England! Is Elvis here?" And he said, "Well, no, Elvis isn't here. But he'll be really sorry to ha missed you guys, because he loves you." And we thought,



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He's probably never heard of us and it's bullshit, but it's a very sweet thing for him to say. But I later found it out to be true.

Meeting one's black heroes, however, was more fraught with difficulties, especially given the British artists' obvious debt to American R&B. For Dusty Springfield, the prospect was downright nervous-making, as her best friend, Vicki Wickham, remembers.



VICKI WICKHAM: When Dusty came over to America, there was a certain sense of "Oh, shit—what if I meet Baby Washington, whose song I've covered?" 'Cause she always thought the original was better than hers. She met Maxine Brown, who she'd also covered. She wouldn't deal with it well, unfortunately. She'd shuffle a bit and then run away instead of having a conversation. And *they,* obviously, were in awe of *her,* because as far as they were concerned, she was the best English singer.



ERIC BURDON: The agent would say, "Well, boys, I got you on a Chuck Berry tour in the U.S. And guess what? You're the fuckin' headliners." *What?* We were headlining above these guys who I'd worshiped since I was 14. Chuck was really nice to me. I've heard a lot about how nasty Chuck can be, and how difficult he can be to work with, but I showed some interest in his feelings, knew all his records, and told him that I thought he was America's poet laureate. He was embarrassed, I think, but he was kind enough to take me to dinner, sit me down, and say, "Look—stay away from booze and drugs, you know, and keep your money in your sock."

With Little Richard, though, there was a huge fight backstage at the Paramount Theater in New York between the manager of the Paramount and our publicist. Little Richard's set kept going overtime, and they were going to slap him with a $10,000 fine, and he was just going off: "I am Little Richard, I am the king!"—emulating Cassius Clay. And there was this little black kid running around, toweling him down and trying to get him to cool down. And that turned out to be Jimi Hendrix.

Resolutely unimpressed by the Brit parade was Bob Dylan, who, though gracious enough a host to introduce both the Beatles and Marianne Faithfull to marijuana when they visited New York, was otherwise disdainful.



MARIANNE FAITHFULL: I don't think Bob's ever thought much of the British Invasion. What I do know is how he treated people in London, all those who came to worship at the shrine. He felt that he was much, much, much, highly superior. I think he was really irritated that I wouldn't run away with him to America, or whatever it was he wanted. And then I went off with bloody Mick Jagger! I can see what he means, quite frankly.

By 1966–67, there was a palpable shift under way in music, from pop to rock. The vestigial flourishes of 50s showbiz began to fall away, endangering the more clean-cut Invasion acts like Freddie and the Dreamers, Gerry and the Pacemakers, and Chad and Jeremy.



JEREMY CLYDE: For us, I think it lasted about two years, '64 to '66, and then the girls stopped screaming. And we *wanted* them to stop screaming, because it was annoying, actually. Chad and I tried all kinds of things. We did a two-man show and took it 'round colleges—bits of drama, mime, and songs, very mixed-media. And then people started to re-invent popular music, and it all became very serious and, in quite a lot of cases, certainly ours, pretentious.

This should have been the moment for the Yardbirds, who, with their instrumental virtuosity and futuristic original compositior such as "Shapes of Things" and "Over Under Sideways Down," were poised for greatness. But they proved too volatile to last, Simon Napier-Bell, who took over their management from Giorgio Gomelsky, found out.



SIMON NAPIER-BELL: The Yardbirds were a miserable bunch. They were always arguing, bickering, and they weren't fun.

Before the group's 1966 U.S. tour, Paul Samwell-Smith, their bassist and driving musical force, quit. Jeff Beck recommended that they draft in his guitarist friend Jimmy Page on bass.

SIMON NAPIER-BELL: After three days, Jimmy said, "I think I should play guitar." And then [rhythm-guitarist] Chris Dreja h to play bass. It was sensational, but, of course, Jeff no longer was getting 100 percent of the credit for his own solos, 'cause was playing them with Jimmy, and Jimmy wasn't getting any credit, 'cause everybody knew they were Jeff's solos. So both them were pretty dissatisfied. You could see it was just gonna sourer and sourer, and on the American tour Jeff just walked o



JIM McCARTY: There was a bit of competition goin on, 'cause they'd follow each other playing solos, and try and outdo each other, and maybe play at th same time. Sometimes it sounded good, but not very often. But I think Jeff just got stressed out. We were on th dreadful Dick Clark Caravan of Stars tour, and it was the totally wrong sort of thing for us—Gary Lewis and the Playbo Sam the Sham, Brian Hyland, all these really straight American acts. We'd play in some of these little southern tow and they'd shout, "Turn the guitars down, you're too loud!" Jeff just blew his top, smashed his guitar up in the dressing roo and disappeared.

Another band to break on the later end of the Invasion, in 1967 was the Spencer Davis Group, whose Top 10 hits "Gimme Some Lovin'" and "I'm a Man" featured the uncannily black-sounding vocals of Steve Winwood, a white, 17-year-old Birmingham boy. The group, named after its founder-guitarist, ha actually been knocking around for a while, with two U.K. No. 1s already to its credit.

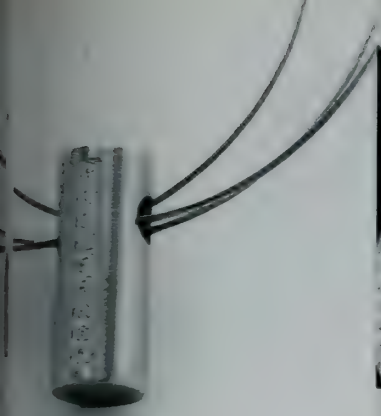


SPENCER DAVIS: We had a kind of cult status in America, with the young Winwood prodigy, Little Stevie—a name he hated with a passion. In respect to why we were late in having hits, we weren't really a pop group. A lot of groups—Manfred Mann, Stones, Animals—weren't pop, but went pop for a minute to have a hit and then went back t what they were doing. For us, the hits came when there was a better climate for rhythm and blues.

The only trouble was that the Spencer Davis Group, like the Yardbirds, couldn't keep its hit-making lineup together.

SPENCER DAVIS: We didn't quite invade as a complete unit. Wh we recorded "Gimme Some Lovin'," the band was already splitting. Steve was going into Traffic with Dave Mason. We end up going to New York in 1967 with a new singer, Eddie Hardi Elton John had shown up as Reggie Dwight for the audition, wearing a milkman's outfit, and we didn't think that was cool

A lot of the Invasion groups were beginning to splinter or close up shop, either outpaced by musical currents CONTINUED ON PAGE







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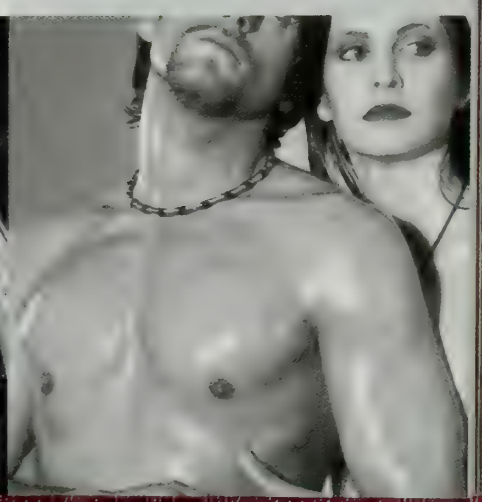
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 284 *or eager to try new styles with new colleagues. Eric Burdon organized a new lineup of the Animals. The Jeff Beck–less Yardbirds carried on briefly before packing it in, prompting their remaining guitarist to form the New Yardbirds, soon to be known as Led Zeppelin. The increasingly psychedelicized Graham Nash was growing disenchanted with the Hollies and more interested in hanging out with his friends David Crosby from the Byrds and Stephen Stills from Buffalo Springfield.*



GRAHAM NASH: I realized that I was drifting far away from the Hollies. And then, when they didn't want to do "Marrakesh Express" or "Teach Your Children," I said, "I'm done."



GORDON WALLER: The whole thing had been drained dry. The people who were left had run out of things to say musically, except for the Beatles and the Stones. And there were other people coming along, the Elton Johns of the world, the Who.

For London's the Who, the tail end of the Invasion was just the beginning. In 1965 and '66, they were already a massive success in England with their mod anthems "I Can't Explain," "My Generation," and "The Kids Are Alright." Their single "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere" had been adopted as Ready Steady Go!*'s theme song, and their volcanic live act was thought to be the U.K.'s greatest. But they didn't make so much as a dent in the American charts. Part of the reason for this was that their managers, Kit Lambert and Chris Stamp, were film producers making their first foray into the music business.*





CHRIS STAMP: We signed in America with a company called Decca, which we thought was the same as the English Decca, which was the second-biggest label in England. In fact, American Decca was utterly unrelated, an old-fashioned label that released Bing Crosby, "White Christmas" sort of stuff. They were Sinatra guys—they didn't know rock 'n' roll, didn't even like it. Well, there was a natural outbreak of Who fans somewhere in Michigan with "I Can't Explain," and the next record was "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere." And this company, Decca, sent it back to me, because they thought there was something wrong with the tape, because of the sounds the Who were making. We think of those songs now as pop, but, you know, they weren't Herman's Hermits. "My Generation" had stutters in it; it had feedback.

Lambert and Stamp were desperate to break the Who in America, no matter what it took.



VICKI WICKHAM: Kit was a total eccentric, very upper-class, very upper-crust. And we didn't know till afterwards that he was selling the family silver, pawning the cuff links his dad had given him, to bankroll the Who. 'Cause they had no money.

Stamp, who was in charge of the Who's American campaign, caught a break when his brother, the quintessential Swinging London actor Terence Stamp, was going off to the U.S. on a promotional junket.

CHRIS STAMP: The first time I got over to New York, I got over because my brother had a premiere of a film called *The Collector,* and he was coming over to do Johnny Carson and promote the film. He exchanged his studio first-class ticket for two economy-class tickets, and I came over with him and stayed in his hotel for three days while he was doing all this stuff.

Stamp managed to make the acquaintance of promoter Frank Barsalona, whose firm, Premier Talent, had developed a reputation as the best of the booking agents for British groups. One of Barsalona's star clients at the time, Mitch Ryder, was from Detroit, the one place where the Who had an American fan base. Ryder,

"We'd play in these little southern towns, and they'd shout, 'Turn the guitars down!' Jeff blew his top, smashed his guitar up in the dressing room, and disappeared."



SMASHING TIME
The Yardbirds "were always bickering" and soon broke up; *inset,* late-breaking Invaders the Who, 1965.

an early champion of the Who, had gotten his big break in 1965 playing one of Murray the K's 10-day multi-act shows, and in gratitude had promised to come back whenever Murray Kaufman beckoned.

FRANK BARSALONA: Well, of course, a year and a half later, Mitch was really happening, and Murray, of course, wanted him to headline his Easter show. And Mitch called me and said, "Frank, that's 10 days, five shows a day. I can't do that."

Barsalona, in an effort to extricate Ryder from this situation, tried to sour Kaufman on Ryder by making a series of absurd demands, such as having Ryder's dressing room done up entirely in blue, from the walls to the carpet to the curtains.

FRANK BARSALONA: Murray kept saying yes to everything. So then the last thing I said was "Look, Mitch has this thing about this British act called the Who, and he would like them on the show." Murray said, "They don't mean anything." I said, "Murray, that's what I'm saying. So why don't we forget about Mitch?" "I'm not going to forget about Mitch!" I said, "Well, then you have to put the Who up in the show."

In such a fashion did the Who secure its first American engagement, as a support act, along with Eric Clapton's new group, Cream, in Murray the K's 1967 Easter show at the RKO 58th Street Theater in New York.

FRANK BARSALONA: I had never seen the Who live, and I thought, Oh my God, I'm going to screw myself over! I went to the dress rehearsal with my wife, June, and I said, "You know, June, they're not bad at all." And then Pete Townshend starts smashing his guitar to pieces, and Roger Daltrey is destroying the microphone, and Keith Moon is kicking over the drums. I said, "June, do you think this is part of the act?"



CHRIS STAMP: Murray the K was still doing these old-fashioned shows in Brooklyn where the act came on, sang their hit, and walked off. So we had to compromise—we stretched it out, I think, to about four songs. The Who would come on; do, like, "I Can't Explain" and some other song; and finish up with "My Generation" and smash their equipment. Normally, the smashing came about of its own volition—it wasn't meant to be a showbiz thing. But in the Murray the K thing, it tended to be slightly that. Although Pete was just as angry, I suppose, about having to do only four songs.

Naturally, the Who stole the show, and their reputation grew to the point that by June of '67 they were one of the major attractions of the Monterey Pop Festival in California, a three-day event that effectively brought down the curtain on chirpy, well-groomed, besuited 60s pop—and, therefore, the phenomenon known as the British Invasion. At Monterey, hair was longer, "Monterey Purple" acid was being taken, and such ascendant, hirsute San Francisco bands as the Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane, and Big Brother and the Holding Company were the stars. Eric Burdon played with his hippiefied new Animals, and Burdon's friend Jimi Hendrix made his first major U.S. appearance, bringing down the house by setting fire to his guitar during his version of the Troggs' late-Invasion hit "Wild Thing."



ERIC BURDON: Monterey was probably the most important three or four days of my life. It was the apex of what was happening. I'd known Jimi from London, and we traveled across together with Brian Jones. And I saw him cut loose in America—it was his first opportunity to be Jimi Hendrix in front of an American audience.

Though many Invasion acts moved in the late 60s and 70s to distance themselves from their scrubbed Shindig! *images, most have since come around to accepting their identification with those days.*

GRAHAM NASH: You can't change anything that's already happened. And so you have to embrace it and say, "You know the Hollies weren't too bad." Would I have done it differently, knowing what I know? Possibly. But I choose to look back at it with fondness rather than look back at it and say, "Boy, was I fucked."



PAUL JONES: I find that, as time goes on, I'm just more and more associated with the 60s. I'm not getting further into the future; I'm getting further into the past. And I just think, Oh, man, accept it and just don't worry. You know, I could have gone on to design motorcars, and I might have had some success; in the end, people would have said, "It's old Paul 'Do Wah Diddy' Jones." You can't get away from it.



DAVE DAVIES: On my new album, *Bug,* there's a song called "It Ain't Over, 'Til It's Done!" which is about the 60s. It's saying, Maybe it's not all finished yet. Maybe, rather than it always being a retro thing, all us crazy guys from the 60s are alive and well for a reason, and there's still something we've yet to say.

And while the actual value of the Invasion's music remains a subject of debate . . .



MARIANNE FAITHFULL: I was a great friend of [the American arranger and producer] Jack Nitzsche, and from Jack I got a different perspective on the British Invasion—that American music was on the verge of changing into something incredible. They were all working away—him, Phil Spector, the Four Seasons, Brian Wilson. And the visions they had, what they were trying to do with *American* music, were completely fucked up by the British Invasion. Jack never really got that vicious about the Beatles and the Stones, but in the wake of those bands that were actually good—real musicians with some kind of vision—came all this other crap like Herman's Hermits, the Dave Clark Five, et cetera. And I actually agree with him.

. . . its social impact was indubitably huge.



PETER NOONE: The bit that people are missing about the British Invasion is that it really was a much bigger deal than people think it was. Even though the newspapers keep going, "Twiggy!," "Bobbies on Bicycles!," and all that. Because, before it, England was this quaint little country. It wasn't considered a haven of brilliant musicians. Can you imagine what it's done for the British economy? That all these songwriters are bringing all this money back into the economy? Britain is a new place—a new place.



DAVE CLARK: When Britain started to do all this stuff, have all these bands, the gap between the countries was so great. In London you'd see these bombed-out blocks of flats, and there were restrictions and rations and you didn't always have the luxury of indoor plumbing. In America, we saw the possibilities. I'm still grateful to America—it really is beautiful. "America the Beautiful" is my favorite American song. It really should be your national anthem. □

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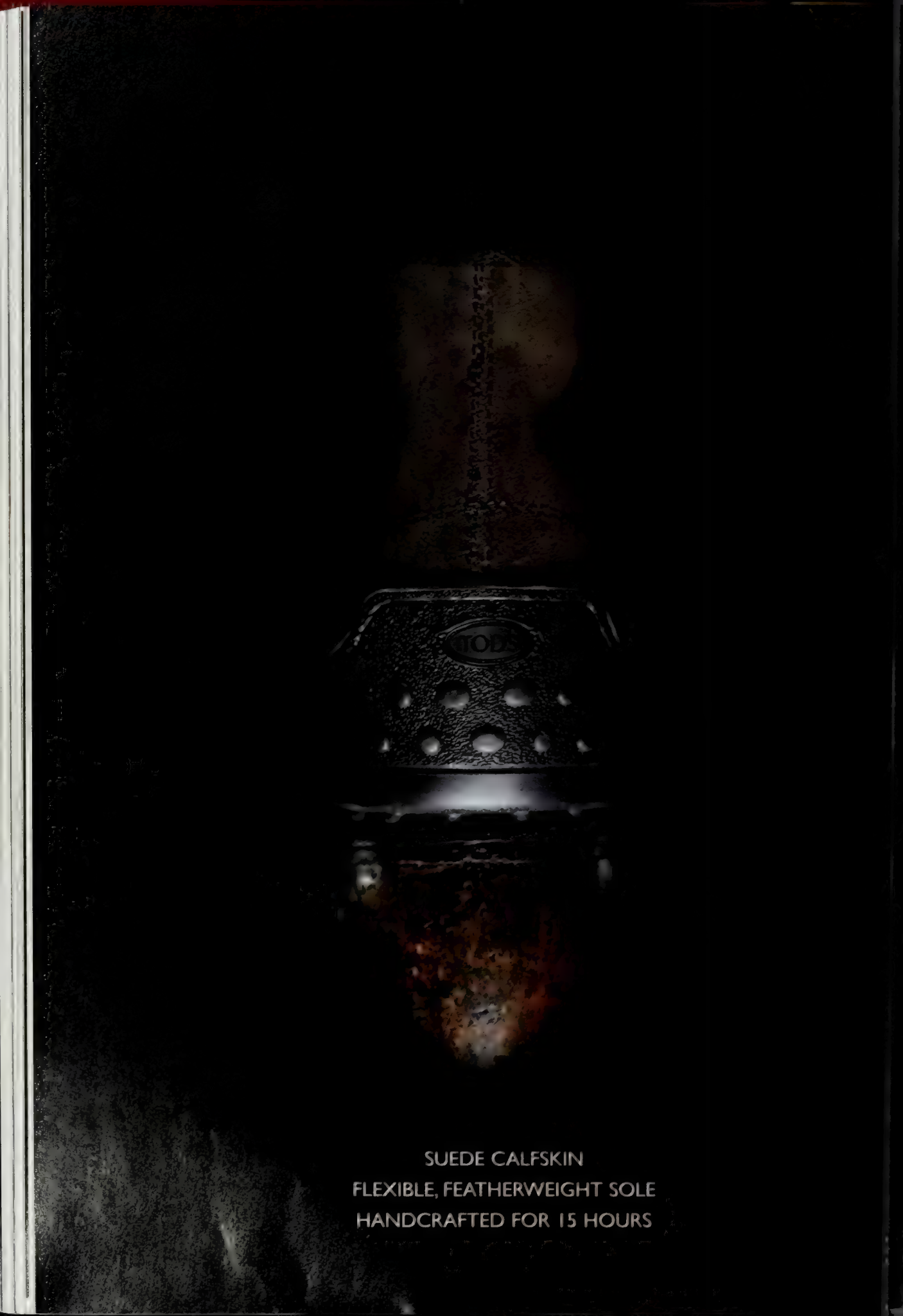


Tift Merritt

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 27; singer, songwriter.
PROVENANCE: Raleigh, North Carolina.
HOW SHE GOT THAT NAME: "Tift is a family name, my middle name, and it's always been my nickname. My real name is Catherine." But if she heard someone yell "Catherine": "I'd know it was an insurance agent."
WHAT SHE SOUNDS LIKE: Think country—along the lines of Kitty Wells or Emmylou Harris. "I'm a roots musician," says Merritt, "which is blues, rock 'n' roll, soul, country, and folk—it's all the same chords."
HONKY-TONK WOMAN: But onstage Merritt rocks hard, like a young Bonnie Bramlett or Maria McKee.
HOW DID SHE GET HERE? After years of waiting tables and making demos, Merritt formed a band and, with the help of a recommendation from Ryan Adams, got signed to prestigious Lost Highway Records. Her gorgeous 2002 debut, *Bramble Rose*, has caused a sensation in the alt country world. **WHAT'S SHE REALLY LIKE?** "I'm plain. I read, I cook, I hang out with my dog and my friends. I'm not interested in the glitz coming with me. It's very stable here at my apartment."

—LISA ROBINSON

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC OGDEN

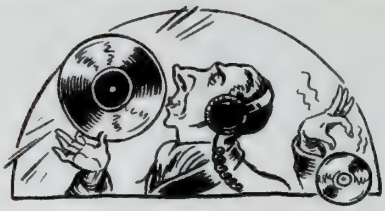

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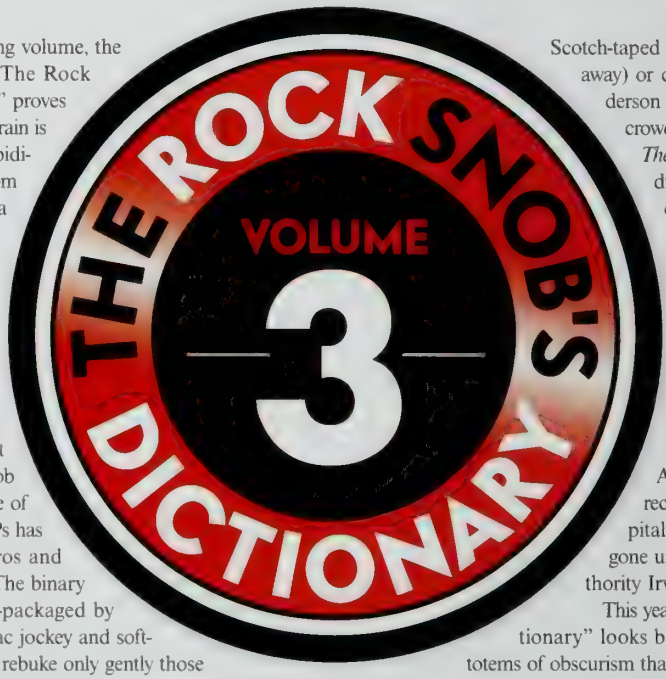


"Double T"

VANITIES



Are you intimidated by your record store's "Northern Soul" and "Yé-Yé" sections? Are you at a loss to make sense of the whole Solomon Burke thing? Have you long been secretly ashamed that you don't know what a Dobro is? Well, despair not. Steven Daly and David Kamp are here to help yet again with ...



With each succeeding volume, the preparation of "The Rock Snob's Dictionary" proves ever more difficult, for the Snob's terrain is being eaten away with alarming rapidity, like a shore town under siege from a surging tide. In the good old days, a Snob could be confident of having his particular passion du jour—the funkified stylings of Shuggie Otis, say, or the virtuosic fretsmanship of Hawaiian slack-key guitar king Philip "Gabby" Pahinui—all to himself. But today, the culture industry is so avidly strip-mining every last exploitable seam of black vinyl that nothing, it seems, is sacred. The Snob learns, to his consternation, that one of his carefully hoarded out-of-print LPs has been rendered into CD-ready zeros and ones by some hip-to-things label. The binary results are then attractively retro-packaged by some Skechers-slippered Power Mac jockey and soft-sold with "expert" sleeve notes that rebuke only gently those who missed out on this "seminal classic" the first time around. By the time the glossy monthlies have caught on, duly blurbing this remastered product as an "undiscovered gem"—while, in the meantime, Starbucks has excerpted one of the CD's tracks for its latest point-of-purchase *Frappuccino Chillout* compilation—the Snob's original copy of said LP (mint-condition; mono mix) has become valueless, *no longer fit for Snob discourse*.

And so today's Rock Snob must be vigilant. He must keep a wary eye on the racks of his local record shop, noting any of his personal canonical works that have been made over for the benefit of mere rock *fans* (the Scotch-taped *Mojo* review is usually a good give away) or cherry-picked for the latest Wes Anderson movie soundtrack. (Oh, the fashion crowd is *all about* Nico this year, thanks to *The Royal Tenenbaums*.) The Snob must dig his hands deeper into the pocket of his battered leather bomber (you know, like the one worn by Dion on the cover of his "lost classic," *Streetheart*, now remastered on CD—*d'oh!*) and bob and weave down whatever obscure avenues and alleyways might deliver him to the new Holy Grail: The bubblegum guidance pop of Tony Christie? The New Christy Minstrels years of Kim Carnes? An unintentionally funny reel-to-reel recording of a Chattanooga mental hospital's bluegrass festival that's somehow gone undiscovered by "outsider music" authority Irwin Chusid?

This year's volume of "The Rock Snob's Dictionary" looks both forward and backward, to the totems of obscurism that the Snob can still claim for himself (the melancholy soundtrack wizardry of Nino Rota, the post-commercial "masterpieces" of the English 80s bands Talk Talk and Dexys Midnight Runners) and to the ground that the Snob has already ceded to the hoi polloi, most pronouncedly in the realm of Americana, where, tragically, the unstoppable *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* phenomenon has all but obliterated Snob interest in Ralph Stanley and the Clinch Mountain Boys. As in last year's edition, cross-references within the volume are spelled out in CAPITAL LETTERS, and cross-references to items that appeared in previous volumes are spelled out in RED CAPITAL LETTERS.

Americana. Catchall term for any indigenous American music that draws influence from the United States' earthier pre-rock idioms (country, folk, bluegrass, etc.) and bears no obvious imprimatur of slick New York and Los Angeles A&R men; used to describe everything from mail-order-only cassettes sold by West Virginia fiddlers to high-profile ALT.COUNTRY releases by attractive, slightly wind-chapped young women such as Tift Merritt and Laura Cantrell.

Burke, Solomon. Belatedly lionized Philadelphia soul singer. A stalwart of the 50s and 60s chitlin circuit, Burke never quite achieved the crossover success of an Otis Redding or a Ben E. King, thereby enhancing his appeal to in-the-know white hipsters. His moment of re-discovery at hand, the lovably eccentric Burke (who has 21 children and owns a chain of funeral homes) has released a Snob-ratified new album whose songs were written to order by a good-taste armada that includes Elvis Costello, Bob Dylan, BRIAN WILSON, DAN PENN, Tom Waits, and Van Morrison.


Solomon Burke

Burnside, R. L. Long-serving North Mississippi bluesman who, like SOLOMON BURKE, finds himself the recipient of unforeseen September-of-his-years recognition. Chaperoned into the mainstream by the blues-revivalist Fat Possum label, the 76-year-old Burnside—who literally shot and killed a man some years ago—enjoys newfound international exposure through his CD releases and songs licensed to *The Sopranos* and Nissan. However, illness and indifference to Greater Caucasia's adulation have limited his touring schedule.

Carlos, Walter/Wendy. Modern electronic composer revered by Snobs for his/her original music for Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* (1971) and *The Shining* (1980), but better known to civilians as one of the world's most famous transsexuals (having undergone reassignment surgery in 1972) and as the artist behind *Switched-On Bach*, a 1968 "NOW SOUNDS" landmark that introduced the world to the MOOG synthesizer and ranked with the lava lamp and hanging terrarium as a seduction accessory of its time. Never a particularly mirthful figure, Carter sued the Scottish cult performer Momus in 1999 for his tribute song, "Walter Carlos" (which imagined a romantic liaison between Walter and Wendy), but, oddly, accepted Weird Al Yankovic's invitation to collaborate on a spoof of *Peter and the Wolf*.


Wendy Carlos

Carter Family, the. Country-music dynasty whose founding members, A. Carter (vocals), his wife, Sara (vocals, Autoharp), and A.P.'s brother's wife Maybelle (vocals, guitar), are now embraced not only by musicologists steeped in hillbilly history but, in the wake of *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*

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and the AMERICANA vogue, by loft dwellers who value the Virginia trio as mystical totems of that cool Dust Bowl period it's so fun to simulate by wearing overalls and calico sundresses in the farmhouse upstate. Staples of Depression-era radio, the Carters popularized the country idiom nationwide and ushered such songs as "Keep on the Sunny Side" and "Will the Circle Be Unbroken" into the American canon. Maybelle—whom Snobs like to refer to as "Mother Maybelle" just for the sheer frisson of it—had three daughters, Helen, June, and Anita, who upheld the family tradition in the 50s and 60s as the Carter Sisters. June Carter, by marrying Johnny Cash and delivering Rosanne Cash into the world, perpetuated the dynasty still further. *Listening to the plain, uninflected voices of* the Carter Family *while regarding their severe, unsmiling gazes in old photographs, I get the shivers . . . like I'm receiving a transmission from a vanished world.*

Cope, Julian. Drug-damaged but eternally chipper former leader of 1980s British neo-psychedelic band the Teardrop Explodes. Whereas acid-fried Pink Floyd founder SYD BARRETT, to whom Cope is sometimes compared, has spent the years since the 60s living in a tragic perpetual twilight, Cope continues to gambol merrily along, appearing naked under a giant tortoise shell on the cover of his second solo album, *Fried,* and knowingly titling a subsequent album *Droolian.* Surprisingly enterprising for a self-declared acid casualty, Cope maintains a slick Web site for fans and has written several books, including guides to KRAUTROCK and British Neolithic sites and a couple of inarguably entertaining rock memoirs.

Coruscating. Critic-beloved adjective, literally meaning "giving forth flashes of light; sparkling," that is invariably used to describe guitar solos or riffs. *John Frusciante turns in some* coruscating *guitar work on the new Chili Peppers album.*

Dexys Midnight Runners. English pop group known to civilians as the one-hit wonders behind the 1982 song "Come On Eileen" but to Snobs as the vehicle of the audacious musical maverick and street tough Kevin Rowland, who led the band through three distinct incarnations. The first, as featured on the 1979 album *Searching for the Young Soul Rebels,* was a horn-driven NORTHERN SOUL refutation of Rowland's punk-rock origins; the second, as featured on 1982's *Too-Rye-Ay,* was the scruffy, fiddle-y, banjo-pickin', overalls-wearin', shirt-shunnin' approach familiar to early-MTV viewers; the third, as featured on 1984's *Don't Stand Me Down,* was a critic-baiting hodgepodge of evangelical keening and Beckettesque spoken interludes, its weirdness compounded by Rowland's perverse Brooks Brothers makeover of the band (madras shorts, plaid blazers, rep ties, Golden Fleece polos, etc.). Though Rowland today is considered a damaged nut job—he appeared on the cover of his last album, 1999's *My Beauty,* in a dress and garters, apparently sincere in his desire to look sexy—*Don't Stand Me Down* was re-appraised upon its reissue last year as a work of genius by Britain's last great pop *auteur.*


Dobro

Dobro. Brand name for a family of hollow-bodied, heavily ornamented resonator guitars developed in California in the 1920s. Long beloved by country, blues, and bluegrass players for their metallic, extra-twangy sound and gorgeous circular cover plates, Dobros are increasingly valued by rock-country hybridists like Wilco, Ryan Adams, and Lucinda Williams, especially the square-necked models, which afford a musician the priceless roots-sensitive visual opportunity to play a guitar horizontally in one's lap.

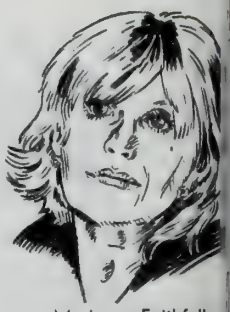
E-bow. Guitarist's gadget that allows the player to create eerie drones and cello-like sustains. Introduced in the mid-1970s, the e-bow is a small handheld box that, when placed near a guitar's strings, creates a magnetic field that results in a feedback-like wail that's more controllable than actual feedback. The 80s Scottish group Big Country used the e-bow to create its trademark "bagpipey guitar" sound, while Peter Buck used the device on R.E.M.'s least-enjoyable single, named, in tribute, "E-Bow the Letter."

Electroclash. Assaultive, hokey club-music trendlet with wishfully grandiose name. Posited as the music of the 22nd century by warehouse-club folk and newspaper style sections, electroclash, as practiced by New York City standard-bearers Fischerspooner and A.R.E. Weapons, amounts to little more than 80s-style synth-and-beat-box music played in art galleries while its practitioners simultaneously stage street-theater "happenings" that owe more to mime and *Xena, Warrior Princess* than Velvets subversiveness or Warholian spark.

Emo. Controversial term for punk-influenced hard rock that plumbs the emotional depths of teen angst with something approaching intelligence. Tracing its origins to the same Washington, D.C., hard-core scene of the 1980s that begat Nirvana's Dave Grohl, emo has rapidly metastasized in recent years, though no one can quite agree on who is an emo band—Jimmy Eat World? Cursive? The Promise Ring? Weezer in its "heavier" moments?

Fairlight. Australian-manufactured synthesizer that was de rigueur for any 80s artist wishing to sound futuristic. Avid Fairlight users included Peter Gabriel, Thomas Dolby, Alan Parsons, Herbie Hancock, and *Miami Vice* composer Jan Hammer. Though Fairlights came to be reviled in the purist climate of grunge and classic rock, they fetch top dollar from Vintage Equipment Snobs who value their kitschy pre-recorded samples and now retro sound. *Doing that Missy Elliott remix was the perfect excuse for me to use that hilarious cor anglais sample on my old* Fairlight.

Faithfull, Marianne. Marlboro-voiced pop survivor who has shed her earlier incarnations—as the English-rose chanteuse of the baroque-pop Jagger-Richards song "As Tears Go By" and the wasted Rolling Stones concubine who inspired and co-wrote "Sister Morphine"—to become the witty, Weimarish den mama of indiedom. Having first gone down this path with 1979's comeback LP, *Broken English,* Faithfull cashed in her formidable equity as a Rock Snob icon this year by recording her new album, *Kissin' Time,* with top-ranking collaborators Beck, Billy Corgan, and Jarvis Cocker.


Marianne Faithfull

Fanny. Short-lived all-female Californian rock band from the early 1970s, retroactively accorded significance in the 1990s by chroniclers of the grrrl-rock "revolution." Though neither critics nor the American public particularly cared for the group's lumpen hard rock, Fanny's five albums fared slightly better in Britain, where "fanny" is slang for vagina.

Goldman, Albert. Elfin, dyspeptic rock biographer and Snob piñata. In the 1960s, Goldman, a former classical-music academic, was the resident pop critic for *Time* and *Life,* essayizing ruminat on the Beatles and drug culture for grown-ups who wanted to keep up. C man achieved his infamy, however, with his doorstop-size 1980s biograp *Elvis* and *The Lives of John Lennon,* which, in their exhaustively researc desire to expose the frailty and sociopathy of their subjects, revealed the grubbier sociopathy of their author. The incandescent rage Goldman ig in such rock-history curators as Jann Wenner was snuffed out in 1994 v Goldman died of a heart attack mid-flight en route to a TV appearanc London.

Hipgnosis. Obtuse design group responsible for Pink Floyd's landmark al covers (*Dark Side of the Moon*'s refracted light beam, *Animals*' pig flying a smokestack, *Wish You Were Here*'s businessman aflame) as well as Zeppelin's *Houses of the Holy* cover (naked pink children crawling primitive stone temple) and the record sleeves of various early-70s PROG Presided over by a pair of art-school fancy-pantses with the poncey na Storm Thorgerson and Aubrey Powell.

Klaatu. Anonymous Canadian Beatles *hommagistes* who were briefly beli in 1977 to be the Beatles themselves, reunited under a pseudonym. In the Beatles' old label, Capitol, quietly released Klaatu's eponymous deb skillful evocation of the Fab Four's psychedelic phase. Whether through chief or desperation, respected journalists, perhaps mindful that nor their "next Beatles" nominees had panned out (BADFINGER, Pilot, et seized upon Klaatu as the stealthy return of the actual Beatles, kicking sirocco of wishful interpretation of the album's artwork and lyrics by fans. Once "outed" for who they really were, Klaatu faded back into ol rity, their gift to posterity being their song "Calling Occupants of Interp tary Craft," which became a hit when covered by the Carpenters.

Louvin Brothers, the. Alabaman close-harmony duo of the 1950s and consisting of siblings Ira (mandolin, high tenor) and Charlie (guitar, te Preacherishly severe in appearance and possessed of a before-its-time g sensibility (album titles include *Tragic Songs of Life* and *Satan Is Real* Louvins heavily influenced the slickness-averse pioneers of country r most especially GRAM PARSONS, for whom the volatile, alcoholic Ira, died in a car crash in 1965, was an especially romantic figure of botto out plaintiveness and self-immolation.

Master Musicians of Jajouka, the. More respected than enjoyed Moro collective whose members play the ancient devotional music of the pe of the Er Rif Mountains, near Tangier. Though their wailing horns pipes and polyrhythmic drumming often make for mesmerizing liste the Master Musicians, who were first given Western exposure by druggie adventurers as William S. Burroughs and the Rolling Stones' Jones, are most readily revered by killjoy World Music Snobs (chief a them was the late *New York Times* critic Robert Palmer) who view work as the musical equivalent of oat bran, to be dutifully taken nourishment rather than as a sensual experience. *I can't be botherea rock music anymore; all I listen to is Miles Davis's* Nefertiti *and* the M Musicians of Jajouka.

Math rock. Ridiculous micro-trend whose indie-rock practitioners abr shift time signatures from one bar to the next (from, say, four-four to six to seven-four, hence the "math" designation) and pride themselves on "tight" playing. Akin to the sound of 70s-80s wank-rock specialists Rush more pronounced punk overtones and less hair.


Joe Meek

Meek, Joe. Ill-starred producer of bizarro early-60s Anglo-pop singles. Working out of a studio in his bedroom in North London, he sprayed stardust upon pop aspirants of no discernible talent, using primitive electronics and his own ingenuity to fashion clangorous hits for such nonentities as the Honeycombs ("Have I the Right") and the Tornados ("Telstar"). A gay, British counterpart to Phil Spector, Meek, too, found himself marginalized when the Beatles turned musicians into "artists," and died by his own hand in 1967, in a murder-suicide that also claimed his landlady.

My Bloody Valentine. Erstwhile great white hypes of British guitar rock, heralded in the mid-1980s as a groundbreaking amalgam of noise, melody, and psychedelia—despite offering a rather ordinary if occasionally pleasi die drone-pop sound. The band's leader, Kevin Shields, achieved a deg infamy for nearly bankrupting ALAN MCGEE'S Creation Records by takir years to record My Bloody Valentine's dud 1991 album, *Loveless,* anc "buggering off" with a million more pounds in advances from three di record companies. These companies received no return for their investr but the reclusive Shields finally resurfaced a couple of years ago—cor

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with prosperous waistline—as a touring guitarist with the band Primal Scream.

Neo-. Generous rock-critic term for "refried," usually used to elevate knowing *hommagistes* above the station of mere tribute bands. *The Strokes'* Is This It *is a delightful platter of* neo–*New York punk.*

Northern Soul. Fervent, inexplicable English musical cult predicated on the fetishization of post-Motown regional soul labels and the deification of minor U.S. soul acts such as the Tams, Major Lance, and Gloria Jones. At its peak in the early to mid-1970s, Northern Soul, as popularized in Northern England clubs like the Wigan Casino and Blackpool's Mecca, had the power to propel singles of improbable provenance into the U.K. Top 20, and to make its working-class adherents subscribe to an unforgiving, speed-fueled lifestyle of stylized dervish dancing and unflattering wide trousers. A diminished version of the scene persists to this day.

Norwegian death metal. Ultra-Gothic subgenre of heavy metal whose Scandinavian adherents embrace the occultist and medievalist motifs (pentagrams, capes, inverted crosses, etc.) that their English and American metal forebears grew sick of around 1978. Though an escapist kick for American hobbyists (Jack Osbourne was seen on TV blasting Norwegian death metal at his neighbors), the music is more authentically threatening in its homeland, where one risibly named death-metal star, Count Grishnackh, is serving time for the 1993 murder of another, Euronymous.

O'Rourke, Jim. Chicago-bred, impeccably credentialed titan of difficult but rewarding rock. Though an unassuming, frumpy figure in his drab thrift-shop wear, O'Rourke is held in awe by Rock Snobbery's obtuse wing for his flourishing quadruple-threat career as a solo artist, producer/mixer (Wilco, Tortoise, Stereolab, Smog), part-time member of various avant-rock collectives (Gastr del Sol, Fenno'berg, the Red Krayola), and, as of 2001, full-fledged member of the ageless upscale noiseniks Sonic Youth. Further impresses Film Snobs by naming his albums after difficult but rewarding Nicolas Roeg movies (*Insignificance, Bad Timing*).

Otis, Shuggie. Troubled former funk prodigy renowned for having turned down the opportunity to replace Mick Taylor in the Rolling Stones. The son of revered Los Angeles R&B bandleader Johnny Otis, Shuggie, a prodigiously Afro'd multi-instrumentalist, took a then unheard-of three years to record his third album, *Inspiration Information,* in the early 70s—so infuriating his label, Epic, that it dropped him, effectively extinguishing his career. The album, an amalgam of soul, funk, and electro-pop that simultaneously recalled Sly Stone and anticipated Prince, sank without a trace upon its 1974 release, but was re-released in 2001 to orgiastic Snob response (with a sleeve endorsement from THE HIGH LLAMAS' Sean O'Hagan), precipitating the mentally fragile Otis's shaky re-entry into public life, à la BRIAN WILSON, Peter Green, and LOVE'S Arthur Lee.



Shuggie Otis

Outsider music. Broad term for any music played or recorded by nonprofessional musicians or, in some cases, by professional musicians who ought to consider another line of work. Among outsider music's causes célèbres are the Shaggs, the laughably incompetent trio of working-class New Hampshire sisters whose deluded father corraled them into recording an album in 1969 (which Frank Zappa pronounced "better than the Beatles"), and the 1970s Canadian schoolchildren heard on last year's exuberantly received *Langley Schools Music Project* album, whose hippie teacher coaxed oddly affecting renditions of then contemporary soft-rock hits from them. Outsider music's Dr. Demento–ish doyen, Irwin Chusid (who also happens to be the man who repopularized the Mexican "NOW SOUNDS" godhead, Esquivel), hosts a weekly radio program, entitled *Incorrect Music,* that straddles a difficult line between affection and amused contempt for its showcased performers, not a few of whom are mentally ill.

Pro Tools. Digital-audio-recording software that, since its introduction by DigiDesign in the early 1990s, has become the industry standard, facilitating the production of both big-budget studio albums and home-recorded projects by dance-music specialists and disgruntled ex–group members who want to be alone. *I recorded my entire last album in my barn, using just my Mac, a Martin acoustic, and* Pro Tools.

Psych. Abbreviation for "psychedelic," most often used in hyphenated form to describe an obscure, possibly nonexistent subgenre. *"Crimson and Clover" is a bubblegum-*psych *classic; "Good Vibrations" is Wilson at his pop-*psych *zenith; our band has this sort of free-floating, bebop-*psych *sound.*

Rewards repeated listens. Euphemistic phrase employed by rock critics to confer value upon a dubious musical work that, given the reputations involved, *has* to be better than it sounds. *To the unschooled novitiate,* Ice Cream for Crow *may sound like self-indulgent and studiously demented tripe, but Beefheart's swan-song LP* rewards repeated listens.



Nino Rota

Rota, Nino. Italian movie composer closely associated with Federico Fellini and considered by Soundtrack Snobs to be in the league of ENNIO MORRICONE and LALO SCHIFRIN, his profile lower only because he has been dead since 1979. Most of Fellini's major works (*8½, La Dolce Vita*) are infused with Rota's trademark combination of fairground queasiness and nostalgic flourishes. Having also worked with Francis Ford Coppola (*The Godfather*) and Luchino Visconti (*The Leopard*), Rota is the Snob's preferred choice for evoking Cinecittà languor and decadence.

Section, the. Nickname for an agglomeration of slick Los Angeles sessioneers guitarist Danny Kortchmar, bassist Leland Sklar, drummer Russ Kunkel, and keyboardist Craig Doerge—whose ubiquity on 1970s singer-songwriter albums (by James Taylor, Carole King, Jackson Browne, and Warren Zevon, among others) and denimy, hirsute appearances marked them as the embodiment of that era's mellowness-versus-cocaine-paranoia dialectic.

Skronk. Nonsense crit term used to describe the sort of atonal emanations heard routinely in instrumental "performance pieces" at the Knitting Factory. The first recorded use of "skronk" was in 1985 by *The New York Times*'s Robert Palmer, who was describing a dissonant guitar sound: *Braxton's sax solo grew more dazzling and cathartic with every fillip, blast and* skronk.

Stanley Brothers, the. Bluegrass duo formed in 1946 by Virginian brothers Carter (guitar, lead vocals) and Ralph (banjo, harmony vocals). With their backing group, the Clinch Mountain Boys, the Stanleys were a fixture on the college and folk-festival circuit until Carter's death in 1966. Thereafter, Ralph persevered as an elder statesman of mountain music, his fan base limited to the country cognoscenti until he attracted national attention with his warbly, shamanistic a cappella rendition of "O Death" on the *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* soundtrack. Though known now even to Starbucks baristas and entertainment lawyers, Ralph is still cherished by Heritage Snobs who like to enthuse about how his banjo technique "ingeniously fuses the old-time clawhammer approach with the three-finger style of Earl Scruggs."



Karlheinz Stockhausen

Stockhausen, Karlheinz. Avant-garde German composer and early electronic-music enthusiast whose sound collages and forays into *musique concrète* have impressed pop disciples ranging from the Beatles (whose "Revolution 9" was a very Stockhausian piece of art gibberish) to JIM O'ROURKE. Already given to making extraordinarily pretentious, *Sprockets*-like pronouncements—being an avant-garde German composer and all—Stockhausen forfeited all civilian goodwill when he publicly declared the September 11 terrorist attacks to be "the greatest work of art imaginable for the whole cosmos."

Talk Talk. British New Romantic band that seemed insignificant in its early 80s heyday, but posthumously emerged as a Snob favorite on account of its brooding, commercially disastrous 1988 opus, *Spirit of Eden.* Cynically conceived in 1982 as Human League–Duran Duran synth-pop bandwagonees, Talk Talk wandered off the beaten path as the decade advanced, embracing Snob instrumentation (double bass, Hammond organ), sullen lyrics, and an embargo on band photos. Public indifference sealed Talk Talk's status as prescient musical martyrs, particularly in light of Radiohead's latter-day success with similar "textures" and "strategies."

Tighten Up. SEMINAL series of cheapo reggae compilations issued in England by Trojan Records in the late 60s and early 70s, each volume offering a sampling of Jamaican singles and a comely lady on the cover. Though historically important as the blueprint for the interracial ska-pop boom of the late 70s (the Specials, Madness, the Beat), the *Tighten Up* series is today valued more as a name-drop for pigmentation-challenged Snobs bluffing their way toward hipster credibility. *Man, there's nothing better than cooling out in my yard with a couple of Red Stripes and a boom box playing* Tighten Up *Volume 3.*



Porter Wagoner

Wagoner, Porter. Long-serving OLD-SCHOOL country star enjoying new cred as an ALT.COUNTRY godfather and as the reroots-ified Dolly Parton's original springboard to fame. An affably cornball, rhinestone-studded Opry favorite, Wagoner brought Parton aboard his syndicated TV show in 1967 as a singing partner, later becoming her romantic partner as well. Though it was Parton who went on to be the huge crossover star after their bitter split in 1974, Wagoner's out-of-print concept albums and excursions into country-PSYCH (most notably with the bizarre 1972 song "Rubber Room") have brought him a new hipster following, even as he continues to ply his trade before mulleted Nashville audiences.

Yé-yé girls. Swinging-60s French ingenues who applied their inherent Franc opacity and Euro-cheesiness to the fluffy girl-pop styles then in vogue Britain and America, alchemically achieving a highly sexualized rest The most famous yé-yé girls were Brigitte Bardot (wearing her singe hat), FRANÇOISE HARDY, and France Gall, but hard-core enthusiasts revel delving deeper, obsessing over such forgotten single-named stars as Hédi Géraldine, Sophie, and French national treasure Sheila (née Annie Ch cel), renowned for her pre-Britney schoolgirl outfits and her yé-yé anth "L'Ecole Est Finie" (School Is Over!).

Zombies, the. Melodic mid-60s English pop band whose civilian status a three-hit wonder ("She's Not There," "Tell Her No," "Time of the Seaso is overridden in Snob circles by its authorship of the 1967 PSYCH-pop m terwork *Odessey and Oracle* (*sic*). Recorded with no concessions to the m ketplace, since the band members knew they were going to split up up the album's completion, *Odessey and Oracle* edges out the oppressively miliar *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* as the Snob's preferred dis lation of summer-of-love Utopianism and floral-pop ingenuity.

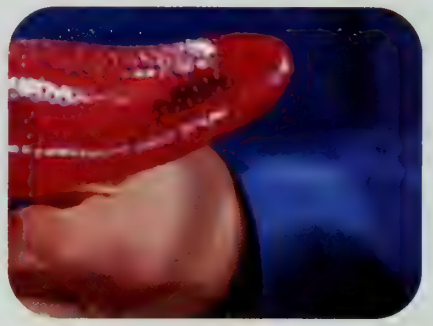
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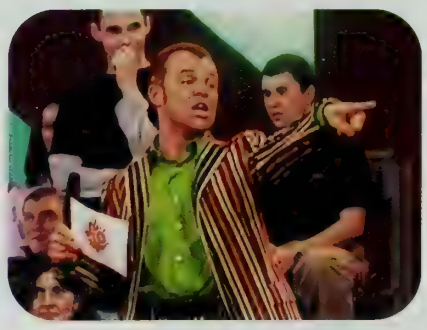




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SUNDAY

Woke up with ears still ringing from last nite's White Stripes show—if Jack White's coruscating riffing and righteous blooze yowling don't getcha, then surely heavenly skinswoman Meg White's colossal stomp will! Polished my spec piece for *Mojo Collections* about vintage Tommy James and the Shondells figurines. Tamped down hangover by putting on Dr. John's *Gris-Gris,* 'cos the Good Doc Rebennack's heady gumbo is always the perfect remedy! Ate entire sack of bagels. Fantasized about hooking up with Melissa Auf Der Maur, ex–bass chick with Hole.

MONDAY

Dashed off another letter to organizers of next year's South by Southwest Conference: "Clangarang! Danny Rockhackowitz comin' atcha from RockhackQuarters, just steps from legendary CBGB's, a.k.a. the Kristal Kathedral! As the discoverer of East Village sensations the Moldy Peaches, the producer of spoken-word records featuring David Johansen and the Fugs' Tuli Kupferberg, and a 'zine archivist with clips on everyone from Gene Pitney to Exene Cervenka, I am a walking encyclopedia of pop, and an ideal panelist or moderator for your conference. Don't know if you got my previous 11 letters, but I am very available!" Booked reservation for my Thurs dinner with Dennis Diken, ex–Smithereens drummer who's collaborating with me on the liner notes for Rhino's Bugaloos reissue series. We're going to Nyla, Britney's place. (Good for a giggle!) Fantasized about hooking up with D'Arcy Wretzky, ex–bass chick with Smashing Pumpkins.

"Woke up with ears still ringing from last nite's White Stripes show . . ."

TUESDAY

E-mailed Miramax Books to see if they got my proposal for *Doug Colvin: The Man Who Was Dee Dee Ramone.* Sent them more of my bio information, like fact that the Ramones' song "Danny Says" is about me, never mind what that self-mythologizer Danny Fields says, and how I was also tight with Joey—in his last days, I brought him rugalach from Chelsea Market and the latest issues of *Fast Company.* Met up later my friend Matt Cutoutbinowitz at Other Music. Spent $88 on s Will Oldham rarities and a Dutch reissue of the Runaways' firs Crashed at Matt's—he's got VH1 Classic on digital cable, and I Missing Persons' "Words" followed by "Destination Unknown Tuesday TwoPlay. Hot! Fantasized about hooking up with Tina mouth, ex–bass chick with Talking Heads.

WEDNESDAY

E-mailed VH1 president Brian Graden to offer my services a of their rockumentary commentators-on-call: "Like *Rolling S* Joe Levy and ex-*Spin*-ster Alan Light, I have an unusually head that plays well on television, and am CONTINUED ON PAG

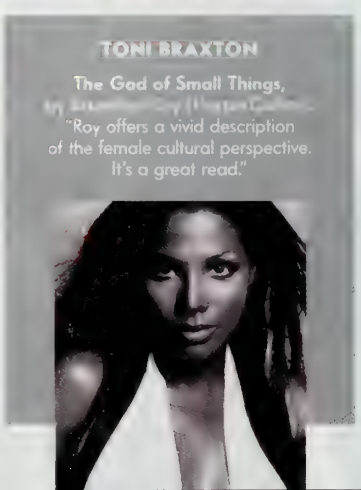
NIGHT TABLE READING

MUSIC ISSUE EDITION



STEVE EARLE

Warriors of God: Richard the Lionheart and Saladin in the Third Crusade, by James Reston Jr. (Doubleday). "Everyone should read it. My belief that the future of mankind will be determined by how we deal with Jerusalem is rooted in this one book."





BLU CANTRELL

Black Silk: A Collection of African American Erotica, edited by Retha Powers (Warner). "This collection has an amazing level of personal power. It's an exciting mix of fantasy, exploration, and honesty."

JAKOB DYLAN
The Wallflowers

Barrel Fever, by David S (Little, Brown). "For anyone c to find humor in what is co known as dreadful, no one Gives truth to the idea tha all about your perspective. In find that yours is boring an taken it way too seriou



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mizes panelists' concentration. The Institute selects
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ng procedures are widely praised as
est in the industry.

Vodka	Country
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tolichnaya Gold Vodka	Russia
taraya Moskva Premium	Russia
an Hoo Vodka	Belgium
tolichnaya Vodka	Russia
anqueray Sterling Vodka	England
ain 1995 Harvest Vodka	USA
etel One Vodka	Holland
Vyborowa Vodka	Poland
remlyovskaya Vodka	Russia
inlandia Vodka of Finland	Finland
ips French Vodka	France
kyy Vodka	USA
riginal Polish Vodka	Poland
lenmore Special	USA
[illegible]nn's Royal Vodka	USA
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[illegible]	Poland
uksusowa Potato Vodka	Poland
bsolut Vodka	Sweden
rdinal Vodka	Holland
arton Vodka	USA
rday's Vodka	USA
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VANITIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 302 available at a moment's notice to come to the studio and say things like 'Madonna's a woman who knows what she wants and goes for it.'" Grapevine at CMJ Music Marathon is that Levy's going away for a few weeks in December to have some work done, so this could be my opening. Plus I already have TV experience—research credit on *E!'s True Hollywood Story* about Suzi Quatro. Fantasized about hooking up with Brix Smith, ex-bass chick with the Fall.

THURSDAY

Dinner at Nyla with Dennis Diken. No Britney sightings, but Dennis slipped me an awesome demo of this Japanese bubblepunk girl group called the Dandygams, who are, like, the Slits by way of Olivia Newton-John crossed with the Shangri-Las on crystal meth—the best girl group outta Japan since Seagulls Screaming Kiss Her Kiss Her! Rushed home to send E-mails tipping off all my A&R contacts at the labels: Gershon Gary at Mercury, Greg Gersh at Warners, Gersh Gershon at Island-Def Jam, Gershon Gersh at BMG, and Garry Greg Gershgersh at TVT. Fantasized about hooking up with Jennifer Finch, ex-bass chick with L7.

FRIDAY

Where did the day go? Spent four hours at Rockit Scientist on Carmine Street in intense bull session with counter guys about Lovin' Spoonful reissues—they say the soul of the Spoonful was John Sebastian, but I'm more of a Zal Yanovsky man. (C'mon, ya gotta go with Zal!) Caught Luna show at Bowery Ballroom with my pals Ira Willcallowitz and Steven Laminatowitz. Had the pleasure of introducing Blondie's Clem Burke to the Strokes' Fab Moretti—a nite for the history books! Fantasized about hooking up with Corey Parks, ex-bass chick with Nashville Pussy.

SATURDAY

Yaaawn! Pulled all-nighter burning the entire oeuvre of Guided by Voices onto my iPod. Napped 'til four P.M., then trekked westward to the Barrow Street Häagen-Dazs to watch Lou Reed order frozen yogurt. Nodded to Lou; he sorta nodded back. Truth is, Lou's been cold to me since the divorce—knows I'm more of a Sylvia man than a Laurie man. Fantasized about hooking up with Kim Gordon, bass chick with Sonic Youth.

SUNDAY

Rainy morning. Slept in. Called Clem Burke to see if he wanted to go skinny-tie shopping; he said no thanks. Went out for cigs, picked up *Vanity Fair*'s Music Issue—not bad, but they could use my input. If Lisa Robinson would return my calls, that is. Contemplated growing out my Dee Dee do into a Joey/Marky/David Fricke. Took N.J. Transit train to Metuchen to visit Mom. Brought back some of my old Strawbs stuff on vinyl. Fantasized about hooking up with Britta Phillips, new bass chick with Luna.

"... trekked westward to the Barrow Street Häagen-Dazs to watch Lou Reed order frozen yogurt."



ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM SHEAFFER



*What can we say? He's a postmodern guy who manage moment he came back in.


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NOVEMBER 2002

The Music Portfolio

2002

Portraits by Annie Leibovitz, with Herb Ritts, Mark Seliger, Rankin, Jonas Karlsson, Julian Broad, David LaChapelle, Norman Jean Roy, and Fabrizio Ferri

Let the suits who sell the music whine about tough times. Those who make it—veterans such as Bruce Springsteen, Dr. John, and Dolly Parton, or new faces such as Ashanti, Musiq, and the Hives—know that when the going gets rough, music really takes off. On the next 57 pages, the grit looks great as the Rasta philosophy of Burning Spear meets the Tantric allure of Sting, Enya's castle faeriedom rubs shoulders with Joan Baez's enduring idealism, and the unreconstructed licks and lips of the Rolling Stones butt heads with the street cred of Rakim, Eminem, and Dr. Dre

The Boss

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN,

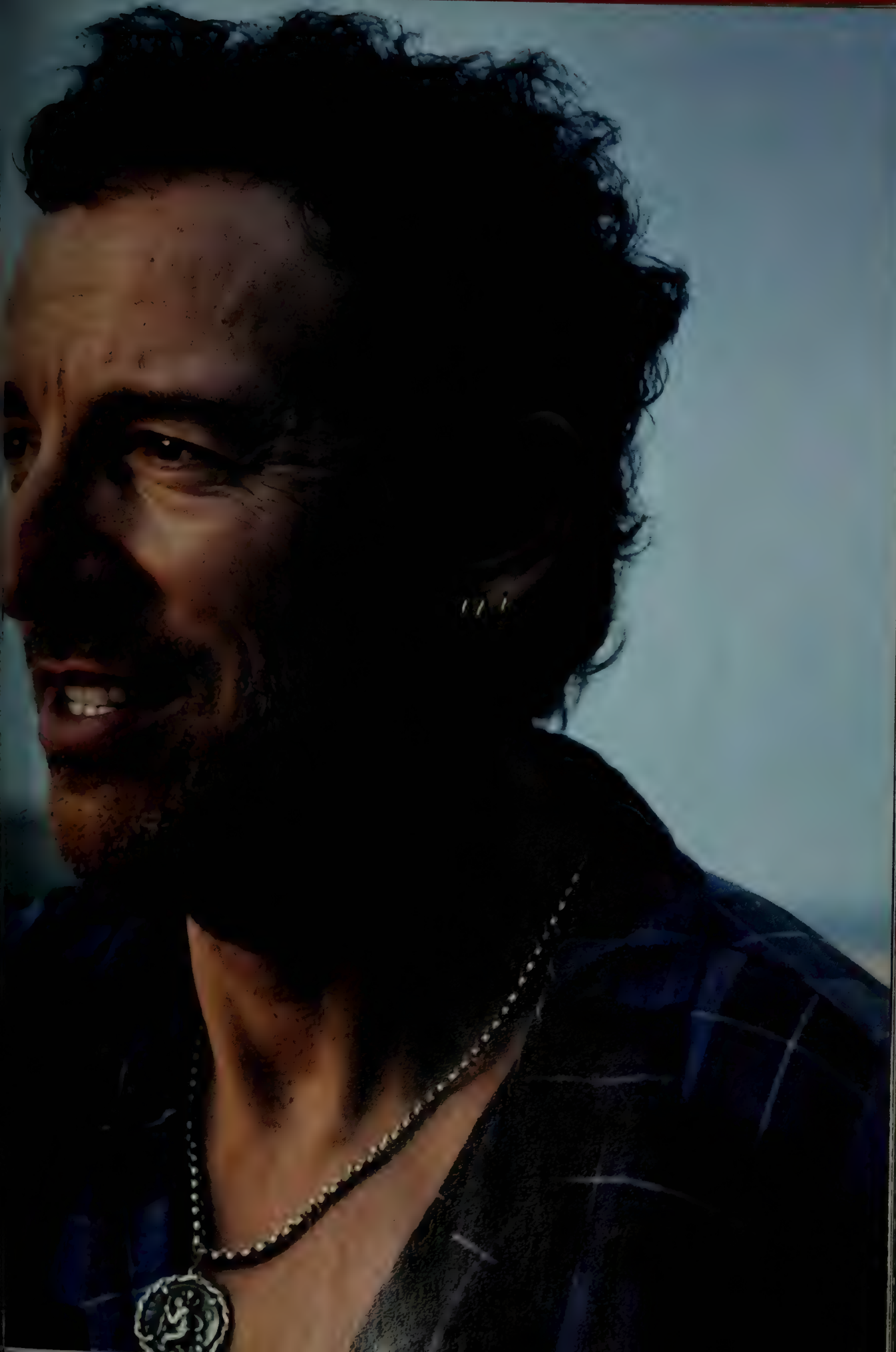
singer, songwriter, superhero.

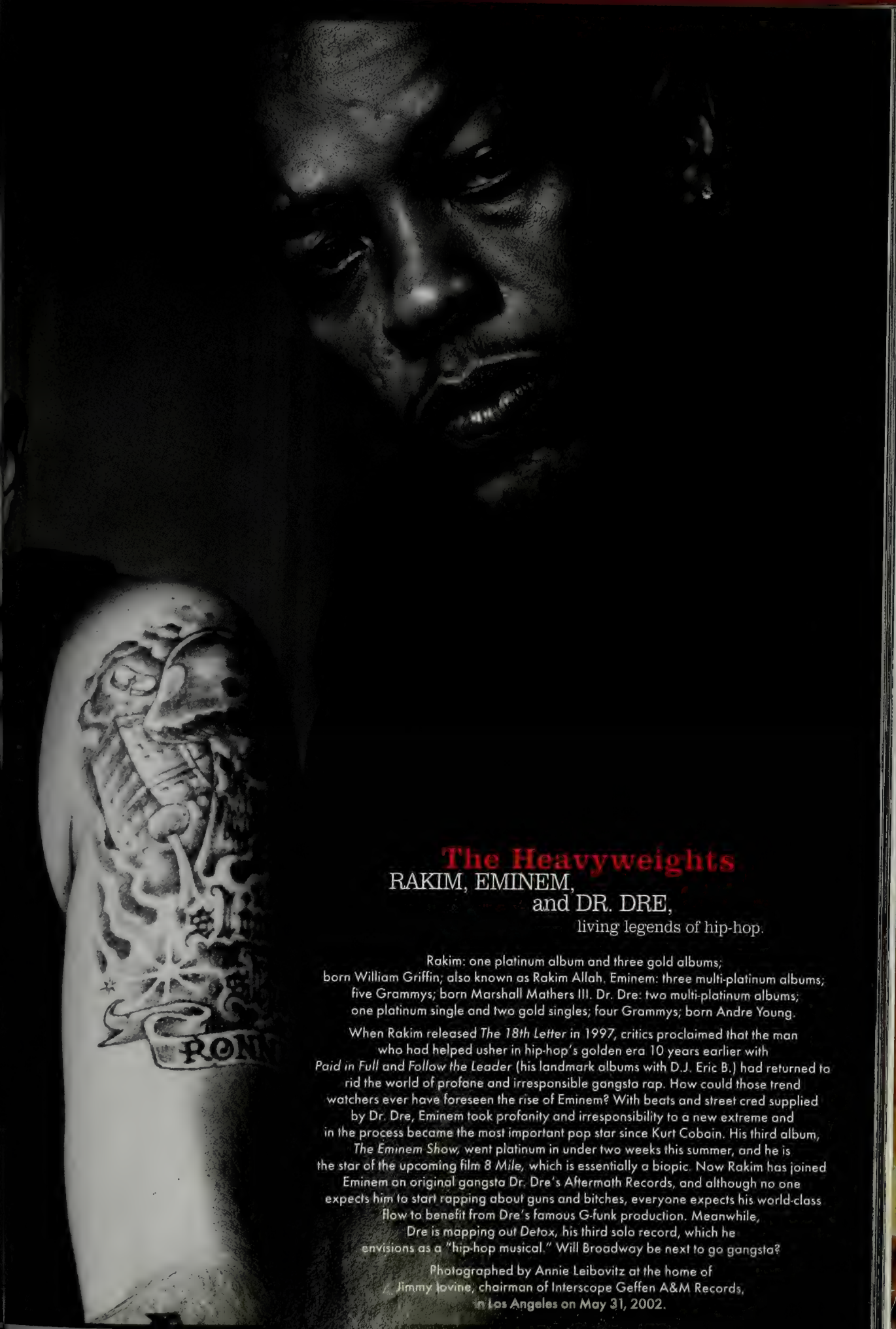
Twelve studio albums of all-new material; three live albums; two compilation albums; nine of his albums have gone multi-platinum; 12 Top 10 singles; seven Grammys; one Academy Award; inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1999.

Bruce Springsteen has a knack for matching up his innermost thoughts with public sentiments. It happened with his breakthrough 1975 masterpiece, *Born to Run,* and it happened again with his 1980 double album, *The River,* and it happened yet again with his 15-million-selling *Born in the U.S.A.* in 1984. With world events demanding someone other than the current crop of pop-music stars to deliver something timely and soulful, Springsteen stepped up and came through. On *The Rising,* his latest report on the state of the American heart and mind, his special talent for articulating the private confusions of millions is there in force. And now that the album has hit the top of the charts, he's back doing what he does best: putting himself and his gravelly voice to the test before arena crowds across the country, with the trusty E Street Band watching his back.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in Asbury Park, New Jersey, on August 2, 2002.







The Heavyweights

RAKIM, EMINEM, and DR. DRE,

living legends of hip-hop.

Rakim: one platinum album and three gold albums; born William Griffin; also known as Rakim Allah. Eminem: three multi-platinum albums; five Grammys; born Marshall Mathers III. Dr. Dre: two multi-platinum albums; one platinum single and two gold singles; four Grammys; born Andre Young.

When Rakim released *The 18th Letter* in 1997, critics proclaimed that the man who had helped usher in hip-hop's golden era 10 years earlier with *Paid in Full* and *Follow the Leader* (his landmark albums with D.J. Eric B.) had returned to rid the world of profane and irresponsible gangsta rap. How could those trend watchers ever have foreseen the rise of Eminem? With beats and street cred supplied by Dr. Dre, Eminem took profanity and irresponsibility to a new extreme and in the process became the most important pop star since Kurt Cobain. His third album, *The Eminem Show*, went platinum in under two weeks this summer, and he is the star of the upcoming film *8 Mile*, which is essentially a biopic. Now Rakim has joined Eminem on original gangsta Dr. Dre's Aftermath Records, and although no one expects him to start rapping about guns and bitches, everyone expects his world-class flow to benefit from Dre's famous G-funk production. Meanwhile, Dre is mapping out *Detox*, his third solo record, which he envisions as a "hip-hop musical." Will Broadway be next to go gangsta?

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at the home of Jimmy Iovine, chairman of Interscope Geffen A&M Records, in Los Angeles on May 31, 2002.

The Diva

DEBORAH VOIGT, soprano.

Appears on 17 albums; one Grammy; one gold medal for best female vocalist at the Tchaikovsky competition (1990); one Richard Tucker Award (1992); named Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres by the French government (2002).

Deborah Voigt, the star soprano internationally renowned of late for her unique combination of exquisite singing and hilarious comic acting as the petulant prima donna in Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos*, has steadfastly resisted the temptation to jump too quickly into the huge, difficult roles that make reputations but damage unripened throats. Now that she is 42 and her voice has reached its big, luxurious, top-to-bottom-beautiful prime, however, Voigt is ready to tackle one of the epic roles many believe she was born to sing: Isolde. Having sung sections of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* in recital and on a recording of duets with Plácido Domingo, she will make her much-anticipated debut in a stage production in May at the Vienna State Theater. Next stop: Brunnhilde and "The Ring." In the meantime, Voigt will enjoy a blockbuster season at the Metropolitan Opera in New York, singing Chrysothemis in Strauss's *Elektra*, the title role in Verdi's *Aïda*, Cassandra (which won her a Grammy in 1996) in a new production of Berlioz's *Les Troyens*, and her famous Ariadne. If that's too highbrow for you, check out this month's Classical Action and Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS benefit, where Voigt, who spent her childhood trilling along to *My Fair Lady* in Chicago and California, will be singing show tunes for charity.

Photographed by Jonas Karlsson in the Austrian Alps surrounding Salzburg (the site of Julie Andrews's memorable *The Sound of Music* scene) on August 5, 2002.







The Sheik

ENRIQUE IGLESIAS, pop phenomenon.

Six albums, three of them platinum, one multi-platinum; one Grammy; two World Music Awards; eight Premio Lo Nuestros awards.

Enrique Iglesias makes music that is soft enough to nurture bedroom heartache and sturdy enough to carry to the 650th row. It's a knack he shares with his father, Julio. He never wanted to inherit his dad's Lothario reputation or his aging fan base. Instead, the young singer, who grew up in Miami listening more to Foreigner and Dire Straits than to salsa and merengue, captivated a generation of Spanish-speaking teenage girls with his Latin take on *norteamericano* arena pop. When he began releasing albums in English in 1999, he became part of a Latin-invasion triumvirate, alongside Marc Anthony (of East Harlem) and Ricky Martin (of Menudo). Last month Iglesias, 27, returned to singing in Spanish for *Quizás* (Maybe), his sixth album, but his days of slipping under the gringo radar are past, thanks in part to his public romance with tennis diva Anna Kournikova. He's a NAFTA superstar now, a balladeer without borders.

Photographed with models Lisa Marie Scott (left) and Lindy by Mark Seliger in Encino, California, on July 29, 2002.





The Gold Standard

THE ROLLING STONES, rock 'n' roll band.

Keith Richards, Ron Wood, Mick Jagger, and Charlie Watts.

More than 40 albums; three Grammys, including one Lifetime Achievement Award; inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1989.

Twenty, 30 years ago, who would've thought that in 2002 half the Beatles would be gone while the Rolling Stones would once again be packing their kit and hitting the road, this time for their 15th North American tour? The band's 40th anniversary falls this year, and they've pushed the envelope on rock-group obsolescence so far that even jokes about their age have gotten old. Said endurance is all the more remarkable given that, well, you've read the stories, too. What tribute hasn't been paid them during their remarkable run? Rather than attempt anything definitive, we offer random prostrations for miracles such as: the pissed-off proto-rapping on "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction" "Baby better come back / Maybe next week / 'Cause you see I'm on / A losing streak"); the silky, urbane opening of "Monkey Man," which may be the sexiest 30 seconds in rock 'n' roll; much of *Bridges to Babylon*, their 1997 studio album, which includes some of their most musically adventurous and pleasurable work in decades; the fact that, from the looks of things, they haven't had any work done.

Photographed by Rankin at the Masonic Temple in Toronto on August 1, 2002.



The Country Girl

DOLLY PARTON,
singer, songwriter, actress, theme-park entrepreneur.

Fifty-five albums; 89 Top 40 singles on *Billboard*'s country chart (24 No. 1s); has reportedly written 3,000 songs; seven Grammys; inducted into the Country Music Hall of Fame in 1999.

Dolly Parton's fans know she's as genuine as her platinum-blond hair is fake. From the start, she has deflected criticisms of her look with witticisms worthy of Mae West, such as "It takes a lot of money to make a person look this cheap." She was one of the first country-music stars to have success in the pop market ("Here You Come Again," "9 to 5") and in movies (*9 to 5*, *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*). She triumphed again in 1986 when she opened Dollywood, a theme park not far from the cabin where she grew up. Whitney Houston's 1992 rendition of her song "I Will Always Love You," a country hit for Parton in 1974 and 1982, became one of the biggest-selling singles of all time. With country radio having abandoned its old-line stars in recent years, Parton has turned out a trilogy of inspired, bluegrass-influenced albums—*The Grass Is Blue*, *Little Sparrow*, and this year's *Halos & Horns*. "I had to get rich to sing like I'm poor," she says.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at Dollywood in Pigeon Forge, Tennessee, on April 12, 2002.





The Faerie Queene

ENYA,

vocalist, songwriter, mystic,
serious unit shift

Five original studio albums, plus a greatest-hi
collection and two contributions to the *Lord of the*
soundtrack; more than 60 million albums sold

Few would have pegged Enya Brennan of Coun
Donegal as a pop-colossus-in-the-making when she first
American attention in 1988, with her single
"Orinoco Flow." She was a New Ager with a novel
a minor maker of music to be aromatherapized
But today the 41-year-old Enya stands second only to
Ireland's biggest-selling export, and her albu
A Day Without Rain was one of the top worldwide seller
Even as her music insinuates itself into every cor
the world, though, Enya herself remains unknowab
by herself in her Killiney castle, writing songs in sol
letting her velvets and diaphanous fabrics
billow in the breeze, revealing nil. What we do k
about Enya is that hers is the music that plays
in the waiting room of Heaven.

Photographed by Julian Broad at the Ragged Sch
in London on June 27, 2002.

The Man of the World

STING,

singer, songwriter, humanitarian, Tantrist.

Ten solo albums, all platinum or multi-platinum;
nine albums with the Police,
seven platinum or multi-platinum; 15 Grammys.

Of all those who rose to prominence in punk's wake—
the Clash, Joe Jackson, the Pretenders,
Talking Heads, Blondie, the B-52's—only Sting has remained
a consistent force on the pop charts. And he's done so
in a most counterintuitive way: since his old band,
the Police, split in the wake of its most successful album,
the multi-platinum *Synchronicity*, Sting has transformed
himself into an adult-contemporary pop star,
entertaining the masses with his scintillating mix of rock, jazz,
gospel, rai, and French rap. He's sold us more than
40 million albums, but we also love him for
the millions he's raised to protect the Brazilian rain forest.
And, oh yeah, that Tantric sex thing, too.

Photographed at his home
in Figline Valdarno, Tuscany, by Fabrizio Ferri
on July 23, 2002.





The Wise Man

JAMES TAYLOR, singer, songwriter.

Sixteen albums, 12 of them platinum or multi-platinum; four Grammys; inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 2000.

For those who were introduced to James Taylor in the 80s, 90s, or—*gasp!*—00s, it's hard to imagine the tall, bald man picking gentle melodies on his guitar as the tortured, self-destructive troubadour he once was. Those who knew him in the 60s and 70s, though, may be equally surprised to hear just how good his new music is. Taylor, 54, is no middle-aged rocker playing at youth, nor has he felt compelled to re-invent himself in each passing decade (*James Taylor: The Grunge Album*!). He still sings confessional folk rock, and if the success of his last two studio albums, the Grammy-winning *Hourglass* and the recently released *October Road*, is any indication, he'll continue not only to sell out his annual tours, but also to be a chart force well into the 10s, long enough for Rufus and Henry to brag about Sweet Papa James.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at his home in Lenox, Massachusetts, with his 18-month-old sons, Rufus and Henry, on June 10, 2002.



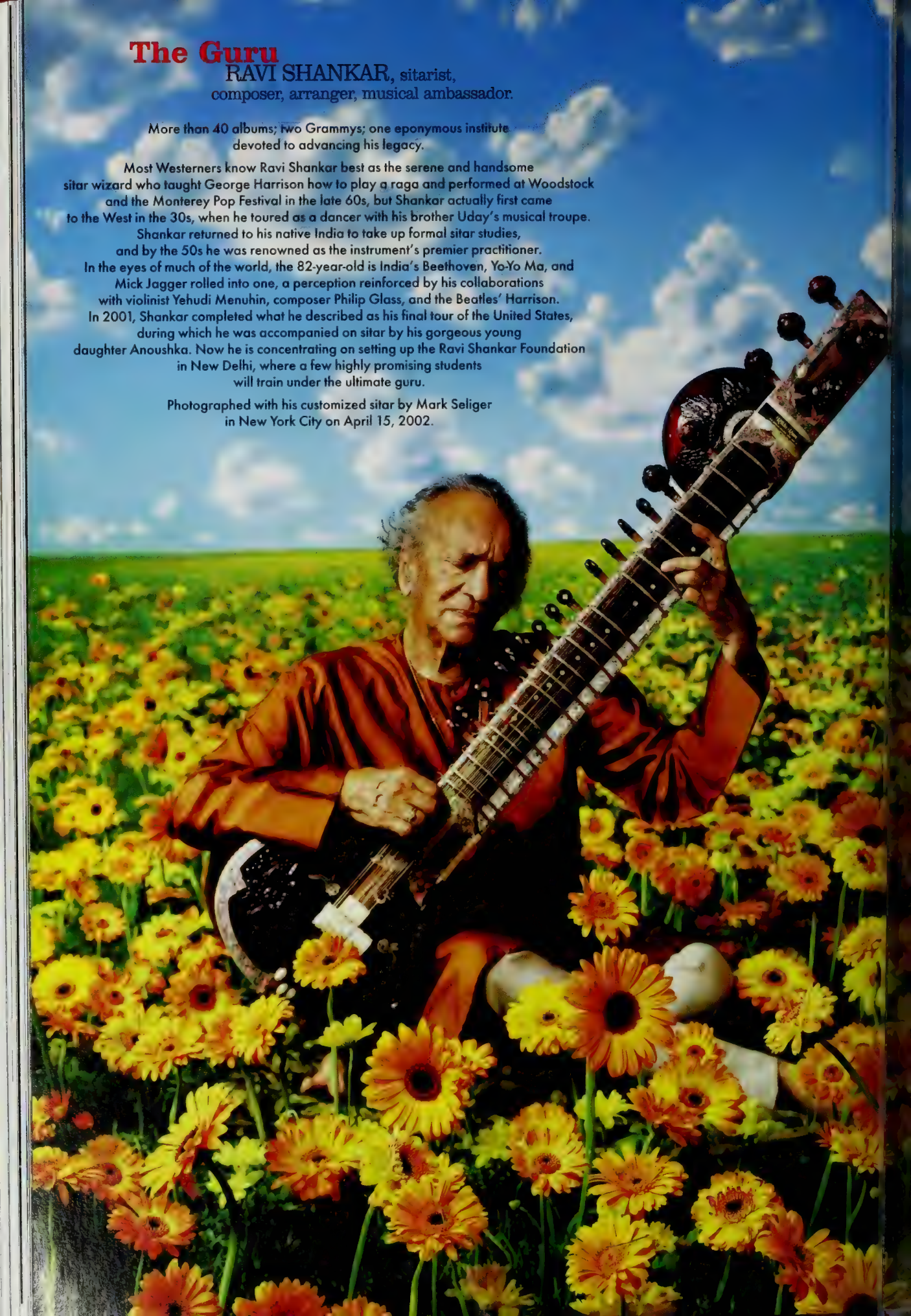
The Guru

RAVI SHANKAR, sitarist, composer, arranger, musical ambassador.

More than 40 albums; two Grammys; one eponymous institute devoted to advancing his legacy.

Most Westerners know Ravi Shankar best as the serene and handsome sitar wizard who taught George Harrison how to play a raga and performed at Woodstock and the Monterey Pop Festival in the late 60s, but Shankar actually first came to the West in the 30s, when he toured as a dancer with his brother Uday's musical troupe. Shankar returned to his native India to take up formal sitar studies, and by the 50s he was renowned as the instrument's premier practitioner. In the eyes of much of the world, the 82-year-old is India's Beethoven, Yo-Yo Ma, and Mick Jagger rolled into one, a perception reinforced by his collaborations with violinist Yehudi Menuhin, composer Philip Glass, and the Beatles' Harrison. In 2001, Shankar completed what he described as his final tour of the United States, during which he was accompanied on sitar by his gorgeous young daughter Anoushka. Now he is concentrating on setting up the Ravi Shankar Foundation in New Delhi, where a few highly promising students will train under the ultimate guru.

Photographed with his customized sitar by Mark Seliger in New York City on April 15, 2002.





The Pioneers
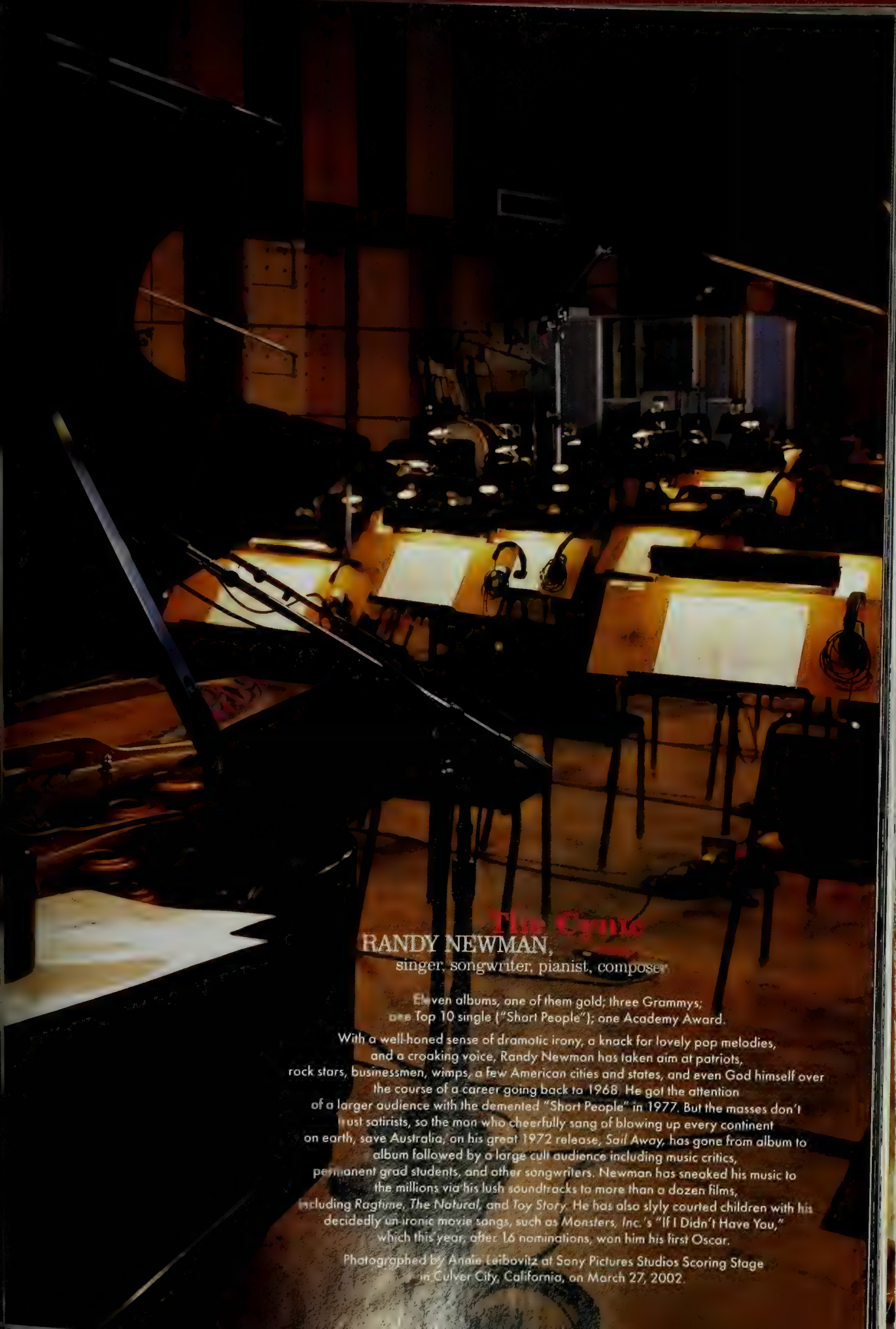
SAM PHILLIPS and AHMET ERTEGUN,

founders, respectively, of Sun Records and Atlantic Records.

Born seven months apart in 1923, Phillips and Ertegun could not have come from more disparate backgrounds—the former was a working-class boy from Florence, Alabama, the latter a Washington, D.C.–raised son of Turkey's ambassador to the U.S.—but both came to the same conclusion as young men: that black blues, gospel, and R&B were the greatest music in the world, and that there needed to be a new label to issue forth this stuff. Phillips founded Sun in Memphis in 1951, initially recording black acts. Then, in 1954, one Elvis Aron Presley sauntered in and cut a cover of "That's All Right." So began Sun's great run of white stars—Presley, Carl Perkins, Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis. Ertegun founded Atlantic Records in New York City in 1947 as a one-room operation and scored his first hit two years later with Stick McGhee's "Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee." Thereafter, Atlantic flourished as the home of Ray Charles, Ruth Brown, the Drifters, and Aretha Franklin. Whereas Phillips sold his interest in Sun in 1968 and today plays the role of down-home raconteur, Ertegun, who sold Atlantic in 1967 to Warner Communications (now AOL Time Warner), relishes staying in the game, having put out the albums not only of the black pioneers but also of white acts from the Rolling Stones to Jewel.

Photographed by Norman Jean Roy at Jezebel in New York City on April 26, 2002.





The Critic

RANDY NEWMAN,

singer, songwriter, pianist, composer

Eleven albums, one of them gold; three Grammys; one Top 10 single ("Short People"); one Academy Award.

With a well-honed sense of dramatic irony, a knack for lovely pop melodies, and a croaking voice, Randy Newman has taken aim at patriots, rock stars, businessmen, wimps, a few American cities and states, and even God himself over the course of a career going back to 1968. He got the attention of a larger audience with the demented "Short People" in 1977. But the masses don't trust satirists, so the man who cheerfully sang of blowing up every continent on earth, save Australia, on his great 1972 release, *Sail Away*, has gone from album to album followed by a large cult audience including music critics, permanent grad students, and other songwriters. Newman has sneaked his music to the millions via his lush soundtracks to more than a dozen films, including *Ragtime*, *The Natural*, and *Toy Story*. He has also slyly courted children with his decidedly un-ironic movie songs, such as *Monsters, Inc.*'s "If I Didn't Have You," which this year, after 16 nominations, won him his first Oscar.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at Sony Pictures Studios Scoring Stage in Culver City, California, on March 27, 2002.

The Crush

KYLIE MINOGUE, singer, actress, overseas icon

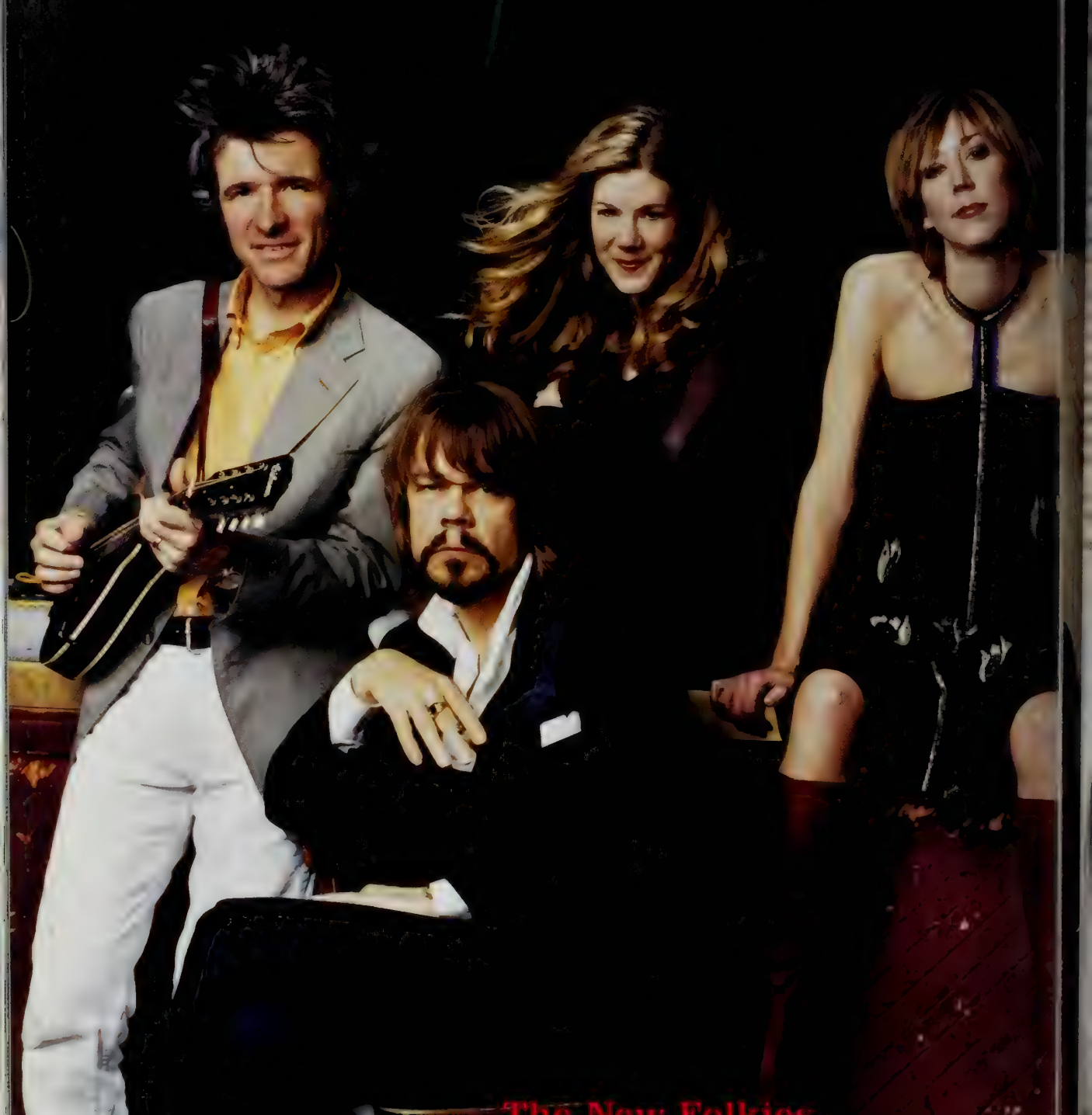
Nine albums; upwards of 30 million records sold; a deific figure in Europe; known as "Min" to intimates.

The pocket-size Australian sex goddess seemed slated for U.S. oblivion a couple of years ago, having reached her 30s and not scored a major hit in this country since her 1988 cover of "The Loco-Motion"; in the dark days of the mid-1990s, she'd even *dated Pauly Shore*. But then came Kylie's *Fever* album, a smash in Britain (where her bum is more obsessed over than J.Lo's) that actually survived the trip across the Atlantic, yielding a No. 1 hit in "Can't Get You out of My Head." While Madonna was devoting her energies to motherhood, legit theater, and Kabbalah, Kylie shrewdly stepped into the breach, becoming the luscious, fashion-forward pop phenomenon who is—to repurpose the words of the poet Britney Spears—no longer a girl, and very much a woman.

Photographed by Herb Ritts in Los Angeles on June 14, 2002.







The New Folkies

DAN ZANES, DAVID JOHANSEN, DAR WILLIAMS, and BETH ORTON.

America's post-*O Brother* romance with old-time music rages on, but these four singers are all nontraditionalist folkies, each tweaking folk idioms to come up with a sound that's uniquely theirs. Zanes, the former leader of the 80s roots-rockers the Del Fuegos, has re-invented himself as pre-teen America's hootenanny master, offering up exuberantly played versions of old Leadbelly and Carter Family tunes (as well as his own engaging compositions) on his three albums, the latest of which is *Nighttime!* On paper, Williams appears to be a boilerplate coffeehouse folkie—New England–based, liberal, into health food—but her music has always been refreshingly free of solemnity. She'll have a new release, *Beauty of the Rain*, out in February. From the get-go, the stalky, sad-eyed Orton was a folk fusionist, collaborating with such electronica maestros as William Orbit and the Chemical Brothers. But songs from her new album, *Daybreaker*, are lushly orchestrated showcases for her sleepy, regular-gal alto. Johansen is now living through his fourth professional incarnation: first he was the witty front man for the New York Dolls, then he was a solo rocker, then he became the pomaded Buster Poindexter, and now he's the front man for the Harry Smiths, using his menacing baritone to convincing effect on the old plaints and murder ballads collected on the landmark *Anthology of American Folk Music*.

Photographed by Rankin at the Bottom Line in New York City on June 10, 2002.

he Earth Mother

JOAN BAEZ, singer, activist.

More than 50 albums, eight of them gold.

warmed up for the 60s, as one critic put it, making her name in 1959 at the inaugural Newport olk Festival. There she stunned the audience and woke sleeping children with her bottled-at-the-source prano. It was a sound as pure, as powerful, and as tly beautiful as her barefoot-madonna stage persona— trolled ecstasy" is how the liner notes to her first LP ed it. That album, *Joan Baez*, became an unexpected 1960, turning the folk revival from an adept's cult op-culture phenomenon. But unlike many of her peers, she took her politics as seriously as her music; ile the sit-ins long ago dried up and the causes became clear-cut, she has maintained her brave commitment nviolence even at the cost of alienating former allies. day she's 61, her once raven hair shorn and gray, with her sorrowful vibrato toned down she's a more ole and often wittier singer than she was in the 60s. To paraphrase an ex: she was so much older then, she's younger than that now. Work on a new album will begin soon.

Photographed by Herb Ritts in Los Angeles on July 22, 2002.





The Insurgents

THE HIVES,

buzz-rock revivalists, snappy dressers.

Nicholaus Arson, Chris Dangerous, Howlin' Pelle Almqvist, Vigilante Carlstroem, and Dr. Matt Destruction.

Two albums, the most recent of which is *Veni Vidi Vicious;* two EPs; five ma rous egos (they titled their British compilation album *Your New Favourite Ba*

"I heard that band the Hives. My daughter was playing them in the c I was like, 'God, that sounds like a Kinks demo!'"—Dave Davies of the

The Hives were around for nine years before we realized we needed But just when the U.S. rock scene was getting too angsty and baggy-shorte they burst forth from their native Sweden, replete with natty matching ensembles, Kinks-style slashed-speaker guitars, and an arse comic-Neanderthal rock ravers to rival those of the Stooges, the Flamin' Groovies, and the Ramones. In singer Howlin' Pelle Almq the Hives have a front man of young-Jagger sensuality and young-Rotten camp menace ("I'm stuck in ways of sadistic joy and my talent only goes so far as to annoy"—"Main Offen And in bassist Dr. Matt Destruction, they have the coolest fat-balding-guy-with-a-mustache-in-a-band since Cheap Trick's Bun E C

Photographed by Rankin at NBC Studios in New York City on June 10, 2002.



The Life of the Party

THE B-52'S,

"tacky little dance band from Georgia" (their words).

Fred Schneider, Keith Strickland, Cindy Wilson, and Kate Pierson.

Ten albums (including the new anthology *Nude on the Moon*), and, in "Rock Lobster" and "Love Shack," two of the greatest white-person dance songs of all time.

"We weren't rock people," lead singer (or is it declaimer?) Schneider once said, trying to explain the B-52's mythos. "We just did our own thing, which was a combination of rock 'n' roll, funk, and Fellini, and game-show host, and corn, and mysticism." He left out: old science-fiction movies, surf guitar, Aqua Net. And we could still go on. Were they postmodern kitsch appropriationists? Outsider artists? Novelty act? Merely "fun"? These were questions rock critics felt obliged to scratch heads over in the late 1970s when the B-52's first made the national scene; everyone else in America was happy just to have a non-disco dance band. A quarter-century later, having seen retro-ism become commonplace, and having survived the death from AIDS of founding member Ricky Wilson (Cindy's brother), the B-52's are still dancing their mess around, with whispers of a possible new album in the works. It would be the group's first in 10 years.

Photographed by Mark Seliger in New York City on August 12, 2002.

The Jazz Singer

CASSANDRA WILSON,

singer, songwriter.

Fourteen albums; one Grammy;
Down Beat's Female Vocalist of the Year, 1996–98, 2000–2002.

"A song always tells me what it needs."

The advice to the aspiring jazz singer was simple: "Bird and Sarah Vaughan have already said what they're going to say," she was told in 1982. "You need to say what you're supposed to say." Since then, Cassandra Wilson, 46, has been doing exactly that—first with Brooklyn's innovative M-BASE collective and then with her own albums, which include the standards-heavy *Blue Skies;* 1993's top-selling *Blue Light 'Til Dawn; New Moon Daughter,* winner of the 1996 best-jazz-vocal Grammy; and this year's *Belly of the Sun.* Laying down her husky contralto and fearless interpretations on songs as disparate as Robert Johnson's "Come on in My Kitchen," Hank Williams's "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry," U2's "Love Is Blindness," and Cyndi Lauper's "Time After Time," Wilson (whom Bob Dylan has called one of his favorite singers) does not merely cover songs. She tweaks and blurs, disguises and transforms, making the familiar tunes as much her own as the songs she writes herself. But is it jazz? the critics carp. Who cares? It's Cassandra, and it's as good as singing gets.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in Woodstock, New York, on June 16, 2002.





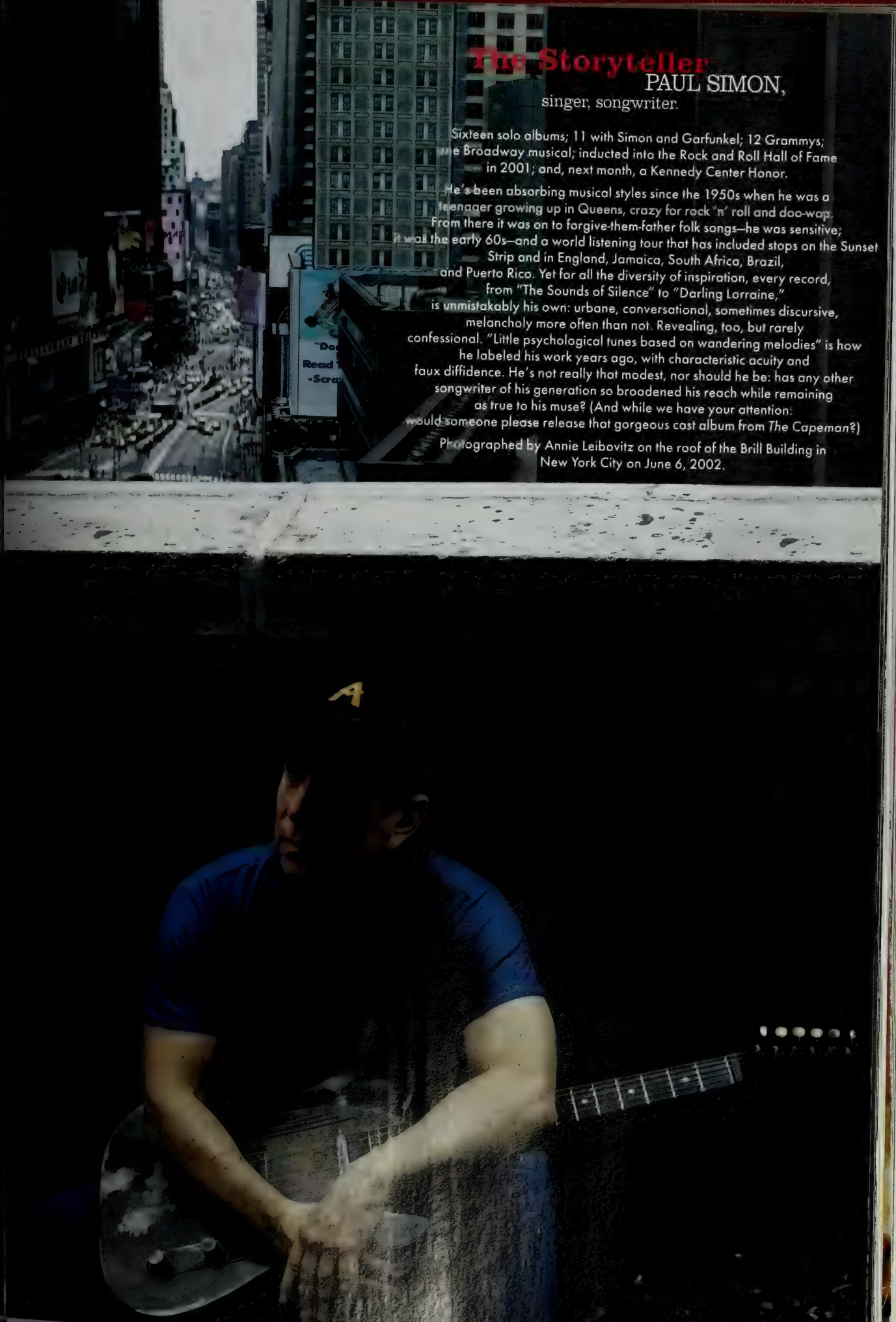
The Sure Thing

TOM PETTY,
classic rocker, dry wit.

Thirteen studio albums, including a new one, *The Last DJ*, with his longtime band, the Heartbreakers; two Grammy Awards; inducted this year into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

Though he first came along in the 70s, Petty has always been a 60s kind of guy, steeped in Byrdsian languor and AM-radio melodies. His actual 60s forebears love him for this—not only was Tom a Traveling Wilbury, but he was also the one relative youngster deemed worthy of singing a verse of "My Back Pages" alongside Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton, Roger McGuinn, Neil Young, and George Harrison at Dylan's 30th-anniversary concert in 1993. Nine years on from that event, Petty is now himself an authentically grizzled old-time rocker, and he wears it well. His new songs on *The Last DJ* are as catchy and incisive as the stuff on *Damn the Torpedoes* and *Full Moon Fever*, with the added benefit of middle-aged crankiness—in "Money Becomes King," his rock-fan protagonist concludes that "all the music gave me was a craving for light beer."

Photographed at his home in Malibu, California, by Annie Leibovitz on March 26, 2002.



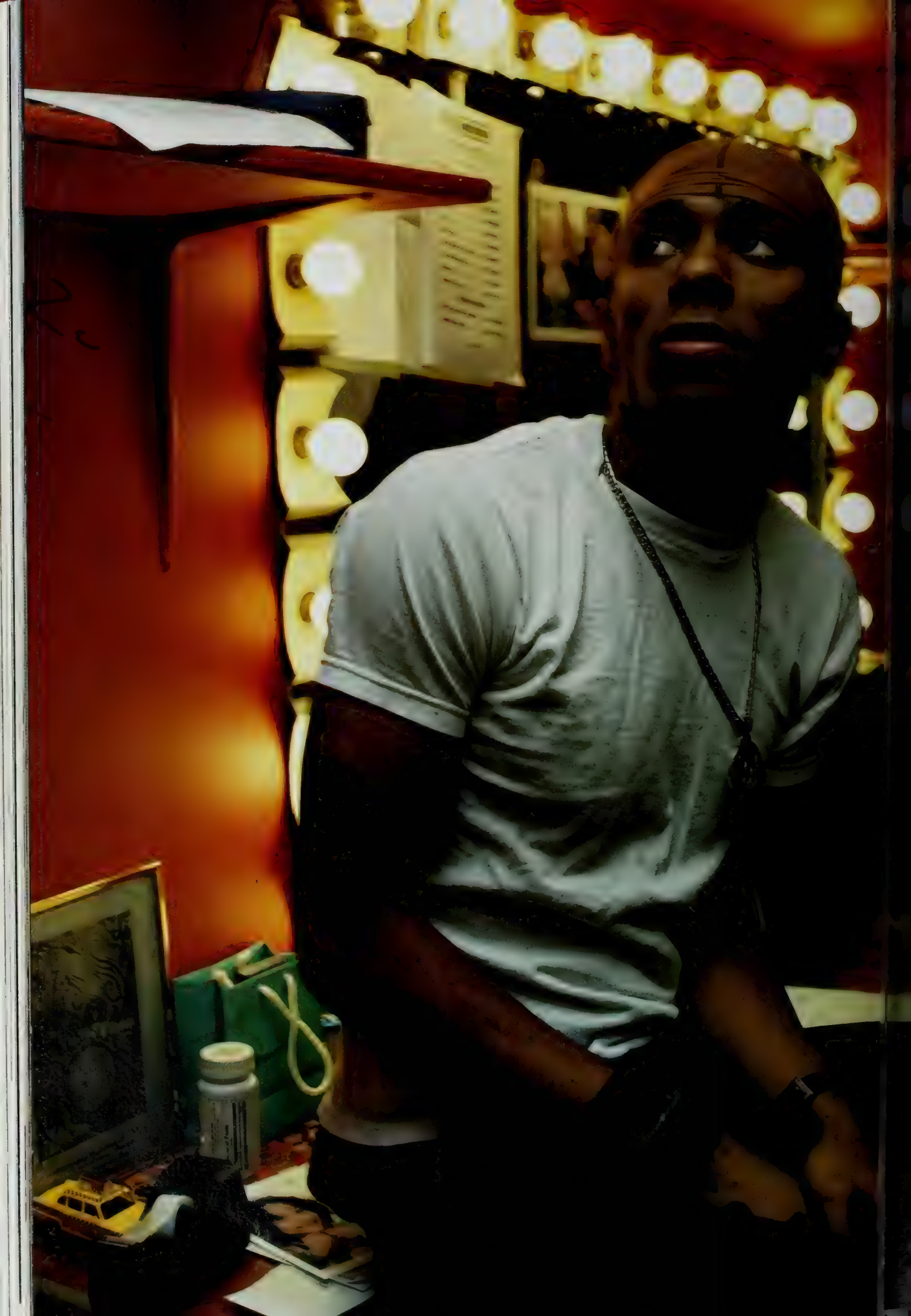
The Storyteller

PAUL SIMON,
singer, songwriter

Sixteen solo albums; 11 with Simon and Garfunkel; 12 Grammys; one Broadway musical; inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 2001; and, next month, a Kennedy Center Honor.

He's been absorbing musical styles since the 1950s when he was a teenager growing up in Queens, crazy for rock 'n' roll and doo-wop. From there it was on to forgive-them-father folk songs—he was sensitive; it was the early 60s—and a world listening tour that has included stops on the Sunset Strip and in England, Jamaica, South Africa, Brazil, and Puerto Rico. Yet for all the diversity of inspiration, every record, from "The Sounds of Silence" to "Darling Lorraine," is unmistakably his own: urbane, conversational, sometimes discursive, melancholy more often than not. Revealing, too, but rarely confessional. "Little psychological tunes based on wandering melodies" is how he labeled his work years ago, with characteristic acuity and faux diffidence. He's not really that modest, nor should he be: has any other songwriter of his generation so broadened his reach while remaining as true to his muse? (And while we have your attention: would someone please release that gorgeous cast album from *The Capeman*?)

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz on the roof of the Brill Building in New York City on June 6, 2002.





The Innovator

MOS DEF,
rapper, singer, actor

Two albums, one gold; seven movies; one Broadway show; one television series; born Dante Smith.

At 28, Mos Def has the kind of talent that makes people believe in the possibility of a renaissance, not just for hip-hop but for American culture in general. His 1998 collaboration with Talib Kweli, *Mos Def & Talib Kweli Are ... Black Star*, and his 1999 solo debut, *Black on Both Sides*, gave a generation of fans reason to hope that hip-hop might kick its addiction to comic-book thug anthems and make room for intelligent street poetry. Then Mos Def set his sights on rescuing rock 'n' roll from Limp Bizkit et al. He put together a band called Black Jack Johnson, featuring members of Bad Brains, P Funk, and Living Colour, and went on tour. Fans with memories of Ice-T's cheesy rock band Body Count bought tickets anyway and were blown away. (A CD is due later this year.) In 2001, director George C. Wolfe cast Mos Def, a TV veteran who has appeared in seven movies, including *Monster's Ball*, in the Broadway production of Suzan Lori-Parks's two-man play, *Topdog/Underdog*. The play pulled in the Pulitzer Prize and two Tony nominations. Any other art forms in need of salvation?

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at the Ambassador Theater in New York City on May 22, 2002

The Night Tripper

DR. JOHN,

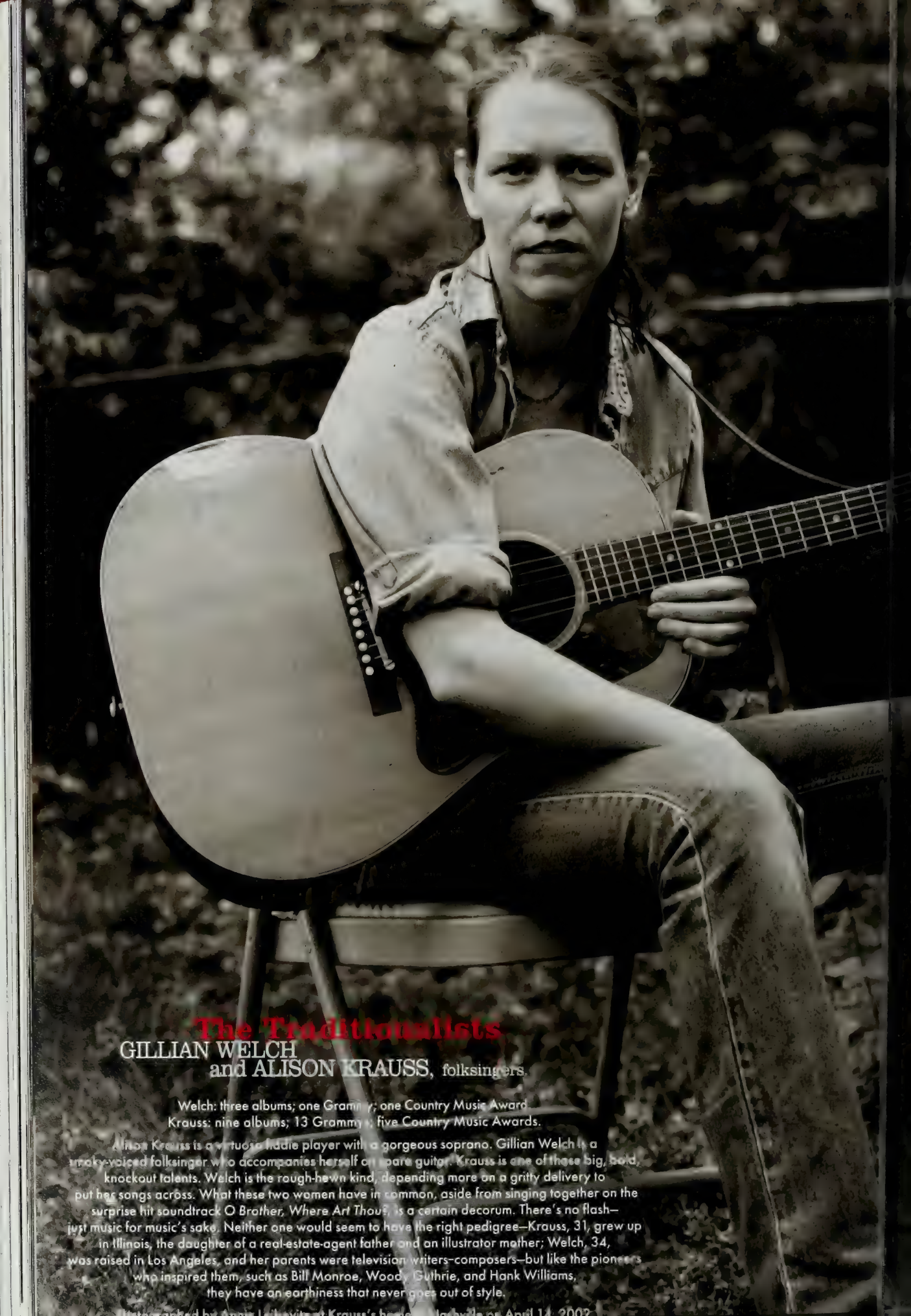
Louisiana funkmaster.

More than 29 albums; four Grammys.

Dr. John resides in a deep, dark New Orleans, a hoodoo universe of sepulchres, strange medicine, and exalted conjure women. It was not always so. Born Mac Rebennack Jr., he was a child model for Ivory soap. At 19 he got his finger shot off (later reattached) in a Christmas Eve pistol mishap. But ever since those first moon-spooked performances in 1968—when he decided to take the stage as Dr. John the Night Tripper, wearing shaman regalia that would make a mummer blanch—he has been goosing pianos and casting spells by say-yang-ing the likes of "Iko Iko," "Right Place Wrong Time," and "Such a Night." His deep-fried larynx emits a bugle-force gargle of funk and R&B. Having earned Grammys for blues, rock, pop, and jazz, he serves up a genre jambalaya (recent albums honored Ellington and Creole). Cook he does. The good doctor's bark's still as sweet as his bite.

Photographed with his wife, Cat Rebennack, and their pug Lil' Guy by Annie Leibovitz in Southampton, New York, on June 5, 2002.





The Traditionalists

GILLIAN WELCH and ALISON KRAUSS, folksingers

Welch: three albums; one Grammy; one Country Music Award.
Krauss: nine albums; 13 Grammys; five Country Music Awards.

Alison Krauss is a virtuoso fiddle player with a gorgeous soprano. Gillian Welch is a smoky-voiced folksinger who accompanies herself on spare guitar. Krauss is one of those big, bold, knockout talents. Welch is the rough-hewn kind, depending more on a gritty delivery to put her songs across. What these two women have in common, aside from singing together on the surprise hit soundtrack *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*, is a certain decorum. There's no flash—just music for music's sake. Neither one would seem to have the right pedigree—Krauss, 31, grew up in Illinois, the daughter of a real-estate-agent father and an illustrator mother; Welch, 34, was raised in Los Angeles, and her parents were television writers-composers—but like the pioneers who inspired them, such as Bill Monroe, Woody Guthrie, and Hank Williams, they have an earthiness that never goes out of style.

Interviewed by Anne Hoy at Krauss's house [illegible] on April 14, 2002







The Agitators

SYSTEM OF A DOWN.

thoughtful headbangers

Daron Malakian (guitar), John Dolmayan (drums), Serj Tankian (vocals), and Shavo Odadjian (bass).

Two albums, both platinum. three beards.

With all the One-Note Johnnies and mirthless makeup wearers out there in nu-metal-land, there was bound to emerge one band that would transcend the genre's narrow parameters and introduce such novel elements as tunefulness, gonzo humor, and political consciousness. But who do think it would be a bunch of Armenian-Americans with novelty beards? System of a Down's Rick Rubin–produced second album, *Toxicity*, and its prehensile first single, "Chop Suey," established the group as the crossover darlings of nu-metal, listenable even to those of us who are not disaffected 14-year-old male Iowans. The band with the odd distinction of having held the No. 1 album slot during the worst week in American history—*Toxicity* was released on September 4, 2001—System of a Down rose to the occasion, offering distressed kids an opportunity for catharsis on its "Pledge of Allegiance" tour, while Tankian, the band's ever engaged vocalist, offered more cogent analysis of the terrorists' causes than most of the commentators on [illegible] and MSNBC.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz backstage at [illegible], New Jersey, on July 19, 2002.

The University of Soul
A STAX RECORDS REUNION



Front row: Donald "Duck" Dunn (bassist, Booker T. and the MGs), Eddie Floyd (singer), Estelle Axton (label co-founder), Yvonne Staples (vocalist, the Staple Singers), and Mavis Staples (vocalist, the Staple Singers). Back row: Steve Cropper (guitarist, Booker T. and the MGs; songwriter, producer), Booker T. Jones (organist, Booker T. and the MGs; producer), Carla Thomas (singer), William Bell (singer, songwriter), Al Bell (label president, producer), Deanie Parker (executive administrative chief, songwriter), David Porter (songwriter), and Isaac Hayes (singer, songwriter, producer). Not pictured: the reclusive Jim Stewart, the label's co-founder, who also passed on attending his induction into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame this year.



Stax was the label of Otis Redding, Sam and Dave, and Isaac Hayes—the grit and groove to Motown's glide and gloss. From the time of its first hit (Rufus and Carla Thomas's "Cause I Love You," 1960) to its 1976 shutdown, Stax and its subsidiary, Volt, defined Memphis soul and R&B with a torrent of terrific singles, among them Booker T. and the MGs' "Green Onions," Sam and Dave's "Soul Man" (written by Hayes and Porter), the Staple Singers' "Respect Yourself," Eddie Floyd's "Knock on Wood," and Hayes's "Theme from *Shaft*." Stax's story also happens to have been a rare one of harmonious, unexploitative interracial cooperation in the pre-corporate years of the music business, presided over as it was by two white music lovers, the brother-and-sister tandem of Jim Stewart and Estelle Axton (the *St* and *ax*, respectively).

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz on East McLemore Avenue in Memphis (in front of the Soulsville redevelopment project, on the site where the Stax Recording Studios stood) on July 23, 2002.





The Rambler

GEORGE JONES, singer, songwriter, hell-raiser.

More than 200 albums; 164 singles on *Billboard*'s country charts (more chart appearances than any other performer ever); two Grammys; inducted into the Country Music Hall of Fame in 1992.

On a Sunday morning in 1942, standing on a shoeshine stand in Beaumont, Texas, George Jones, aged 11, was singing and playing guitar. At the end of a few hours, he had amassed $24 from passersby. That was enough to feed his struggling family for a week, but the money never made it home. He blew every last nickel in an arcade—an ominous beginning to his stormy career. In his drinking and drugging days, Jones shot up tour buses and destroyed hotel rooms with a savagery to make Led Zeppelin blush. And he found himself once again broke and singing on the street after his 1975 divorce from duet partner Tammy Wynette, with whom he had recorded such classics as "We're Gonna Hold On" and "The Ceremony." But his devil-may-care attitude toward his own career could not disguise his immense talent. Now sober at 71 and working on a gospel album, he can count himself among the greats in any genre.

Photographed on his tour bus in Nashville by Annie Leibovitz on April 16, 2002.



The Future Ring

SALVATORE LICITRA, tenor.

Appears on three albums; two days' notice
and one day to prepare for one night that will go down in opera history.

It is a story worthy of Puccini or Verdi: an old, ailing master bows out of his final performance and at the last minute is replaced by a young tenor who amazes the crowd, receiving a [illegible] 3-half-minute standing ovation. Life imitated art when Salvatore Licitra learned a mere 40 minutes before curtain that he would replace Luciano Pavarotti in what should have been Pavarotti's May 11 farewell performance at the Metropolitan Opera in New York. (The understudy had arrived the day before, after a [illegible] Concorde flight from London.) Despite having performed at Verona's Arena and Milan's famed La Scala opera house, Licitra is still relatively new, and at 33 is considered a youth in the opera world. His honey-toned, bell-clear tenor resembles the masters' (pick any one of the franchised Three Tenors), while still retaining enough youth for us to enjoy its progress into maturity. Licitra's entrance into the echelons of opera's elite is by no means complete, but with that voice, stage presence, and force of personality, it is only a matter of time.

[illegible] by Jonas Karlsson at L'Arena di Verona in Italy, on August 10, 2002.



The Originals

DE LA SOUL,

hip-hop innovators.

Dave, Pos, and Maseo
n Dave Jolicoeur, Kelvin Mercer, and Vincent Mason, respectively).

Six albums; countless imitators.

La Soul are still rising more than a decade after they pronounced
hemselves dead. Though the group's unofficial fourth member,
the Phil-Spector-meets-Dr.-Seuss studio genius Prince Paul,
arted after producing the groundbreaking *3 Feet High and Rising*
(1989), the stereotype-smashing *De La Soul Is Dead* (1991),
nd the seriously daring *Buhloone Mind State* (1993), the trio,
who currently go by the names Dave, Pos, and Maseo,
am the most dependably innovative group in the game. On their
iebut, *3 Feet High and Rising*, De La Soul deliriously sampled
profoundly white artists as Johnny Cash, Steely Dan, and, alas,
the Turtles, who filed a $1.7 million lawsuit and shut the door
e era of uncredited riff borrowing. Not content with exploding the
unk-prescribed conventions of the genre's sound, De La Soul
gave us the skit, the hip-hop concept album, and the only haircut
more ridiculous than the hi-top fade (remember the video
"Me, Myself and I"?). Last year's *Bionix*, the second installment
in an ambitious trilogy called "Art Official Intelligence,"
uggests yet again that three, as they taught us back in 1989,
really is "The Magic Number."

Photographed by Rankin at Electric Lady Studios
in New York City on June 4, 2002.



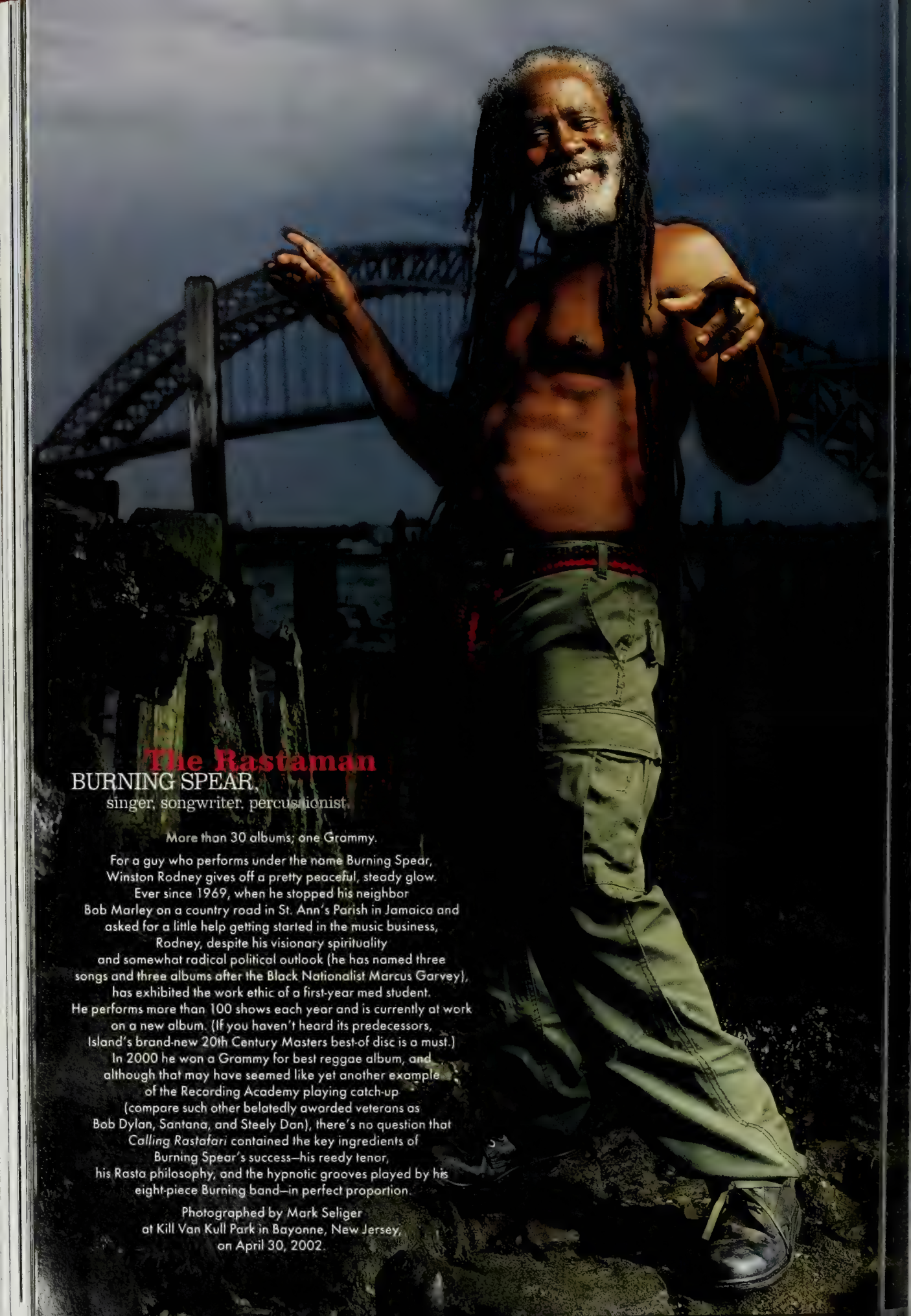
The Independent

MITSUKO UCHIDA, pianist.

More than 20 recordings; first place in the Vienna Beethoven Piano Competition.

Born in Japan, trained in Vienna, and self-actualized in London, Mitsuko Uchida is the extraordinary product of three cultures, two of which she long ago rejected (Japan for its social rigidity, Vienna for its musical rigidity) and the third of which she embraces for its tolerance for eccentricity and freedom of expression. In 1982, Uchida astounded her adopted hometown with a rare cycle of Mozart's complete sonatas at Wigmore Hall; then she confirmed her reputation for thoroughness three years later by playing all 21 solo-piano concerti with the English Chamber Orchestra, which she conducted from the keyboard. In the years since, she has offered inspired interpretations of Beethoven, Schubert, Bach, and a host of 20th-century composers. Next year, Uchida will kick off her two-season Perspectives series at Carnegie Hall with a lecture and several performances—as a soloist, with the Cleveland Orchestra (again, she'll lead from the piano), and in a number of chamber ensembles, proving that an artist with her gleaming charisma and musical intelligence can be fiercely independent *and* a consummate collaborator.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in Marlboro, Vermont, on July 31, 2002.



The Rastaman

BURNING SPEAR,
singer, songwriter, percussionist.

More than 30 albums; one Grammy.

For a guy who performs under the name Burning Spear, Winston Rodney gives off a pretty peaceful, steady glow. Ever since 1969, when he stopped his neighbor Bob Marley on a country road in St. Ann's Parish in Jamaica and asked for a little help getting started in the music business, Rodney, despite his visionary spirituality and somewhat radical political outlook (he has named three songs and three albums after the Black Nationalist Marcus Garvey), has exhibited the work ethic of a first-year med student. He performs more than 100 shows each year and is currently at work on a new album. (If you haven't heard its predecessors, Island's brand-new 20th Century Masters best-of disc is a must.) In 2000 he won a Grammy for best reggae album, and although that may have seemed like yet another example of the Recording Academy playing catch-up (compare such other belatedly awarded veterans as Bob Dylan, Santana, and Steely Dan), there's no question that *Calling Rastafari* contained the key ingredients of Burning Spear's success—his reedy tenor, his Rasta philosophy, and the hypnotic grooves played by his eight-piece Burning band—in perfect proportion.

Photographed by Mark Seliger
at Kill Van Kull Park in Bayonne, New Jersey,
on April 30, 2002.



The Breakout

ASHANTI, singer, songwriter.

One multi-platinum album;
three Top 10 hits; no thesaurus.

She had three singles on the Top 10 list
in the same week. The last music act to accomplish this:
the Beatles—1,979 *Billboard* Hot 100 charts earlier.
Her album, *Ashanti,* sold 503,000 copies
the week it was released. No new female solo artist has ever
come close. Not bad for Ashanti Shequoiya Douglas,
a sweet-faced 22-year-old with a kickin'
dancer's body, who writes and sings sexy R&B relationship
songs heavy on the word "baby," as in
"Baby, baby, baby, baby, baby baby baby baby baby baby,
I love when I hear ya name, got me sayin'
baby, baby, baby, baby, baby."
All of which is to say, look for the Grammys to be
this baby's national coming-out party.

Photographed by Herb Ritts in Los Angeles
on July 26, 2002.

The Family Affair

OLU DARA and NAS,

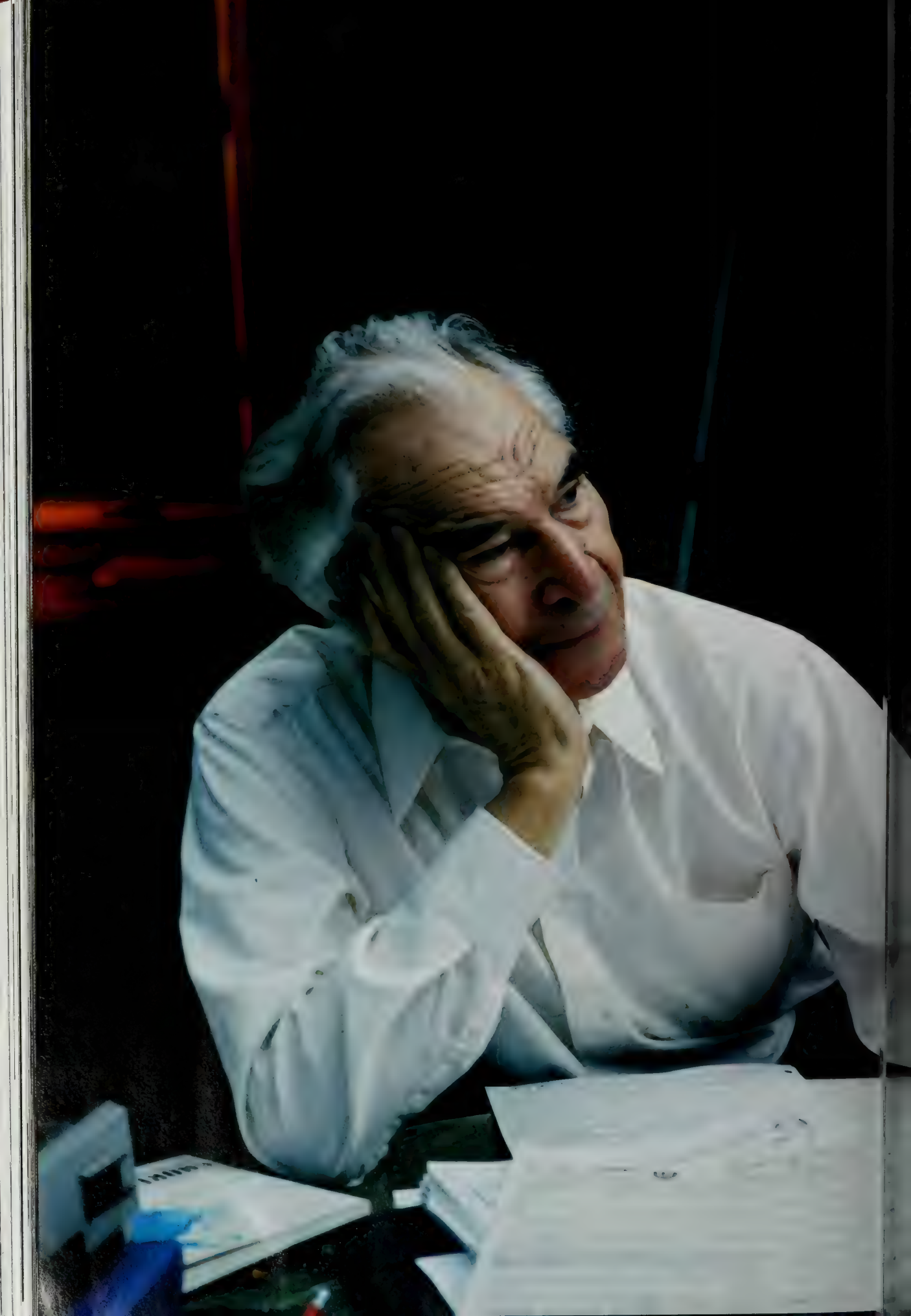
country dad and city kid.

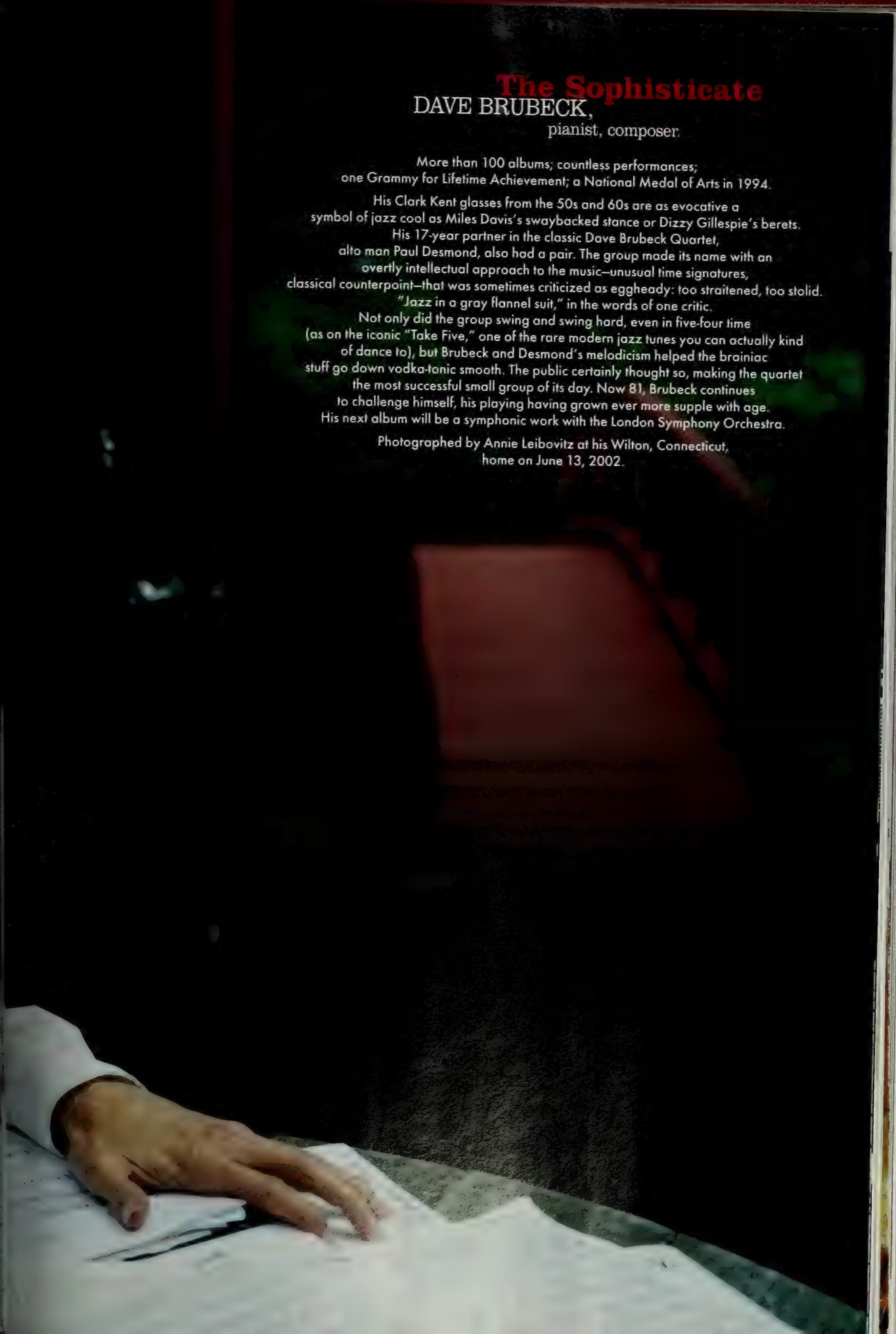
Olu Dara: two solo albums; one Django d'Or
award from France; composed music for dozens of plays.
Nas: five albums, two of them
multi-platinum and the rest merely platinum.

Ever since 1994, when *Illmatic*, his lyrically ingenious, emotionally
aching, damned-near-perfect debut album, conquered
critics and street corners alike, Nas (born Nasir Jones) has been struggling
to confirm his status as the poet laureate of the projects.
At the end of last year, just when Jay-Z, his rival for supreme Big Apple
bragging rights, was beginning to feel invincible, Nas, now 28,
charged back into the game with *Stillmatic*,
his fifth solo record, which sold over a million copies.
Nas's father, Olu Dara, born Charles Jones III, was a respected jazz trumpeter
from the 70s on, but he never really liked playing the instrument.
(He stopped four-year-old Nasir from blowing, worried
that the horn would damage his son's lower lip.) In the early 80s
Dara took up guitar, formed two bands, and
began writing and singing quirky blues and funk songs, but he had his
doubts about recording as a soloist. The decisive push came
from Nas, who contributed a rap to his Mississippi-bred dad's acclaimed
debut album, *In the World: From Natchez to New York* (1998).
Last year, Dara scored again with *Neighborhoods*.
He was 60 at the time, which has to give pause to anyone attempting
to keep up with these Joneses.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in Harlem
on June 12, 2002.







The Sophisticate

DAVE BRUBECK,
pianist, composer.

More than 100 albums; countless performances;
one Grammy for Lifetime Achievement; a National Medal of Arts in 1994.

His Clark Kent glasses from the 50s and 60s are as evocative a
symbol of jazz cool as Miles Davis's swaybacked stance or Dizzy Gillespie's berets.
His 17-year partner in the classic Dave Brubeck Quartet,
alto man Paul Desmond, also had a pair. The group made its name with an
overtly intellectual approach to the music—unusual time signatures,
classical counterpoint—that was sometimes criticized as eggheady: too straitened, too stolid.
"Jazz in a gray flannel suit," in the words of one critic.
Not only did the group swing and swing hard, even in five-four time
(as on the iconic "Take Five," one of the rare modern jazz tunes you can actually kind
of dance to), but Brubeck and Desmond's melodicism helped the brainiac
stuff go down vodka-tonic smooth. The public certainly thought so, making the quartet
the most successful small group of its day. Now 81, Brubeck continues
to challenge himself, his playing having grown ever more supple with age.
His next album will be a symphonic work with the London Symphony Orchestra.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at his Wilton, Connecticut,
home on June 13, 2002.



The Indomitable Reg

ELTON JOHN,

showman, survivor, knight of the British Empire.

Forty albums, 35 of them gold, plus a brand-new career retrospective, *Elton John Greatest Hits 1970–2002*; six Grammys; one Oscar ("Can You Feel the Love Tonight," from *The Lion King*); one Tony (for the *Aida* score); two celebrity godchildren (Sean Lennon and Liz Hurley's kid); inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1994.

Sir Elton had done everything right in recent years—given up drugs, come his eating disorder, embraced his sexuality, grown comfortable in a long-term relationship, become a vocal activist for AIDS research, modified his hairstyle, presided over the second-best party on Oscar night . . . everything right, it seemed, but come up with some decent tunes.

Then, last year, he went and fixed *that* problem. Taking stock of his peak artistic period, from *Tumbleweed Connection* (1971) to *Blue Moves* (1976), and his longtime lyricist, Bernie Taupin, bore down, reconnected with the muse, and came forth with *Songs from the West Coast*, John's best album in years.

And so, as he takes to the road with such gorgeous new compositions as the *Abbey Road*–ish "I Want Love" in his repertoire, old Reg Dwight now knows he needn't rely anymore on 30-year-old songs like the *Almost Famous* sing-along "Tiny Dancer" to connect with his audience.

Photographed by David LaChapelle at the Neptune Plage Restaurant in Nice, France, on May 24, 2002.



The Next Big Things

Music history—not to mention VH1—is littered with one-hit wonders and musicians who showed such promise, but . . . where are they now? Herewith, 12 artists (that's all we could fit on the couches) who are among the surest bets for future rock, pop, hip-hop, and soul survivorship.

Front row: Rosey, 29 (*Dirty Child*, featuring "Love"); Tweet, 31 (the gold-certified *Southern Hummingbird*, featuring the No. 1 single "Oops (Oh My)"); Claudette Ortiz, 21, of the R&B/hip-hop trio City High (the gold-certified *City High*, featuring "What Would You Do"); and Vanessa Carlton, 22 (*Be Not Nobody*, featuring "A Thousand Miles").

Center row: Michelle Branch, 19 (the platinum-certified *The Spirit Room*, featuring "Everywhere"); Andrew W.K., 23 (*I Get Wet*, featuring the hard-rock anthem "Party Hard"); Craig David, 21 (the multiple-platinum-certified *Born to Do It*, featuring the No. 1 single "Fill Me In"); Sonny, 28, of the hard-core band P.O.D. (the platinum-certified *The Fundamental Elements of Southtown* and the multi-platinum *Satellite*); and Musiq, 25 (the platinum-certified *Aijuswanaseing* and the gold-certified *Juslisen*).

Back row: Stephen Richards, 25, of the hard-rock group TapRoot (*Gift*, featuring "Again & Again," and *Welcome*); John Mayer, 25 (*Inside Wants Out* and the platinum-certified *Room for Squares*, featuring the melodic gem "No Such Thing"); and Lamya, 28 (*Learning from Falling*, featuring her five-octave voice on "Never Enough").

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in New York City on July 18, 2002.







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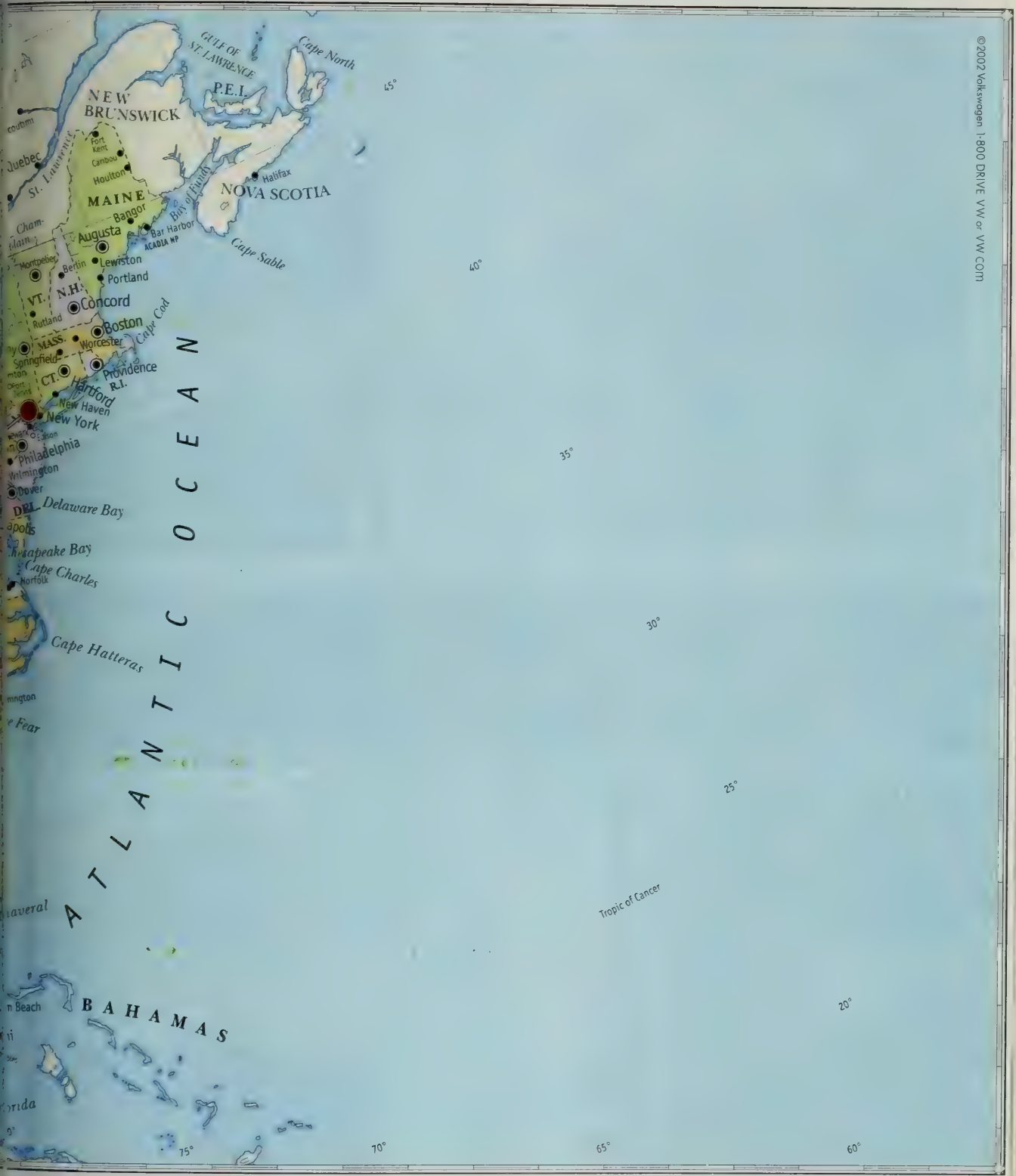
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Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in New York City on July 18, 2002.

Vancouver I.
Cape Flattery
Cape Disappointment
Olympia
Portland
Salem
Corvallis
Eugene
Coos Bay
Cape Blanco
Grants Pass
Medford
Klamath Falls
Lakeview
Bend
Cascades
Eureka
Cape Mendocino
Redding
Sacramento
Marysville
Reno
Sparks
Carson City
San Francisco
Stockton
San Jose
Fresno
Sierra Nevada
YOSEMITE NP
SEQUOIA NP
San Luis Obispo
Pt. Conception
Bakersfield
SantaBarbara
Palmdale
Glendale
Los Angeles
Long Beach
San Diego
Brawley
PACIFIC OCEAN
Tropic of Cancer
45°
40°
35°
30°
25°
20°
130°
125°
120°
115°



Look at the road long enough, and you'll start to notice just about everything. You'll become fascinated by how much shorter soybeans are than corn. How malls in Dallas, Texas look just like malls in Wayne, New Jersey. How music can make your panoramic view come with its own soundtrack. And how an 8-speaker stereo can make a road trip feel like it wasn't just 2,724 miles of highway markers after all.



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COME DRINK WITH ME!, 1954

One of Sinatra's early concept albums, *Come Drink with Me!* featured Billy May' swinging arrangements of standards such as "99 Bottles of Beer on the Wall" an Dry I Am." But times and attitudes change: during the 1980s, the LP came unde attack for lyrics such as this stanza from the exuberant title song (written by Sam and Jimmy Van Heusen): "Come drink with me / There's a fifth stashed in my ca If we have a wreck / Then what the heck / We can always find a bar." Facing boy Capitol Records quietly deleted *Come Drink with Me!* from its catalogue, along v two similarly themed sequels, *A Blotto Affair* and *Sinatra's Stinkin' Drunk Session*



FRANK SINATRA PRESENTS TRAIN WHISTLES, BATTLESHIP LAUNCHES, DRILL PRESSES, AND OTHER GREAT HI-FI SOUND EFFECTS, 1952

At a low ebb in his career, a year before his comeback role in *From Here to Eternity,* Sinatra lent his name to this hi-fi-demonstration record. But aside from posing for the cover photo, his only contribution was an under-rehearsed duet with an audio frequency of 18,000 Hz. The result: album sales in the low teens and cancellation of a planned *Frank Sinatra Presents 31 Minutes of Room Tone.*

SINATRA LITE



WE SHALL OVERCOME, BABY, 1962

This brassy take on the civil-rights anthem, a duet with Sammy Davis Jr., was intended as a fund-raiser for the N.A.A.C.P. But Negro leaders raised tentative objections to the single's between-verses Vegas-style patter. (Sammy: "I have a dream—can you dig it?" Frank: "Would you listen to this *meshugge shvartze*) Stung, an angry Sinatra pulled the record, which was largely forgotten until the 1975 release of old F.B.I. surveillance tapes on which Martin Luther King Jr. was hear entertaining friends with a canny impression of Sinatra's performance on the B side ("The answer, Jack, is blowin' in that cuckoo wind . . . ").



FRANK SINATRA CONDUCTS . . . FOR SUICIDAL LOVERS, 1958

A talented conductor, Sinatra released a number of instrumental records over the years. But a song suite based on scores from volatile ex-wife Ava Gardner's films, conceived after one of the couple's many failed reconciliations? More curious still was Sinatra's visibly distraught deportment at the LP's first session, where his choked sobs and muttered imprecations were audible during the 24-bar bassoon solo from "Head in the Oven (Theme from *Mogambo*)." Capitol execs enlisted Sinatra pal Jilly Rizzo to intervene: while the singer spent a quiet two months at an "estate" in Connecticut, further sessions for *Suicidal Lovers* were "indefinitely postponed."



ONE FOR THE BROADS, 1957

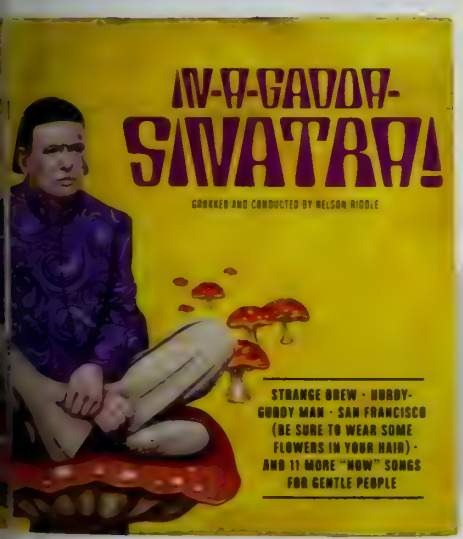
An LP devoted to songs with women's names in their titles—"Laura," "Nancy (with the Laughing Face)," "Waltzing Matilda"—seemed like a natural. But *One for the Broads* ran into trouble when record sellers balked at the cover art, which some considered risqué. (As *Billboard* front-paged the controversy, DISTRIBS CLAIM SINATRA LP "NICE 'N' SLEAZY.") With tens of thousands of albums ready to ship, Capitol quickly slapped on a more generic cover featuring a five-year-old fashion shot of Suzy Parker. Resourceful fans just as quickly learned how to steam it off, thus creating a future collectible: last year, Jerry Seinfeld reportedly bought a near-mint copy for $800,000!



FRANK SINATRA SINGS THE BUDDY GIANCANA SONGBOOK, 1971

"A favor—leave it at that" was Sinatra's explanation for one of the oddest releases in his career. Buddy Giancana was a relative unknown as a songwriter, and many of his efforts—"I've Got You Under My Shirt," "All or Practically Nothing at All," "Let's Make the Whole Thing Over"—were dismissed by critics as derivative. ("The Moon in June," said *Time*, was "the most slapdash thing Sinatra ever put his larynx to.") Reporters soon began to know: Was Giancana a nephew of Chicago crime boss Sam Giancana? And did the elder Giancana control publishing rights to the "songwriter's" catalogue? Poor sales quickly rendered these questions—and a threatened Senate-subcommittee hearing—moot.

Over the course of his long career, Frank Sinatra put out more than 60 albums, among them such greatly beloved classics as *Songs for Swingin' Lovers!*, *Only the Lonely*, *Come Fly with Me*, *A Swingin' Affair!*, *Ring-A-Ding Ding!*, and *September of My Years*. But not all of Sinatra's releases were as successful, as enduring—or even, strictly speaking, as real. BRUCE HANDY imagines the flip side of a legend



IN-A-GADDA-SINATRA!, 1969

One of Sinatra's numerous late-60s attempts to crack the "youth market," the centerpiece of *In-A-Gadda-Sinatra!* was to have been a reworking of Iron Butterfly's 17-minute psychedelic opus, "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida," arranged by Nelson Riddle for brass, strings, harp, and Fender Rhodes piano. But Sinatra stalked out of the first session, never to return, after a cellist accidentally convulsed with laughter. Riddle's innovative charts were scrapped, and the project would evolve into a poorly received collaboration with the pop group Hamilton, Joe Frank & Reynolds.



NEW YORK, NEW YORK!, 1980

Test pressings of the "New York, New York" single mistakenly used a rehearsal take, complete with Sinatra's colorful ad-libs ("Start spreading your legs . . . These little town blue balls . . . "). The error was caught when a New York oldies radio station played a promotional copy and saw its switchboard light up with hundreds of requests from snickering callers in their teens. Though this story has been dismissed by some as an urban legend, Sinatra's "alternative" lyrics can still be heard during postgame sing-alongs in the more vomit-prone precincts of Yankee Stadium.



REBEL NIGHTS

The New York 70s rock scene that saw the rise of Lou Reed, the New York Dolls, David Bowie, Iggy Pop, Patti Smith, Television, the Ra and Blondie began as an intoxicating mix of drag-queen theater, Britis "glam rock," and a hard-core rebellion against uninspiring contemporary LISA ROBINSON recaptures the amped-up, sequin-studded, punk-powered explosion she experienced at the Mercer Arts Center, Max's Kansas City, and CBGB's



WALK ON THE WILD SIDE
David Johansen performs with the New York Dolls in 1973. *Opposite*, Patti Smith and Lou Reed backstage at the Bottom Line, 1977. (Richard Sohl, the Patti Smith Group pianist, is in the background.)



BLANK GENERATION
Richard Hell and Debbie Harry on the scene, mid-70s. *Opposite,* David Bowie, Iggy Pop, and Lou Reed at the Dorchester hotel in London, July 1972. Their manager, Tony DeFries, lurks in the background.

ass recognition isn't important to
hat's important is individual recognition. It's not how many
recognize you, it's what those who do recognize you
ize you for. —Iggy Pop, 1971.

very concerned in the early 70s that rock 'n' roll, which I
t was such an important arena and the true American art,
ing to crash. My mother always told me that she thought
sic of Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman would last forever,
oppled. We had these deaths of Janis Joplin and Jimi
x, and then we had glitter rock and it was sort of creepy—
d at all that as a bad sign. I thought it was moving into
a of some big Broadway spectacular and the essence
'n' roll was being lost. —Patti Smith, 1993.

ay the 1970s New York rock scene started in the 1960s with
vet Underground. Others insist that it began around 1968
e Stooges and MC5 in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Or with
eed's reconfigured Velvet Underground at Max's Kansas
1970. Or Patti Smith's poetry reading with Lenny Kaye
ar at St. Mark's Church in February 1971. Or in London
, when David Bowie began sewing those pre–Ziggy Star-
stumes.

truth is that the truth is not so simple. What really happened is that several things happened, all at once, all over the world. But nearly everyone would agree that in early 1972, when the New York Dolls performed every Tuesday night at the Oscar Wilde Room of the Mercer Arts Center in the Broadway Central Hotel, the 1970s New York rock scene was officially born. I was there covering the music and the scene for *Creem, Rock Scene, Hit Parader,* a syndicated newspaper column, and the British music weekly *New Musical Express.* I kept my tape recorder with me at all times and managed to take enough notes to remember that every night was New Year's Eve with the New York Dolls.

The bands of the 70s are going to be fabulous. They're going to give the secrets to the universe. —David Johansen, 1972.

I remember I was knocked out by the Dolls. My first impressions were that they were the early Stones in strippers' clothes. Fabulous early R&B sound, but much sloppier and more vital. It was the humor, the fun and drunk "don't give a shit" attitude of the band, that was intoxicating.
—David Bowie, August 2002.

From my notes, August 1972: The New York Dolls—David Johansen, Johnny Thunders, Sylvain Sylvain, Billy Murcia, and Arthur Kane Jr.—sit across from me at my apartment wearing platform wedgies, hotcha green-trimmed sunglasses, sequined hot pants, transparent chiffon blouses, pink denim overalls covered by a dragon-appliquéd apron. "When we formed our band, we knew we had the best rock 'n' roll band," said David. "When the record companies come to see us, I think they get turned on. Their wives get drunk and start dancing and they go crazy. But then they think about their kids . . . and that's what stops them. They start thinking about their kids."

On February 22, 1970, at the Roundhouse in London, David Bowie performed with his band Hype, in what he believes was the first British "glam rock" performance. "We had superhero costumes made," he says, "and I wore makeup and glitter for the first time."

In November 1971, with much fanfare, San Francisco drag-queen troupe the Cockettes came to New York for their opening of *Tinsel Tarts in a Hot Coma* at the East Village's Anderson Theater. In the audience that night were the Ahmet Ertegun, Rex Reed, Gore Vidal with Angela Lansbury, Elaine Kaufman, and Diana Vreeland. Fran Lebowitz was an usher. From then on, whenever a rhinestone or a sequin turned up in rock 'n' roll, you could make a case for tracing it back to the Cockettes. Or to the Playhouse of the Ridiculous on the Lower East Side, where John Vaccaro directed Warhol "superstar" Jackie Curtis and actress Penny Arcade in the low-camp *Heaven Grand in Amber Orbit.* Or to *Pork,* the 1971 show based on tapes of Brigid Polk's phone conversations with Andy Warhol, directed by Tony Ingras-



sia and starring actor Tony Zanetta, drag rocker Wayne County, and, most important, platinum-blonde Cyrinda Foxe. (The only female Marilyn Monroe look-alike in this scene, Foxe was David Johansen's girlfriend, Bowie's introduction to the Dolls, the "trois" in the alleged Bowie ménage, the inspiration for Bowie's song "Jean Genie," an apparent role model for her contemporaries Angela Bowie and Debbie Harry, and, eventually, Aerosmith singer Steven Tyler's wife.) *Pork* went to London in August 1971, and an enthusiastic Bowie—who had already been working on his Ziggy Stardust show and costumes with designer Freddie Buretti—showed up, befriended the cast, and would later be accused of "borrowing" their style.

But, according to Bowie: "Many of my influences were primarily [British mime] Lindsay Kemp and his coterie. They were a much smaller and less-profiled Soho London outfit than the Warhol crowd, but nevertheless a highly flamboyant bunch who opened my eyes from 1967 on. As much as I enjoyed the Warhol crowd (temporarily) thematically, my map was already drawn."

In 1972, lower Broadway was abandoned at night. The Mercer Arts Center was a place where people went to hang out, drink, pick people up. There were avant-garde plays and "happenings." Performers included Wayne County and the actress and singer Ruby Lynn Reyner. But everyone really went to see the New York Dolls. Before they were the Ramones—whose singer Joey had an early glam rock band called Sniper—the Ramones went to see the Dolls. Patti Smith opened for the Dolls, reading poetry. Richard Hell and Tom Verlaine went to the Mercer to see the Dolls before they formed their band the Neon Boys, the precursor to Television.

We knew in our hearts that we were hipper than anybody else. So at least we didn't have a confidence problem.

—David Johansen, 1978.

People said the Dolls couldn't play. People had also said Bob Dylan couldn't sing. That wasn't the point. "What is all this talk about being musically proficient?" David Johansen asked at the time. "I mean, I just saw *Monterey Pop,* and if you look at the Who or Janis Joplin at that stage of their careers, well, we're just as musically proficient as they were then." Danny Fields (manager of the Stooges and, later, Lou Reed and the Ramones) said, "Don't talk to me about music. It's absurd. Anyone connected with this industry who talks about *music,* well, it's just astonishing. Play music indeed. Thank God they don't have to."

The audience at the Oscar Wilde Room was so fabulous, all my favorite people were out there. So we had to be incredible. . . . "Drag" just means my clothes. To somebody else it might mean drag queen, *someone who's impersonating a woman. I'm not impersonating anybody. I'm perfectly satisfied with what I am.*

—David Johansen, 1973.

This isn't a woman's dress, this is a man's *dress.*

—Iggy Pop, circa 1971.

In fact, Johansen wore a dress onstage only once, at Club 82 ("Although I had been known to don the occasional Capri pant," he says today). In 1972 the Dolls were asked to leave the Mercer because the theater didn't want rock 'n' roll there, but it lost so much money at the bar that it had to take the band back. Then one day in 1973 the Mercer Arts Center (and the entir way Central Hotel) collapsed. For no apparent reason. T ing just fell down.

I move in another dimension.

—Patti Smith, from "Ain't It Strange

After the Mercer collapsed, Patti Smith, wearing a feat performed a combination of poetry and cabaret songs Sweeney's on West 13th Street, backed by Lenny Ka the duo would be joined by Richard Sohl on piano; l tarist Ivan Kral and drummer Jay Dee Daugherty wo out the Patti Smith Group.

What I really think is happening is that I'll be a catalyst for rock 'n' roll. I don't want people to be so glib and fat Roman about rock 'n' roll. At its best, rock 'n' roll is inspiring, and I'd like to inspire people. I'd like them to s our concerts and listen to our record and then say, "Well, fuck her," and go off and do something on their o

—Patti Sm

From my notes, September 1971: I met David B the first time in the RCA Records New York of had long hair, a floppy hat, and Mary Jane sl didn't wear the dress he was photographed [Mercury Records rep] Rodney Bingehnhein him around on the previous Valentine's Day, bu fect was the same.

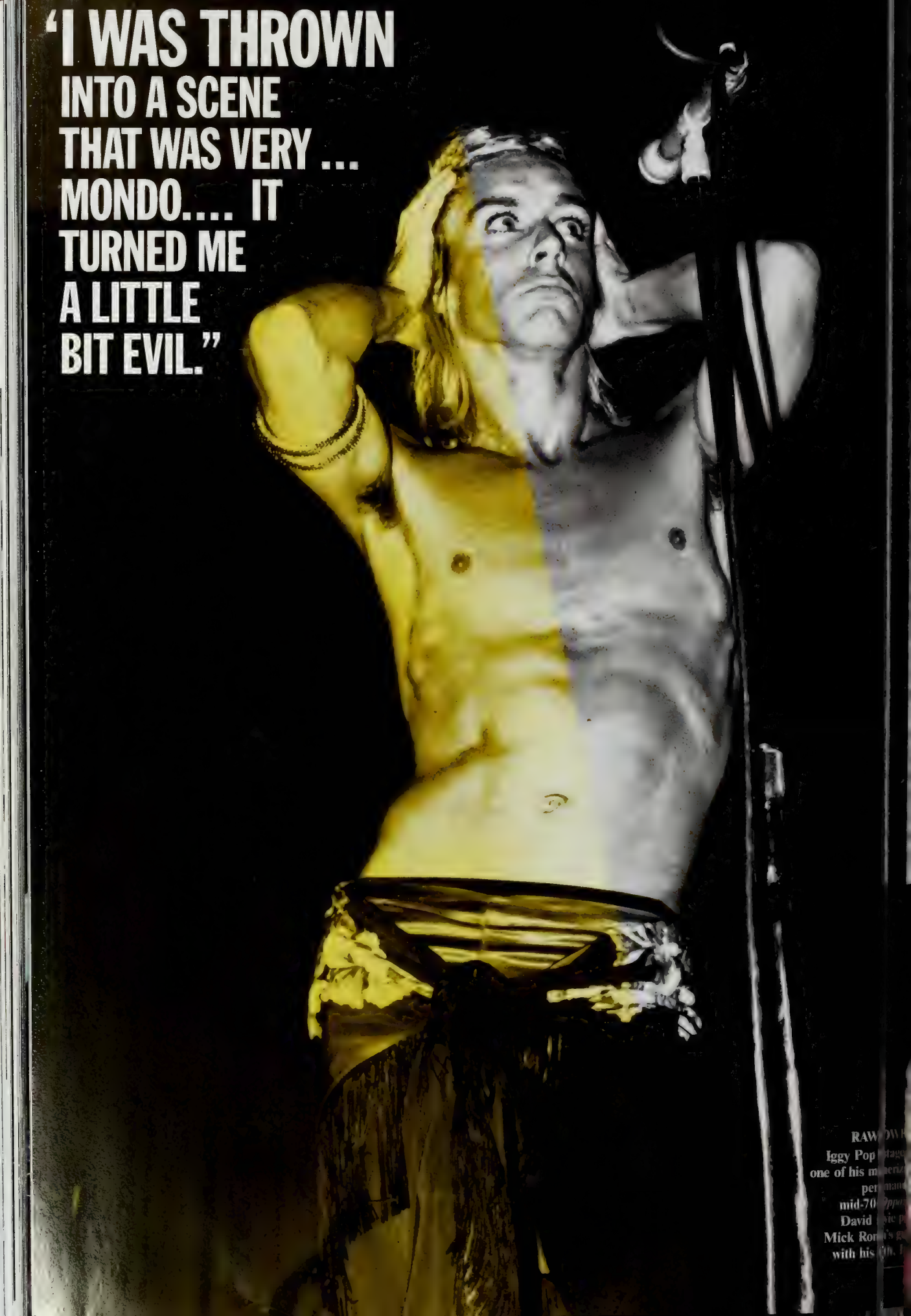
RCA had just signed Bowie, Lou Reed, and the Ki my husband, Richard, was a producer at the label. Bo with his manager, Tony DeFries—who was straight ou sleazy school of the British music business—and Bowie' butch, boisterous wife, Angela. I started to tell him all ab he should meet the Warhol crowd, and then, as if on cu door came Tony Zanetta, actress-poet-groupie Cherry and *Pork* stage manager Leee Black Childers—all of wh peared, had already signed up to be part of DeFries's M management company "staff." I arranged a small din night at the Ginger Man restaurant near Lincoln Center the stories that have grown around this "fateful" meetin relatively sedate. White tablecloths and filets mignons. L none too gregarious, was with his then wife, Betty Krons I think later changed her name to Krista Kronstad). V Danny Fields mid-meal to tell him to send Iggy up. We later at Max's, and while no one remembers much a evening, I do remember that Iggy was *not* stoned (that the fiction in the movie *Velvet Goldmine* had it, and tha Bowie instantly hit it off. The next day Iggy moved into wick Hotel, where the Mainman camp was in residenc nights later, the Bowies, the Reeds, and DeFries cam apartment. Three things stand out in my memory of the Betty/Krista go-go danced alone in the living room. A of the *East Village Other* with an article on the Velve ground disappeared. And Lou and David locked thems small back room while Angela Bowie banged on t screeching for them to let her in.

From my notes, December 1972: Lou Reed, Richard [R and I went to London, where Richard was producing I solo album. We were invited to a party at Bowie's hou

LL TOMORROW'S PARTIES

(1) Lou Reed performs in 1971. January 1975 *Rock Scene*, with Music on the cover. (3) Debbie Harry strikes a pose, mid-70s. ran Lebowitz and Andy Warhol. Television's Tom Verlaine, 1976. Patti Smith. (7) Johnny Rotten. crowd lining up outside CBGB's, (9) The Clash: Topper Headon, Joe Strummer, Paul Simonon, Mick Jones. (10) David Bowie during his Ziggy Stardust years. rinda Foxe and David Johansen show off their record collection for *Rock Scene*, 1975.

"I WAS THROWN INTO A SCENE THAT WAS VERY ... MONDO.... IT TURNED ME A LITTLE BIT EVIL."



RAW
Iggy Pop
one of his
per
mid-70
David
Mick Ron
with his

d us at the door flaunting his new look—black-and-gray
it, red patent-leather boots, short spiky orange hair. I
ut laughing. So, you've gone from *2001* to *A Clockwork*
. He laughed that wicked cackle with a full display of his
rotting teeth. Despite having been asked not to have
around, since Lou was not at his most delightful when
and drunk [and he seemed very bored during the Lon-
journ], David teasingly dangled a bottle of Dewar's in
f us. Angela was in the kitchen cooking. Later that night
wies, their friends, Lou, Richard, and I all went to the
nce club El Sombrero. When I left several hours later,
d David were on the dance floor, slow dancing.

e an art movement, you have to set something up and
stroy it. The only thing to do is what the Dadaists,
realists, did—complete amateurs who are as pretentious
—and just fuck it up the ass. Cause as much bad,
g as possible. . . . You'll only create a movement when
e a rebellious cause. —David Bowie, 1976.

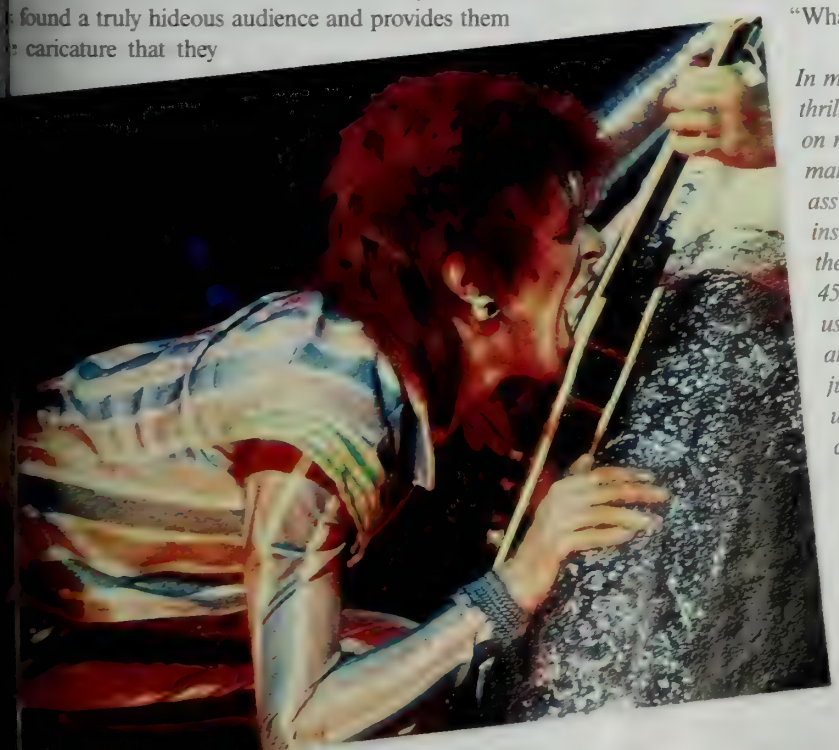
1972, David Bowie invited a group of American journalists
im perform the Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars
Aylesbury, outside of London. Playing that same weekend
ther bill were the early punk sensations the Flamin'
s and the Stooges, and, at the King's Cross Cinema, Lou
he famous Mick Rock photo of David, Lou, and Iggy was
an afternoon press conference at the Dorchester hotel;
an was now handling all three stars. Onstage, Lou wore
stick and was, as Lenny Kaye said tactfully, "not in the
pe." But later that year Bowie would produce Lou's *Trans-*
and help Lou get his biggest hit—"Walk on the Wild
nd would then go on to produce two of Iggy's best al-
he Idiot and *Lust for Life*.

notes, October 1974: In a jam-packed week, Lindsay Kemp
forming on Broadway, Labelle was at the Met, ["Papa"
hillips's wife] chanteuse Genevieve Waite was at Reno
's, Frank Sinatra at the Garden, and Lou Reed at the Felt
With the release of his latest album, *Sally Can't Dance*,
found a truly hideous audience and provides them
caricature that they
came for. Four thousand people paid to see him tie a rubber hose around his arm when he sang "Heroin," which was either tragic or hilarious, depending on your sensibility. Big cheer from the crowd every time he said "fuck" or "motherfucker." What was most boring was the backup band, none of whom he chose to introduce.

From my notes, December 1974: I cannot believe what I saw on TV last night. David Bowie was on Dick Cavett's show as a special guest. Cavett came on minus a tie for this "hip" occasion and introduced Bowie as an artist who "changes like a chameleon." The studio audience cheered. Bowie performed (and I use this word loosely) "1984" and "Young Americans." Then he and Cavett sat down for a chat. David Bowie is obviously not a well man. He is thin beyond belief. Eyes flashing, fingers flickering, constantly tapping a cane—an absurd prop, but then again, perhaps he needs it. Cavett, fawning and uncomfortable in the presence of a "rock star," did not help matters much. In between almost constant sniffling, Bowie managed to get out that he isn't very academic, he reads only the good reviews, he likes working with a band. "How is your wife's name spelled?" asked Cavett, grasping at straws. "Angie or Angel? I've seen it both ways." Huh? "Oh, it's Angie," said David, who proceeded to talk about how she was an intellectual, a revelation to those of us who know Angela Bowie.

I wanted to elevate the form. I thought I could just do it on an intelligent level. People may have contempt for rock 'n' roll, but then you go and stick something into it and expand its horizons, and you get criticized for it twofold. —Lou Reed, 1986.

From my notes, November 1976: In a concert billed as an evening with "The Rock and Roll Heart," Lou Reed performed at the Palladium in front of 48 black-and-white TV sets. ("I got them from a hospital," he told me later. "They were switching to color sets for the Medicaid patients.") Despite the long, somewhat rambling concert, it did have more heart than Bowie's cold, black-and-white "Thin White Duke" show he'd done earlier that year. At the after-show party at Feathers, Lou greeted his guests, including, for some reason, Diana Ross. What did she say to you?, I asked Lou. "What could she say? She has all my albums?"



In my live work, I was going for the quick thrill, rather than spending time concentrating on my voice. I figured I'd get on, make as many quick movements as I could, dance my ass off for five minutes, move into the insult portion of the evening, and then, at the end, create some kind of chaos until the 45 minutes were up. I remember when I used to play second bill to Ten Years After and 3,000 people would sit there in just total silence after each of my songs, until finally I would just cut my chest open. Just to hurt their feelings.
—Iggy Pop, 1977.

In 1973 the symbiosis that had marked Bowie's relationship with Lou Reed extended to Iggy, who was financially supported by Mainman. Holed up in the Hollywood Hills, he dyed his hair plat-

inum and took heroin almost full-time. "You know," he would say several years later, "when I met you and a lot of people in New York, well . . . you know where I come from [a trailer park in Ann Arbor, Michigan], and I was thrown into a scene that was very . . . mondo. And I think it turned me a little bit evil."

I think the whole basis of fashion is contempt. The whole idea of fashion and style expresses a preference for abstract aesthetics in opposition to human values. —Iggy Pop, 1977.

Bowie didn't have an influence on me other than friendship. Friendship is a very underrated influence in these modern times. Basically, David and I exchanged information. It's great to meet somebody else who thinks they're always right.

—Iggy Pop, 1986.

After the Mercer collapsed, except for Club 82 and upstairs at Max's Kansas City, there were no places for loud rock bands to play on a regular basis. That all changed one day in 1974 when guitarist Tom Verlaine, who had formed Television with Richard Hell, walked into a tiny club on the Bowery at Bleecker Street and asked owner Hilly Kristal if they could perform there. Although Kristal had hoped to have country and western in the place, he agreed. Afterward, he said, "Television was terrible. And the Ramones were even worse."

CBGB's was a dump then and is only slightly less of a dump now, but it was our dump. Some who went there on a regular basis never drank anything that wasn't out of a bottle. But there was an undercurrent of change that gave a sense of mission: trying to bring rock 'n' roll out of its "soft rock," Journey/Styx radio-band doldrums. Some were naïve enough to think that it would change the world. Forget trying to change the world—the music of the 1960s had actually changed the world. In the 1970s the bands were just trying to change the music *back*.

At that time, the city was still affordable for misfits who came from elsewhere to flee boredom and seek adventure. (Lou Reed from Long Island. Debbie Harry and Patti Smith from New Jersey. Tom Verlaine from Delaware. The Ramones from Queens.) It wasn't just the drugs and the promiscuous sex—although that was a plus. It also was, truly, about the music. No one talked—ever—about the stock market. No one went to the gym. Everyone smoked. Bands did two sets a night. Television jammed for hours at a time. Onstage (and off), Patti could talk like nobody's business. Her shows were part dance party, part circus, part political rally. All that snotty, punching-the-air energy. Pretentious? Probably. Indulgent? No doubt. Didn't matter. Patti Smith and Television and the Ramones and Talking Heads and Blondie were like our own little black-and-white 8-mm. movies that we thought would conquer the world.

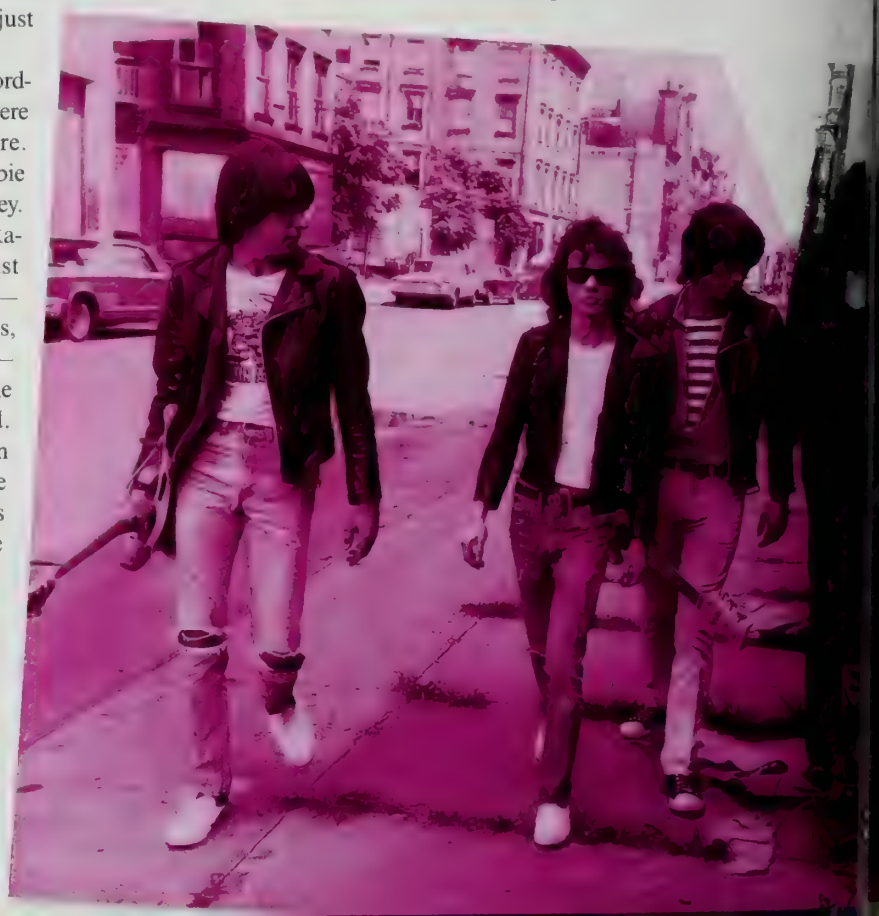
I have no fond memories of CBGB's. All I can remember is never having a door on the dressing rooms. You'd play t and wouldn't get a free beer. —Johnny R

from the Patti Smith documentary, *Dancing B*

The story is that I "discovered" the Ramones one 1975 when Danny Fields and I "divided up shows see. What I actually recall was that they had beer ing Danny to go and see them so he could writ them in the *Soho News,* and had been calling me they wanted to be in *Rock Scene* and *Hit Parader.* night, I told Danny that I'd check them out. They took my away. I called Danny the next morning—well, whatever pa morning at that time. "You have *got* to see this band," "They scream out 'One, two, three, *four!,*' and then rush a neck speed into the *loudest* songs I've ever heard. People we ing out of there with their ears covered. The band wear T-shirts, and leather motorcycle jackets. They're all called I even though it's not anyone's real name and none of them ar ers. All their songs are *under* three minutes. Their entire se about *20 minutes.* They changed my life."

Everything's kind of a joke with us. You can't take things t seriously or it doesn't pay to live. —Joey Ramon

From my notes, May 1977: Paris. There is a strong cult ropean rock fans who are enamored of what they call "t York Underground"—Patti Smith, Lou Reed, Televisi New York Dolls, John Cale, Iggy Pop, the Ramones. But mones aren't about to return the favor on this, their first tou rope. In Zurich their amps broke. In Geneva the customs and telephone company were on strike. It took two days to Marseilles, only to discover that the club didn't have a stag Havre, the musicians got severe electric shocks onst





I WANNA BE SEDATED
The New York Dolls—Arthur Kane Jr., David Johansen, Johnny Thunders, an unidentified friend, and Sylvain Sylvain—in 1973. *Opposite*, Johnny, Tommy, Dee Dee, and Joey Ramone in New York City, 1975.

Rebel Nights

Holland, Johnny Ramone's leather jacket was stolen, and he had to have another one mailed from New York. The contrast was great between the Ramones—four boys from Queens who went to bed early, wanted to watch TV, and bemoaned the lack of lasagna—and their opening act, the art-school rock quartet Talking Heads, who traveled on a bus with the Ramones throughout Europe. "It's like a vacation for me," said Talking Heads lead singer David Byrne. "Everything is so scenic." The Ramones were not enthusiastic. "Nobody talks English," said Johnny Ramone. "It's not like America. I miss home. We can't find lasagna or ravioli, and I miss milk. All the milk here has stuff floating on top of it." Joey Ramone added, "Even the orange juice and the Coca-Cola tastes weird." Dee Dee chimed in, "But I'd like to find an apartment here in a crooked old building."

They all live for publicity. Who's the biggest star? Patti. They can't envy her her money, because they don't see evidence of that, and none of these bands really live very differently than any other. So the only way they can judge that a band is getting big is by publicity.

—Danny Fields, 1976.

Some of the stuff that's written about me, I don't even know what they're talking about. I just like to look at Rock Scene *or* Creem *to see what I had on, or if the pictures are good.* —Patti Smith, 1975.

Rock Scene was an irreverent cult music magazine edited by Richard Robinson, Lenny Kaye, and myself that began in 1973 and documented and celebrated the rise of glam rock and punk in New York City. It was inspired by *Women's Wear Daily*'s "Eye" column and Jerome Zerbe's book of photographs of socialites at El Morocco. Part tabloid, part fanzine, *Rock Scene* was where you could see what happened before or after the show, the social world beyond the stage. "The real secret of *Rock Scene* was not about us sitting around your apartment and coming up with photo captions like 'Lou Reed in a pensive mood' or 'Patti Smith in a rare portrait,'" says Lenny Kaye. "It was about going backstage and bringing them back alive." *Rock Scene* was put together a few nights every other month. We never thought anyone outside the downtown rock world saw it, but it made everyone in that small scene think they were huge stars. There were photo spreads of "David and Cyrinda at Home" and "The Ramones Buy a P.A." Backstage pix of Bowie in his dressing room. An advice column from Wayne County. Cover lines included "Holly Woodlawn—The New Cher??" and "The Stones Have Lunch." Every so often, there would be an attempt at an "editorial meeting" with Danny Fields and Fran Lebowitz, who would suggest headlines. (Some of Lebowitz's were AVERAGE WHITE BAND—I'LL SAY; BRYAN FERRY ILL—IN QUALITY HOSPITAL; and QUEEN: JUST ANOTHER BUNCH OF LIMEY QUEERS.)

"*Rock Scene* was national," says Danny Fields, "but it had a small circulation. Still, it seemed as though everyone who bought it formed a band."

Any group that gets onstage, even in CBGB's, dreams of becoming as big as the Beatles. —Chris Stein, Blondie, 1979.

Television was more bohemian, but deadpan, detached, glamorous. Patti's *Soho News* review/mash note to Tom Verlaine (reprinted in *Rock Scene*), which described him as having "the most beautiful neck in rock 'n' roll" and his guitar as sounding "like a thousand bluebirds screaming," began their romance—which enhanced Television's reputation. So, tripping over each other to get record deals were the Patti Smith Group, Television, Talking Heads, the Ramones, Blondie, and dozens of other bands—Tuff Darts, the Shirts, Mumps, the Dictators, the Dead Boys, Mink De Ville.

The truth was, these bands didn't like each other very much. Blondie's Chris Stein disliked Patti, which may or may not have had something to do with the fact that guitarist Ivan Kral left Blondie to work with the Patti Smith Group. Despite reports to the contrary, Patti was not all that aware of Blondie. There was no compelling male lead singer, no apparent "art" there—it just wasn't her cup of tea. But Debbie Harry and Chris considered themselves intellectuals who had created Debbie's blonde bombshell as an art-rock piece. And Blondie was pissed off at Television for "stealing" bassist Fred Smith. ("Boy, did he make a mistake," Debbie would say later when Blondie had huge hits.) The Ramones were wary of just about everyone. And, except for the Patti Smith Group (and even his enthusiasm for them was probably tempered), Tom Verlaine thought that just about everyone else stunk, and he, in particular, didn't want to be thought of as being part of a scene. He forced Richard Hell out of Television and consistently had intergroup tensions with guitarist Richard Lloyd. Band dissension was not uncommon. "The truth is," said Joey Ramone, "if Johnny [Ramone] and I weren't working together, we probably wouldn't see each other at all."

From my notes, 1976: Patti as stylist: Patti wears a Lion of Judah T-shirt that reads, LOVE RASTAFARI—AND LIVE. A Milwaukee Braves red-and-black zippered jack Bla
Capezio ballet slippers—size 7½. W ly c
ored, striped, Peruvian all-wool sc s. M
roccan scarves. (Keith Richards s on
Patti gave one to Bob Dylan.) Cor vati
black suit jacket and trousers. Bo Marc
button. Mint-green cashmere V-neck swe
er. CULT FIGURE T-shirt. Green kh arm
surplus pants tied at the ankles. B k su
port hose. A man's 100 percent c me
black coat. "I like getting more m y ar
buying more clothes," she says, "t I ne
er can find anything I like. I'm a h. w
know. All that stuff about being be d ge
der, that's great for art, but when com
to presents . . . When I have a lot of one
want a mink jacket. Mink becaus 's st
tus. That's all, a dark mink jacke ots
Rastafarian T-shirts, and 12 pairs o ston
made pants."

From my notes, August 1976: Conf tatio
in CBGB's last night. Television w abo
to go onstage when Lou Reed v ced
with a cassette recorder. "What's doi
with that tape recorder?" mumb To
Verlaine. "Do you think I should k hi
to keep it in the back?" Ask hir r th
cassette, I suggested, or the batteri "He
buddy," Verlaine said to Reed. " natch
doin' with that machine?" Lou lo d u
surprised. "The batteries are run-d n." I
said. "Oh yeah?" responded Verlain "Th
you won't mind if I take it and l it
the back, will ya?" Lou handed a sset
over, then said, "You'd make a lou dete
tive, man. You didn't even notice th wo
tra cassettes in my pocket, heh-heh." erlai
was not amused. "O.K. then, pa et n
have the machine. I'll keep it in the ck f
you." Reed handed over the mach . th
said, "Can you *believe* him?" His s wi
ened in surprise.

From my notes, 1977: Patti as art recti
Patti is at home, lying on her queer ze b
covered with green-and-white check she
and a Moroccan bedspread, surro led
rock magazines, fan mail, a 192 ictu
of Antonin Artaud, a pearl-handle tilet
from Dee Dee Ramone, the compl wor
of Rimbaud, signed works of Will n Bu
roughs, a sacred ritual belt from proc
given to her by Paul Getty III, a l ize
cense burner, Ethiopian baskets f l wi
silk rags, a royal babuka rug, a Sm Cor
na typewriter, a Brian Jones scrap k. I
complete works of the 16th-century pane
warrior Ninja Han, an 8-by-10 gloss f Ri
baud in Paris, a full-color map of niop
six copies of Hendrix's *Electric La and,*
hand-combed hair shirt from Abys a, sc
eral pairs of ballet slippers, 22 cop of h
new album, *Radio Ethiopia,* a tra tor
dio, a lion pipe made from the clay und
the bottom of the Mediterranean . po



JANIE AND JACK

precious little baby things

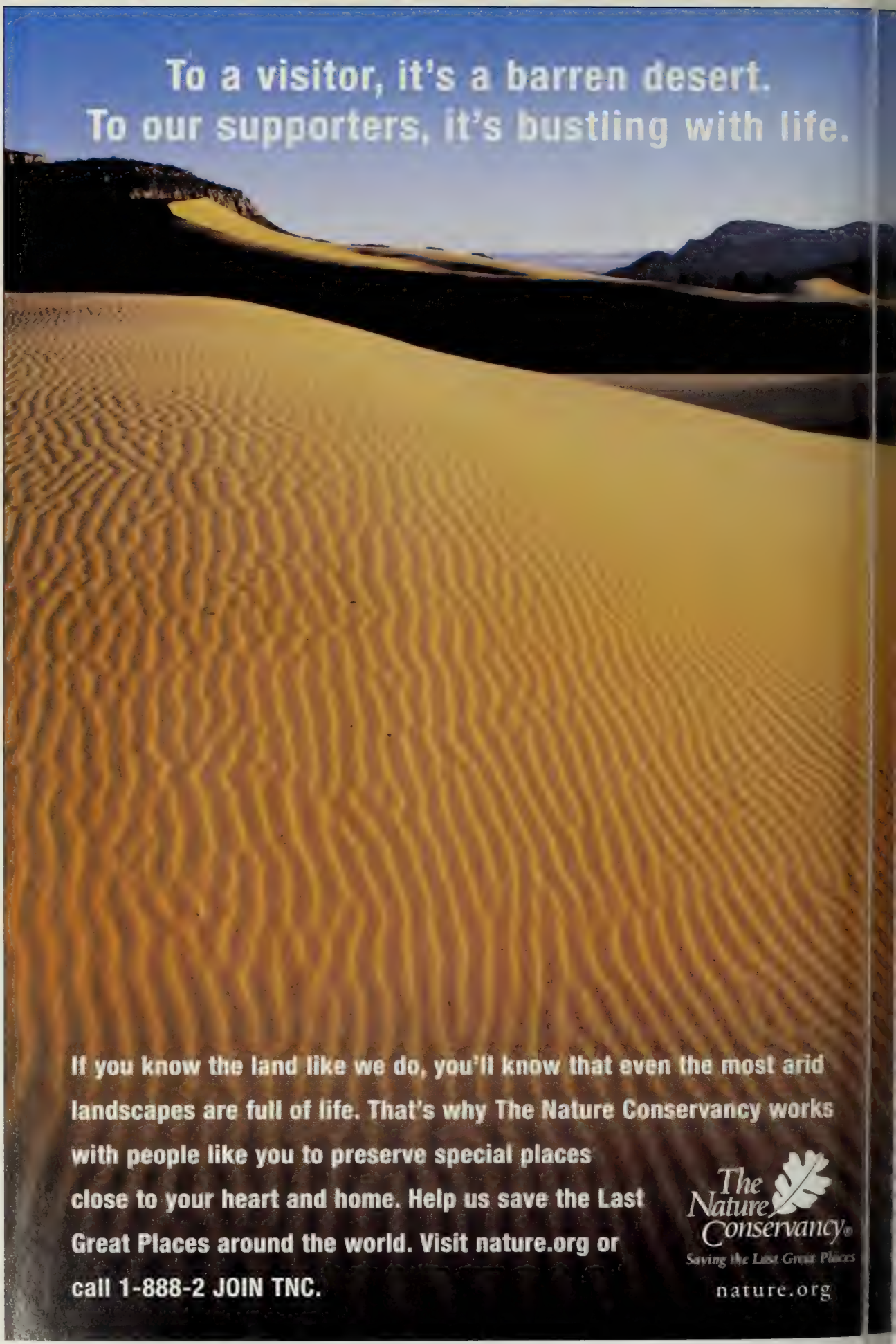
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ith dervishes on them, a cardboard
d to learn guitar chords, a monkey
d with radiant dirt, 30 photos of Jim
n's grave, copies of *Crime* magazine,
edy Ann doll dressed like Patti, old
Stones Hyde Park newspaper head-
harles Lindbergh's autograph (signed,
nts out, on Brian Jones's birthday),
ale-green silk party dress—"Some kid
ve stolen it from his mother; it looks
alenciaga."

y notes, March 1980: Lou and Sylvia
s got married on Valentine's Day
he ceremony was in his apartment
stopher Street, with the reception af-
at One if by Land, Two if by Sea.
e ceremony, I told Lou's father how
nt Lou was to the culture. How his
ould last. Forget the Beatles, Hen-
that time capsule would be "Sweet
nd "Sister Ray," and probably even
lachine Music. Mr. Reed looked at
u know what really makes me hap-
asked. "Guess what Lou and Sylvia
for their wedding present?" I wait-
rm windows," he said.

[McLaren, the Sex Pistols'
r] came over, he had clothes, and he
anging around us during a
rly uncreative period. We wrote this
led "Red Patent Leather"; it was
particularly physical relationship
ople wound up with marks on
real rocker. So Malcolm made all
utiful red vinyl clothes, but
ked like patent leather. But Malcolm
ally our manager, he was
erdasher. *Then he took off with*
equipment, the bum.

—David Johansen, 1978.

Dolls played with reckless abandon
celebratory magic. It was never to-
tured on record, although those who
re can hear it in the band's two al-
hey were despised by the record in-
But in the end it was rampant drug
rgroup tension, and poor business
long with no help from the out-
t destroyed the Dolls. Their influ-
wever, crossed the Atlantic.

om art school and didn't care
k 'n' roll. I cared more
hion and I took up the Sex Pistols
I thought they would help me
of trousers. It really was a
thing for me.

—Malcolm McLaren, 1984.

notes, December 9, 1976: I take the
n London to Manchester to catch
the notorious Sex Pistols "Anarchy
K." tour. The band said "fuck" on
live television, and all hell has broken loose. That gang of hysterical Fleet Street drunks has declared the Pistols the lowest form of humanity. THE FILTH AND THE FURY, screams one headline. The tour—with the Sex Pistols, the Clash, Buzzcocks, and New York's own Heartbreakers—has been banned all over England. Malcolm McLaren tells me that EMI Records has held shareholders' meetings to decide whether or not to drop the band. When someone tells Johnny Rotten that the day's headline is ROTTEN INSULTS QUEEN, he says, "The group? Or Her Royal Majesty?" The Clash performs for 20 minutes, and I will not stop talking about it for the next six months.

Chrissie Hynde and members of the Clash and the Sex Pistols had gone to the Roundhouse in London to see the Patti Smith Group in May of 1976. The Clash and the Sex Pistols saw the Ramones at a sold-out show at the Roundhouse on July 4, 1976, where, according to Danny Fields, Clash bassist Paul Simonon told Johnny Ramone, "We don't think we're good enough to go out and play yet." To which Johnny replied, "Wait until you see us. We stink." Some say what happened was that the Clash ripped off the *Ramones,* the Sex Pistols ripped off the *Dolls.* And despite the bad rap Malcolm McLaren got for ripping off the Dolls when he "formed" the Pistols, and all his talk about how Richard Hell's song "Blank Generation" and torn PLEASE KILL ME T-shirt were his "inspirations," the truth is that the truth is not so simple. Some say Pistols guitarist Steve Jones was in the audience when Iggy played the King's Cross Cinema in 1972. Others say that it was Johnny Rotten who was there. Music journalist Nick Kent says that Steve Jones was the real leader of the Pistols and that the band had nothing to do with McLaren's "crackpot art-college concepts." Certainly there was a rock underground in London with musicians who knew and loved American bands like the Flamin' Groovies, the Stooges, MC5, the Modern Lovers, and the Dolls.

After 1978 the New York rock scene started to fizzle out. The Dolls were over. Bowie was starring on Broadway in *The Elephant Man.* Television broke up. Blondie had a disco hit with "Heart of Glass" and was starting to incorporate rap—which was brand-new—with "Rapture." Lou Reed and producer Richard Robinson were in Germany recording *Street Hassle* and pioneering a novel recording technique that involved Styrofoam heads with microphones stuck in the ears. Patti Smith was already on her third album (*Easter*), which contained her hit—"Because the Night," written with Bruce Springsteen. After it reached the Top 20 (and following *Wave,* her fourth album), she eventually moved to Detroit, married former MC5 guitarist Fred "Sonic" Smith, raised two children, and stayed away for 14 years, until after Fred's death in 1994. The Ramones continued to tour the world.

The Ramones were our own breed of band. When we started, there was us and Donna Summer, "Disco Duck," Boston, Journey . . . faceless, spineless radio rock. Everybody wanted us to disappear. They didn't know how to deal with us, except for the people who found us refreshing, like yourself or Andy Warhol—those outcasts.

—Joey Ramone, 1994.

Epilogue, 2002: Patti Smith still does poetry readings and performs concerts with her band. She is writing a memoir and currently has a show of drawings at the Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh. Lou Reed, who lives in New York City with performance artist Laurie Anderson, is considered rock's poet laureate and has a new album, *The Raven,* out later this year. David Bowie, who lives in New York City with wife Iman, released his 30th album, *Heathen,* to great acclaim last June. He recently was part of Moby's Area2 tour, and he continues to paint, write, record, and perform. Cyrinda Foxe-Tyler died in New York City of brain cancer last month. Iggy Pop is currently living in Miami and continues to record and perform. David Johansen leads an authentic folk-blues band, the Harry Smiths. Joey Ramone died of lymphoma on Easter Sunday 2001, and Dee Dee Ramone died this past year of a drug overdose, three months after the Ramones' induction into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame—where Dee Dee thanked himself. Johnny Ramone, who at the induction asked God to bless President George W. Bush and America, lives in Los Angeles and has produced a Ramones tribute album. Former Clash lead singer Joe Strummer performs with his band the Mescaleros and so far has resisted attempts to reunite the Clash, whose "London Calling" is now featured in a Jaguar TV ad. Debbie Harry and Chris Stein successfully reunited Blondie in 1999. Blondie's 1979 song "One Way or Another" now helps sell Mazdas. John Lydon, who is consulting on a movie based on his autobiography, appeared most recently at an anti-jubilee show in London with a reunited Sex Pistols. Max's Kansas City is now a delicatessen. CBGB's is still open for business at 315 Bowery. Copies of *Rock Scene* can occasionally be found in magazine-memorabilia shops for upward of $50 each. And, after more than two decades of making solo records, Tom Verlaine put Television together this past year for a series of rare shows. They still sound ahead of their time. □

CREDITS

FASHION

Cover: Gwen Stefani's Christian Dior top from Dior boutiques nationwide; **Ligia Morris for Primal Stuff** pants from Primal Stuff, N.Y.C.; for **Sula** scarf, call 212-366-1630; for **Zaldy** Swarovski-crystal garter, available by special order, E-mail zaldynyc@aol.com; **Giuseppe Zanotti Design** boots from Giuseppe Zanotti Design, N.Y.C.; Christian Dior bracelet and ring (right hand, middle finger) from Dior boutiques nationwide; **Fred Leighton** rings (right hand, index and ring fingers; left hand, index finger) from Fred Leighton, N.Y.C.; **Ileana Makri** ring (left hand, middle finger) from Borealis, N.Y.C., and Barneys New York, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; **Terry Rodgers & Melody** necklace from Terry Rodgers & Melody, N.Y.C. **Jennifer Lopez's Atelier Versace** clothing from selected Versace boutiques worldwide, or go to www.versace.com, or call 888-3-VERSACE; Fred Leighton ring from Fred Leighton, N.Y.C. **Jacob & Co.** earrings from Jacob & Co., N.Y.C.; Andrea Lieberman for the Margaret Maldonado Agency (Stefani and Lopez). **Sheryl Crow's Dolce & Gabbana** vest from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques, N.Y.C., Beverly Hills, and Bal Harbour, Fla.; **Agatha Blois of New York City Custom Leather** pants from Maxfield, L.A.; **Araik** belt from Araik, L.A.; **Maryvonne & Gérard** necklace from Kate, Santa Barbara; Linda Medvene for Art Mix (the Agency). **Alicia Keys's Versace** shirtdress, belt, and choker from Versace boutiques worldwide, or go to www.versace.com, or call 888-3-VERSACE; **Lost Art** coat from Barneys New York, N.Y.C., or go to www.lostart.com; **Eren Kobrinsky at Apropo** bustier from Jimmy's, N.Y.C.; **Miss Sixty** jeans from Miss Sixty, N.Y.C.; Patti Wilson for CXA. **Norah Jones's Alexander McQueen** top from Alexander McQueen, N.Y.C.; **Talula Babaton** pants from Aritzia, Toronto, or call 416-977-9919; **Bess** earrings from Bess, N.Y.C. **Eve's Michael Kors** vest from Michael Kors, N.Y.C.; Michael Kors gaiters from the Fur Salon at Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; **DKNY Jeans Juniors** shorts from selected Macy's and Bloomingdale's stores; for **Bulgari** bracelet and ring, call 800-BULGARI; for **Noir** earrings and necklace, available by special order, call 212-244-4846; Alexander Allen for Transformers/Mel Bryant. **Nelly Furtado's Sta?** top from Planet Blue, Malibu; for **Diesel** jeans, go to www.diesel.com, or call 877-433-4373; to order **M&J Savitt** necklace, call 800-3-SAVITT; **Tanya Creations for House of Field** earrings from Patricia Field, N.Y.C., and Henri Bendel, N.Y.C. **Shirley Manson's Cigana** dress from Cigana/Mandy Black, N.Y.C.; **Donna Karan New York** leggings from Donna Karan New York, N.Y.C.; for **Chippewa** boots, go to www.chippewaboots.com, or call 800-362-3049; **David Yurman** ring from David Yurman, N.Y.C., or call 877-226-1400. **Barry White's Brioni** tie and pocket square from Brioni and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **Fendi** sunglasses from Fendi boutiques nationwide, or call 800-FENDI-NY. For **Debbie Harry's Michael Schmidt for Swarovski** dress, call 323-610-5775; **Manolo Blahnik** shoes from Manolo Blahnik, N.Y.C. Kim Meehan for Walter Schupfer Management.



Page 34: Sheryl Crow's **Tauro** bracelet from Kate, Santa Barbara.

Page 114: Sarah Czeladnicki and Michael Hogan styled by Christine Hahn.

Page 147: Eddie Schachnow for Factory Artists.

Page 158: Sherie René Scott styled by Edward Jowdy; for sweater by **Tommy Hilfiger,** call 888-TOMMY-4U; skirt by **Betsey Johnson,** from selected Betsey Johnson stores; underwear by **Victoria's Secret,** from Victoria's Secret stores nationwide; shoes by **Nike,** from Niketown stores nationwide, or go to www.niketown.com.

Page 162: Eddie Ruscha and **Tatiana von Furstenberg** styled by Eddie Schachnow for Factory Artists; **Royal Orange** styled by Janine Israel for Celestineagency.com; all clothing from Jet Rag, L.A.

Page 164: Nappy Roots styled by Dawn Boonyachlito for the Margaret Maldonado Agency. **Ron Clutch's** T-shirt from Selecta, L.A.; shoes by **New Balance,** from Sportie L.A., L.A. **B. Stille's** tank top from Supply Sargent, Santa Monica; jersey by **Hardwood Classic,** from Scorecard, L.A.; pants by **Avirex,** from Avirex, L.A.; for shoes by **Nike,** go to www.niketown.com. **R. Prophet's** T-shirt by **Pro Club,** from Bell Sales Co., L.A.; sweat suit by **Adidas,** from Adidas, Santa Monica; hat by **Kangol,** from Sportie L.A., L.A., or go to www.kangol.com, or call 800-431-1802. **Skinny DeVille's** T-shirt by Pro Club, from Bell Sales Co., L.A.; jeans by **Phat Farm,** from Phat Farm, N.Y.C.; sunglasses by **Yves Saint Laurent,** from Jill Kohl, Santa Monica. **Big V's** tank top from Supply Sargent, Santa Monica; pants by **Dickies,** from Army Surplus, L.A.; sunglasses by Yves Saint Laurent, from Jill Kohl, Santa Monica. For **Scales's** T-shirt, hoodie, and shoes by **Reebok,** call 800-REEBOK-1; pants by **Proper,** from Bell Sales Co., L.A.; headband from Selecta, L.A.

Page 170: The Donnas styled by Janine Israel for Celestineagency.com; Donna C.'s bracelet from Luxe de Ville, L.A.; Donna R.'s dress from Jet Rag, L.A.; Donna A.'s halter top from Madison, L.A.

Page 200: Deborah Waknin for Art Mix (the Agency).

Page 293: Tift Merritt's Juicy Couture T-shirt from Lisa Kline, L.A.; **7 for All Mankind** jeans from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.

Pages 310–11: Kim Meehan for Walter Schupfer Management.



Pages 314–15: Enrique Iglesias's Polo by Ralph Lauren shirt from selected Polo Ralph Lauren stores; **Diesel** jeans from Diesel stores nationwide, or go to www.diesel.com, or call 877-433-4373; Kim Meehan for Walter Schupfer Management.



Page 321: For **Sting's Prada** T-shirt, call 888-977-1900; **Tom Ford for Gucci** kimono from selected Gucci stores; for **Bulgari** watch, call 800-BULGARI.

Pages 322–23: For **James Taylor's Banana Republic** cap and shorts, call 888-BRSTYLE; Kim Meehan for Walter Schupfer Management.

Page 324: Ricky Vider Rivers for Walter Schupfer Management.



Pages 328–29: Kylie Minogue's Tom Ford for Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche two-piece swimsuit and tank top from the Yves Saint Laurent Rive Gauche boutique, N.Y.C.; **Tom Ford for Gucci** long-sleeved top from selected Gucci stores, or call 800-234-8224; Sara [illegible] for Vernon Jolly.

Page 330: For **Dan Zanes's Levi's** jea[illegible] 800-USA-LEVI, or go to www.levi.com; f[illegible] **Brothers** jacket, call 800-274-1815, or go www.brooksbrothers.com; for **Clarks** sho[illegible] www.clarksusa.com. **Dar Williams's Mar[illegible]** dress from Marc Jacobs, N.Y.C. and San[illegible] **Beth Orton's Chloé** tunic from the Chlo[illegible] N.Y.C.; **Marc by Marc Jacobs** boots fro[illegible] Jacobs, N.Y.C. Ricky Vider Rivers for Walt[illegible] Management.

Page 331: Joan Baez's Brioni shirt by sp[illegible] from Brioni and Neiman Marcus stores nc[illegible] call 888-778-8775; **Jil Sander** skirt from [illegible] Dresner, N.Y.C.; Sarajane Hoare for Verno[illegible]

Page 333: Fred Schneider's suit by **M[illegible] Lochard,** from Fumi, N.Y.C.; shirt by **Ton[illegible] Gucci,** from selected Gucci boutiques; vi[illegible] by **Spaceman for Fred-O,** from Lobel[illegible] N.Y.C. **Keith Strickland's** suit by **Global.[illegible] Wilson's** tunic and pants by Marguerite [illegible] from Fumi, N.Y.C.; vintage boots by **Dol[illegible] Gabbana,** from Montana Rader, N.Y.C.; **Ne From for Fred-O,** from Lobel Moa[illegible] **Kate Pierson's** shirt and pants by Marg[illegible] Lochard, from Fumi, N.Y.C.; vintage shoe[illegible] **Dolce & Gabbana,** from Montana Rac[illegible] ring by **Paul Miller for Fred-O,** from L[illegible] Modern, N.Y.C.; necklace by Ne From fo[illegible] from Lobel Modern, N.Y.C.

Pages 334–35: Kim Meehan for Walt[illegible] Management.

Page 337: For **Paul Simon's Levi's** jea[illegible] www.levi.com, or call 800-USA-LEVI; Ki[illegible] for Walter Schupfer Management.

Pages 338–39: Additional styling by L[illegible] for CMI; Kim Meehan for Walter Schupf[illegible] Management.

Pages 340–41: Kim Meehan for Walt[illegible] Management.

Pages 346–47: Mavis Staples's Adrier[illegible] wrap from Neiman Marcus, Saks Fifth Ave[illegible] Bergdorf Goodman stores nationwide; fo[illegible] **Staples's Ellen Tracy** shirt, call 800-925-[illegible] to www.ellentracy.com. Kim Meehan for [illegible] Schupfer Management.

Page 350: Salvatore Licitra's Anna A[illegible] costume for the *Aïda* production directe[illegible] Franco Zeffirelli.

Page 351: Dave's Lacoste shirt from L[illegible] boutiques nationwide; **Pos's PNB Natio[illegible]** from Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C. and L.A., or [illegible] www.pnbnation.com; **Maseo's Ecko** shir[illegible] Macy's stores nationwide. Ricky Vider Riv[illegible] Walter Schupfer Management.

Pages 352–53: Mitsuko Uchida's Ple[illegible] Issey Miyake top and pants from Pleats [illegible] Issey Miyake, N.Y.C.

Page 354: Kim Meehan for Walter Sc[illegible] Management.



Page 355: Ashanti's Dolce & Gabbana tank top and bra from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques, N.Y.C., Beverly Hills, and Bal Harbour, Fla.; for **Chanel** hot pants, call 800-550-0005; for **Whistles** scarf, call Showroom Seven, 212-643-4810; **Miu M[illegible]** from selected Barneys New York stores; [illegible] for CXA.

Pages 356–57: Olu Dara's Prada sh[illegible]

Prada boutiques, or call 888-977-1900 **an John** tracksuit from selected Macy's and gdale's stores, or go to www.seanjohn.com; watch, call 800-36-ROLEX. Kim Meehan er Schupfer Management.



Pages 358–59: Kim Meehan for Walter Schupfer Management.

Pages 362–64: For **Rosey's** jeans and jacket by **Joe's** o to www.joesjeans.com. **Tweet's** pants with **dy Worship,** from Body Worship, N.Y.C.; op by **Hanes,** go to www.hanes.com, or call 4-4348. **Claudette Ortiz's** additional styling nder Allen for Transformers/Mel Bryant; by **D&G,** from D&G, N.Y.C., L.A., and ills; jeans by **Ferre Jeans,** from Ferre utique, Bal Harbour, Fla.; boots by **n Louboutin,** from Christian Louboutin, d L.A.; necklace by **Chanel,** from Chanel s nationwide. **Vanessa Carlton's** shirt by **Sitbon,** from Henri Bendel, N.Y.C.; jeans **All Mankind,** from Barneys New York, arrings by **Becky Kelso at Fragments,** gments, N.Y.C., or call RAGMENTS. For **Michelle Branch's** tank anes, go to www.hanes.com, or call 4-4348; for pants by **Diesel,** go to el.com, or call 877-433-4373. For **Andrew** ans by **Levi's,** go to www.levi.com, or call A-LEVI; for T-shirt by Hanes, go to es.com, or call 800-994-4348. **Craig** additional styling by Nonja McKenzie for hirt by **Giorgio Armani,** from Giorgio outiques nationwide; for jacket by **Adidas,** w.adidas.com; jeans and hat by **Dolce &** a, from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques, d Beverly Hills. For **Musiq's** jeans by Levi's, w.levi.com, or call 800-USA-LEVI; s by **Prada,** from selected Prada s, or call 888-977-1900. **Lamya's** additional Patti Wilson for CXA; for customized oys T-shirt by **Slava,** available by special 917-617-2237; pants by **Trash and le,** from Trash and Vaudeville, N.Y.C.; bra ria's Secret, from Victoria's Secret stores le; jewelry by **Lois Hill,** from Nordstrom nwide and selected Marshall Fields n Meehan for Walter Schupfer ment

Y AND GROOMING



Gwen Stefani's hair styled with **Physique** Freeze Hair Spray and Keep It Straight m drugstores nationwide; Danilo for Hair **Jennifer Lopez's** hair styled with **L'Oréal** ne Mega Mousse and Mighty Mist Mega ribe for Oribe Salon/L'Oréal. Makeup by L'Oréal, from drugstores nationwide; ce, Translucide Luminous Foundation in eige and Loose Powder in Warm Light; on her cheeks, Gel Blush in Petal Glow; on her eyes, Wear Infinité Quads Eyeshadows in Blue Eye, Lash Intensifique Mascara in Black Brown, and Pencil Perfect in Ebony; on her lips, Hydra Soft Lipcolor in Flamingo Bay; Scott Barnes for Contact. **Sheryl Crow's** hair styled with **Bumble and Bumble** Classic Hair Spray, from selected salons; for more information, call 800-7-BUMBLE; Peter Butler for Artists by Timothy Priano. Makeup products by **Estée Lauder,** from department stores nationwide, and by **MAC,** from MAC locations nationwide, or go to www.maccosmetics.com; on her face, Estée Lauder Instant Sun Bronzer; on her eyes, Estée Lauder Pure Color Eyeshadows in Champagne Bubble and Copper Penny, Illusionist Maximum Curling Mascara in Black, and Automatic Brow Pencil Duo in Soft Brown; on her cheeks, MAC Blush in Pink Glow; on her lips, MAC Sheer Lipstick in Sheer Plum; Kristofer Buckle for Artists by Timothy Priano. **Alicia Keys's** makeup products by **Nars,** from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; on her face, Oil Free Foundation in Santa Fe; on her eyes, Single Eye Shadow in Ashes to Ashes and Ondine with Liquid Liner in Silkwood, and Mascara in Black Orchid Waterproof; on her cheeks, the Multiple in Mauritius; on her lips, Lipstick in Viva Las Vegas and Lip Gloss in Triplex. Nikki Tucker for Hair by Nikki; Ayako for See Management/Nars Cosmetics. **Norah Jones's** hair styled with **Redken** Spin Control and Curl Boost, from drugstores nationwide; Dennis Devoy for the Wall Group/Hiro Haraguchi Salon. Makeup by Denise Markey; makeup products by **Maybelline,** from drugstores nationwide, and by **Club Monaco Cosmetics,** from Club Monaco stores nationwide, or call 800-513-0707; on her face, Club Monaco Loose Powder in Enhancer No. 2; on her eyes, Club Monaco Eyeshadow in Espresso with Eye Grease in Gild and Maybelline Great Lash Mascara in Black with Expert Eyes Soft Lining Pencil in Brownish Black; on her cheeks, Club Monaco Cheek Dew Blush in Flush; on her lips, Maybelline Lip Polish in Plum Shine. **Eve's** hair styled by Suzette Boozer. Makeup products by MAC and Nars; on her face, MAC Studio Tech Foundation in NC45 and Nars Body Glow; on her eyes, MAC Paints in Magrittes with Mascara X in Black; on her cheeks, MAC Sheertone Blush in Peaches; on her lips, MAC Lustre Lipstick in Spice It Up! with Lipglass; J.J. for Bradley Curry. **Nelly Furtado's** hair styled with **Kiehl's** Creme de la Creme Groom Repairateur with Silk, from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, or go to www.kiehls.com, or call 800-KIEHLS-1. Makeup products by MAC, from MAC locations nationwide, or go to www.maccosmetics.com, and by **Max Factor,** from drugstores nationwide; on her face, MAC Studio Tech Foundation in NC 20; on her eyes, MAC Frost Eyeshadow in Hush with Max Factor 2000 Calorie Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, MAC Sheertone Blush in Gingerly; on her lips, MAC Lipglass Stain in Infrared Wood; Colleen Creighton for Kramer & Kramer/Stephen Knoll Salon. **Shirley Manson's** hair styled with **Aveda** Control Paste, from Aveda retail and spa locations nationwide; for more information, go to www.aveda.com, or call 800-AVEDA-24; Renato Campora for the Wall Group. Makeup products by MAC, from MAC locations nationwide, or go to www.maccosmetics.com; on her face, Hyper Real Foundation in Violet FX with Sheer Shimmer Powder in Norwegian Wood; on her eyes, Satin Eyeshadow in Soba; on her cheeks, Sheertone Blush in Blushbaby; on her lips, Tinted Lipglass in Pink Lemonade; Gina Monaci for MAC Cosmetics. **Debbie Harry's** hair styled with Physique Volume Mousse and Frizz Creme, from drugstores nationwide; Danilo for Hair U Wear. Makeup products by **Vincent Longo,** from Sephora stores nationwide, or go to www.sephora.com; on her face, Cream Concealer in Light, Liquid Canvas Healthy Fluid Foundation in Light Beige, and Loose Face Powder in Golden Banana; on her eyes, Eyeshadow Trio in Harem, Mascara in Black, and Eyeliner Pencils in Smoke and Black; on her lips, Frost Formula Lipstick in Empire; Vincent Longo for Vincent Longo.

Page 106: Aimée Bell's hair by Paul Bartoloni; makeup by Maribeth Madron for Laura Mercier.

Page 114: Sarah Czeladnicki's hair by Nicole De Santis for Mario Nico; Michael Hogan's hair by Paul Menoscal for Mario Nico. Czeladnicki's makeup by Berta Camal for Jed Root; Hogan's grooming by Louis Braun.

Page 147: Tatiana von Furstenberg's, Andrew Bradfield's, and **Bryan Bullett's** hair styled with **Kusco-Murphy** Lavender Hair Cream. On von Furstenberg's face, **MAC** Face and Body in N1. On Bradfield's face, MAC Face and Body in C4; on his lips, **Blistex** Herbal Answer. On Bullett's face, MAC Face and Body in N2; on his lips, Blistex Herbal Answer. MAC products from Sephora stores nationwide, or go to www.maccosmetics.com; Blistex products from drugstores nationwide; Tracy Moyer for Celestineagency.com.

Page 158: Sherie René Scott's hair by John Barrett for John Barrett Salon. Makeup by Miriam Azoulay, using **Chanel** products from fine department stores nationwide, or go to www.gloss.com; on her face, Multi-Vitamin Natural Makeup S.P.F. 15 in Beige and Sheer Brilliance in Rosée; on her eyes, Shadowlights in Nova; on her cheeks, Sun Illuminator.

Page 162: For Tatiana von Furstenberg's hair and makeup details, see credits for page 147. **Eddie Ruscha's** grooming by Tracy Moyer for Celestineagency.com; hair styled with **Kusco-Murphy** Lavender Hair Cream. On his face, **MAC** Face and Body in N1, from www.maccosmetics.com; on his lips, **Blistex** Herbal Answer, from drugstores nationwide. **Royal Orange's** grooming by Diana Schmidtke for Celestineagency.com/Aquage

Page 164: Nappy Roots' grooming by Joe J Simon for Artists by Timothy Priano/Nars

Page 170: Center: **MAC** Snowgirl from www.maccosmetics.com, or call 800-387-6707; **Bobbi Brown** products from Neiman Marcus, Nordstrom, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, or go to www.bobbibrown.com; **Cerruti 1881 Amber** from Sephora stores nationwide, or go to www.sephora.com. Bottom: **Donna C.'s, Donna F.'s, Donna R.'s,** and **Donna A.'s** hair by Laini Reeves for Celestineagency.com/Lazartigue; makeup by Ulli Schober for Celestineagency.com/Nars, using **Shu Uemura** and **Nars** products, both available at Sephora stores nationwide, or go to www.sephora.com. On Donna C.'s face, Nars Balanced Foundation in Fiji; on her eyes, Shu Uemura Pressed Eyeshadow in Purple IR 708 with Mascara Basic in Basic Black 01; on her cheeks, Nars Blush in Mata Hari; on her lips, Nars Lipstick in Scarlet Empress. On Donna F.'s face, Nars Balanced Foundation in Deauville; on her eyes, Shu Uemura Glow On in Brown P 77 and Shu Uemura Mascara Basic in Basic Black 01; on her cheeks, Shu Uemura Glow On in Amber M 85; on her lips, Nars Lipstick in Jungle Red. On Donna R.'s face, Nars Balanced Foundation in

Barcelona; on her eyes, Shu Uemura Pressed Eyeshadow in Pink M 103 with Mascara Basic in Basic Black 01; on her cheeks, Nars Blush in Passion; on her lips, Nars Lipstick in Jungle Red. On Donna A.'s face, Nars Balanced Foundation in Barcelona; on her eyes, Shu Uemura Pressed Eyeshadow in Beige IR 803 and Brown P 873 with Mascara Basic in Basic Black 01; on her cheeks, Nars Blush in Amour; on her lips, Nars Lipstick in Casablanca. **MAC** Studio Fix Powder from www.maccosmetics.com, or call 800-387-6707; **Stila** Face Powder from Sephora stores nationwide, or go to www.sephora.com; **Cover Girl** Outlast, **L'Oréal** Voluminous, **Maybelline** Great Lash, **Max Factor** Lipfinity, **Neutrogena** Foaming Cleanser, Redken Shampoos and Vidal Sassoon Shampoos from drugstores nationwide.

Page 200: Cathy Highland for Cloutieragency.com; Frankie Payne for Luxe.

Pages 202–10: Elvis Costello's hair styled with **Clinique** Light Control Gel. On his face, Clinique Moisture In-Control Oil-Free Lotion and Gentle Light Pressed Powder in Gentle Glow 3. Clinique products from selected department stores, or go to www.clinique.com. Assumpta Clohessy for Susan Price, Inc.


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Page 293: Tift Merritt's hair styled with **John Frieda** Sheer Blonde Crystal Clear, from drugstores nationwide. Makeup by **Stila,** from Sephora stores nationwide, or go to www.sephora.com; on her face, Illuminating Powder Foundation in 10 Watts; on her eyes, Eye Shadow in Eden and Fog with Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Cheek Color in Tutu; on her lips, Lip Color in Nicole with Lip Gloss in Melon Shine. Corey Morris for the Wall Group/John Frieda Salon; Berta Camal for Jed Root.

Pages 312–13: Deborah Voigt's hair styled with **L'Oréal** Studio FX Fresh Styling Water and Studio FX Toss Lotion, from drugstores nationwide. Makeup products by Lancôme, from fine department stores nationwide; on her face, **Lancôme** Matte Finish Powder in Pâle Beige; on her eyes, Ombre Couture EyeColour in Café Couture and Flextencils Mascara in Brown; on her cheeks, Blush Subtil in Cedar Rose; on her lips, Lip Dimension in Rose Fashion.

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Pages 314–15: Enrique Iglesias's hair styled with **Frédéric Fekkai for Men** Grooming Clay, from Frédéric Fekkai salons, N.Y.C., or call 888-FFEKKAI. **Lisa Marie Scott's** and **Lindy's** hair styled with **Kiehl's** Gloss Conditioner and Styling Oil for the Hair, from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, or go to www.kiehls.com, or call 800-KIEHLS-1. On their faces, **Chanel** Sheer Illuminator; on their eyes, Precision Eye Definer in Black and Drama Lash Mascara in Onyx; on their lips, Glossimer Lip Glass in Soda; Chanel products from www.gloss.com.

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Pages 316–17: Keith Richards's, Ron Wood's, Mick Jagger's, and **Charlie Watts's** hair styled with **Bumble and Bumble** Tonic, Grooming Creme, and Styling Lotion, from selected salons; for more information, call 800-7-BUMBLE, or go to www.bumbleandbumble.com.

Pages 318–19: Dolly Parton's makeup products by **Revlon,** from drugstores nationwide; on her face, Age Defying All Day Lifting Foundation in Natural Tan with Age Defying Pressed Loose Powder in Translucent Light; on her eyes, Wet/Dry Shadows-Quads in Silver Lining, Colorstay Eyeliner in Black/Brown, and Extra Thick Lashes Mascara in Black/Brown; on her cheeks, New Complexion Blushing Cheek Powder in Bare; on her lips, Liquid Lip in Punch.

Page 320: Enya's hair styled with **Philip Kingsley** Smoother and Styler, from www.philipkingsley.co.uk. On her face, **Bobbi Brown** Face Powder in Pale Yellow and Sunny Beige; on her eyes, Bobbi Brown Eye Shadow in Charcoal; on her lips, Bobbi Brown Creamy Lip Liner in Rose; Bobbi Brown products from Nordstrom, Bloomingdale's, Neiman Marcus, Saks Fifth Avenue, and Barneys New York stores nationwide, or go to www.bobbibrown.com. Aran Guest for Terri Manduca.

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Pages 322–23: James Taylor's grooming by Catherine Furniss for Arthousemanagement.com.

Page 324: Vaughn Acord for Bumble and Bumble.

Page 325: Nikki Paton for Independentny.com.

Pages 328–29: Kylie Minogue's hair and makeup products by **L'Oréal,** from drugstores nationwide. Hair styled with FX Toss Lotion. On her face, Translucide Lasting Luminous Makeup in Nude Beige; on her eyes, Wear Infinité Eye Shadow Duos in Sand Painting with Wear Infinité Eyeliner in Brown Suede and Voluminous Mascara in Blackest Black; on her cheeks, Cheek-to-Cheek Sculpting Blush Duet in Desert Rose; on her lips, Shine Delice Sheer Shimmering Lipcolour in Copper Canyon. Ray Allington for Magnet/Hair for Real Hair; Paul Starr for Magnet.

Page 330: Dan Zanes's, David Johansen's, Dar Williams's, and **Beth Orton's** hair styled with **Redken** Water Wax and Traction, from drugstores nationwide. On Williams's face, **MAC** Foundation in NW20; on her eyes, **Stila** Eye Rouge in Salsa with Stila Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Stila Cheek Color in Tint; on her lips, MAC Lipstick in Lovelorn. On Orton's face, MAC Foundation in W15; on her eyes, Stila Eye Shadow Trio in Bohemian Sage, MAC Liquid Liner in Boot Black, and Stila Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Stila Cheek Color in Belle; on her lips, MAC Lipstick in Polished Up with Clear Lipglass. MAC products from MAC stores nationwide, or go to www.maccosmetics.com, or call 800-387-6707; Stila products from www.stilacosmetics.com. Gavin for Jed Root; Assumpta Clohessy for Susan Price, Inc.

Page 331: Joan Baez's hair styled with **Privé** Pomade Mousse and Shine Serum, from Privé Salons, N.Y.C. and L.A. Makeup products by **Calvin Klein Cosmetics,** from selected Sephora, Nordstrom, and Marshall Field's stores, or go to www.sephora.com, or call 800-715-4023; on her face, Light Coverage Foundation in Cream; on her eyes, Eye Shadow in Espresso with Mascara in Black; on her lips, Lip Color Wash in Berry. Frankie Payne for Luxe; Paul Starr for Magnet.

Page 332: The Hives' hair styled with **Aveda** Brilliant Emollient Finishing Gloss and Control Paste. On their faces, Aveda Tourmaline Charged Protecting Lotion S.P.F. 15. Aveda products available at Aveda retail and spa locations nationwide, or go to www.aveda.com, or call 800-AVEDA-24. Helene Macaulay for Artists by Timothy Priano.

Page 333: Fred Schneider's, Keith Stri and **Cindy Wilson's,** and **Kate Pierson's** hair with **Paul Mitchell** Modern Elixirs Frizz Co Modern Elixirs Firm Finishing Spray, and S Clean Sculpting Gel; for more informatio www.paulmitchell.com. Makeup products l available at MAC stores nationwide, or g www.maccosmetics.com, or call 800-387- On Wilson's face, MAC Full Coverage Fo in NC15; on her eyes, Pigment in Blue, Pin and Fuchsia; on her cheeks, Satin Powder Fleur Power; on her lips, Lip Pencil in Little Cream Lipstick in Pink Nouveau, and Cleo On Pierson's face, Full Coverage Founda NC15; on her eyes, Eyeshadow in Cremé Colleen Creighton for Kramer & Kramer/ Knoll Salon.

Pages 334–35: Cassandra Wilson's n products by **3 Custom Color Specialists** Henri Bendel, N.Y.C., or go to www.threecu on her face, Crème Concealer in No. 10, eyes, InStyle Trio, EyeLiner Pencil in Khaki C Black Mascara; on her cheeks, Crème to Blush in Mauve Blush; on her lips, Lipstick Plum; Donyale McRae for 3C Custom Co

Page 351: Lenny the Barber for the Kutt Helene Macaulay for Artists by Timothy Pr

Page 354: William Marshall for Ken Bar Associates.

Page 355: Ashanti's makeup products by **Dior,** from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nation or go to www.sephora.com; on her face, in Bronze; on her eyes, 5-Colour Eyeshac in Street Sweet No. 620, Liquid Eyeliner in and Mascara Parfait in Black Onyx; on h Loose Powder Blush in Rose No. 745; on h lips, Rouge Dior Addict Colorplay Lipstick Darkroom Brown No. 517. Renato Campo Wall Group; Paul Starr for Magnet/Christ

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Pages 362–64: Rosey's, Stephen Richo John Mayer's hair by Sally Hershberger f Wall Group/John Frieda Salon. **Tweet's** h Dominique Evans. **Claudette Ortiz's** hair **Paul Mitchell** Straight Works and Volumizir go to www.paulmitchell.com; D'Andre Mich Deborah Martin Agency. **Vanessa Carlton** styled with **Clinique** Healthy Shine Serum Natural Hold Soft-Finish Hairspray from C counters nationwide, or go to www.cliniqu Ted Gibson for Art House/Bandostick.com **Branch's** hair styled with **Bumble and Bu** Surf Spray, Defrizz, and Grooming Creme selected salons; for more information, go www.bumbleandbumble.com, or call 800- Rheanne White for Art Mix (the Agency). **David's** hair by Elise Lissimore. **Lamya's** h Renato Campora for the Wall Group. **Mu** grooming by Michael Woodhouse. Rosey's products by **MAC,** from MAC stores nati or go to www.maccosmetics.com; on her Studio Tech Foundation in NC15 with Studi Face Powder in NC15; on her eyes, Paints Shimma and Magrittes with Snowgirl Pro I Mascara in Coal Black; on her cheeks, S

sh in Bikini Blush; on her lips, Lipglass Stain Peach. Rosey's makeup and Richards's r s grooming by Fiona Horne for the p. Tweet's makeup products by **Versace,** ys New York stores nationwide; on her adow Duo in No. 2020 with Perfect No. 2000; on her lips, Lipstick in No. gha Isis for Zfaceinc. Ortiz's makeup **MAC** and **Nars** cosmetics; on her Body Glow; on her face, Studio Tech in NC45 with Bronzing Powder in n her eyes, Small Satin Eye Shadow in Aria, Eye Pencil in Ebony, and Mascara/ Black; on her cheeks, Sheertone ngerly; on her lips, Tinted Lipglass in rs products from Sephora stores or go to www.sephora.com; J.J. for rry. Carlton's makeup products by **Shu** rom Sephora stores nationwide, or go to a.com; on her face, Face Powder in nd Luminizer in Pearl; on her eyes, eshadow in Beige M 802, Silver P 940, IR 708 with Liquid Eyeliner in Black ra Basic in Basic Black 01; on her lips, Disco Smoke; Berta Camal for Jed h's makeup products by **Chanel,** from tment stores, or go to www.gloss.com; e, Pearl Face Effects, Multi-Vitamin keup in Intensity 2.5, and Matte owder in Intensity 7; on her eyes, ts in Chocolate and Nude with Super hening Mascara in Noir; on her lips, stick in Golden Rose; Nick Barose for Art gency). David's grooming by Nzingha inc. Lamya's makeup products by **rmani Cosmetics** from Giorgio Armani N.Y.C. and Las Vegas, and from s Fifth Avenue stores; on her eyes, No. 12 and Soft Lash Mascara in Black; Sheer Lipstick in No. 11; Justin Henry Giorgio Armani Cosmetics. Deborah for Lippmanncollection.com/JGK.

GRAPHS AND MISCELLANY

duction of cover and all Annie Leibovitz o shoots by Karen Mulligan, Nicole d Megan Steinman. Bentley Arnage T y Motors, Inc. Bradley Garlock for Judy

Left, from Globe Photos; right, from

By Swee Phuah/Retna (November 1), Cauley/Capital Pictures/Retna (5), from Collection (6), by David Klein/Getty Eric Gaillard/Reuters (10), Mitchell rbis (12), Vince Bucci/Getty Images (15, s Alvarez/Getty Images (15, right), Fred ters (21), Ryan McVay/PhotoDisc/ t (25, left), from Image Ideas, Inc./ t (25, right), by Lynn Goldsmith/Corbis Corbis Images/PictureQuest (28), from national/Pictor International Ltd./ t (curtain), courtesy of the Shine ndon (Charles Jourdan shoes). From top: from Columbia Pictures, Scalfani/Photonica, from Quinta ations S.A., from Twentieth Century Fox. Airplane illustration from Dover Books By Edward Holub/Corbis (eye). Both from the Frank Driggs Collection. From Globe Photos

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Page 186: From the Lake County (Illinois) Discovery Museum, Curt Teich Postcard Archives.
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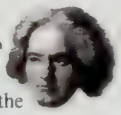
Michael Lutin advises Scorpios to have no more quickies



Bjork

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

As fetching as you must feel now, with Venus stopped smack in the middle of Scorpio, there's a little 8th-house matter you should examine without a minute's delay. Everyone knows that when your appetite gets whetted you can be more focused than the Terminator and quicker to strike than a Venus flytrap. With Saturn about to go retrograde in the house of passion, however, you need to learn that hooking people for the sake of hooking them is a pretty hollow pursuit and that giving pleasure can be far more fulfilling than getting it. Sex is *not* just about control.



Ludwig van Beethoven

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

If only your head were not attached to your body, you could float through life thinking great thoughts without ever being pestered by the desire for physical sensations. Even Sadges have to cope with their basic urges, however, which usually involves maintaining contact with other human beings who can help you fulfill your needs. If there is a relationship that has been driving you batty lately because you can't decide whether you're totally into it or totally out of it, you'll just have to think enough great thoughts to carry you through a sticky situation.



Ethel Merman

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

Even if you've had it up to the eyeballs with the grind and you're beginning to feel like just another prisoner on the chain gang known as the workforce, don't give in and quit. When your planetary ruler appears to stop its motion through your solar 6th house, it's natural to want to march right into the corner office and tell your boss to hire another grunt to perform mindless tasks. Instead, stick with it and perfect your craft. After all, it shouldn't be news to you that life isn't glamorous. Weren't you born with a boring to-do list clutched in your tiny fist?



Jam Master Jay

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Just when you have finally persuaded yourself that your heart has totally healed, fate steps in to twist that arrow once again and remind you that you are much more than a cool, nothing-gets-to-me Aquarian. The culmination of Venus, together with a 5th-house Saturn, will make it clear that your humanity remains intact and that you are just as vulnerable to love and hurt as the rest of us. Don't get hysterical, though. With Neptune resuming its slow crawl through your sign, there's a chance you can be as oblivious as ever.



Kurt Cobain

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

Because your path is and always has been a spiritual one, the vicissitudes of what most people consider normal life on earth are bound to cause you all kinds of trouble at work, at home, and in every other area that demands consistent drive and unflagging pragmatism. As Neptune begins to move forward once again through your solar 12th house, try to keep your higher mission in mind and ignore those old childish feelings of insecurity and abandonment, which can only draw you farther into a morass from which you will ultimately have to escape.



Diana Ross

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Don't allow yourself to be wounded by the violent gyrations of desire or your whole communication system could shut down just when you most need to keep the lines open. That's easier said than done, however, and when you do get stung, it may not help to hear that the planet of love has temporarily gone retrograde in your 8th house. Whether you're in a deep and committed relationship or merely trying to make contact in a smoky bar at two A.M., there are moments when you have to be tough enough not to take rejection personally. Yeah, right.



Willie Nelson

TAURUS APRIL 20

Although it may seem absolutely insane for you to e
emotional or financial future to another person, what
do when Venus hovers on your western horizon as the beautiful
tive evening star? You need oodles of faith in the universe to rem
with your partner of choice, especially since your solar 2nd house
in no uncertain terms that a kiss on the hand may be quite Con
it isn't going to help you one damned bit when it comes to payi
on your humble flat.

Cyndi La

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Whether or not loved ones think you are crying wolf, ask for help
If you want to resolve some serious personal issues, this is the mo
when you must shut down, turn inward, and take a good long
own behavior. It may be narcissistic, but it's also a matter of surv
only your sanity that hinges on your ability to stay grounded, but
as well. As the ruler of your 8th house begins a five-month retr
last degrees of Gemini, hang a sign around your neck that says,
APPEARANCE. I'M REMODELING.



Kim Deal

CANCER JUNE 22

Socially appropriate? That's an unlikely term for your c
days, when Venus is moving backward in your solar
This is one of those phases when you're likely to arrive at a re
bump into an old lover at the most embarrassing moment. Indee
subject of relationships is a touchy one, because when the ruler
house gets buried deep in your solar 12th your best bet is to th
into the arms of a supreme being and try not to get too deeply
human affairs. Ha!

Count B

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

You said you wanted to start being more adventurous in your p
sonal life and explore new parts of yourself, so you should be hap
that's exactly what you are doing. The final retrograde of Satur
you jittery, however, since you feel as though you don't fit in anyw
cannot for the life of you figure out what your next move should b
fewer fingernails and end up a thousand times less angst-ridd
aside any notion that you can be at the top of the heap and wo
time. You can't.



Pink

VIRGO AUG. 23

Thanks to a crisp, Vulcan-like rational mind ruled by
can be as cold as ice when you have to be. You're adapt
and know how to pour on the sugar and melted butter when
calls for it. You have to make an extra effort now to be both
diplomatic and to maintain your communication skills if you h
up to intransigent authorities. Provided you can take a few hit
between now and the end of February could make you a star.
also break your heart. Play fair, even if it hurts. It may.

Thom York

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

When people haul out the old it's-not-the-money-it's-the-principl
cliché, you can be sure that they are squabbling over money. Yo
case is somewhat complicated by the fact that your ruling plane
rograde in your solar 2nd house at a time when you are experie
planetary aggravation in your 9th. Stock-market headaches, cash-
and the familiar neurotic fears of poverty notwithstanding, your
tually *are* at stake. Now you have to decide whether going comm
that you have to ditch your high-minded ideals.

**To hear more about what's happening in your horoscope—and everyone else's—listen to Michael Lutin weekly by calling 1-900-28V
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OUT OF SIGHT James Brown, photographed by Bob Gruen in New York City in June 1980.

JAMES BROWN

Soul and funk—not to mention hip-hop—would be nowhere without the Godfather of Soul, source of more hits than any American except Elvis. In 1969, *Look* magazine suggested he was "the most important black man in America," for his musical talent and for the example he set of black business prowess. On the eve of his 50th year in the industry, Brown pauses to reflect on the Baptist Church, his weakness for cars, and Native American chief Geronimo

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Being able to work a lot and play a little bit.

What is your greatest fear?
That we won't be able to get the kids schooled in time, and that we will probably lose two or three generations—unless they go with positive music and all the positive avenues.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Geronimo.

Which living person do you most admire?
I've never met the man, but Nelson Mandela. The man spent 27 years in prison, came out, became president, and won what he fought for.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
I would never say anything; that's God's job.

What is your greatest regret?
That I don't know more about American Indians.

What is your greatest extravagance?
I'd have to say watches and cars. It would be music if it wasn't my profession.

When and where were you happiest?
When I got "Please, Please, Please" out and shoes on my feet.

Which talent would you most like to have?
You know, that would be greedy. God gave me enough talent to accelerate to where I'm at. I don't want any more than I've got.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Going to church and belonging to a faith, which is the Baptist Church.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
I consider the worst times of my life to be when I was locked up—when you lose a complete day and you don't accomplish anything.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Integrity—that takes care of everything. Take care of your kids, watch your family, try to be a good man, walk as close as you can to what you believe in.

What do you most value in your friends?
Undying determination; long-lasting loyalty, if I can get it

What are your favorite names?
My name—a biblical name, James Joseph. And for a woman's name, Mary.

What is it that you most dislike?
Laziness.

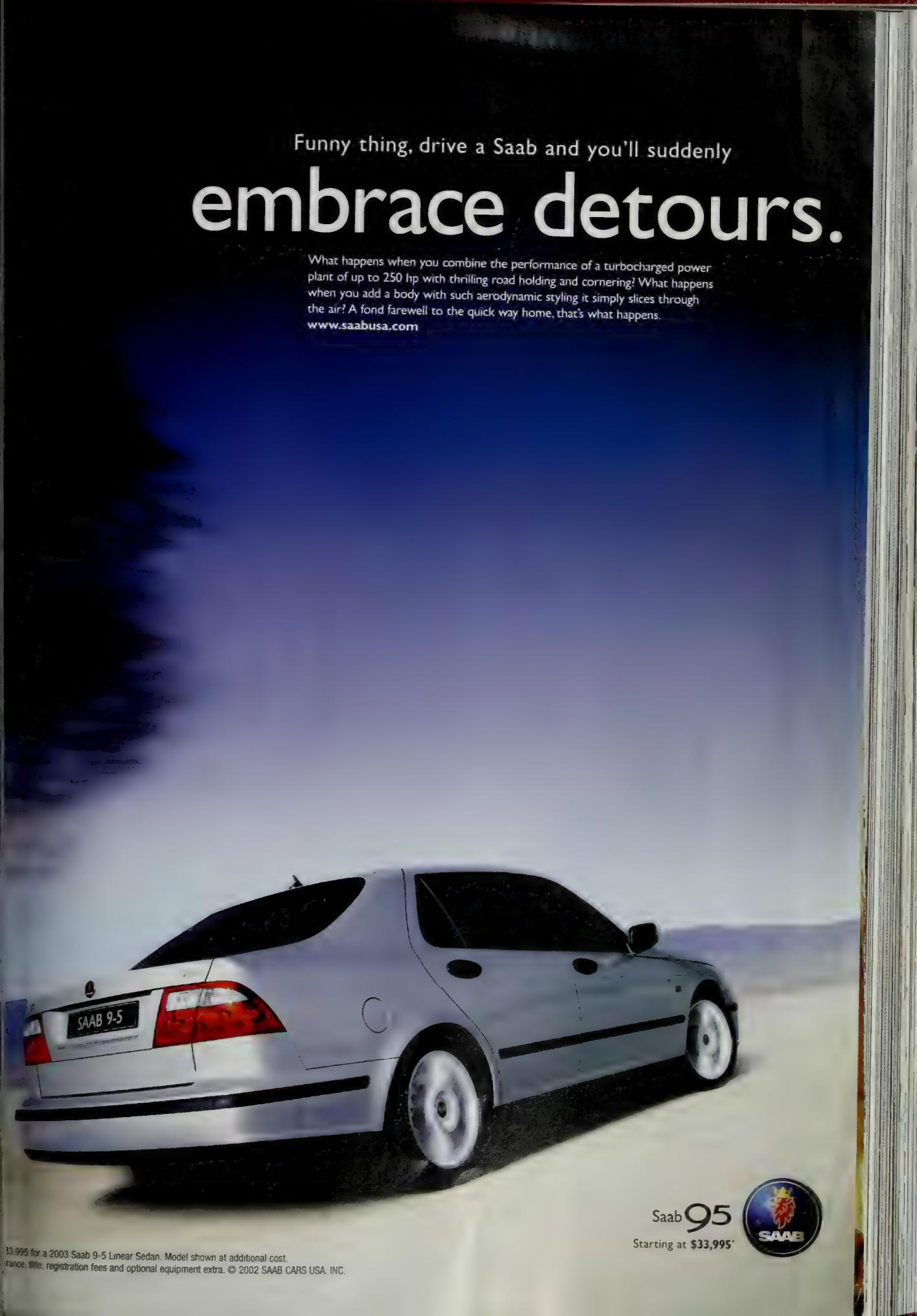
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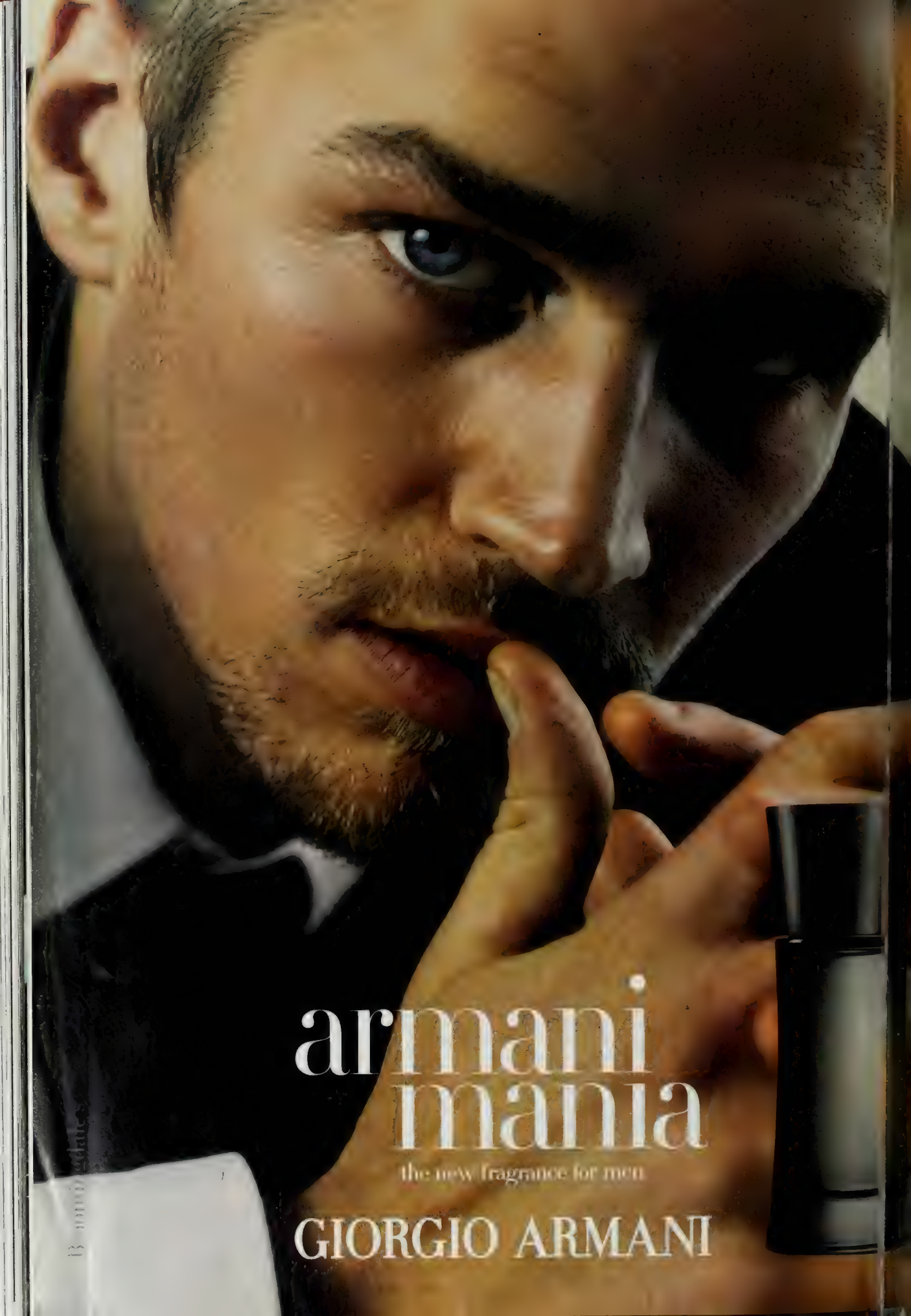
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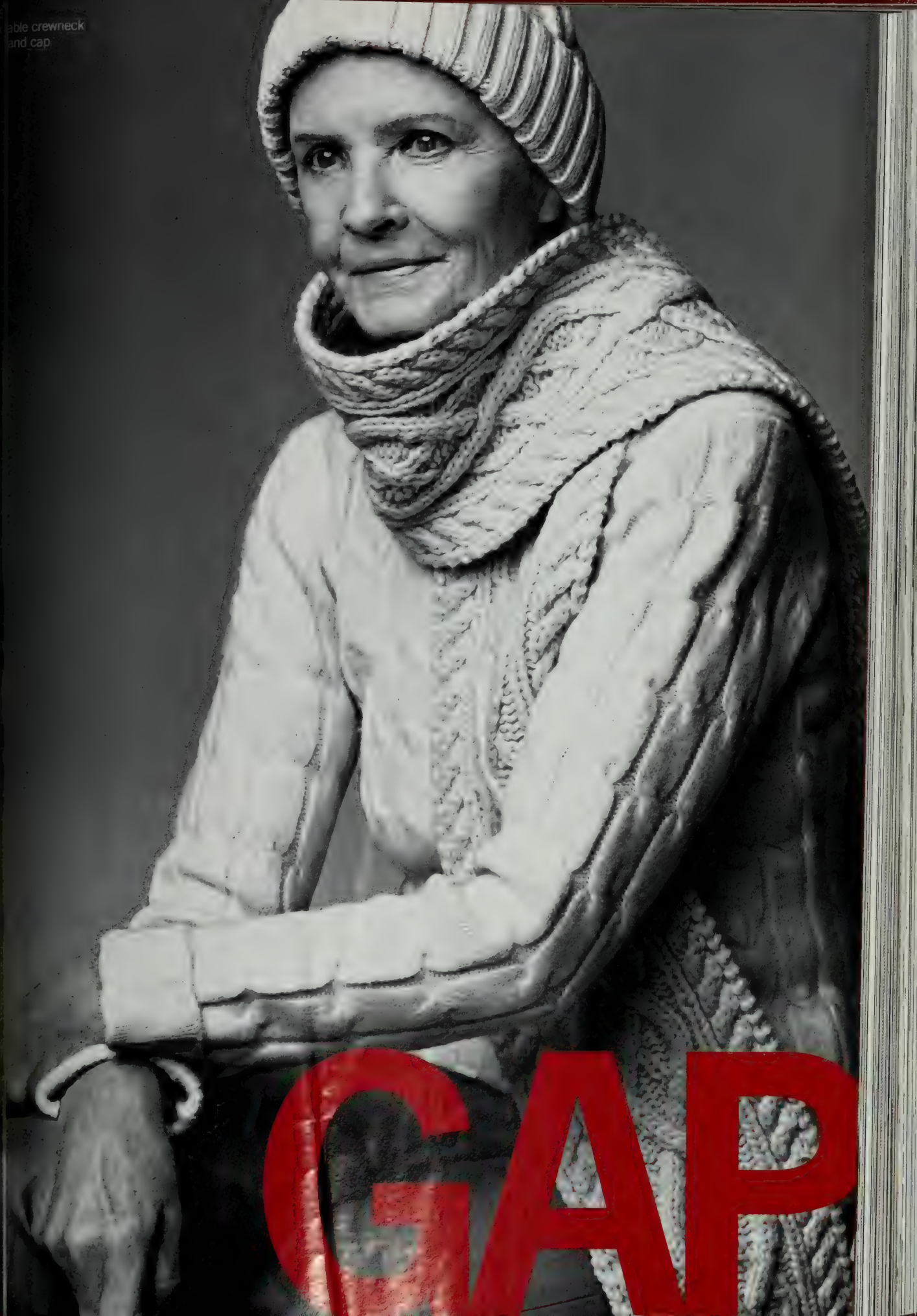
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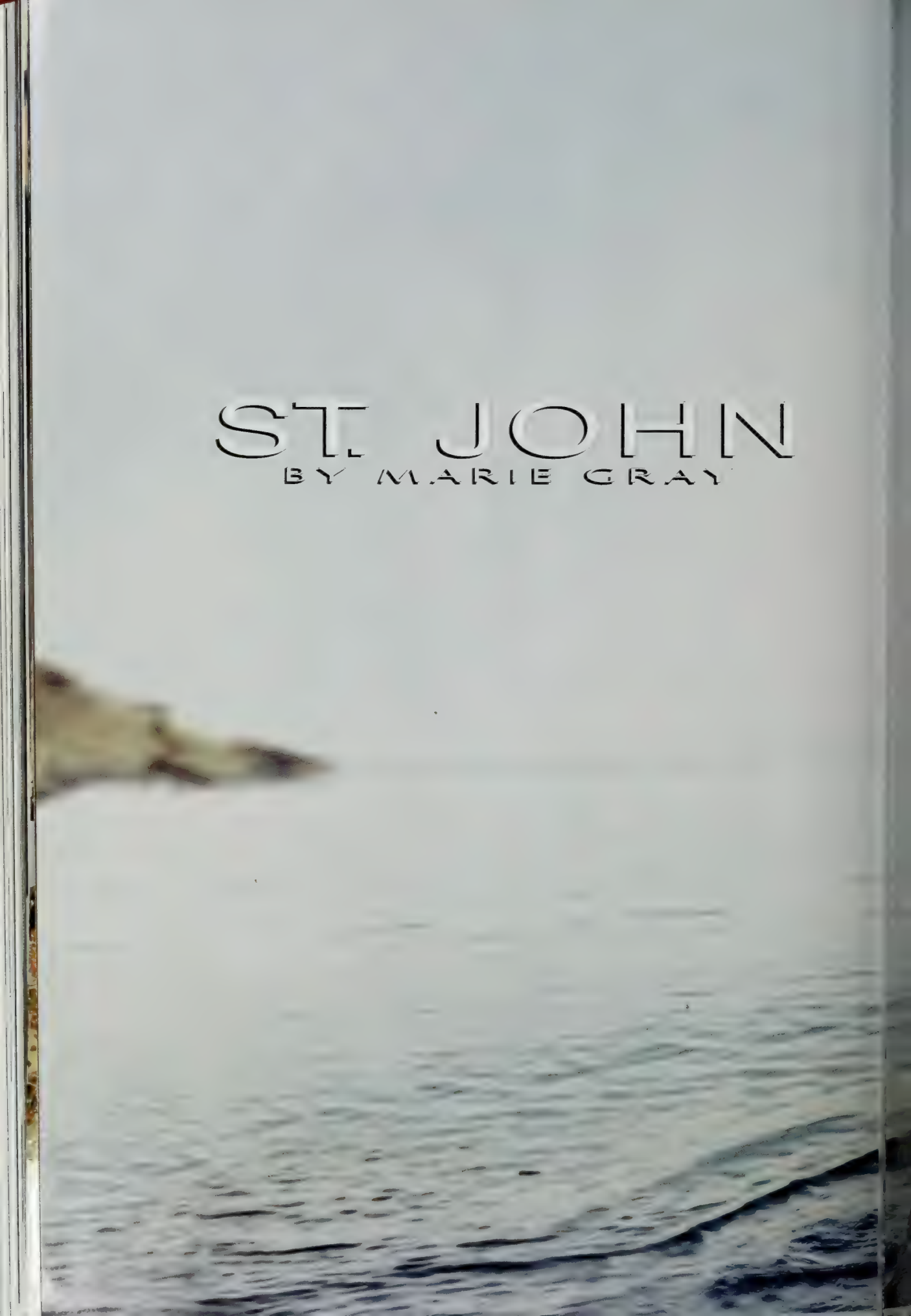
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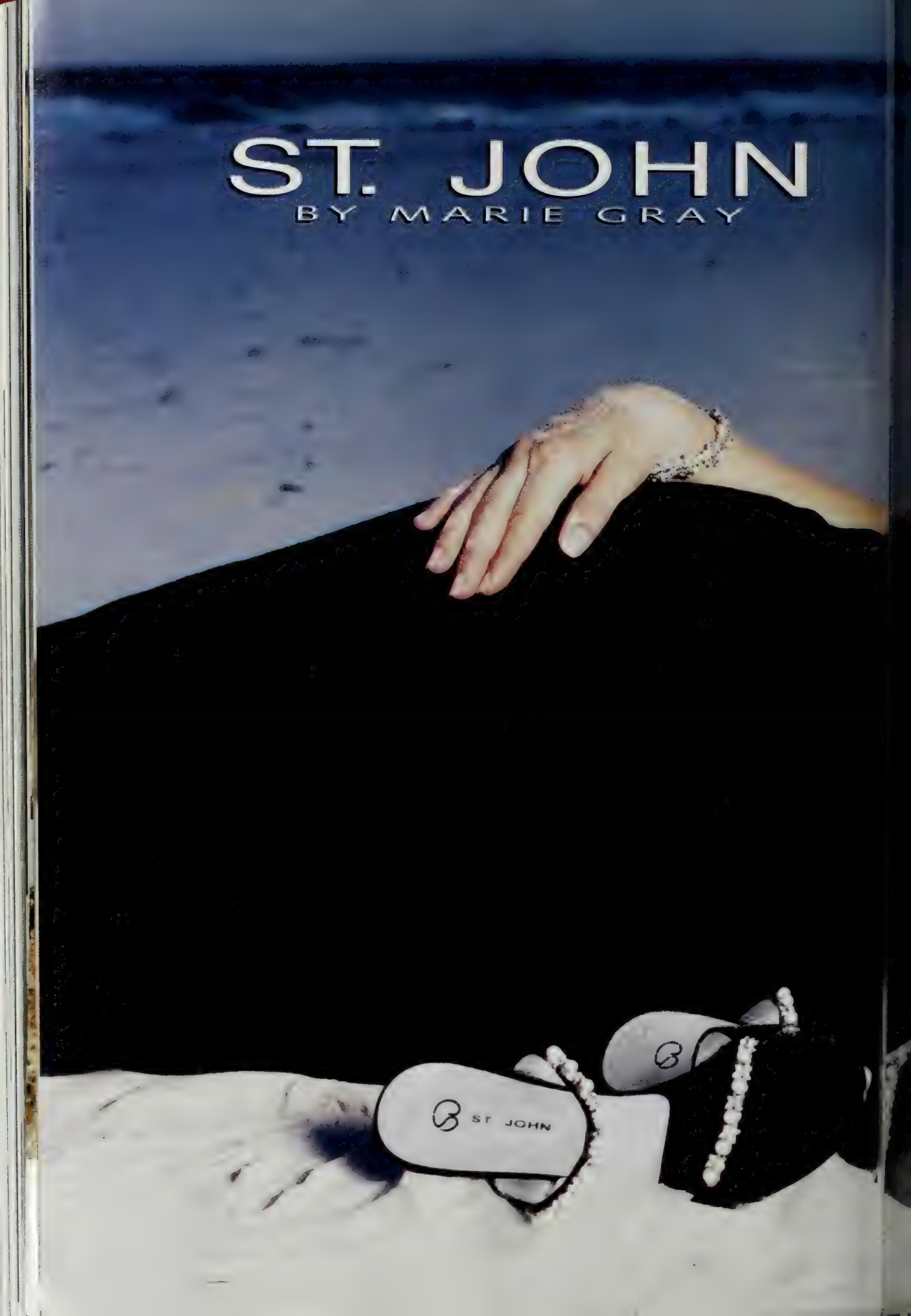
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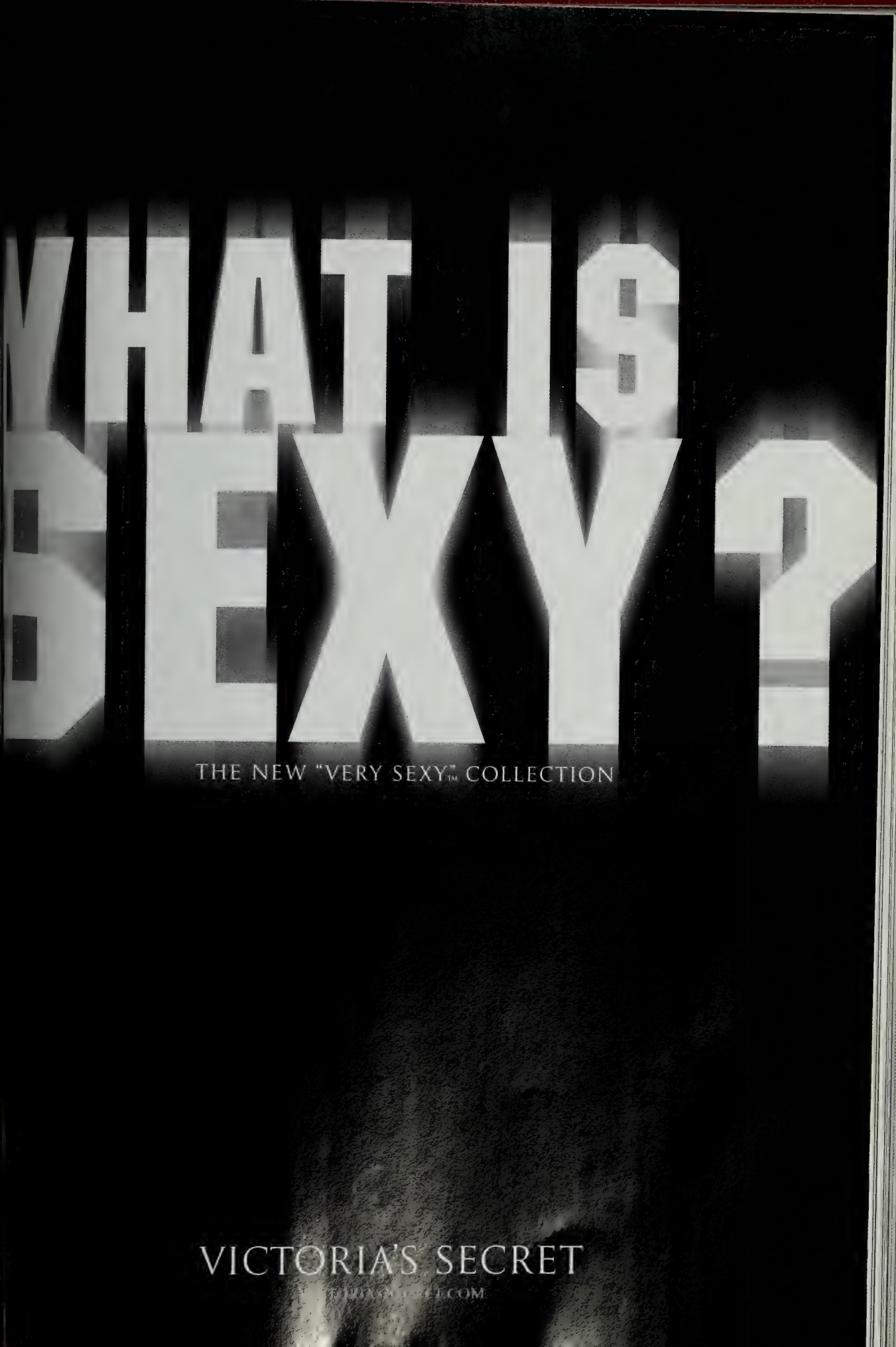
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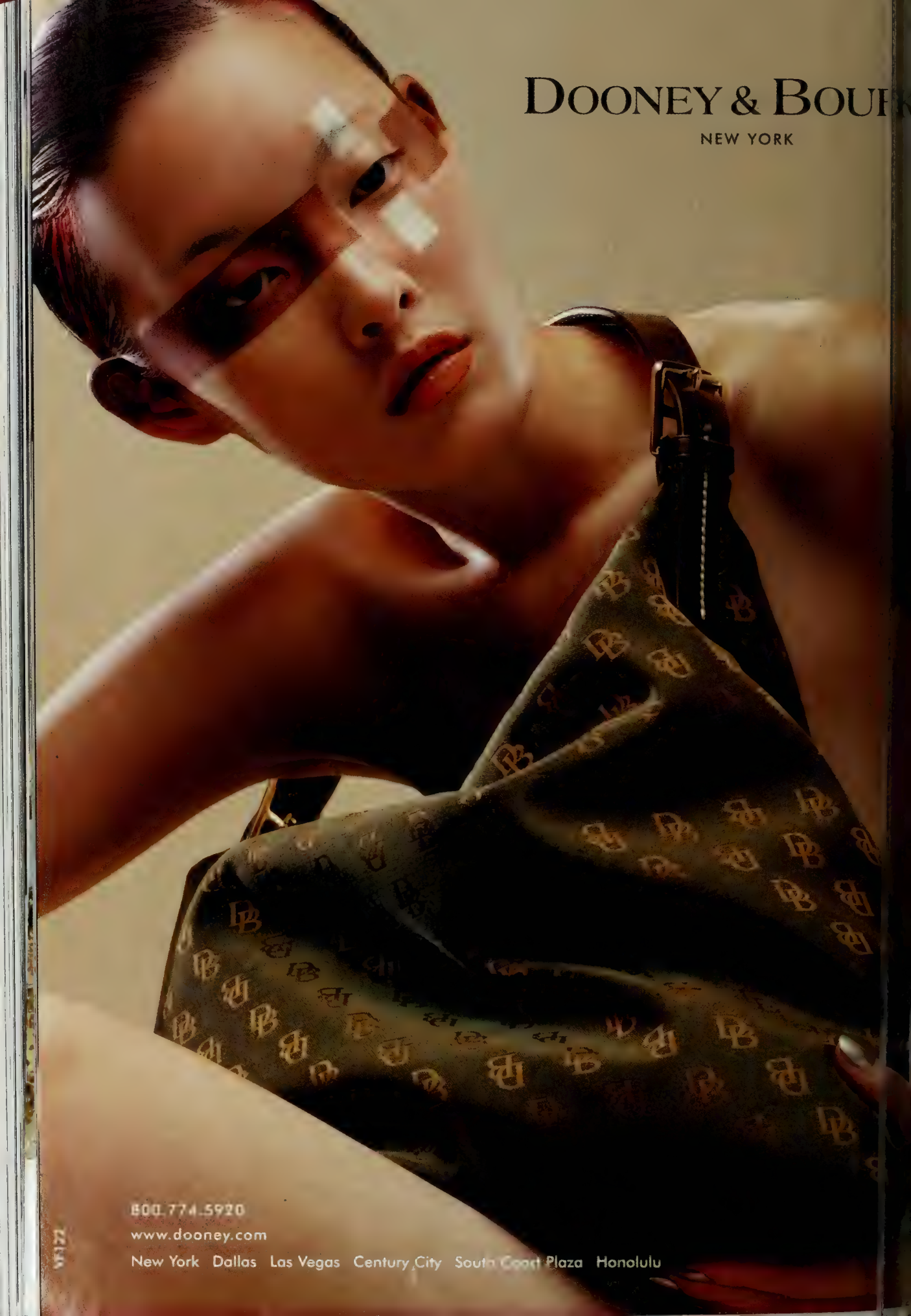


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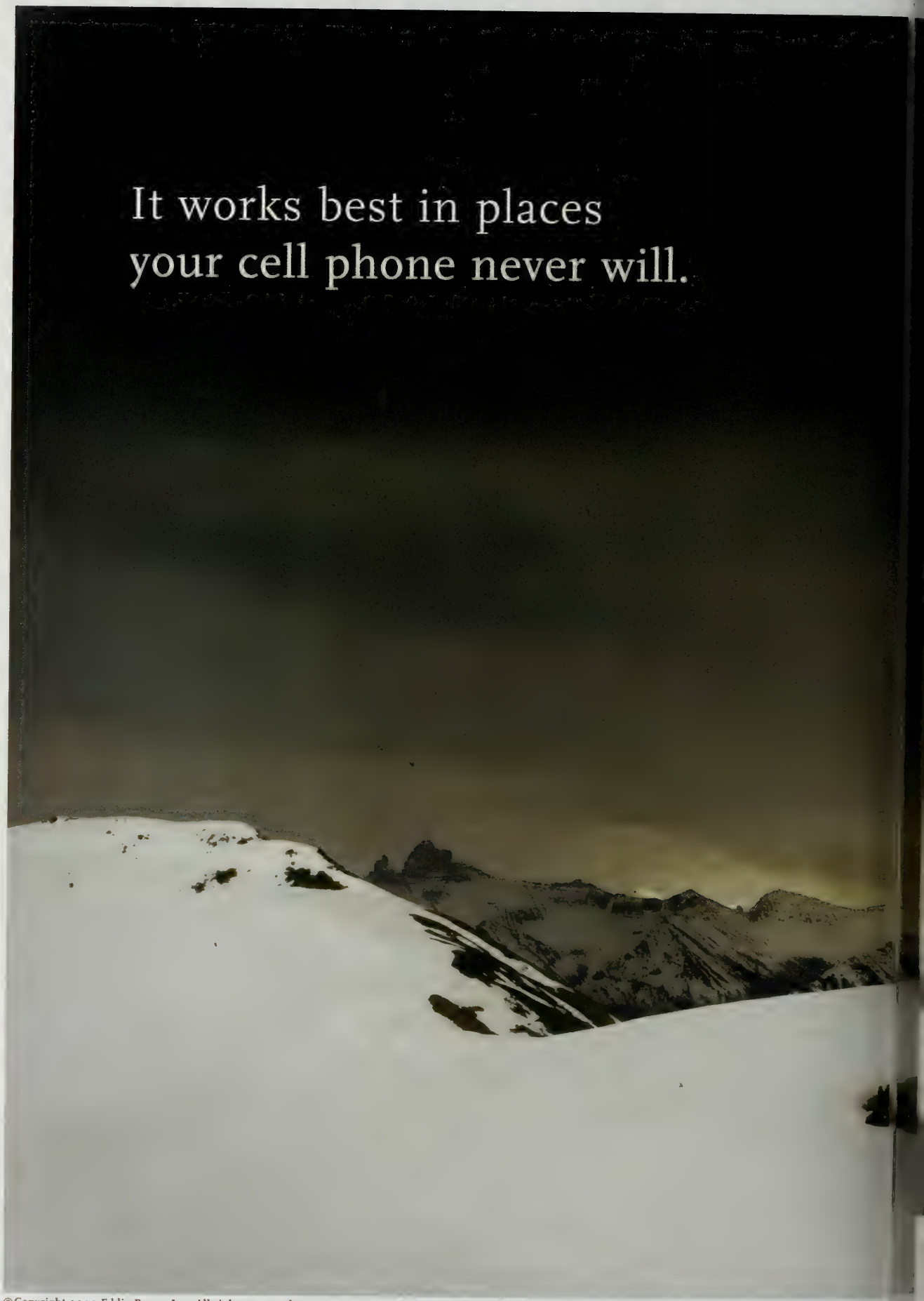
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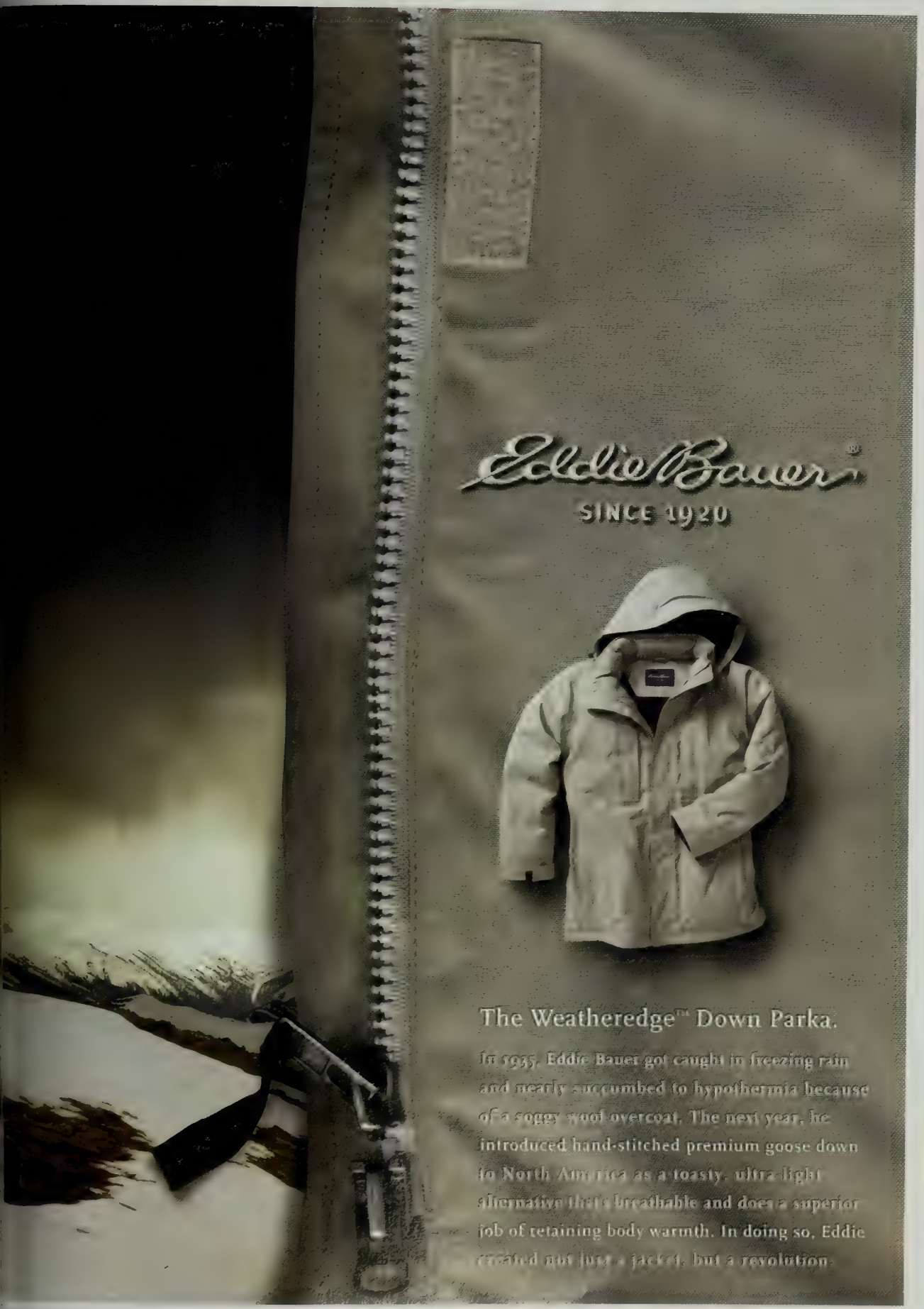


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VANITY FAIR

December 2002 No. 8

Features

HALL OF FAME From a year clouded by war and uncertainty, *Vanity Fair* has chosen the bright spots: the Quecreek miners, life *chez* Osbourne, the girl with the big fat Greek wedding, the boys with the soccer ball, and more. Portraits by Annie Leibovitz, Herb Ritts, Jonas Karlsson, and others 1

NICOLE'S NEW LIGHT When her marriage to Tom Cruise ended two years ago, Nicole Kidman felt the chill: would her career nose-dive, too? As she answers with a stunning slate of films, led by this month's *The Hours,* Kidman talks to Ingrid Sischy about love, crisis, and renewal. Photographs by Mario Testino 2

LEAPING WIZARDS Annie Leibovitz and Laura Jacobs spotlight American Ballet Theatre's wonderful wild men 3

CRACKLIN' ROSIE Even during her reign as the Queen of Nice, Rosie O'Donnell had an edge. Now she's furiously battling a publishing titan over the magazine that bore her name. With an earful from both sides, Judith Newman explores O'Donnell's very public metamorphosis. Portrait by Michael O'Neill 1

CALENDAR GIRL Bruce Weber and Michael Hogan unveil the 2003 Pirelli Calendar, which features gorgeous supermodels on the Italian coast 3

RICH, JADED, AND LOST IN L.A. Kelly, Marc, and Matt are good-looking, well-connected college-age kids living the fast life in Beverly Hills. Nancy Jo Sales tags along as they slip through some of the tightest velvet ropes in town, looking for a reality of their own. Photographs by Art Streiber .. 3

THE FACE OF JACK THE RIPPER The identity of the monstrous 19th-century serial murderer is one of history's great unsolved mysteries. In an excerpt from her new book, *Portrait of a Killer: Jack the Ripper, Case Closed,* best-selling crime writer Patricia Cornwell contends that, with the help of DNA testing, she has finally unmasked him 3

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31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Great Dickens!—Leslie Bennetts on *Nicholas Nickleby.* Hot Reels: Bruce Handy reviews *Far from Heaven* and *About Schmidt;* Coming Attractions—Walter Kirn plays *Catch Me if You Can.* Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. David Kamp uses *Pure Imagination;* Henry Alford retires with *Jane Austen in Boca.* A. M. Homes on artist Sigmar Polke; Edward Helmore on photographer Mario Sorrenti. Krista Smith on Baz Luhrmann's *La Bohème;* Patricia Bosworth previews *Imaginary Friends.* Kevin Sessums on singer Audra McDonald; Michael Hogan on pianist Martha Argerich. Matt Tyrnauer on Tadao Ando's new museum; Amy Fine Collins drives the Maybach. My Stuff: chef Daniel Boulud opens his cupboards; Hot Looks—the glitter bug .....

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To Die For
NICOLE KIDMAN IN MALIBU, JUNE 2002 ... 322



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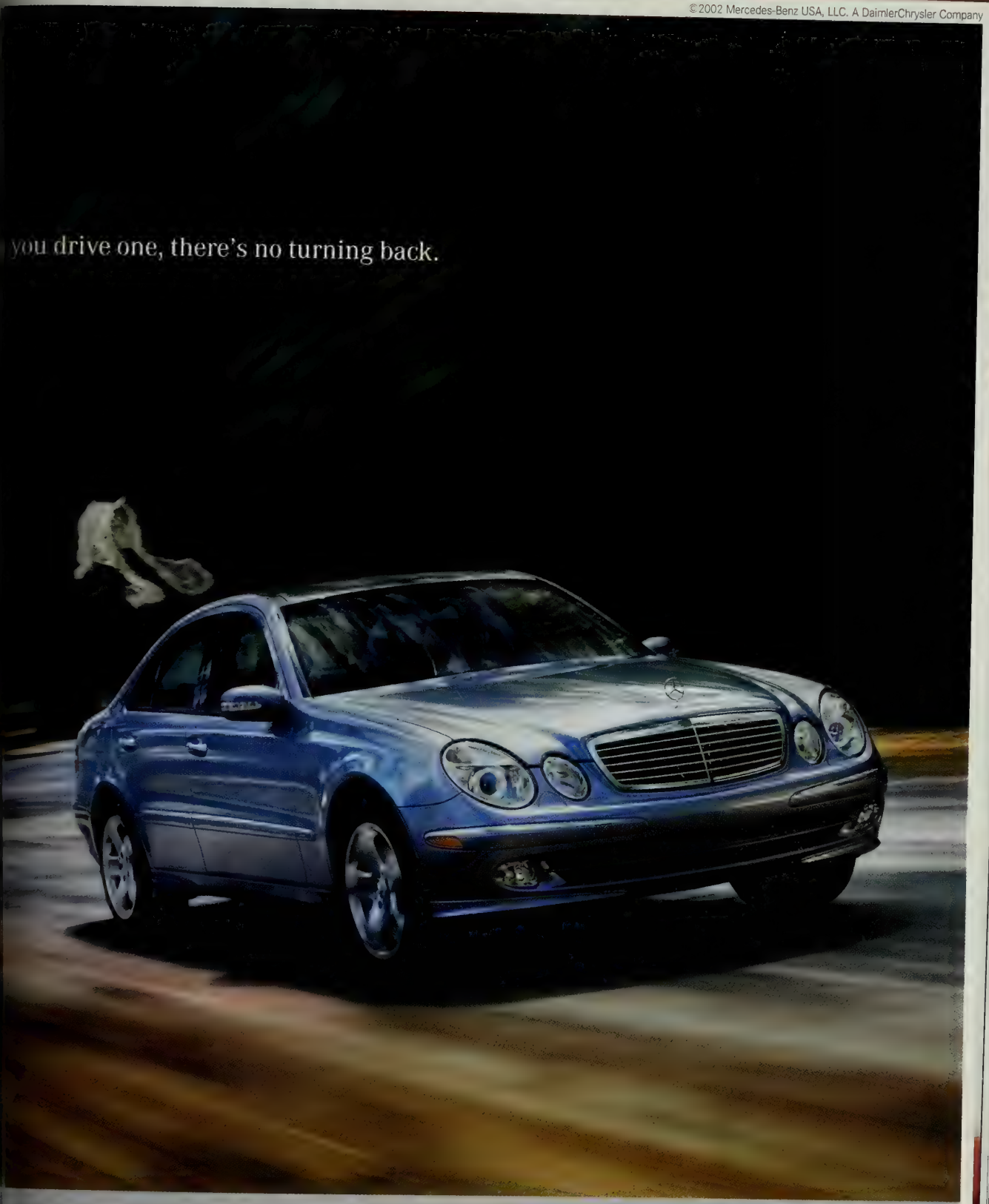


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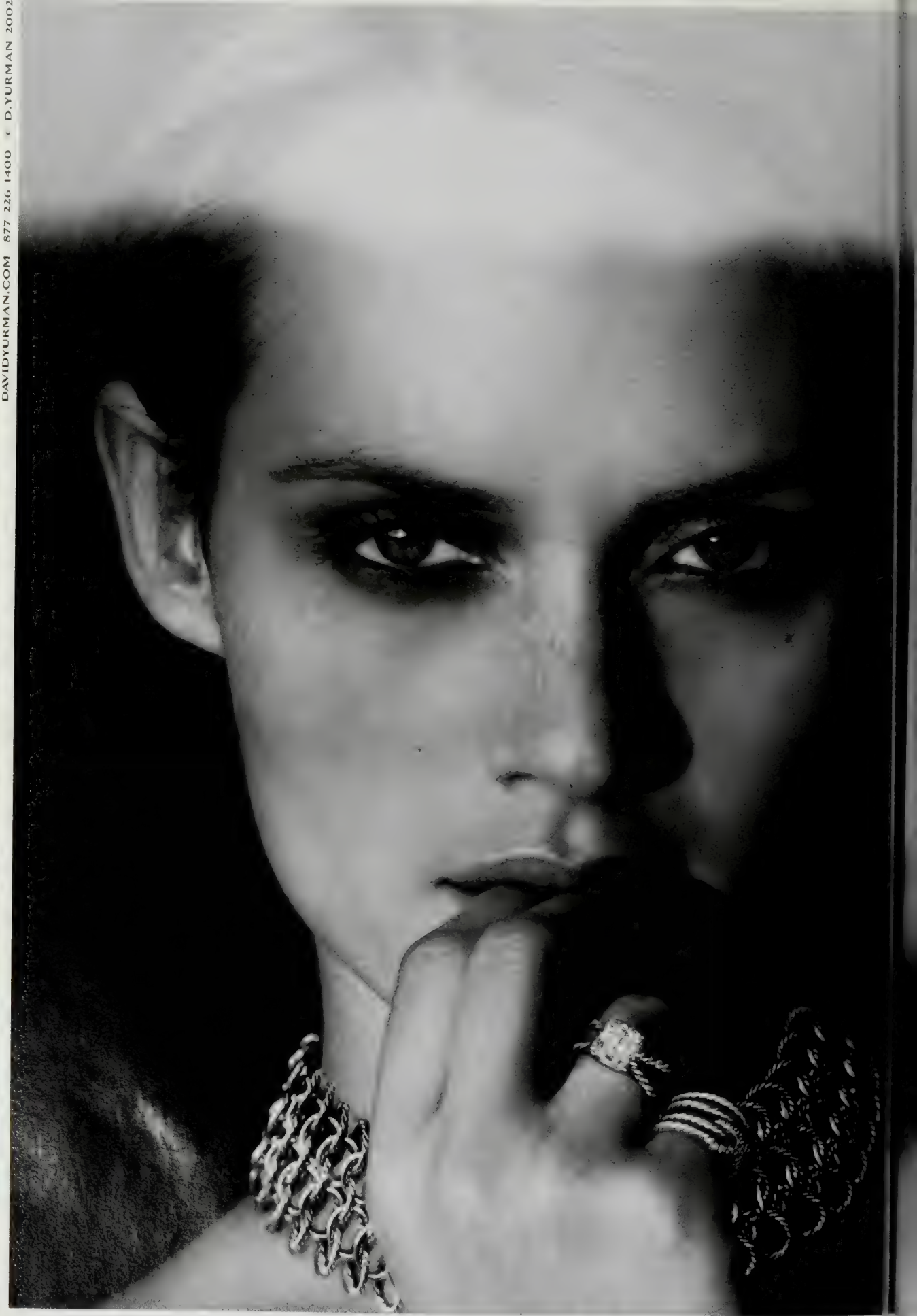
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A Striking Resemblance

MY, WHAT A BIG PEPPER MILL PORFIRIO RUBIROSA HAD . . . 242

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Columns

THE MAVERICK KINGDOM Unlike neighboring Gulf regimes that bred the terror of 9/11, Qatar has quietly sown the seeds of moderation. And today this tiny desert kingdom is playing a huge role in America's plans for war. Christopher Hitchens hits Qatar's hot spots: the newsroom of Al Jazeera TV and the U.S.-built Al-Udeid Air Base 60

DE PALMA AND THE WOMEN Brian De Palma has been snubbed by critics and denounced as anti-female. But screening De Palma's *Femme Fatale,* James Wolcott suggests th the director of *Scarface* and *Carrie* may be one of America's greatest living filmmakers. Portrait by François-Marie Banier ... 70

WIDOWS AND WITNESSES Dominick Dunne find an unexpectedly sympathetic Yoko Ono in a New York courtroom, then watches a taped re-enactment of the night Edmond Safra died. Meanwhile, the private-jet trail leads to Alfred Taubman's Minnesota jail, and Michael Skakel's alleged accomplices should be worried. Portrait by Stephen Danelian .. 80

CINEMA *CHICAGO* Mark Seliger and Walter Kirn preview the film version of *Chicago,* starring Richard Gere, Catherine Zeta-Jones, and Renée Zellweger 92

TERRORISM'S NEW GEOGRAPHY As the U.S. tracks al-Qaeda from Yemen to Indonesia, it should be looking south as well. In the "Triple Border" region, where Paraguay, Brazil, and Argentina meet, warns Sebastian Junger, bin Laden's followers are joining terrorists of every stripe 94

COFFEE ACHIEVER John Huba and Krista Smith spotlight an up-and-caffeinated Mark Ruffalo, one of Gwyneth Paltrow's boyfriends in *View from the Top* 08

A SPOONFUL OF SEDUCTION Britain's kitchen goddess, Nigella Lawson, has been winning American fans to her mouthwatering cookbooks, newspaper column, and TV show. But in London, Judy Bachrach reports, the buzz concerns Lawson's private conquest: millionaire art collector Charles Saatchi. Portrait by Christopher Simon Sykes 210

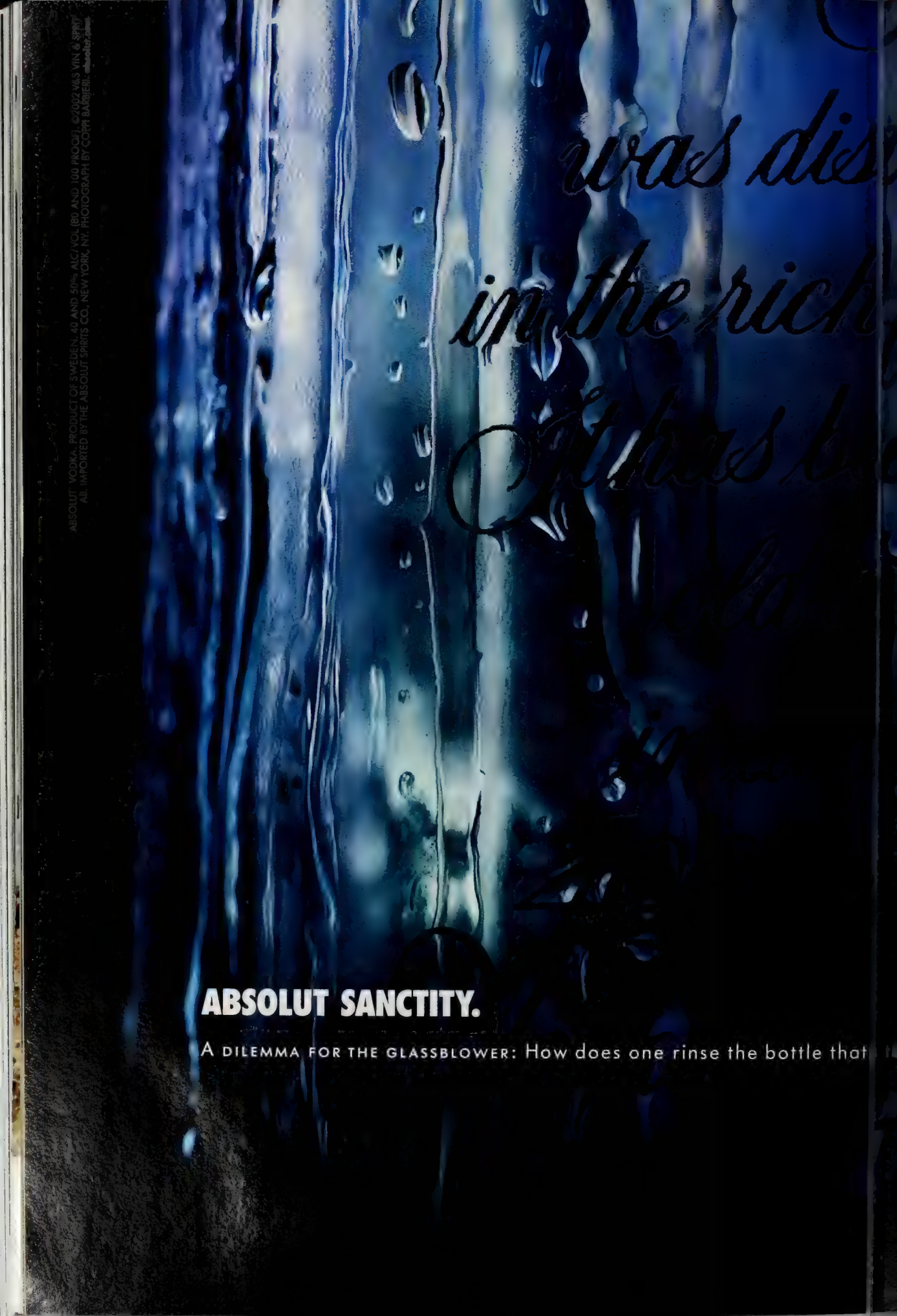
FORT BRAGG'S DEADLY SUMMER War came home to the army base in North Carolina this year, with a spate c shocking domestic murders and suicides. Investigating three of the tragedies, Maureen Orth asks what drove experienced soldiers, all of whom served in Afghanistan, over the edge 22

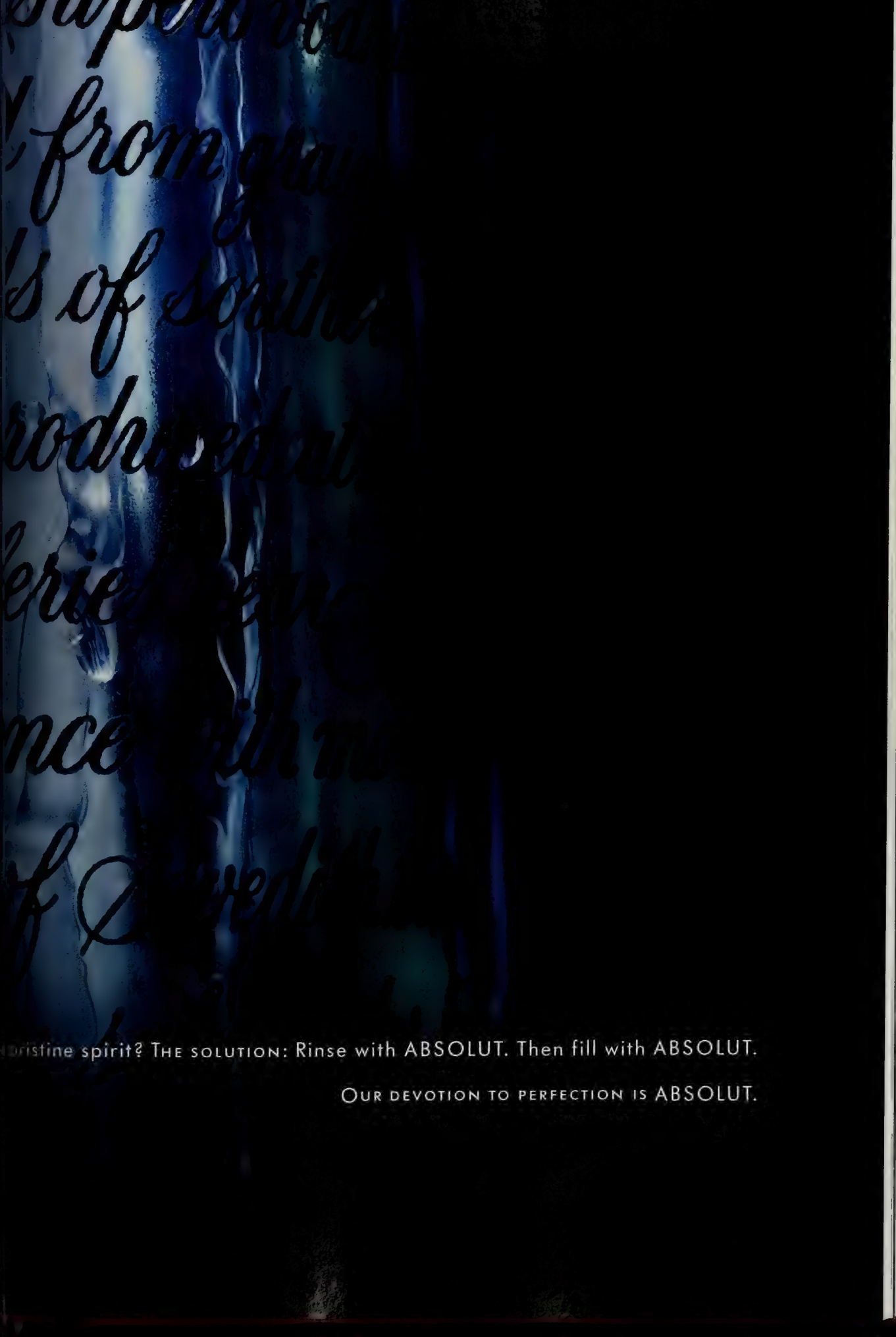
THE LEGEND OF RUBIROSA Dashing polo-playing diplomat Porfirio Rubirosa wooed his generation's most glamorous women—Barbara Hutton, Eva Perón, and Ava Gardner among them—with masses of charm and one extraordinary physical asset. Gary Cohen recalls the man whose name lives on as a term for outsize pepper mills 242

VIVA CLEMENTE! Boat on fire? Call the Coast Guard. Jonathan Becker snapped the determined guests at Francesco Clemente's Naples homecoming 264

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All That Jazz
CATHERINE ZETA-JONES IN CHICAGO 192

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Special Section: Archive

POWER & INFLUENCE Celebrating its 20th anniversary, *Vanity Fair* assembles some of the best portraits from two decades of covering the powerful, in a gallery that spans the intimate embrace of Ronald and Nancy Reagan, a cozy Sun Valley gathering of New Establishment mandarins, and the uncompromising jaw of Rudy Giuliani 26

Vanities

ADAMS FAMILY VALUES Ed Coaster crashes the *V.F.* Christmas party. George Wayne lightens up with Joan Collins. Adam Leff and Richard Rushfield's Intelligence Report: The Dictators. Season's greetings from Satan. Neal Pollack risks life and limb for his dispatch from Iraq. Out & In: Misty Clymer's out, good news is in short supply, and Jules Asner and Steven Soderbergh are an item 2

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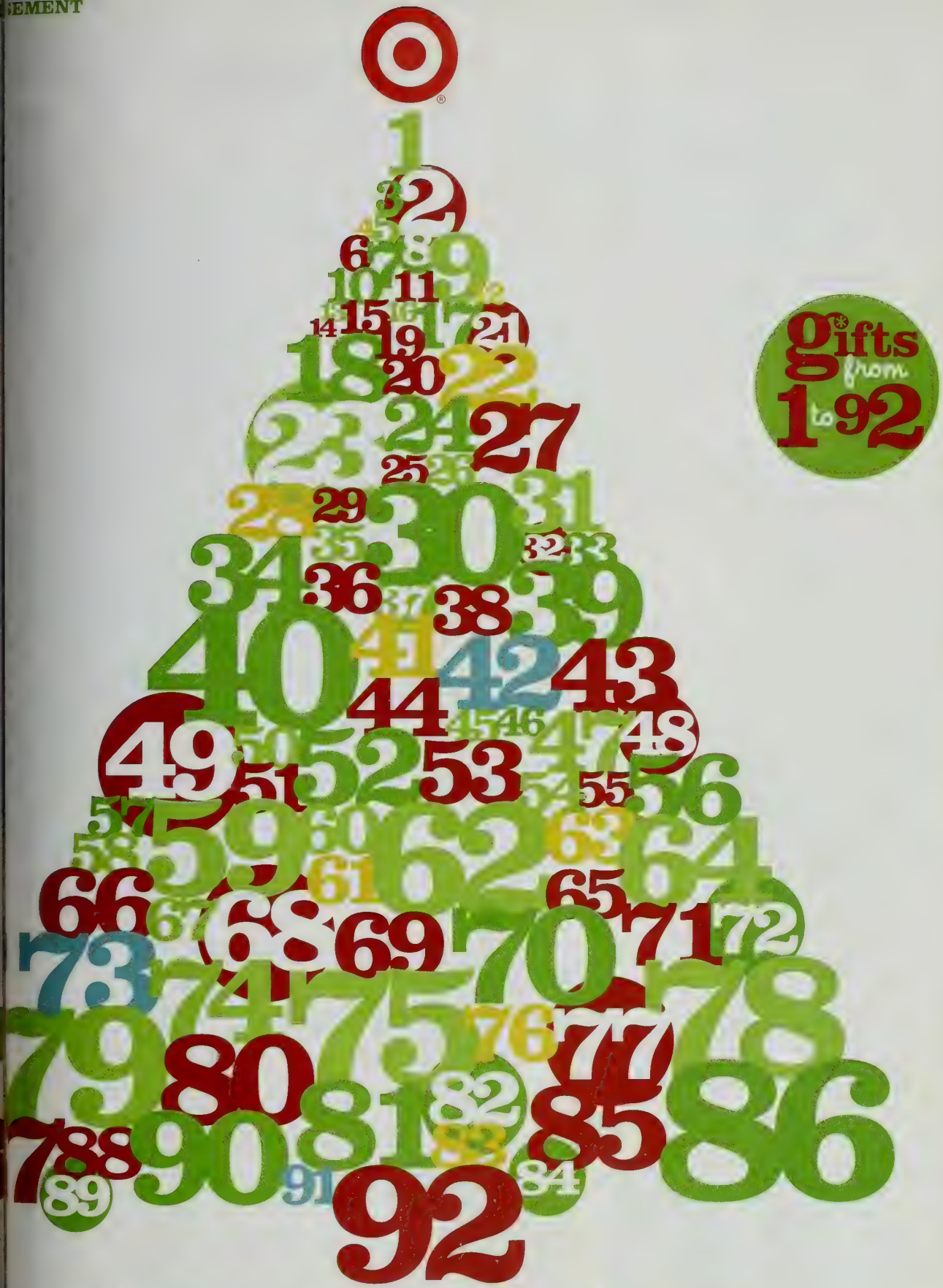


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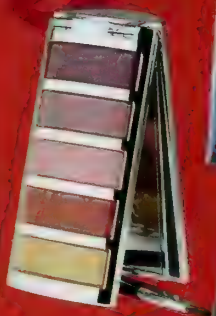
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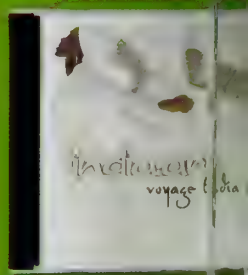
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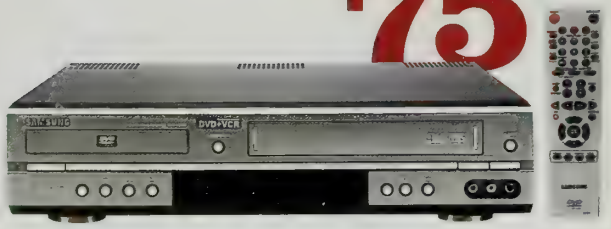


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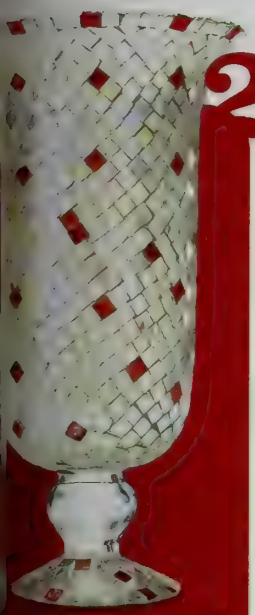
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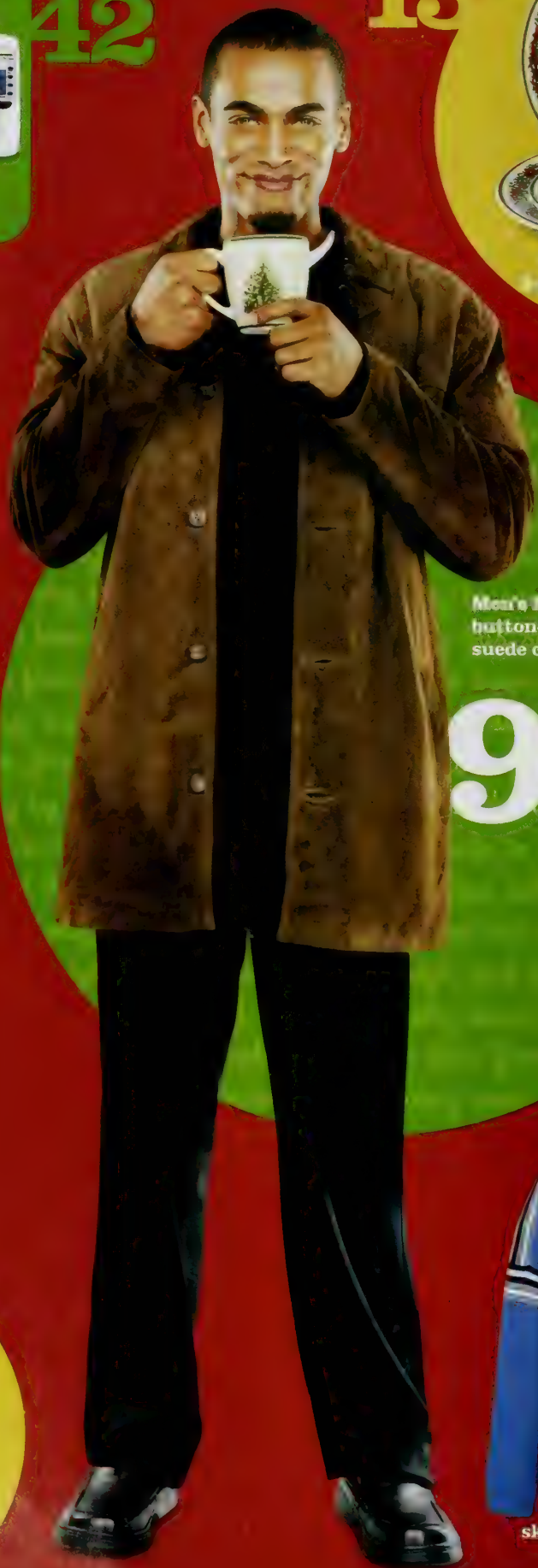
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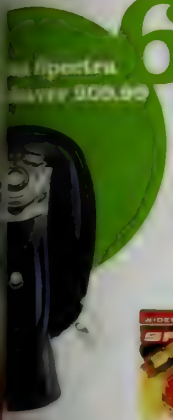


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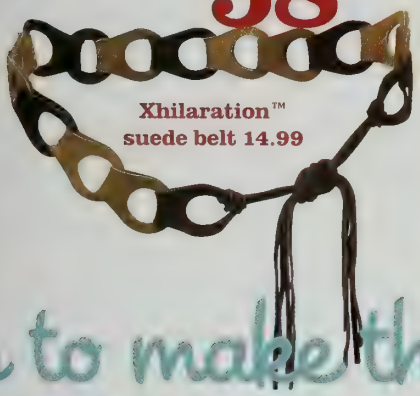
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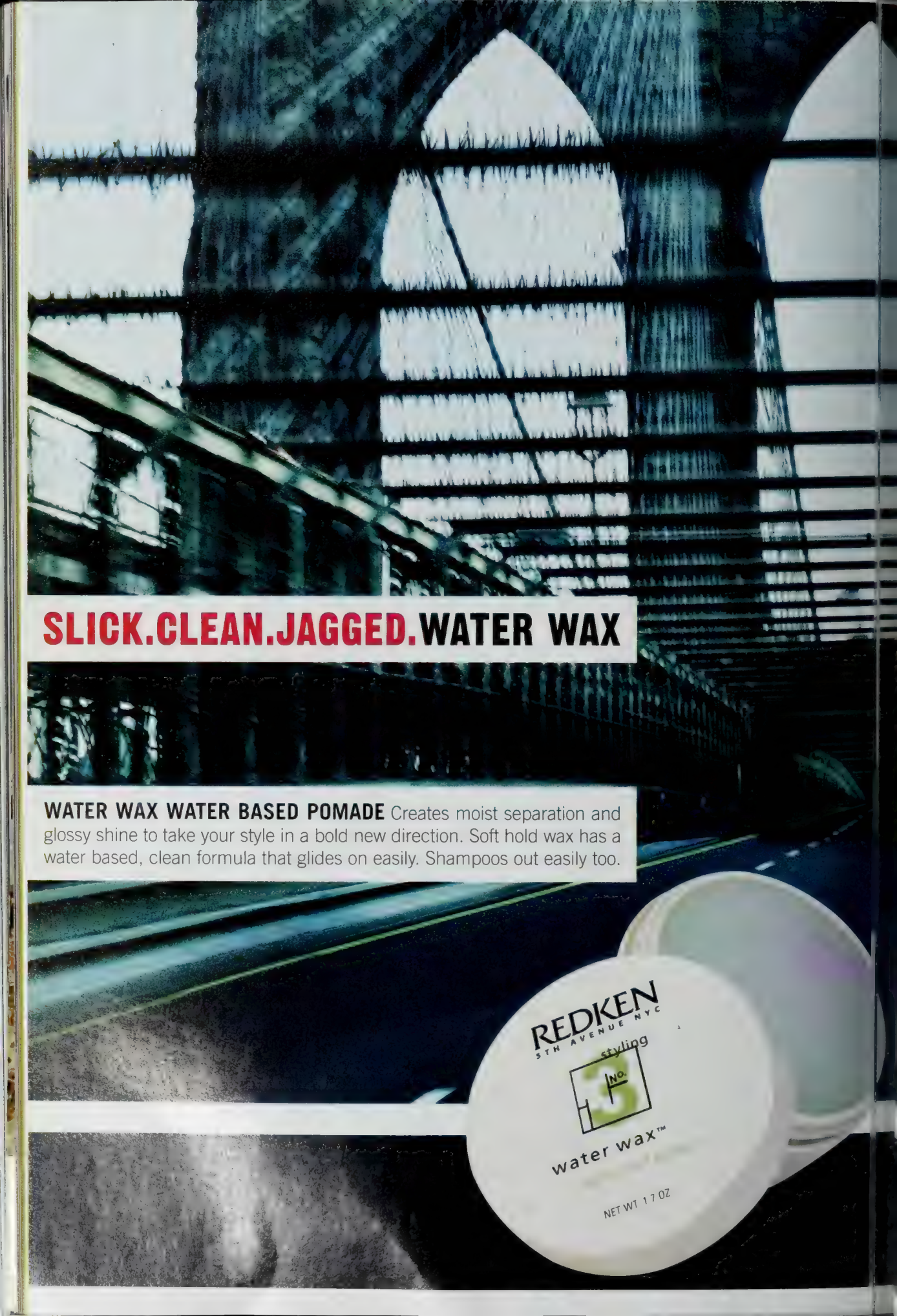
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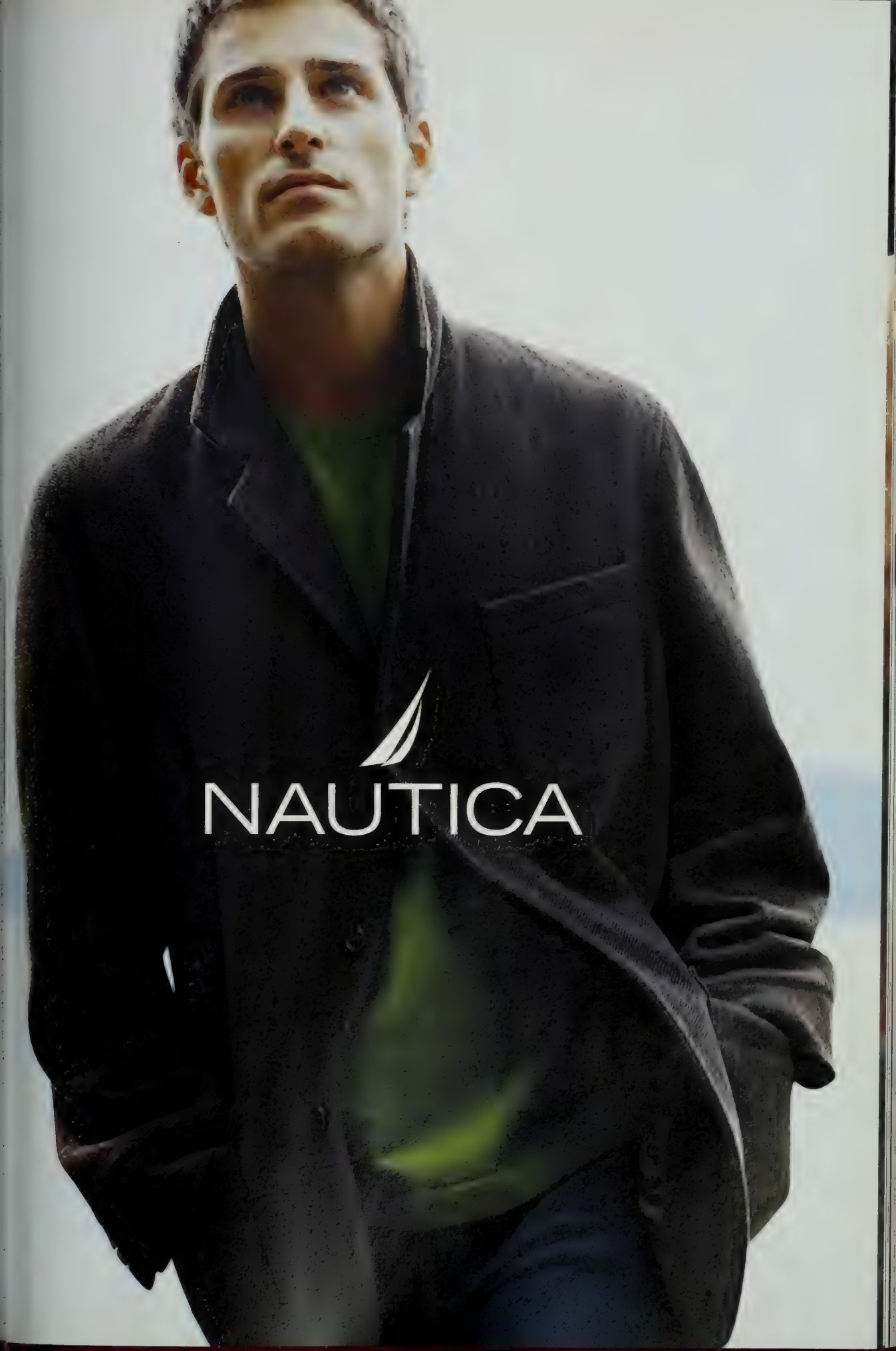
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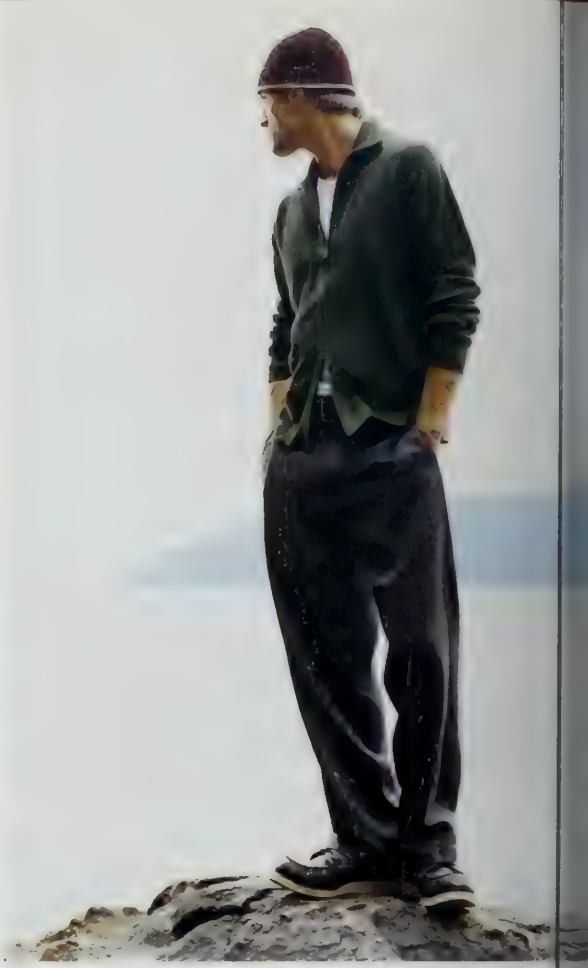












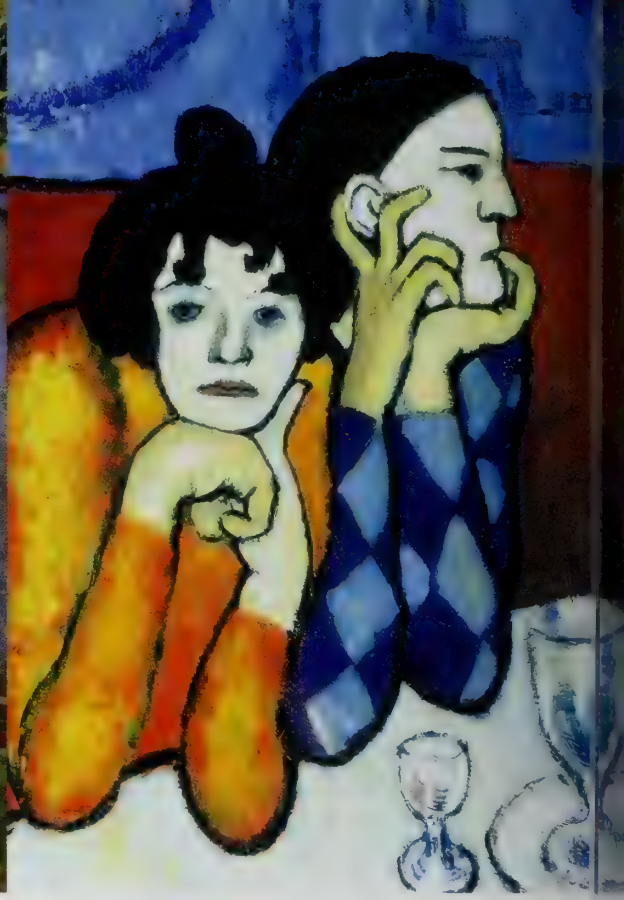





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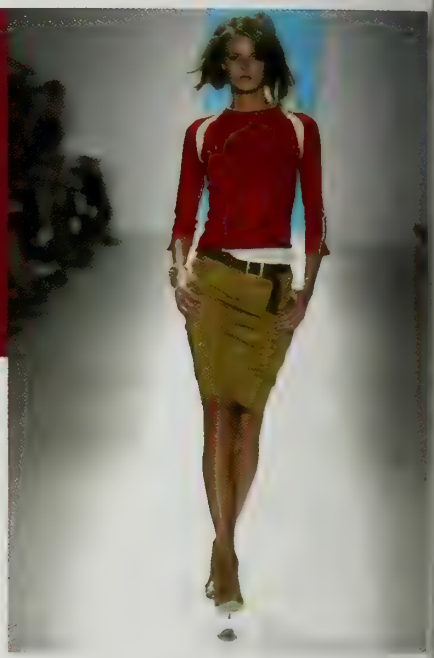
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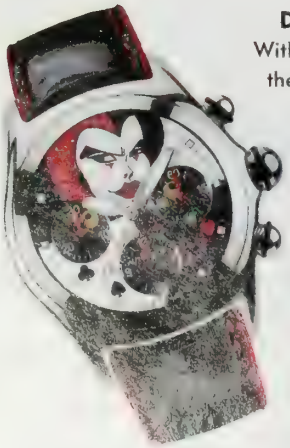


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Seattle on the Hudson



It has been said that New York is a place for the rich, the poor, the young, and for those who can't imagine living anywhere else. It is where the great talents of the world arrive brimming with grand ideas and outsize ambition. And it's therefore no accident that so many of the people in this year's Hall of Fame portfolio are New Yorkers (at least five of them, in fact). Ambition + talent + luck = great reward. That has always been the central New York equation. Mayor Michael Bloomberg, an extremely engaging and respected leader, wishes to impose a corollary equation: New York − smoking − noise = Seattle.

He has already announced a campaign to eliminate excessive noisemaking. And now he's got the bit between his teeth over smoking. Mayor Bloomberg doesn't smoke, and since he runs this city less like a mayor and more like the very effective boss he was before he got this job, he's decided that he doesn't want anyone else to smoke, either. Not in bars, not in nightclubs, not in restaurants. Not in *outdoor* restaurants. His argument is that it's a job-safety issue. Which is a worthy sentiment. But what does that say to city employees such as firemen and cops? Now, those are folks with some serious job-safety issues. If a little secondhand smoke were the chief concern of members of the F.D.N.Y., firemen would be singing a happy tune indeed.

This creeping Seattle-ization of New York began with the cleanup of Times Square. The prostitutes and three-card-monte hustlers were shooed away to make room for legions of lumbering, big-bummed out-of-towners. New York looks better when it's a bit scruffy and somewhat out of control. If Seattle appears to have just showered and sha New York is a city suited t growth of beard and a mil bed hair.

Seattle is also home to bucks chain. An engaging spected purveyor of very g fee, it has its own set of law it has imposed on New York bucks' ironclad grip on th market means it is free to strip its customers of what w basic civil liberties: the freedom to smoke and the fre speak English. Starbucks does not let you have a cigar your coffee. A shame, really, but just so much a pa modern world. Artery-clogging, butter-based confection soothing cigarette with coffee and the morning papers: bucks has also made the hostile gesture of forcing its cust speak a sort of pidgin Italian. *Venti? Grande? Doppio?* I' barrassed at the thought of using these words when I or feign ignorance of Starbucks terminology just to maint degree of dignity. But the lovely people who work ther mirably steadfast in maintaining the company's Italian n request for extra-large is greeted with "You mean *venti?*" a double espresso and the person behind the counter res saying, "A *doppio?*"

Now, I've never actually been to Seattle, so perhaps I really unkind about the place. It sounds nice. But as New York is a place for the rich, the poor, the young those who can't imagine living anywhere else. Nobody m because it's got clean air and it's quiet. That's what Seat Or, on a grander scale, Canada. —GRAYDON



ON THE COVER
Nicole Kidman wears a caftan by Liza Bruc a bracelet (left wrist) by Bottega Veneta. H Kerry Warn. Makeup Tom Pecheux. Manicu by Deborah Lippmar design by Di Wood. products by John Fr Makeup products by Christian Dior. Sh by Sarajane Hoare. Photographed excl for *V.F.* by Mario Testino in Malibu o June 22, 2002.


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ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

After spending 16 months and more than $6 million on a personal investigation, **PATRICIA CORNWELL** is more convinced than ever that she has identified Jack the Ripper as the English painter Walter Sickert. And even though her book on the subject, *Portrait of a Killer: Jack the Ripper, Case Closed,* excerpted on page 342, has gone to print, her research continues. She's currently in Knoxville, Tennessee, doing additional studies on "what maggots found in a torso in the Ripper murders can tell us about how long the body was dead." Sounds like a job for medical examiner Kay Scarpetta, heroine of 11 of Cornwell's wildly successful novels. "I'm already researching Scarpetta 12," Cornwell says. "She usually doesn't get to evade me for this long."



While reporting on the recent string of domestic murders and suicides at Fort Bragg, special correspondent **MAUREEN ORTH** seized an opportunity to bring the plight of those she was covering to the attention of the top brass. At a reception in Washington for Colombian president Álvaro Uribe Vélez, Orth approached army chief of staff General Eric Shinseki and told him about the insensitive treatment received by some of the families left behind. "Less than a week later, the general in charge of personnel called to thank me and said the survivors could contact her personally," says Orth. Since then, several survivors have received assistance they had not thought available, and the army has begun revising its procedures for such cases. "Once the top guns became aware, they also became accountable."



On page 242, **GARY COHEN** delves in the life of Porfirio Rubirosa, the Domi diplomat, international sportsman, a to several thousand women, perhaps world's greatest lover. Reporting this took the Washington, D.C.–based w to the National Archives of the Domi Republic, where he had access to Rub undiscovered autobiography. "I guess a knack for finding lost documents w no one would look," says Cohen. Mea contributing editor Reinaldo Herrera provided entrée to many difficult sou "It was a one-two punch," Cohen sa "I got the diaries, and Reinaldo got reclusive people to talk."

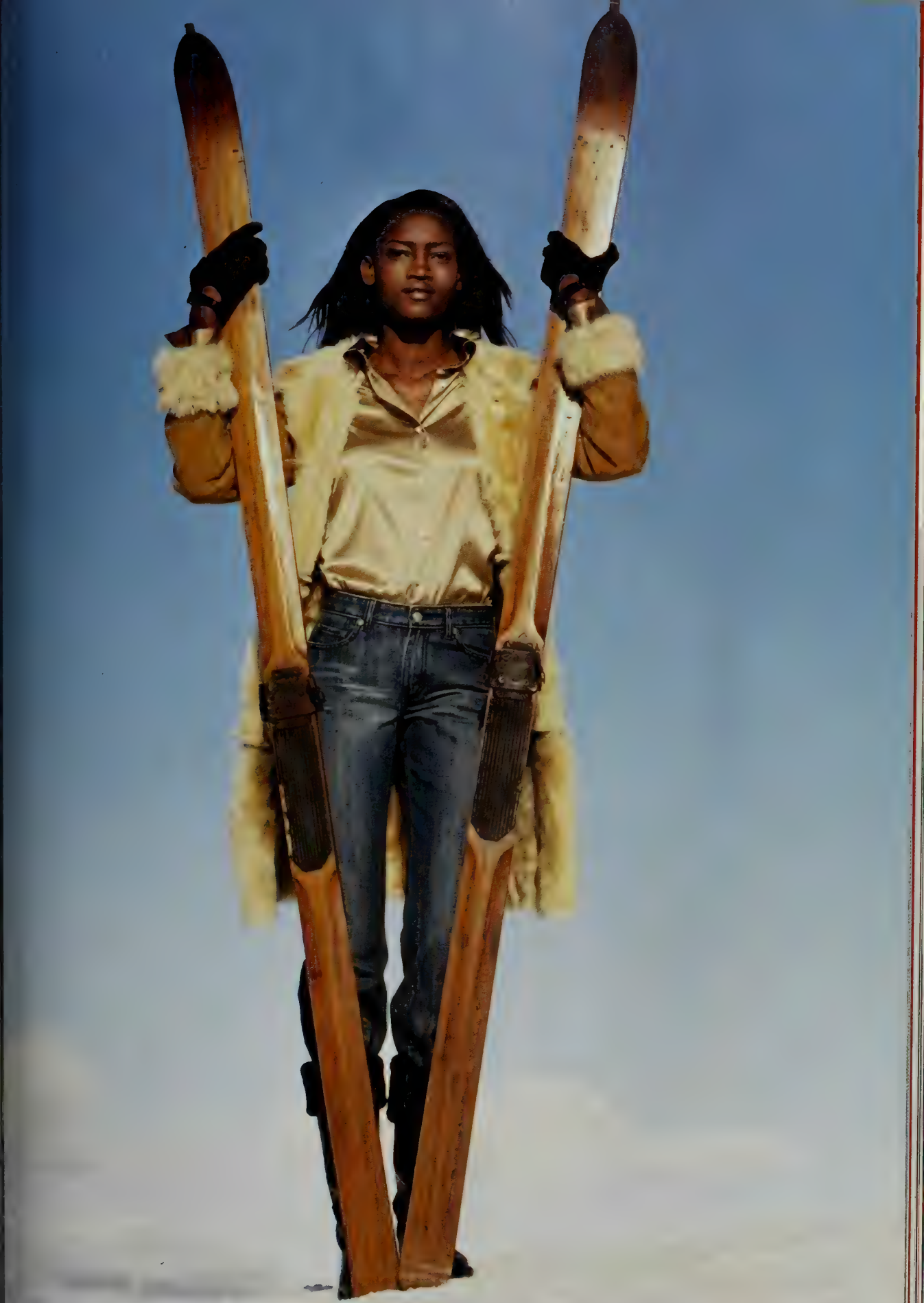


As editor in chief of *Interview* magaz **INGRID SISCHY** has spent much tim with Nicole Kidman in New York a London. For this article, Sischy, who' also a *V.F.* contributing editor, went considerably farther off the beaten pa the small Romanian town of Poiana Braşov, and the set of Anthony Ming *Cold Mountain.* Sischy discovered tha "even in Romania, Nicole Kidman ca away from rumors. The Romanian p made her out to be a diva who dema the trailer of deposed dictator Nicola Ceauşescu," Sischy says. "I was in her trailer, and it was just like everyb else's—like a motel in Palm Springs."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104


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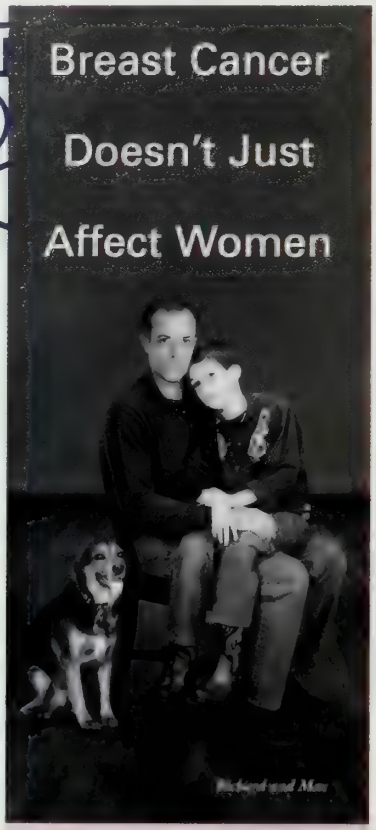


ld feet. And a sweater that says, I'd hug you 24-7 if I could.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

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Having written about the Hilton sisters and wealthy New York private-school students, contributing editor **NANCY JO SALES** has become something of a barometer of cultural coolness among elite teenagers. This month she reports on Los Angeles's privileged—and jaded—offspring. "Basically, these aren't happy kids," says Sales. "They've been raised believing that beauty, fame, and material possessions are the key to happiness." As the mother of two-year-old Zazie, Sales says, "I hope people read my pieces on young people and say, 'I better pay a little more attention and see if this is what my kids are like and what they're doing.' And if it is, well, maybe they should change the examples that they're setting."



MAGNUS OLSSON

No one captures real-life bravery q
contributing photographer **JONAS K**
whose pictures of the heroes of 9/
in a special issue last November an
part of an exhibition last month at
National Portrait Gallery. For this
Hall of Fame, Karlsson shot anoth
collection of heroes, including Rive
Robert F. Kennedy Jr. and Alex M
and a group of international-aid lea
"I felt strange doing the picture, b
I knew the cost of it," says Karlsso
that amount of money you could
build 10 schools in Africa. On the
hand, maybe the picture will make
aware and inspire someone to dona
In 2003 he will have a solo show a
Färgfabriken gallery in Stockholm.



JUDITH NEWMAN first interviewed Rosie O'Donnell, one of her favorite comedians, in 1995, a year before her talk show aired. O'Donnell's disarming honesty was evident even then. "We sat down to dinner and she immediately said, 'I'm fat. I can't eat anything here,'" Newman recalls. Though O'Donnell was just as funny when Newman interviewed her in the fall for her piece on page 332, this time the subject matter was considerably darker: O'D
dramatic departure from *Rosie* magazine. "It's one of those classic cases of an ir
bad marriage," says Newman of O'Donnell's relationship with Gruner
the magazine's publisher. "People could've seen it was bad from the beginnin
they'd bothered to look a little bit." Newman is at work on a book about b
what she calls "an *old* mother," due out next year from M

CONTINUED ON

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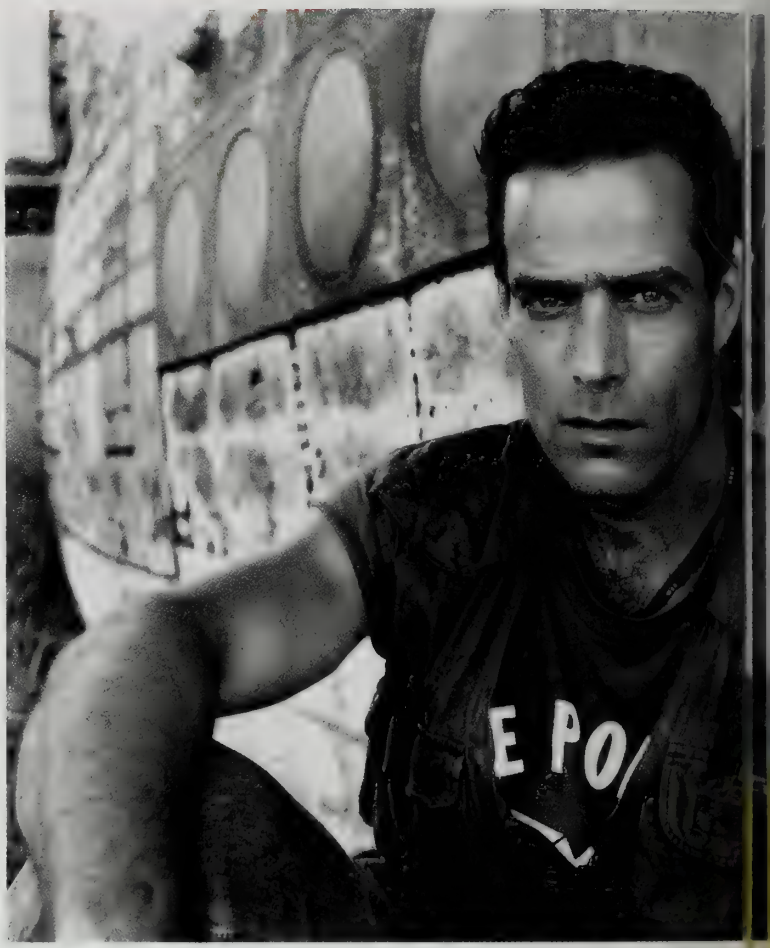
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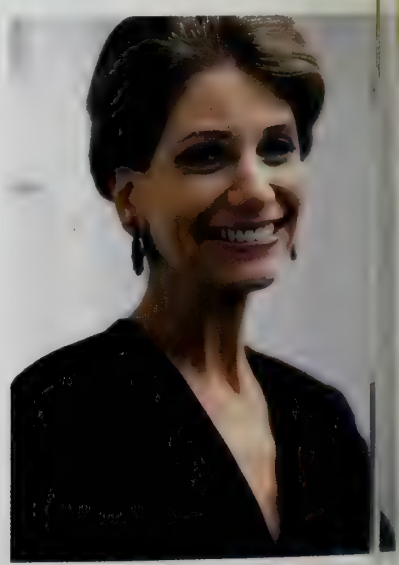
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104



On page 194 contributing editor **SEBASTIAN JUNGER** reports from Triple Bor[der]—a South American Casablanca located where Argentina, Brazil, and Paragua[y] converge—about the local infiltration by al-Qaeda, which is said to have establish[ed] terrorist training camps in the region. "It's a very fast place, with a lot of contra[band] trade and a huge murder rate," says Junger, who also reveals al-Qaeda's possible collaboration with other terrorist entities, including Hezbollah and an ultra-ri[ght] militiaman from the U.S. "I was getting pulled in two directions. The journalist was psyched there was validation for the story, but then I reminded myself, if [it] is all true, then the U.S. has more to worry about."



This month, contributing editor **JUDY BACHRACH** dissects the lives of one of London's most intriguing couples, domestic goddess Nigella Lawson, whom Bachrach describes as someone "very much in need," and the "shy but ruthless" advertising mogul Charles Saatchi. Author of *Tina and Harry Come to America,* the controversial book about Harry Evans and Tina Brown, Bachrach has a proven talent for discovering what makes power couples tick. "The moment you hook up with somebody, your personalities work on each other and influence each other," says Bachrach, whose article begins on page 210. "Only time will tell if Saatchi's enormous influence will lead to a change in Nigella."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

AVEDA

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Ford

GET TIED TO THE CAUSE

A Ford and Kate Spade exclusive only at Bloomingdale's! This season, join Pete Sampras and wife Bridgette Wilson-Sampras (in this issue) in the fight against breast cancer with the limited-edition 2002 Ford silk scarf. Designed by Kate Spade, it's the fashionable way to show your support for an important cause. The scarf is available now on-line at www.bloomingdales.com and by phone at 800-777-0000. All proceeds from each $25 scarf benefit the Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation (www.komen.org) as well as The Breast Cancer Research Foundation (www.bcrfcure.org).

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The Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation

THE BREAST CANCER RESEARCH FOUNDATION

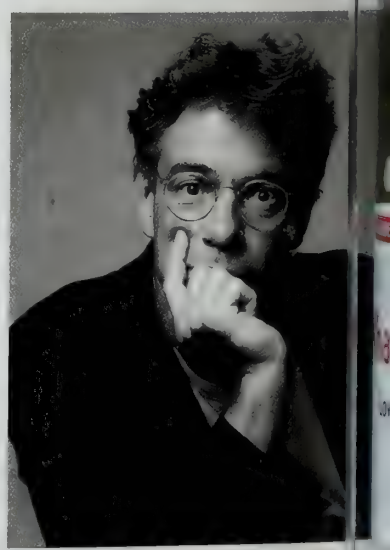
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106



For 10 years, **CHRISTOPHER ISRAEL** was a chef and co-owner of two of Portland, Oregon's premier restaurants, specializing in pan-Asian and pan-Mediterranean cuisine. In 1999 he quit the food business—and the West Coast—and joined the *Vanity Fair* art department, where, as assistant art director, he's responsible for laying out several stories each issue. But all those years as a restaurateur were not in vain: Israel finds that his skills as a chef only enhance his abilities as a designer. "The typeface, photos, and text are like ingredients," he says. "Working with the best ingredients in the business makes it easier to come to the conclusion of what the story is going to look like."



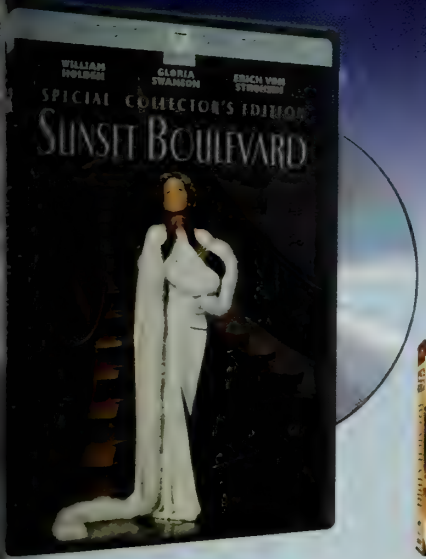
Senior style production editor **KATHRYN MacLEOD,** who produ Annie Leibovitz's *V.F.* work, was for a surprise upon arriving at the Hills Hotel to shoot the Osbourn family: MTV's camera crew was there trailing them. "I am convin Annie will be on a future episod *The Osbournes,*" MacLeod says. only praying that I was successfu avoiding the cameras." Aside fro a glimpse of Ozzy Osbourne's re (which she reports is "in good sh someone his age"), the highlight this year's Hall of Fame was meet nine Pennsylvania coal miners. "I photograph of the miners is one those ultimate Leibovitz portraits,' MacLeod. "I'm especially proud have been a part of it."



A *V.F.* contributing photographer for five years, **MICHAEL O'NEILL** has captured everyone from Walter Cronkite to John Glenn to Jennifer Lopez. For his portrait of Rosie O'Donnell on page 333, he built a small set at Joe Allen, the venerable Manhattan actors' hangout. "Some subjects have a routine, or they want to hide," O'Neill says. "Rosie was 100 percent there with me, in all of her moods. There's nothing held back. She's a ball of fire. I loved her." O'Neill's first book, *Zoo Babies,* is a collection of studio portraits of baby zoo animals. He is currently preparing a retrospective volume of his portraits, and a book on Venice.

I'm ready for my DVDs now, Mr. DeMille.





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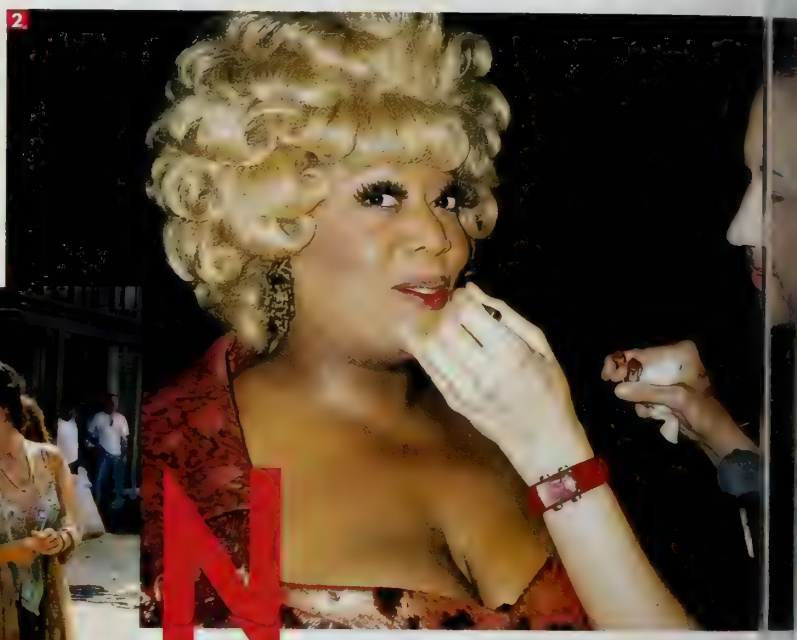
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Paramount 90TH ANNIVERSARY

ALL THE RIGHT MOODS

Each Hall of Fame shoot held a revelation, whether it was the U.S. soccer team's modesty, t *Friends* cast's nostalgia, or the Quecreek miners' sweet side. Annie Leibovitz and compa turned each mood into a masterpiece



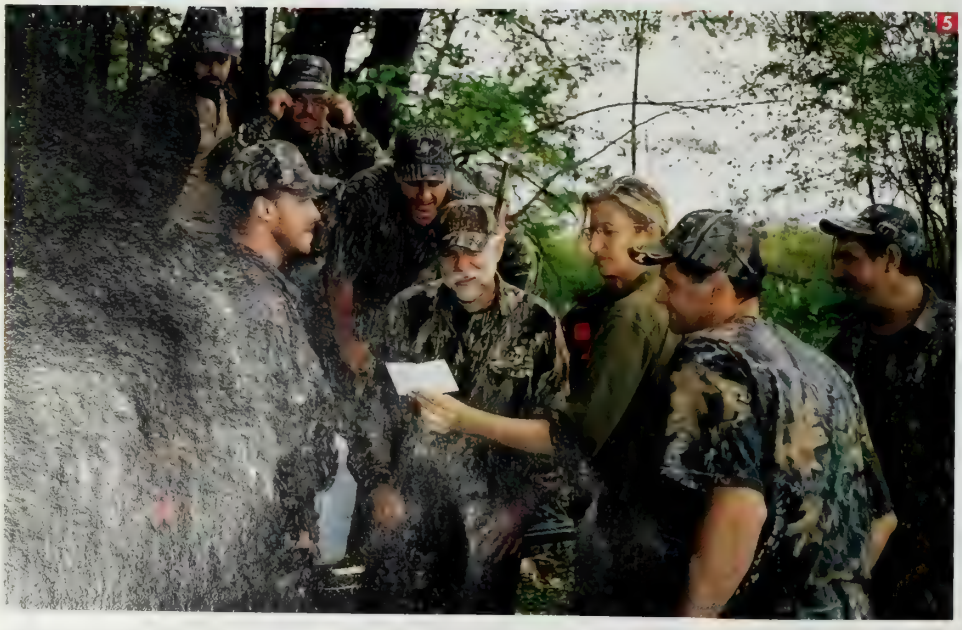




ALMOST READY FOR THEIR CLOSE-UPS
(1) Landon Donovan, left, with fellow U.S. soccer gods Clint Mathis, Brian McBride, and Eddie Pope. (2) *Hairspray* sensation Mary Bond Davis and makeup artist Mykel Renner. (3) Stylist Bruce Pask gives Courteney Cox Arquette a last-minute adjustment. (4) The birthday cake presented to Annie Leibovitz by the Quecreek miners and their wives. (5) Leibovitz with several Quecreek miners.



Now and then, the subject of a *Vanity Fair* ph shoot displays a touch of what is politely called attitude. Th taking part in this year's Hall of Fame portfolio displayed qual such as decency, humility, and a sense of fun. At the shoo Landon Donovan and other U.S. soccer stars, the players w too modest to peel off their clothes for the camera. At the *H spray* shoot, while Marissa Jaret Winokur was climbing all o her onstage love interest, Matthew Morrison, Mary Bond D and Harvey Feirstein opted for a game of "sandwich," in wh they pressed smaller people betw their considerable bodies. The *Frie* cast members were happy to sl their TV personas and go nea whiteface for Annie Leibovitz, wh been inspired by a 1930s Aug Sander portrait of traveling perfo ers. Between poses, they realized t this might be one of the last *Frie* shoots ever, and got almost wee Leibovitz had planned to photogr the Quecreek coal miners at the m But after learning their nicknar (Flathead, Moe, Hound Dog) a finding that they have a considera soft spot (they heard it was Ann birthday and got her a cake), scrapped her plan, and got someth even more revealing than she l hoped for. □





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COME FLY WITH ME

Flying high with 60s stewardesses; Fiona Mills stands up for sister Heather; Madonna, after all these years; those feel-good Noel girls; Steven Seagal's shallow Zen; the Moxley case's tangled tragedies; and more



THE MAIN ATTRACTIO Northwest pilots and stewardess receiving the 707th 707 ir Boeing publicity photo, circa 196 By this time, the stewardess quasi-military uniforms had be replaced by racier outf

Bruce Handy's article about stewardesses, "Glamour with Altitude" [October], was right on. It was as if he had been there himself. I started working at National Airlines ("Fly me") in 1965, when I was 19 years old. Girdle checks, ha! I was almost not hired because the head of stewardesses said I was slightly bowlegged. And what glamour! I had Cary Grant on a flight from London to Los Angeles in first class on a 747. He actually put wooden shoe trees in his shoes when he took them off during the flight.

You cannot imagine what it was like to walk through any airport terminal and have everyone stare at you because you were *a stewardess.* I am still flying, having progressed through Pan Am and Delta Airlines, but I now wear a uniform that makes me look like a bank teller. Not only that—I am now expected to disarm a terrorist hijacker with my bare hands. This is *not* what a "stewardess" is supposed to be doing.

EILEEN FITZGIBBONS
Orlando, Florida

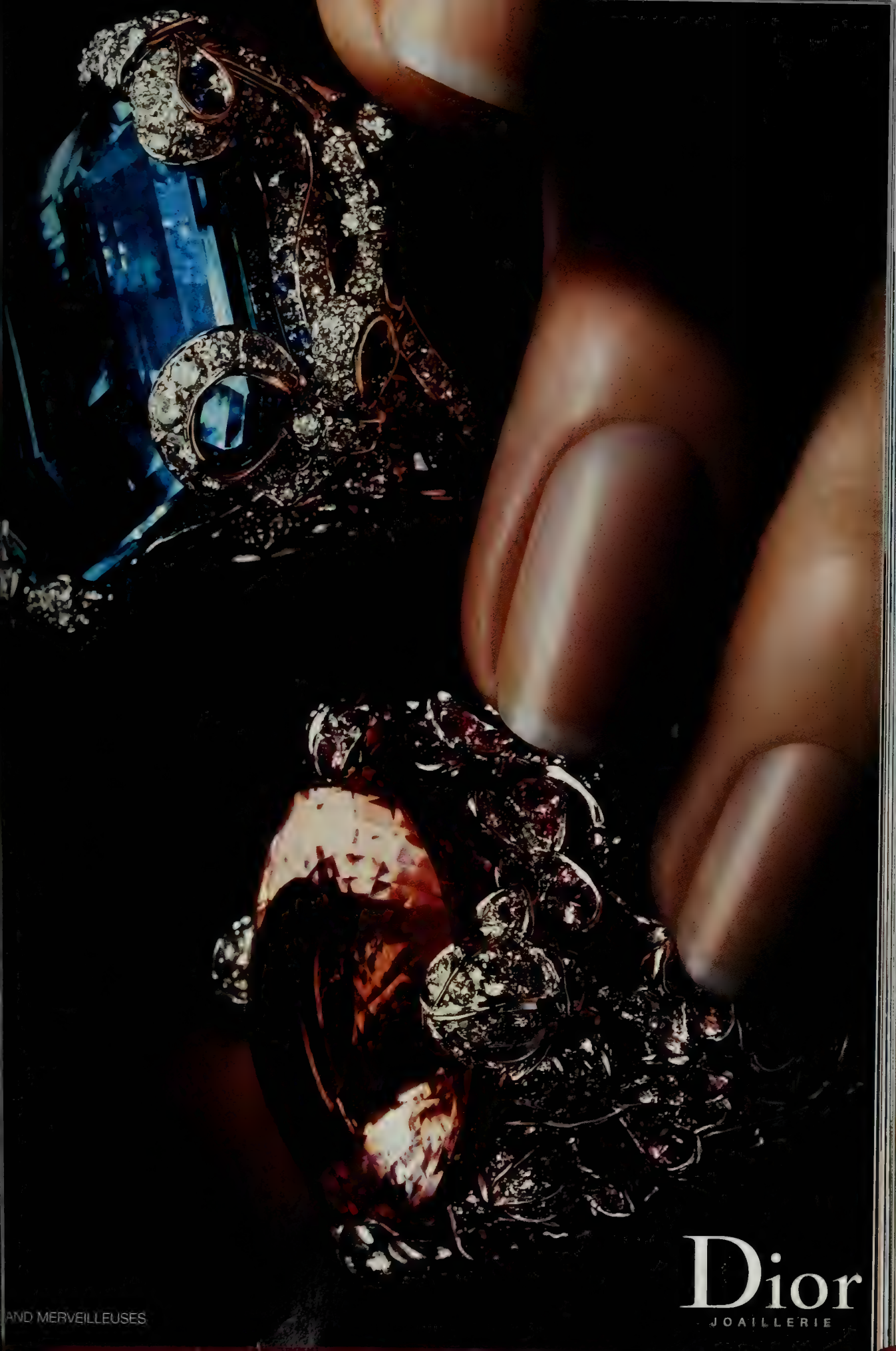
I FLEW FOR American Airlines from 1963 to 1968 and they were five of the best years of my life. I had been flying only six weeks when I was called for a White House press charter to Hyannis Port, Massachusetts. President Kennedy was flying there to be with Jackie, who unfortunately had just lost their baby. We boarded Air Force One, were given gold PT 109 pins, and got to meet the president. It was quite a thrill for a 20-year-old girl from Zanesville, Ohio! On top of that, I strapped in my future husband, singer Al Martino, and it was "love at first flight"! We've been living in Beverly Hills very happily for 34 years.

JUDI STILWELL MARTINO
Beverly Hills, California

I WOULD IMAGINE Mr. Handy believe he was reporting objectively on the evolu tion of the role of the flight attendant an illustrating, among other things, the "proto feminism" that then emerged. In fact, hi article reads as if it were written by tha same little boy who was so titillated by *Co fee, Tea or Me?*

My mother and her identical twin wer flight attendants for TWA in the 1940s an into the 1950s. Attractive? They were flaw less beauties. But they were also strictl reared, decent, and intelligent ladies.

Like some of the flight attendants Mr Handy describes, they flew special charters including those delivering servicemen t war. I don't think it was quite the oppor tunity for flirtation that Mr. Handy migh believe, however. Not long ago my mothe and I went through some of the scrapbook she had saved. A publicity photo show my mother and my aunt, wearing leathe


AND MERVEILLEUSES
Dior
JOAILLERIE

THE ARTISTS RIGHTS FOUNDATION

Founded in 1991 by the Directors Guild of America, the Artists Rights Foundation brings together some of the industry's foremost creative leaders to protect and preserve film heritage. Through a variety of approaches including grassroots educational programs, international partnerships, legal efforts, and special events, the Artists Rights Foundation seeks to safeguard the rights of film artists, protect film works from alteration, and ensure that an artist's vision remains intact for future generations to enjoy. For more information, please contact the Artists Rights Foundation office at 323-436-5060 or visit www.artistsrights.org.

THE SILVER LINING SILVER LAKE FOUNDATION

The Silver Lining Silver Lake Foundation is a nonprofit fund-raising organization that was created to bring together artists and musicians in events that inspire benevolence and goodwill in communities across the country. From its wildly successful music festival—which last year featured Elton John, Sting, and the Red Hot Chili Peppers—to its silent auctions of works by such artistic luminaries as Jeff Koons and Bruce Weber, the Foundation provides valuable awareness and funds for organizations in need. For information, visit www.silverliningsilverlake.com.



FRIEND OF THE DAEMONS
The controversial author Philip Pullman outside the writing shed of his Oxford home, May 1, 2002.

bomber jackets over their elegantly tailored TWA uniforms, standing by a small plane and talking to a group of four or five boys in uniform. My mother ran her finger over the photo and said, "It was always so sad to be on flights with those boys, because we knew so many of them would never come back." She knew what she was talking about: one of her two brothers was killed in the Battle of the Bulge. I'm positive my mother and aunt were nice to those boys not because they wanted to "catch" a husband but rather because they hoped that the last American women with whom their brother had interacted were nice to him.

Thus, to hear my mother and aunt described as "bait" and "corporate geishas" insults me beyond my powers to describe. I hope for both his and my sakes that Mr. Handy's and my paths never cross. If they do, he'll be walking funny for a week.

DENA R. EDWARDS
Houston, Texas

ON THE ANNIVERSARY of my fellow American Airlines flight attendants' murders, I found it profoundly inappropriate to run an article portraying the shallow and frivolous history of my predecessors.

At one time I might have read Mr. Handy's article with amusement, and might even have felt a pang of envy to have missed out on such a glamorous lifestyle by a mere generation. Ultimately, however, I am embarrassed by the pre-feminist-movement indignities endured by these women. As much as stewardesses were admired and envied for their beauty and charm, their value was diminished to that of Barbie dolls available for easy male amusement. It seems as if M Handy would like to see this stereotype trick-turning "stews" perpetuated, rat than uphold modern-day flight attenda for what they are—brave, resilient indivi als who place themselves in the line of f every day. The fear of butt pinching and g dle checks has been replaced by a very g uine fear of death at the hands of terroris

WHITNEY CLAIRE HEDM
New York, New Y

FROM THE LATE 1950s to the late 1970 was on an airplane between 1,200 a 1,500 times, flying to at least 100 cities, i eign and domestic. The stewardesses w only were uniformly young, single, sli and attractive, they were excellent at th job, they enjoyed their job, and they ca for their passengers. Not something fou too often in the years since.

Pacific Southwest Airlines was kno for its wonderful gals with the hot-pa uniform. I flew that airline 400 times knew many of the girls well, and they s they were not "bothered" by the pass gers any more than they would have be in any job. They enjoyed the attentio would say I saw passengers "bothered" the gals as often as the other way aroun

JIM HUMBE
La Quinta, Califor

PARADISE REIMAGINED

I READ PHILIP PULLMAN'S "His Da Materials" trilogy when it first came o in the U.K., waiting desperately after I f

WIRES

nds Great...and with only three
o connect, the 3•2•1 is as easy to
as 1-2-3." ***Popular Science*, 11/01**

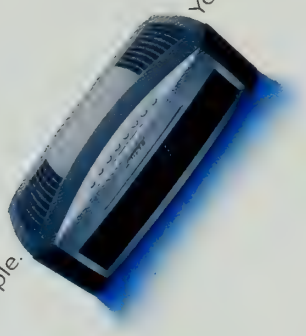
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THE MALL AT SHORT HILLS
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ished each book for the next to be published ["Oxford's Rebel Angel," by Christopher Hitchens, October]. I confess to being a devoted Tolkien reader and found Pullman's novels the first to inspire me as much as *The Lord of the Rings* did 30 years ago. However, I have never been able to quantify my feelings about the work satisfactorily, nor to analyze the source of its amazing potency. Your clear and incisive article has enabled me to do just that and to appreciate what motivates this truly gifted writer. You have made me understand why this is a work of literature which will endure.

AMANDA LONGWORTH
Somerset, England

ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO, an unknown woman in a bookstore noticed me looking at the display of Harry Potter books. "Have you read Philip Pullman?" she asked. She raved about *The Amber Spyglass*. "You won't be able to put it down." She was right. I was forever hooked. While I enjoyed Harry Potter, Pullman made me think and challenged me to ponder my world.

KARYN-SIOBHAN ROBINSON
Washington, D.C.

THE PLEASURE I TOOK in Philip Pullman's *The Golden Compass* dimmed somewhat when I read Christopher Hitchens's dismissal of the work of Tolkien, C. S. Lewis, and others in the genre. Their work has stood a test of time and readership that Pullman's work has yet to withstand. *The Golden Compass* is a stimulating book, full of stirring and thought-provoking images. But it strains for its effects at times and never moved me as powerfully as *The Lord of the Rings* has done. I pity Hitchens's children if their father's opinions spoil their own first encounters with these authors.

PATRICIA BAUER
Deephaven, Minnesota

I WAS HARD PRESSED to find a constructive purpose for the God-wrecking preaching of Christopher Hitchens and especially Philip Pullman, who distorted the story of creation in Genesis, making it "as subversive as I could make it," so that possibly thousands of children will grow up believing a lie both about the Bible and about "daemons." Demons by any other spelling are still demons. In biblical accounts, they possessed and afflicted human beings in terrible ways, but somehow in Pullman's [illegible] they are lovable children's playmates.

T. PAIGE DALPORTO
[illegible]hts, West Virginia

[illegible]N. I am also an avid [illegible]ry Potter books and Philip Pullman's trilogy. As a matter of fact, I first stumbled across *The Golden Compass* in the library of a Catholic university. I don't need to believe in wizards or deny the existence of God in order to enjoy first-rate fiction, just as I don't have to agree with Hitchens on all matters in order to appreciate his superb wit and prose.

HOLLY WATSON
Houston, Texas

THE MAKING OF LADY McCARTNEY

IT WAS WITH GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT and anger that I read Leslie Bennetts's article on my sister Heather Mills ["Heather Mills's Private Crusade," October].

Having spent much time and effort arranging the interview and providing Ms. Bennetts with names and numbers of friends and colleagues to interview, I feel my time was wasted and I was obviously misinformed about Bennetts as a journalist.

Bennetts did no more than reiterate tabloid rubbish, ignore facts, misquote friends, and make assumptions on issues she knows nothing about. It seems there was no point in doing the interview, as Bennetts obviously decided beforehand to misrepresent Heather and portray her as a steely, self-promoting, name-dropping liar. It saddens me that Bennetts was not able to write a true and balanced article on someone who I *know* is a generous, thoughtful, and loving person.

Journalists have the privileged abililty to reach the public, and after the tragic events of September 11, it's a shame they have not learned to use this advantage to help and inform people, rather than to spread malicious gossip.

FIONA MILLS
London, England

ONCE AGAIN THE PEERLESS Paul McCartney has married a woman who shares his humane, peaceful worldview. He and his late wife did more to advance the causes of animal welfare and ethical vegetarianism than any other celebrities on the planet. Heather Mills's admirable endeavors to provide artificial limbs for amputees and disability victims is commendable. McCartney should be lauded for attracting quality women who enrich his life and ultimately benefit the world's human and animal inhabitants.

BRIEN COMERFORD
Glenview, Illinois

BY REISSUING HER AUTOBIOGRAPHY with details about her relationship with Paul McCartney, Heather Mills seems to be exploiting her new last name. Only time will tell if McCartney has re[illegible] found his new life partner.

JEANNE M. MADIS
Banning, Califo

CONTRARY TO A SOURCE'S suggestio[illegible] your article, Paul McCartney's child[illegible] were not raised as ultra-privileged rich k[illegible] From all reports, they are stable, reasona[illegible] people who were raised with a lot of l[illegible] Given Heather Mills's insecurities and n[illegible] for control, evidenced by Paul's remov[illegible] the ring Linda gave to him, I'm sure [illegible] wants no reminder of Linda around, incl[illegible] ing Paul and Linda's children.

PATRICIA J. OLS
West Bend, Wisco

IF INDEED HEATHER MILLS asser[illegible] that she is giving Paul McCartney "[illegible] best sex of his life," then she's being di[illegible] spectful to Linda McCartney. Does [illegible] remember that her husband was famo[illegible] ly happily married to Linda for close[illegible] 30 years?

LINDA MAIA BELOSE
Gaithersburg, Mary[illegible]

LIKE A ROCKEFELLER

WHAT A CONTRAST you presented in t[illegible] issue with the shallow, poorly written s[illegible] ment of Heather Mills's autobiograp[illegible] juxtaposed against the eloquent, insig[illegible] ful excerpts of David Rockefeller's m[illegible] oirs ["To Be a Rockefeller," October]. [illegible] the one hand, you presented a won[illegible] who appears to write, speak, and beh[illegible] like a teenager. On the other, you in[illegible] duced a man with an incredible depth[illegible] character, observation, and experience[illegible]

SUZI SC[illegible]
Austin, T[illegible]

AS AN ORDINARY, lifelong resident [illegible] Maine, I have had the amazing good [illegible] tune to be one of those many peo[illegible] whose lives have been enriched beca[illegible] of their association with David Roc[illegible] feller. My father was employed by Da[illegible] and Peggy Rockefeller for 30 years. A[illegible] child I visited New York City with [illegible] family, and each time was given the rc[illegible] treatment, with after-hours personal to[illegible] of MoMA and Riverside Church, a[illegible] limo rides in between. I even remem[illegible] lurching and bumping down the steps[illegible] front of Kykuit in a golf cart with Dav[illegible] son Richard.

Thank you for printing the excerpt fr[illegible] *Memoirs*, by one of the most gentle, ur[illegible] suming, warm, and brilliant gentlen[illegible] alive. My father passed away in Aug[illegible] and at his memorial service David Roc[illegible] feller was one of the speakers. As alw[illegible]

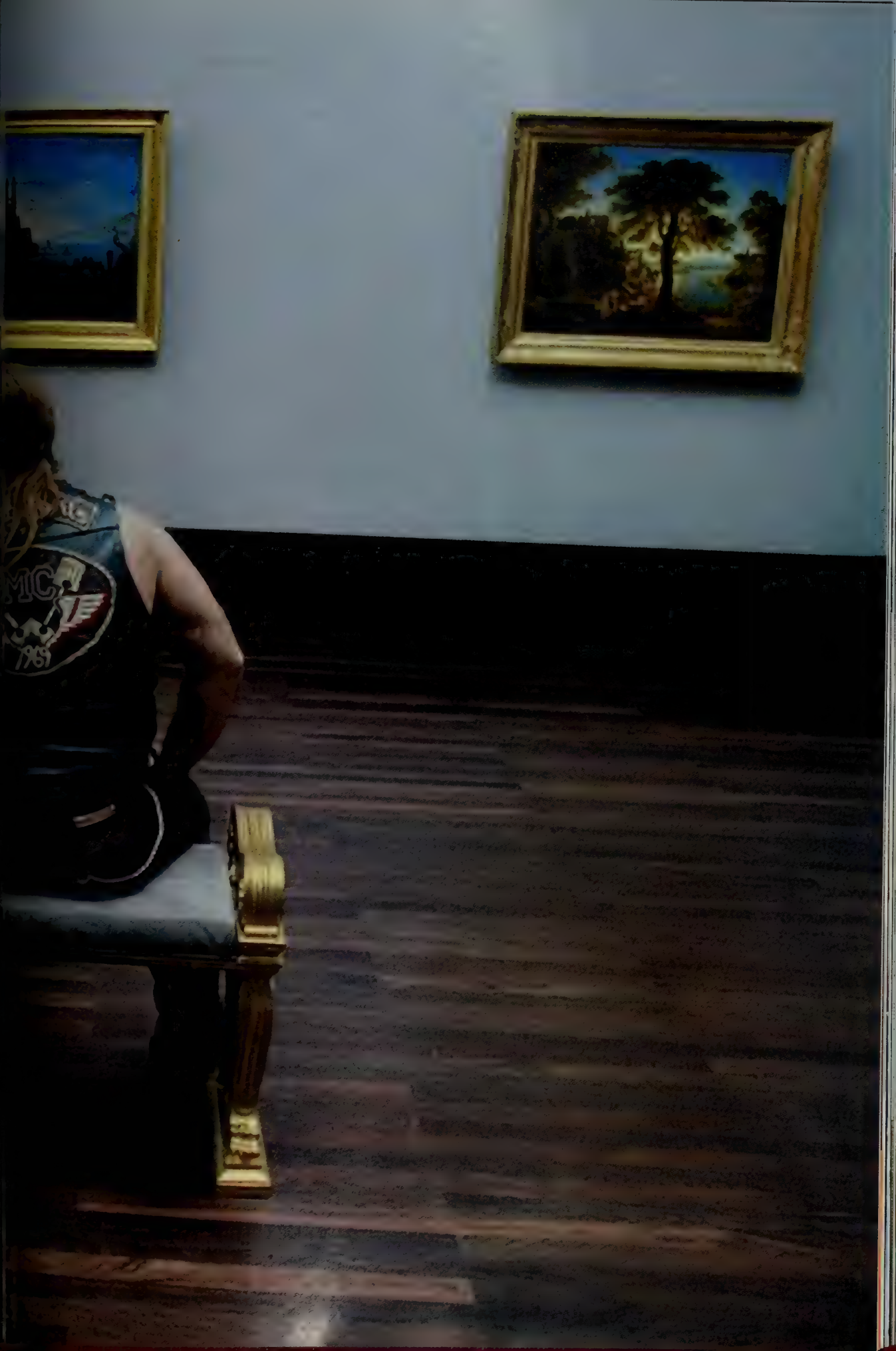


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[illegible] more information or an [illegible] new art, [illegible] Consecutive [illegible]



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SING THE NOELS
The five Noel sisters—from left: Corina, Ariane, Alix, Marisa, and Lisina—photographe by Bruce Weber in Greenwich, Connecticut, July 10, 2002.

he refused to describe Dad as a longtime employee, but simply called him a friend of the family.

AMY BRYANT SMITH
Northeast Harbor, Maine

THE MEANING OF MADONNA

STEVEN DALY wrote a great article on Madonna ["Madonna Marlene," October]. I've been a fan of hers since 1983, when I was 13 years old. At the time, I lived in Wisconsin and I was just figuring out that I was gay. Being a teenager is difficult enough; being a gay teenager is near impossible.

My Madonna fascination served as my alternative to having friends. She made me believe that someday I would be able to get myself out of Wisconsin, just the way she got out of Michigan, and hopefully find a place to live where it's O.K. to be gay. I stuck with her during the good times ("Like a Virgin," "Like a Prayer"), the bad times (the *Sex* book), and the even worse times (*Body of Evidence*).

DAVID CINEALIS
London, England

MADONNA IS OUT of her 44-year-old mind if she thinks she's capable of evoking Dietrich. Madonna is now as passé as they come.

DAVID A. POWERS
New York, New York

WITH "MADONNA MARLENE," I was left with a wonderful glimpse of a woman still transforming and growing in new dir tions. Craig McDean's photographs of h à la Dietrich were spot-on and sexy as h Madonna doesn't have to worry abo competing with 18-year-olds. This wom can show the kiddies a thing or two abo being an icon.

MICHAEL EF
New York, New Y

I WOULD LIKE to remind Madonna th the "council estates" that she feels blig the London skyline are inhabited by th sands of her fans who have helped h become the multimillion-dollar recordi star she is today.

J. J. CARU
Santa Monica, Califor

THE GIRLS FROM BRAZIL

I MAY NOT BE an heiress to a fortune, bu like to think of myself as a socialite in r own right and, as such, I aspire to raise family in the same manner that Monica N did ["Golden in Greenwich," by Kristi Stewart, October]. What a success story! a world in which parents are vulnerable one child (if not more) taking the wro path, Monica has clearly made herself example to all mothers—wealthy or not.

C. M. WAGN
Pacific Palisades, Califor

THE WORLD IS BECOMING far mo chaotic, poverty is consuming millions lives, and terrorism makes us questior

The Corleones Are Coming Home For The Holidays.



Photographed by Steve Schapiro
from "The Godfather"



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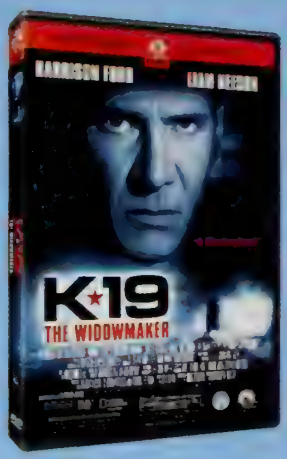
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bright future for humanity. Fear not, though, for we have the five perfect Noel sisters, pristine siblings with polyester smiles and equally perfect children, all living a privileged lifestyle. I am a more complete person for having had the opportunity to read about these magical creatures.

WILLIAM NOLAN
East Harwich, Massachusetts

STEVEN SEAGAL'S LOST ZEN

I KNEW STEVEN SEAGAL in 1979–80, when he was still Steven *See*-gul ["Seagal Under Siege," by Ned Zeman, October]. I studied aikido under him at the Ten Shin dojo in Osaka, Japan. He was the sensei. While I think much of what he has become is surely "poppycock," as Seagal might put it, I can testify that he is indeed the martial-arts expert that he says he is. More than 20 years later I can still feel his power and intensity.

Even then, however, he worked pretty hard at making himself a man of mystery. I have cringed over the years watching his ego and self-driven mystique grow as his career turned into a sad joke. He had been magnificent. But the spirituality which is at the core of aikido has ironically become his vessel for shallowness. That, and some poor wardrobe choices.

BILL BAKSI
Houston, Texas

SPLENDOR IN THE GLASS

MY DAILY WALK to work takes me exactly past the Lever House on Park Avenue ["Forever Modern," by Matt Tyrnauer, October]. For the past three years I have watched the building's complete transformation in what has sometimes seemed like slow motion. I have often wondered what it was about its history and design that promoted such a proud and public renovation. That the building, which always seemed to me like a movie set with its cool, sea-green serenity, open plaza, and mid-century modern design elements, has a background as innovative as one could imagine makes it appreciated and enjoyed all the more.

JULIE O'BRIEN
New York, New York

DUNNE CROSS-EXAMINED

MY NAME IS MARY BAKER, better known as "the tutor's ex-wife," and I have written this letter to probe why Dominick Dunne could possibly feel that he has the right to judge my reasons for participating in the Martha Moxley murder investigation ["The Rich and the Damned," July]. Mr. Dunne wrote, court, Mary Baker gave some cockam excuse for why she had participated." Dunne asserts that I "helped [the po obtain a sham confession from [Skakel Ken] Littleton" and that defense atto Mickey Sherman was doing a very gooc of confusing the issue. As there was no s confession obtained, I hope that Dunne's musings in print are judged acc ingly by *Vanity Fair* readers.

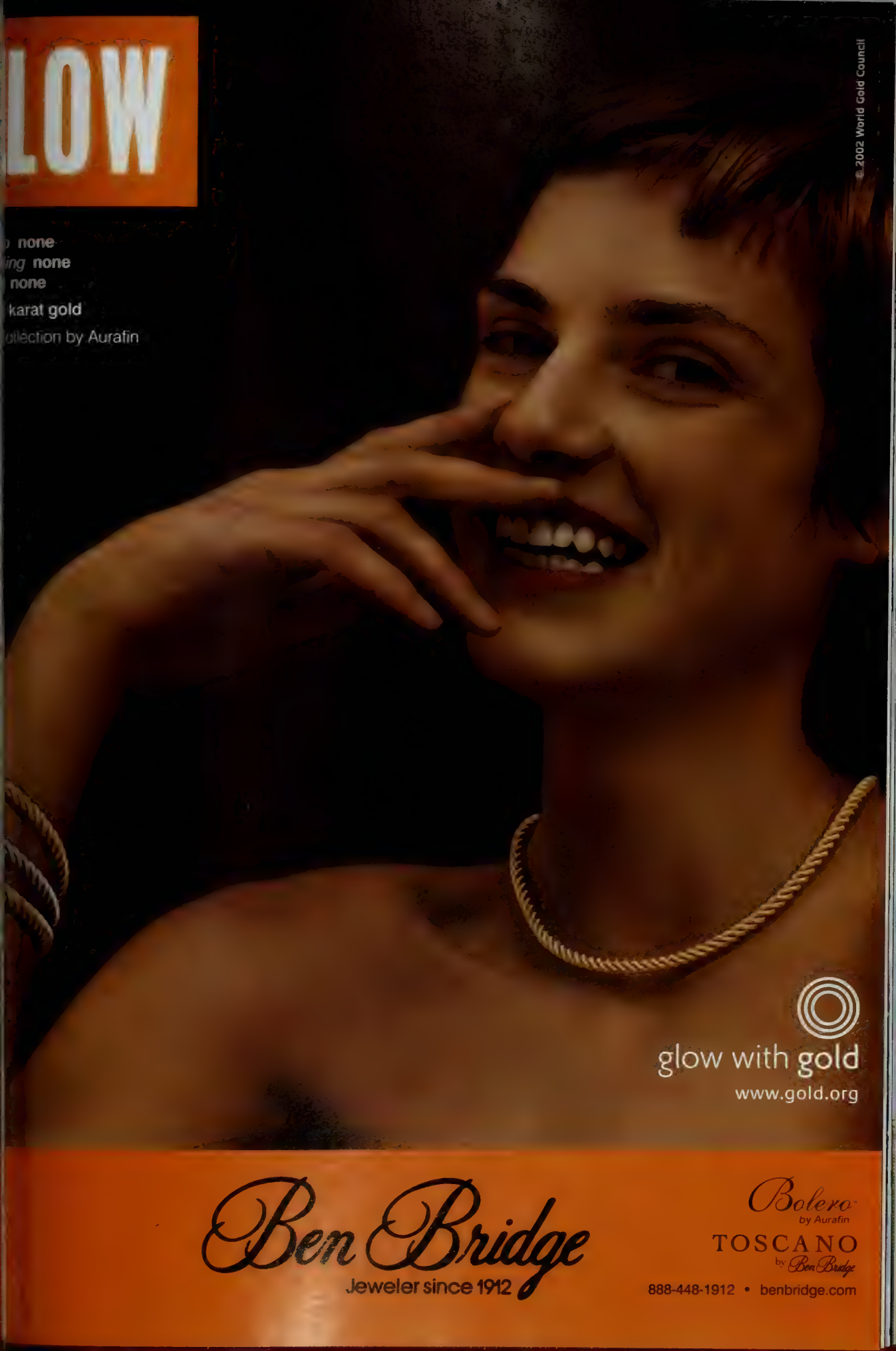
I respect the right of anyone to lo me, as Mr. Dunne says he does, but not respect his decision to judge my sonal reasons for doing as I did. I bel that every individual effort put into th vestigation of Martha Moxley's mu contributed in some way to the guilty dict found against Michael Skakel. I c have refused to appear in the Norv courtroom, and Mickey Sherman migh talking to this day about the supposed of Ken Littleton.

Ken Littleton has had a good life cently thanks to his success in A.A., his manic-depressive disorder is ur control through his prescription-dru gime. In my opinion, Mr. Dunne den strated blatant unfairness when he c not contain himself on *Larry King* and mentioned Ken as "a drunk a drugger." As neither label was true of on May 20, 2002, I can see no imagin value in reminding the nation of his problems yet again.

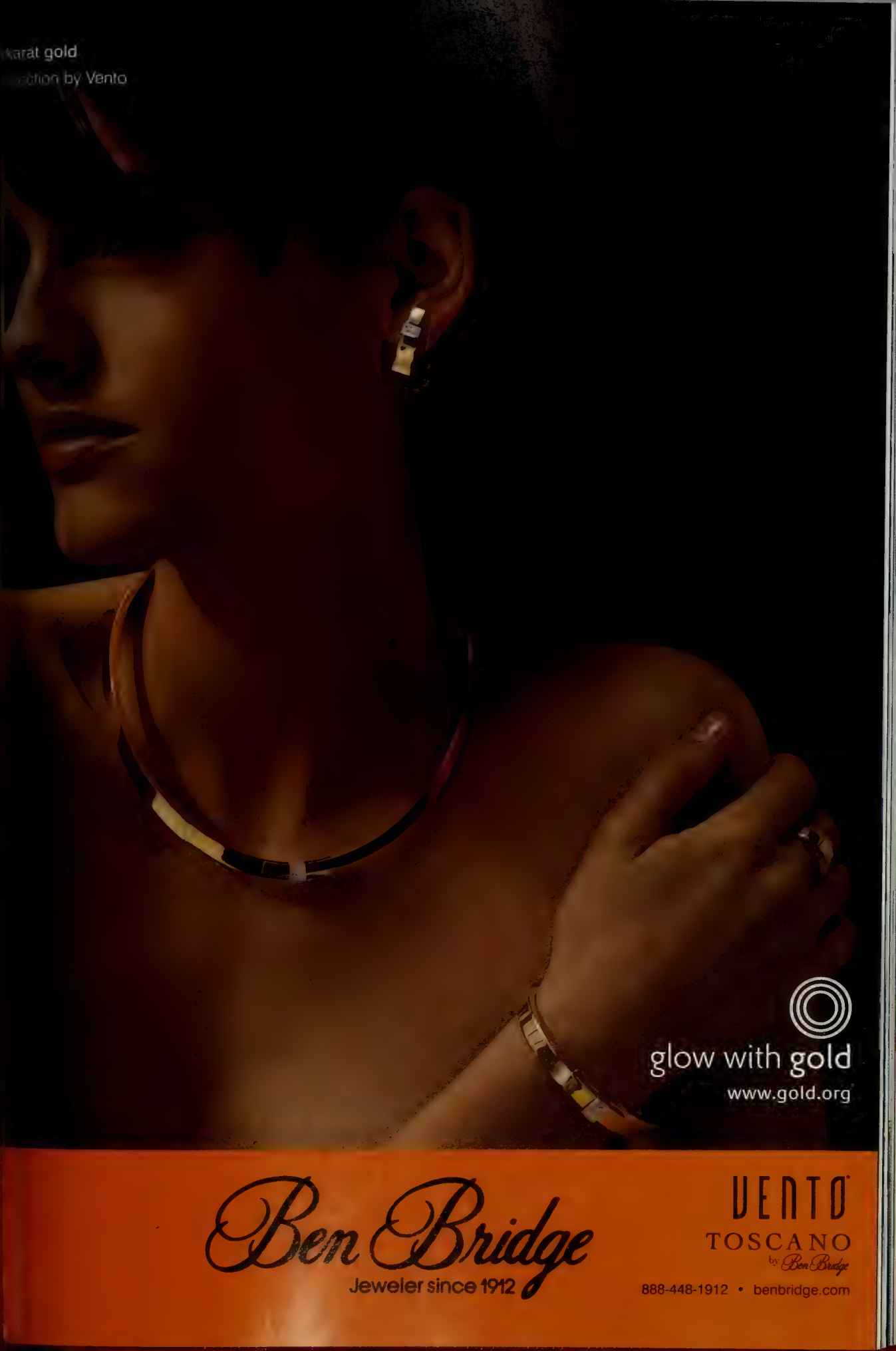
MARY A. BA
Ottawa, On

DOMINICK DUNNE REPLIES: I bewildered by Mary Baker's letter. The fa that she did participate in a scam in a H ard Johnson's motel room outside Boston, she knew had been bugged by police, te her husband to confess to a murder he hac committed. She tried to convince him the had confessed to her that he had committe murder in a drunken black-out. The fact no such confession was obtained does not m that one was not sought. She was the major ticipant in the scam. Through the years, I consistently been on the side of Ken Littl believing him to have been shafted by the Sk family. His Williams College classmates rea thanked me for my efforts on his behalf, as his lawyer during the trial.

Letters to the editor should be sent electr cally with the writer's name, address, and time phone number to letters@vf.com. Le to the editor will also be accepted via fa 212-286-4324. All requests for back iss should be sent to FAIR@neodata.com other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.c The magazine reserves the right to edit missions, which may be published or ot wise used in any medium. All submission come the property of *Vanity Fair*.


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FANFAIR

31 Days in the Life of the Culture

December 2002



ouble the Pleasure

pall and Gerard Horan as Charles
Ned Cheeryble, respectively,
upcoming film *Nicholas Nickleby*.
hotographed on location in
ming, England, on June 11, 2002.
For story, turn to page 148.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIAN BROAD

TODAY

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To learn more about the great work of NCFL, visit www.famlit.org.

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December

SPIELBERG'S ALIEN REDUX, TOMMY TUNE SNAPS ON THE S[illegible] AND AN *IRON CHEF* CHRISTMAS

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY



1 *Taken*, Steven Spielberg's 20-hour-long mini-series—that's a *Brideshead plus* an *Eleanor and Franklin*—about alien encounters, debuts on the Sci Fi Channel.

2 The world premiere of Franz Schubert's *Die Winterreise* as directed by choreographer Trisha Brown at Lincoln Center. Elsewhere—presumably in a dank nightclub—Britney Spears turns 21.



3 The play *Crazyblackmuthaf***in'-self* in previews at the Royal Court upstairs theater in London. (You're supposed to say, "Break a leg," but we also want to say, "Good f***!")

4 N.Y.C.'s Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater opens its 44th season. More opportunities to celebrate the human leg: the Rockettes and their *Christmas Spectacular* continue through January.

5 "Albrecht Dürer and His Legacy," at the British Museum, in London. Maidens, hares.



6 John Waters introduces the 1968 film *Boom!*, Joseph Losey's take on Tennessee Williams's *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore*, starring Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, and Noël Coward, at Art Basel Miami Beach. (Leonard Maltin on *Boom!*: "fuzzy." Fuzz can be fun.)

7 Brit actor H[illegible]y Goodman from *The P[illegible]* (he briefly Nathan La[illegible] on another Tartuffe. In at N.Y.C.'s Airlines Th[illegible] Brian Bedf[illegible]



8 The boundlessly creative Leonardo da Vinci, most people don't realize, completed only 12 paintings. See one of them (*Portrait of the Lady with the Ermine*) in the new show at Houston's Museum of Fine Arts.

10 Man returns home, finds mother has taken one of his friends as lover. It's Noël Coward's *The Vortex*, at London's Donmar Warehouse. (Additional transgressions available today on new albums by Killer Mike—of the OutKast crew—Ginuwine, and Busta Rhymes.)

11 Havana International Jazz Festival. Ceiling fans, scatting.



13 Tricked Out: N.Y.C.'s International Center of Photography shows Weegee's distorted photos of Marilyn Monroe, Nixon, others; and the residents of Ocean City, Maryland, compete in a Christmas-decorating contest judged by the chamber of commerce.

14 Here's hop[illegible] new, youn[illegible] Jonathan [illegible] injects the [illegible] snoozy Co[illegible] Biennial, o[illegible] next week Washingto[illegible] with verve

15 "French Masterworks from the State Pushkin Museum, Moscow," at Houston's Museum of Fine Arts. Also: the new building at Fort Worth's Modern Art Museum is the first large, public commission in the U.S. for architect Tadao Ando.

16 All this month the Palm Beach Institute of Contemporary Art—which sounds like an ironic name for a martini bar—shows work by painter-sculptor Tony Smith and his artist daughters, Kiki and Seton.

17 Wit and Crackers: Choreographer Mark Morris revives his *Nutcracker* parody, *The Hard Nut*, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and funny writer Roy Blount Jr. floats down the Mississippi in the PBS travelogue *The Main Stream*.

18 Theater of the Very Tall: Tommy Tune opens his big-band show, *White Tie and Tails*, at N.Y.C.'s new Little Shubert, and Sigourney Weaver stars in Neil LaBute's new play, *The Mercy Seat*, at N.Y.C.'s Acorn Theater.

19 Day No. 2 of the next *Lord of the Rings* film. Children across country change names to Treebeard.



20 The *Iron Chef* Christmas-dessert episode (secret ingredient: strawberries) on the Food Network. Strange exclamations of surprise, and overacting.

21 Oscar hop[illegible] are screen[illegible] at the A[illegible] Filmfe[illegible] Acad[illegible] Screen[illegible] (Can we ju[illegible] *Y Tu Mamá*

22 Ralph Fiennes turns 40. Aryan introspection has a moment.



23 Today: Hard Rock Cafe opens a museum in Orlando. Tomorrow: Vespers and the procession of the Virgin at Taos Pueblo. (Orlando and then Taos: wallow and rinse.)



25 The San Francisco Opera's production of *The Merry Widow*, on PBS, features new dialogue by Wendy Wasserstein. Champagne and Maxim's cancan dancers: more reliable than Christmas.

26 Things to Do Today: Return unwanted presents. Buy the 60th-anniversary edition of Ayn Rand's *The Fountainhead*. Remind self that the ego is the fountainhead of human greatness.

27 The Modern Language Association's annual conference and job fair for literature scholars, held this year in N.Y.C. Cattiness and backstabbing at the Marxist Studies cash bar.

28 Traditional [illegible] (rice cake) [illegible] to honor th[illegible] year, in W[illegible] near Hilo, [illegible] Island. Fire [illegible] starts at six

29 Day No. 3 of the movie *Max*, in which Noah Ta[illegible] (Shine) plays [illegible] Hitler who [illegible] a young, [illegible] The controversy mounts.

30 Michael Nesmith turns 60. Baby-boomers grow reflective and inward.



31 New Year's Resolution: read more Penguin Classics (all 1,300 of which will, over the next two years, be redesigned in gorgeous new editions). In stores today: the new Austen, Brontë, Dickens, others.



—BY HE[illegible] AI



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HOME SWEET HOME

Clockwise from far right: Julianne Moore; Dennis Quaid; Moore and Quaid as the all-too-perfect Whitakers in *Far from Heaven.*

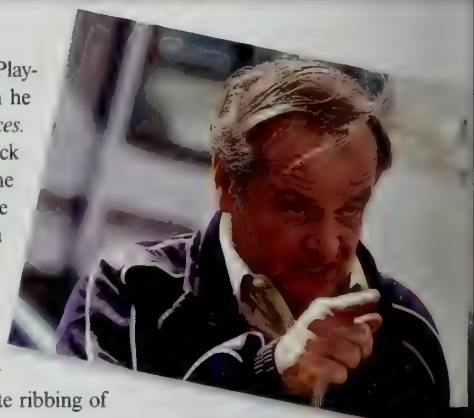


HOT REELS

Exiles on Main Str

IN *FAR FROM HEAVEN*, TODD HAY CRACKS THE 50S SUBURBAN MIL

'She's as kind to her family as she is to Negroes," goes the write-up in the local socie pages, an at-home profile of Cathy Whitaker, an exemplary 50s housewife who keeps an exemplary home in suburban Connecticut for exemplary husband Frank. But, *hmmm,* Cathy c have some funny ideas, and Frank's been working late an awful lot ... Can you guess wh direction the Whitakers' lives will be heading? *Far from Heaven,* with **Julianne Moore** and **Dennis Quaid,** goes way beyond paying mere homage to *All That Heaven Allows, There's Tomorrow,* and other mid-century dramas of unruly passions and neighborhood busybodies di by Douglas Sirk. The writer and director of the new picture, **Todd Haynes,** has crafted a ne frame-perfect replica of the style in every particular, from color palette and camera placement to e rhythms and archaic, slightly stiff acting style. It's a stunning formal achievement, and there's c arch wit in the "rightness" of the details. But *Far from Heaven* isn't a masturbatory film-student and it's especially not camp (though it does teeter once or twice vertiginously on the edg With the *mise en scène* serving as its own button-down metaphor, Moore and Quaid tap reservoirs of real pain and l beneath the artifice. The result may move you in an almost subliminal way, as haunting as an inadvertently remembere dream. Mention must also be made of **Dennis Haysbert,** who, as an African-American gardener, seems to be on h part as a representative of the forces of nature, though with all the crushing dignity and solemn-browed handsomen **Sidney Poitier** would have brought to the role. Yes, this is one weird masterpiece. (**Rating:** ★★★★) —BRUCE



Jack Ni gets cr *About S*

Elder States

JACK NICHOLSON AGES LIKE A MASTER IN *ABOUT SCHMIDT*

About Schmidt is the movie that asks, Has **Jack Nicholson** really gotten *that* old? Playing a retired actuary, Jack hits the road again here, just as he did back when he was a pheromonal smart-ass in his star-making pictures *Easy Rider* and *Five Easy Pieces.* But the escape vehicle is now a Winnebago, and the quest is not to find America or to buck the System but merely to leave a mark on the world before all the traces of one's life are kicked over, to make a quiet connection with someone, anyone, and to maybe save a daughter (**Hope Davis**) from marrying a doofus (**Dermot Mulroney**). **Alexander Payne,** who previously directed and co-wrote *Citizen Ruth* and *Election,* employs the same dry wit in this film, although here his affectionate ribbing of midwestern manners occasionally curdles into what feels like a sneer. The film also meanders rather more than seems intentional, but you could argue that the whole thing is a subtle and skillful buildup to the final shot, a simple close-up of Nicholson as an array of conflicting emotions grief, joy, regret—play across his face with all the impact and clarity of a great silent performance, 30 or so seconds that by all rights should become one of the movies' iconic moments. (**Rating:** ★★★½) —B.H.



COMING ATTRACTIONS

Trailer of the month: *Catch Me if You Can.* **Directed by:** Steven Spielberg. **Starring:** Leonardo DiCaprio Tom Hanks, Christopher Walken. **Coming to a theater near you:** December 25. **The lowdown:** Pursued by a patient, middle-aged federal agent (Hanks), a smirky adolescent counterfeiter (DiCaprio) poses as a pilot and a doctor and circles the globe seducing buxom dummies and cashing large, bad checks. **Cat and Mouse IV, the Saga Continues:** Hanks toils in an office, speaks slowly, and wear glasses; DiCaprio zips from continent to continent, runs his mouth, and looks terrific naked. Only one can win. **The suspension of disbelief:** Although one would think that DiCaprio's dashing grifter—rich, oversexed, and free of all commitments—is living the masculine American Dream, we are asked to accept that he feels empty inside and really just wants a friend. **Because Christopher Walken plays his father . . . :** The audience senses that DiCaprio's crimes are genetically predetermined, not freely chosen. (**Rating:** ★★★★) —WALTER KIR

Leonardo DiCaprio and adoring stewardesses in *Catch Me if You Can.*

TOP LEFT: BY DAVID LEE. CENTER AND RIGHT:

BVLGARI

The Rettangolo watch

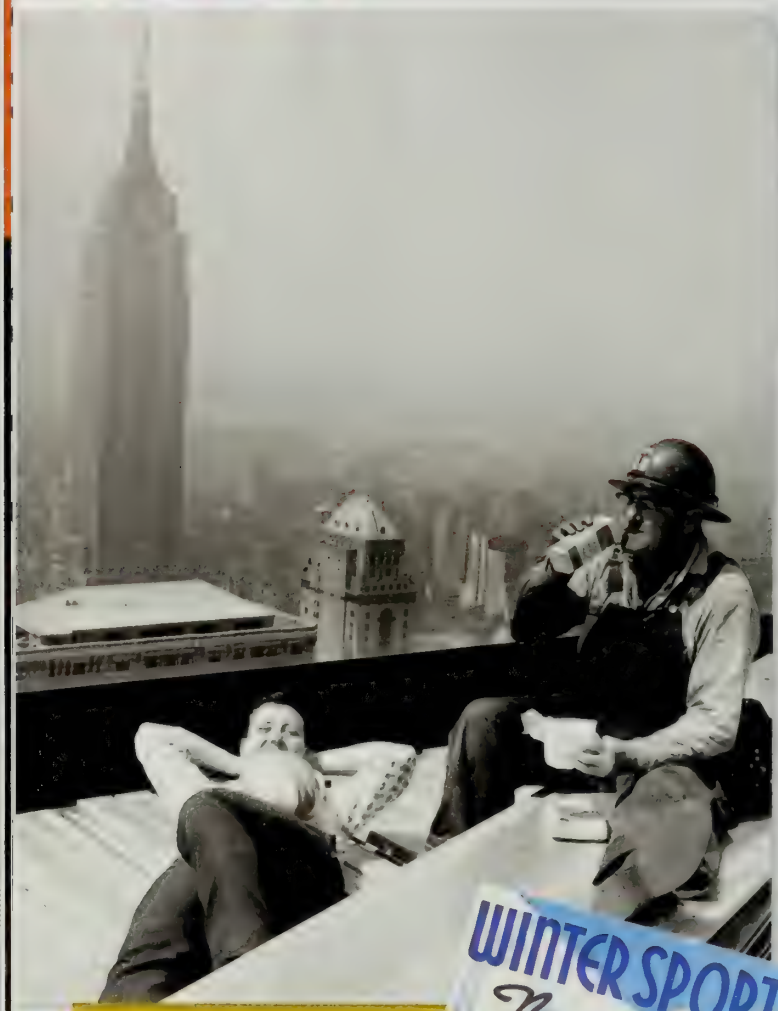


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Clockwise from bottom: Charlie Chaplin with a statuette of himself, 1917; a 1937 Sasha Maurer poster, from *Travel by Train;* skyscraper workers in New York, from *Denim;* a 1950 Matchbox Mercedes-Benz Konferenz–type O-3500 bus.

HOT TYPE

ELISSA SCHAPPELL

Rivaling only Saint Nick in his love for naughty little girls, the brilliant, secretive, nymphet-obsessed painter **Balthus** summons *Vanished Splendors* (Ecco) in his memoir (as told to Alain Vircondelet).

Also this month: **Ismail Merchant's** journey from Bollywood to Hollywood is captured in *My Passage fro India* (Viking). I'm dreaming of **Jody Rosen's** *White Christmas* (Scribner). Did someone say Hanukkah bush **Charles Casillo's** *Outlaw* (Alyson) cruises the life and care of John Rechy, the rough-trade hustler and best-selling novelist. After a six-year hiatus **John Mortimer** is back and *Rumpole Rests His Case* (Viking). **John F. Stacks's** *Scotty* (Little, Brown) follows the trajectory of newspaperm James B. Reston and the rise and fall of American journalism. In 1966 a rich, lonely, middle-aged lawyer finds himself tangled in a friendship with an extraordinary teenager in **Richard Babcock's** *Bow's Boy* (Scribner). *Selected Stories of Philip K. Dick* (Pantheon), with an introduction by Jonathan Lethem, is pulp-style science fiction at its best, complete with robots, Kafkaesque hero and tentacled aliens. Photographer **Lauren Greenfield** prowled dressing rooms and locker rooms on a quest for *Girl Culture* (Chronicle) and the nature of modern feminin **Lynne Tillman's** *This Is Not It* (D.A.P.) enfolds 20 years of stories and novellas with artwork by artists such as K Smith, Barbara Kruger, and Jeff Koons. **Hilaire Belloc's** giddily wicked classic *Cautionary Tales for Children* (Harcourt) was re-discovered and illustrated by Edward Gorey. *V.F.* contributing editor **A. M. Homes** examir *Los Angeles* (National Geographic) through the lens of the landmark hotel Chateau Marmont, a mythologi mecca for freaks and romantics. The heroine of **Alice McDermott's** *Child of My Heart* (Farrar, Strau and Giroux) is a beautiful, solitary baby-sitter. Novelis **Victor LaValle's** *The Ecstatic* (Crown) bristles with visionary energy. **Anthony Arthur's** *Literary Feuds* (Thomas Dunne) glories in McCarthy body-slamming Hellman, Wolfe roughing up Updike, and Vidal proclaimin "It is inhumane to attack Capote. You are attacking an elf." **Eleanor Dwight** has designs on the flamboyant style-mak and Jackie O. fashion mentor *Diana Vreeland* (Morrow). **Evelyn Hively** summons the tempestuous intelligence of one of the 20s' most enchanting writers, Elinor Wylie, in *A Private Madness* (Kent State University Press). *Charlie Chaplin* (D.A.P.) is photographer **Michel Comte's** visual diary of the Little Tramp's life. Plunk down a stack of nickels and pick up **Lorraine B. Diehl** and **Marianne Hardart's** tribute to *The Automat* (Clarkson Potter). *As Seen on TV* (Quirk) toasts gotta-have-it products from Ginsu knives to K-Tel records. In-the-know Big Apple–ite such as John Guare, Oliver Sacks, and Kate Spade share their *City Secrets New York City* (Little Bookroom), edited by **Robert Kahn.** We love to see them sweat—*Sports Illustrated* photographer **Walter Iooss's** *Sporting Li* flexes with jocks and supermodels. Fans of American railroad poster art go full steam ahead for *Travel by Train* (Indiana University Press). Fro its dust-bowl cowboys to its catwalk divas, *Denim* (Aurum) is a must-have. No, darling, you are not getting older—it's just your toys; *Matchbox* (Universe) gears up to celebrate 50 fabulous years. For those who fancy the plump and bearded, **Jock Elliott's** *Inventing Christmas* (Abrams) is a treasury of history's best-loved Christmas traditions. Go, Rudolph, go!


OPIUM
ANCE FROM
SAINT LAURENT



CANDY LAND
Above, Gene Wilder as Willy Wonka; right, the prize golden ticket.

Willy World

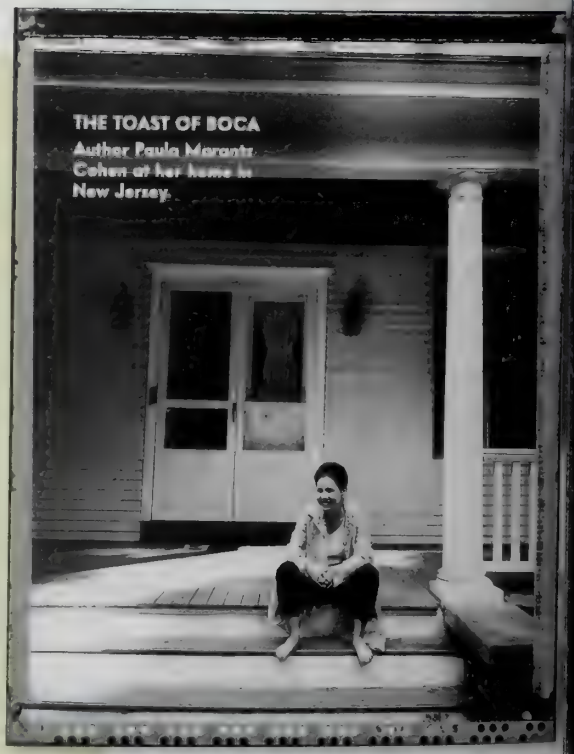
BEHIND THE SCENES OF A CHILDHOOD CLASSIC

Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory is a movie that demands a demystification, if only to put to rest the bewilderments and anxieties it has caused in the millions of children who have watched it since it came out in 1971. Thank goodness, then, that **Mel Stuart,** who directed the movie, has come along with his book, *Pure Imagination: The Making of Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory* (LA Weekly/St. Martin's), a genial, jocular explication (written with **Josh Young**) of the most sinister kiddie entertainment ever concocted. Any disquieting questions lingering in your skull since age 11 are duly answered: chubby Augustus Gloop didn't die in that pneumatic tube, but wound up a tax accountant in Germany (or at least the actor playing him did); the terrifying voyage of the S.S. *Wonkatania* through the blackened tunnel was not a bad-acid-fueled vision of hell ("I've never taken a drug in my life," writes Stuart) but an ingenious use of cheap special effects; **Gene Wilder** was not, in fact, creepily malevolent in real life, and struck up a genuine friendship with **Peter Ostrum,** the cute youngster who played Charlie Bucket; and the Oompa-Loompas' bizarre physical appearance—orange skin and green hair—was a placatory gesture on the part of Stuart, who was petitioned prior to filming by a group of black actors who didn't want Wonka's little helpers to look, as they do in the illustrations in **Roald Dahl's** original book, like black pygmies. Phew! Don't you feel you'll sleep better tonight? —DAVID KAMP

Yenta Sensibility

JANE AUSTEN IN BOCA IS A COMEDY OF KVELLING

In her first novel, **Paula Marantz Cohen** takes **Jane Austen's** worldview—"three or four families in a country village"—and transplants it to a location less given to carriages and vicars than to Sansabelt slacks and gastroenterologists: Boca Raton, Florida. *Jane Austen in Boca* is the utterly charming and surprisingly shtick-free account of three older women at a mostly Jewish retirement community—the sweet May Newman, the pragmatic Lila Katz, and the acerbic intellectual Flo Kliman—and their efforts to [illegible] marriages; think *Pride and Prejudice,* but with better weather. Cohen, who is [illegible]ed professor of English at Drexel University, in Philadelphia, and whose in-laws live in Boca, is blessed with an ear for dialogue ("Has your daughter-in-law left? I sense a power outage") and does well to [illegible] logical rites (e.g., how Jewish women love to [illegible] on to one degree by always figuring out [illegible] or went to summer camp with). Can St. Martin's Press, the pu[illegible]ise that turned the localized and niche-specific *The Nanny Diaries* [illegible] national success, do it again with a property whose appeal to [illegible]d Roberts screams "Doris" but not "Julia"? Let the kvelling [illegible] HENRY ALFORD



THE TOAST OF BOCA
Author Paula Marantz Cohen at her home in New Jersey.

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Alchemy and Irony

SIGMAR POLKE MIXES MEDIA AND MEANING





His is the work of a artful alchemist, n materials and mec blending sciences to create enigmatic, haunting images Opening this fall at the Dallas Museum of Art is a exhibition of German artis **Sigmar Polke's** recent worl 50 paintings and drawings from the last five years. The works further the artis ongoing investigation of imagery drawn from the media landscape, including a series of mistakes culled from printed media. "The printing mistake is quintessential to Polke's thinking," says curator **Charles Wylie.** "It opens up a range of association it's funny because it's a mistake, and it talks abou human fallibility and unintended significance and meaning." Polke, 61, has long been interested in scientific processes, change, how materials shift ov time. Utilizing complex media, several of the piece are transparent and painted on both back and fro "The result is like an X-ray of an abstraction," says Wylie. "He literally gets under the surface and makes you look at the surface anew and decide for yourself what it is you're seeing. It's a space he creates that is unique in painting because it is both there and not—it's like atmosphere. He's a ma at pulling meaning from that which we think is meaningless and making us look twice at assumptions in the culture."

—A. M. HO S



POLKE ART
Clockwise from top left: Untitled, 1998; detail of Triptych, 2002; Untitled, 2000.

WORLD BEAT Sales of Blue Condoms (a tequila drink) at the Cabbages & Condoms seaside resort (a Thai tourism) in **Pattaya,** Thailand, benefit the country's AIDS orphans. . . . When in **Dublin,** don't miss Friday nights at Spirit (Middle Abbey Stre . . . Basque food and modern architecture are on the menu at Caelrak (La Granada del Penedès 41-18) in **Barcelona.**

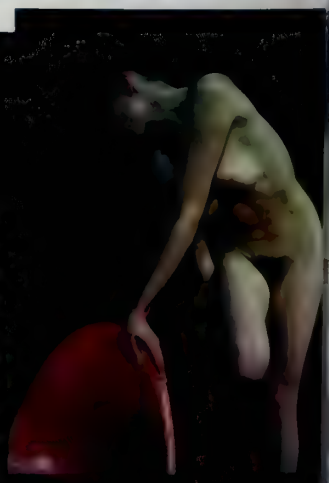
Sorrenti's Mementos

A PHOTOGRAPHER'S JOURNEY ON DISPLAY

Throughout the 90s, young fashion photographers bestrode the world like modern-day knights, commanding an enviable standing not only as star-makers but as influential interpreters of fashion. Few managed to infuse the artifice of this art form with intimacy as well as **Mario Sorrenti,** whose best-known work was for **Calvin Klein's** Obsession ads starring his then girlfriend, **Kate Moss.** In November, the 31-year-old photographer put limited-edition photocopies of his scrapbook journals and selected photographs on display at Roth Horowitz in Los Angeles. The diaries—kept under glass—feature road trips and models, line drawings, a dark sojourn in Russia, and stray underwear. "This is not a kiss and tell," Sorrenti stresses. "Being a photographer, I record most of what I experience, so this is a recollection of experiencing life, both fortunate and unfortunate."

—EDWARD HELMORE





PRIVATE EYE
Left, Sorrenti and his daughter in a snapshot taken by his wife in Sicily, 2002; above, Nude, 1996.


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NICK OF TIME

Clockwise from top: Charlie Hunnam (as Nicholas Nickleby) and Anne Hathaway; Juliet Stevenson and Jim Broadbent; from left, Eileen Walsh, Nathan Lane, Barry Humphries, and Alan Cumming.

Who knew that a film of *Nicholas Nickleby* could be so swe funny, modern—and *short?* The classic Royal Shakespe Company production ran eight and a half hours onstage, b **Douglas McGrath** has now written and directed a Dickens Lite versi that zips past in a scant two hours. "I took out seven of every eig pages," jokes McGrath, who also wrote and directed *Emma.*

Dickens's sprawling extravaganza is more than 800 pages long, McGrath had to leave out "scads of people," he says. But what a licious rogues' gallery of characters he kept in—and what a c he's assembled to play them! From an incomparably decad **Christopher Plummer** as the malevolent Uncle Ralph to **Nathan La** as the huckster thespian Vincent Crummles, to **Barry Humphr** (better known as Dame Edna) as his even more flamboya wife, it's quite a lineup: **Jim Broadbent** as the sadistic Wackfo Squeers, **Tom Courtenay** as bleary-eyed Newman Noggs, ev **Alan Cumming** struggling valiantly to bring his rapt ous Highland jig to an itinerant production *Romeo and Juliet.* **Charlie Hunnam** plays Nick by as a young, blond Adonis who is the very carnation of goodness and purity, with the lov newcomer **Romola Garai** as his equally innoce even blonder sister.

But modern? "The book has a very modern, lib al idea of what community and family mean, and h valuable those things are," McGrath explains. "It beg with the family falling apart and ends with the fam getting rebuilt. In terms of Victorian society, the peo Nicholas has put together are really outcasts—a cripple, alcoholic, a ruffian, actors, who, of course, were consider the lowest of the low. Nicholas doesn't fall in love with son one who turns out to come from a rich family. The girl wants to marry is destitute. He actually makes his new fam out of the bottom of society, and it seems to me that that kind inclusiveness is an idea that should have a lot of meaning for all us today."

—LESLIE BENNET

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIAN BROAD

FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

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THE GARRET G
From left, Catherine M
Baz Luhrmann, and
members from La Boh
photographed by Firooz Za

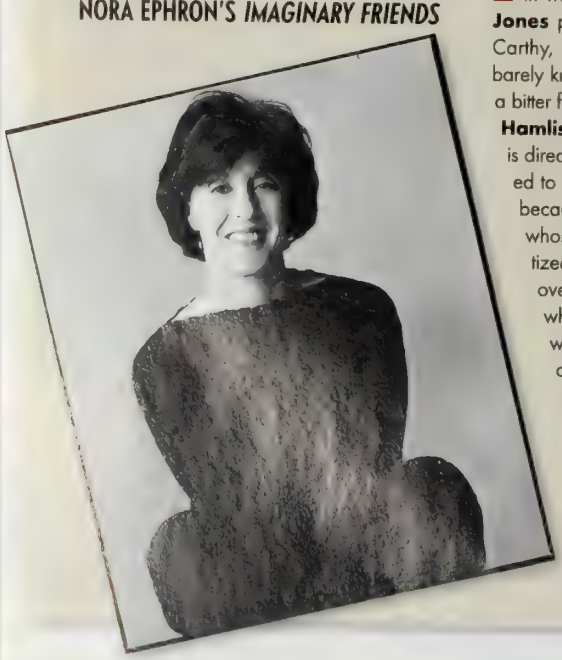
Paris Is Burning

BAZ LUHRMANN'S *LA BOHÈME* ON BROADWAY

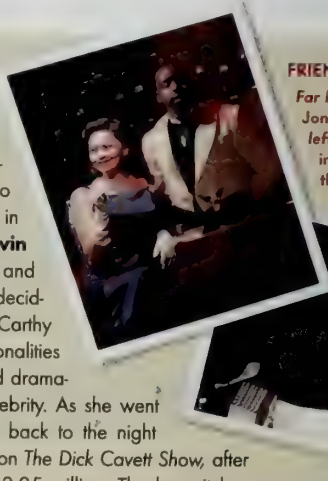
Baz Luhrmann, the 40-year-old Australian director whose 2001 film, *Moulin Rouge,* was Hollywood's first great movie musical in decades, is returning to his operatic roots with *La Bohème,* **Giacomo Puccini's** classic ode to starving artists. Luhrmann's original production, staged in 1990 at the Sydney Opera House, opens this month on Broadway—updated, revamped, and more extravagant than ever. Since the opera is too vocally strenuous for the same cast to sing night after night, Luhrmann spent more than a year finding enough hip, talented, gorgeous young singers—none older than 30—to fill out Broadway's eight-shows-a-week schedule. The director has moved the actio Paris in the late 50s, and fans of his movies will recognize the aesth stamp of Luhrmann and **Catherine Martin,** his designer, wife, and l time collaborator. The sets evoke *Moulin Rouge,* from the rooftop ga beside a giant red neon sign that reads L'AMOUR to the densely popul Latin Quarter, where swatches of bright color jump out from a black- white background. With its trimmed score and scaled-down, 26-piec chestra, conducted by **Constantine Kitsopoulos,** this is one supertitled o even the most attention-deficient philistine could love. —KRISTA SM

Poisoned Pens

NORA EPHRON'S *IMAGINARY FRIENDS*



Imaginary Friends is a play by the ironic, sharp-tongued **Nora Ephron,** in which **Swoosie Kurtz** and **Cherry Jones** play Lillian Hellman and Mary McCarthy, respectively, two literary giants who barely knew each other but ended up locked in a bitter feud. The play features music by **Marvin Hamlisch,** with lyrics by **Craig Carnelia,** and is directed by **Jack O'Brien.** Ms. Ephron decided to write a play about Hellman and McCarthy because they were two formidable personalities whose careers paralleled each other and dramatized different levels of success and celebrity. As she went over their stories, Ephron kept coming back to the night when McCarthy called Hellman a liar on *The Dick Cavett Show,* after which Hellman sued McCarthy for $2.25 million. The lawsuit became a cause célèbre of the literary world in the 1980s. Hellman died in 1984, just before the suit came to t al. McCarthy died five years later. They'd never been able to confront each other in real life, E says, "and I visualized them bumping into each other in a ladies' room in hell." The tension be the two women gives the play its emotional clout, as they bicker about everything from the Hl als to Jane Fonda in the movie *Julia.* But the focus of their conversation always returns to th suit, and whether or not McCarthy's attack on Hellman would be protected by the First A ment. We are left to ponder the boundary between opinion and fact, and whether you b the truth is more important than telling a good story. Indeed, there is a great deal to think in this wonderfully entertaining play. —PATRICIA BOSW



FRIENDS INDEED
Far left, Nora Ephron; Jones and Bernard Do *left,* and Swoosie Kur in *Imaginary Friend* this month at the Be Theatre in New

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Diva Rising

ACTRESS-SINGER AUDRA McDONALD'S NEXT ACT

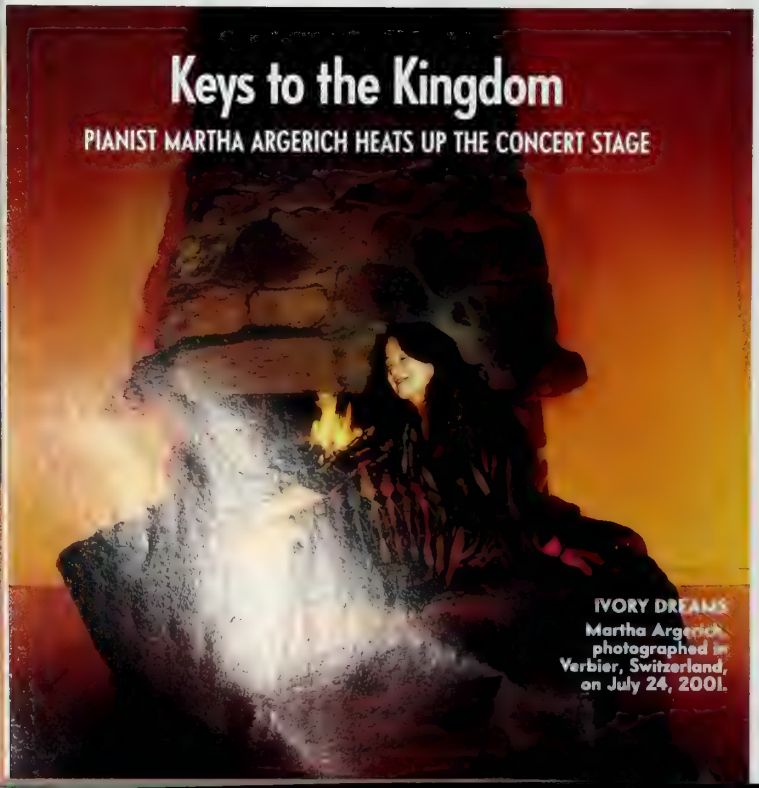
If, by some miracle of miscegenation, **Leontyne Price** and **Ethel Merman** had had a love child, the resultant genre-rattling progeny would have resembled the Juilliard-trained three-time Tony winner **Audra McDonald.** Those of us lucky enough to have seen McDonald's opening-night performance in **Terrence McNally's** *Master Class* realized we were coming as close as a modern theatergoer was ever going to get to witnessing both Price's debut in *Aida* and Merman's first performance of "Rose's Turn" in *Gypsy.* A hint of this hybrid, bristling grace so inherent in McDonald's work was first seen by the faculty judges at her Juilliard audition 13 years ago, when she decided to do a jazzlike improvisation at the end of "Deh vieni, non tardar," Susanna's Act IV aria from Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro.* "You're not supposed to do that," she says, laughing at the understatement. "They must have thought, This little girl just has no clue. She's got balls, but she has no clue."

Having taken the past year off to raise her own little girl, one-year-old Zoe, McDonald is back, promoting her third release from Nonesuch Records, *Happy Songs,* making her solo debut at Carnegie Hall, and traveling to Germany to perform on New Year's Eve in **Sir Simon Rattle's** concert version of *Wonderful Town* with the Berlin Philharmonic. The fifth-generation Fresno, California, native is also currently filming the new NBC political drama, *Mister Sterling,* in which she portrays a senator's chief of staff. "I thought it was a great part and that they would never cast me, but then they went ahead and hired an African-American," says McDonald, once again a bit surprised that her talent had transcended a casting director's idea of race. "I feel blessed to be the race that I am. So many times you can look on it as a negative thing: Oh, gosh, if I were white I'd get more roles. But I think because I've been able to go out and get the roles that I'm right for regardless of my race, that has unfortunately, given the society we live in, been looked upon as this great achievement. My mother always told me that because I was African-American, that was going to be a strike against me in certain sectors of society. So the only thing you could do was to continue to improve yourself. Get the best education you can. And you had to be four to five times better than the next person for you even to be noticed."

Audra McDonald followed her mother's advice. She *is* four to five times better. And we've only begun to take notice. —KEVIN SE: M:



AUDRA'S SONG
Musical-theater star Audra McDon photographed o August 21, 2002, in I



Keys to the Kingdom

PIANIST MARTHA ARGERICH HEATS UP THE CONCERT STAGE

IVORY DREAMS
Martha Argerich photographed in Verbier, Switzerland, on July 24, 2001.

At 61, **Martha Argerich** is the closest thing to a rock star in classical music today. Since winning the Warsaw International Chopin Competition in 1965 at age 24, the Argentinean-born pianist has thrilled audiences with her technically spectacular, personality-driven performances while exhibiting marked diva tendencies of the reclusive variety: she rarely submits to interviews, records sparingly, and has been known to cancel concerts on a whim. In 1981 she announced that she would stop giving solo performance: ("I don't like the loneliness onstage," she later said), a promise she has broken only once, at a 2000 Carnegie Hall benefit for Santa Monica's John Wayne Cancer Institute, where she was successfully treated for melanoma. Fortunately, she hasn't lost her enthusiasm for sharing the stage with friends. In January her ex-husband, **Charles Dutoi** (they're still close), will conduct her in Prokofiev's Third Piano Concerto with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and in March she will give a series of concerts with her friend **Mstislav Rostropovich** and the New York Philharmonic. If th vibe is right and Martha Argerich feels it, any one of these concerts could be history in the making. —MICHAEL HOGA





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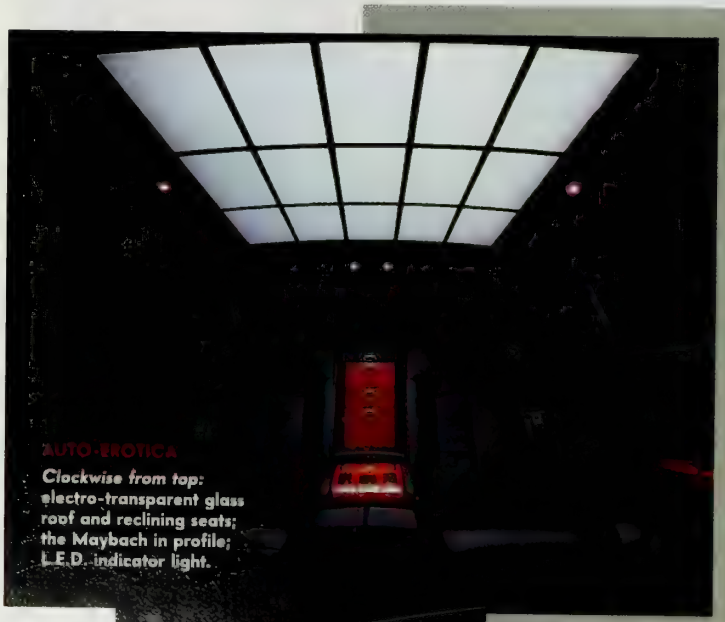


THE ART OF TEXA
A south-western vie
of the new Modern A
Museum of Fort Worth

House of Glass

TADAO ANDO'S FORT WORTH LIGHT SHOW

Tadao Ando, the Japanese architect who makes poetry out of cast concrete, has given the city of Fort Worth what may be the greatest building in the Lone Star State. The Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, which opens this month in the city's cultural district, is Ando's first major public building in the United States. (He is most renowned for his minimalist Church of Light, outside of Osaka, Japan.) Ando is a self-assured stylist with a limited palette: glass, wood, stone, metal, and his signature cool-gray concrete. He is also well known for his inspiring use of natural light. The museum's galleries, housed in three soaring glass-enclosed pav are illuminated in large part by a sophisticated system of continuous skylights punched into flat concrete-slab roofs. Ando's building is qu ple the size of the old Fort Worth Modern, making it one of the l gallery spaces devoted to the exhibition of modern art. This will likel duce a "Bilbao effect" for Fort Worth, catapulting it from a city pe best known for Billy Bob's Texas, the world's largest honky-tonk, t of the great art destinations in the world. —MATT TYRN



AUTO-EROTICA
Clockwise from top: electro-transparent glass roof and reclining seats; the Maybach in profile; L.E.D. indicator light.





Mighty Maybach

MERCEDES RESURRECTS A DREAM MACHINE

W prototype of the Maybach—a reprise of the syba dan once possessed by **Enrico Caruso** and the Empe iopia—made its maiden voyage to Manhattan for a day, its ti ly touched asphalt. Lifted from the Q.E. 2 by helicopter, the au le sailed through the sky to an event on Wall Street—rather l **ellini's** chopper-borne statue of Jesus in the opening scene of *Dolce Vita*. For the celebrities and royals who have already plac queues for the 20-foot-long, high-performance dream machine, t Maybach is heaven on wheels. Each $350,000 vehicle will custom-built—the cabinetwork, for example, can be commissioned burr walnut, amboyna root, or cherrywood with black lacquer.

Most of the Maybach's opulent amenities are standard: rear cha recline like recamiers; an immersive sound system with 21 spe of gauges that allow backseat drivers to monil speed, time, and temperature; two flat-scre TV and an icebox equipped for silver ch ne flutes. If all this seems an embarr of riches, a 19-foot version, meant to er-driven, can be acquired instead. U most cars, typically broken in by 20 pe Maybach is shipped in an inviolable vacuu d container, keeping the 550-horsepow immaculate—at least until the buyer h


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DANIEL BOULUD

Daniel Boulud, chef and proprietor of the award-winning New York restaurants Daniel, Café Boulud, and DB Bistro Moderne, allows us to see how he pulls it all together in *Chef Daniel Boulud: Cooking in New York City* (Assouline). This month, he opens the door to his apartment, garage, closet, and private kitchen for *V.F.*

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Dishwasher **G.E.**
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Vodka **Grey Goose**
Champagne **Veuve Clicquot la Grande Dame Rosé**
Beer **Brooklyn Brewery**

CLOTHES

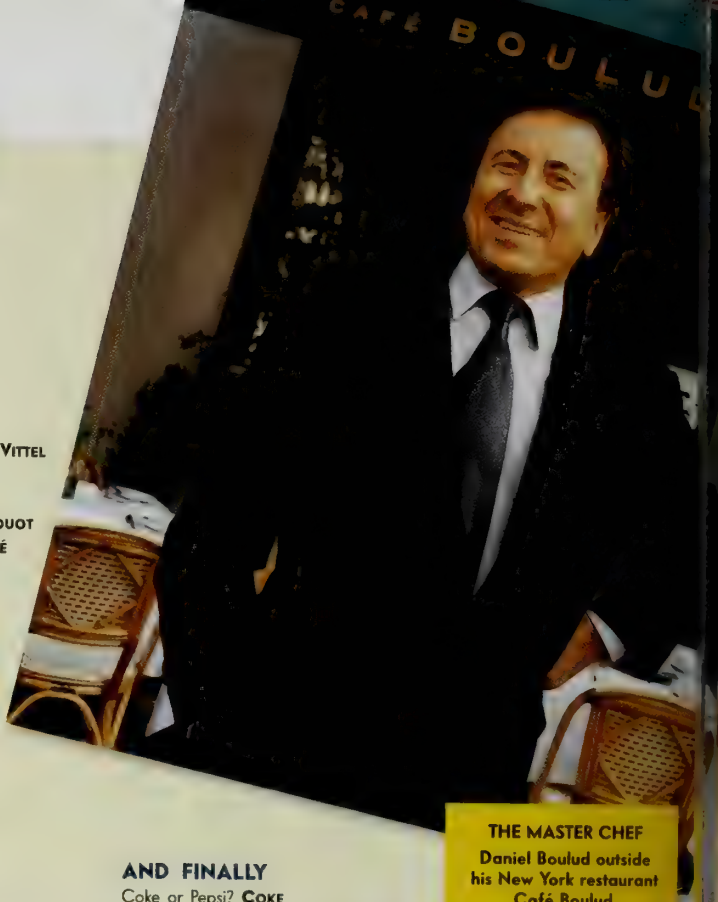
Jeans **Armani**
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AND FINALLY

Coke or Pepsi? **Coke**
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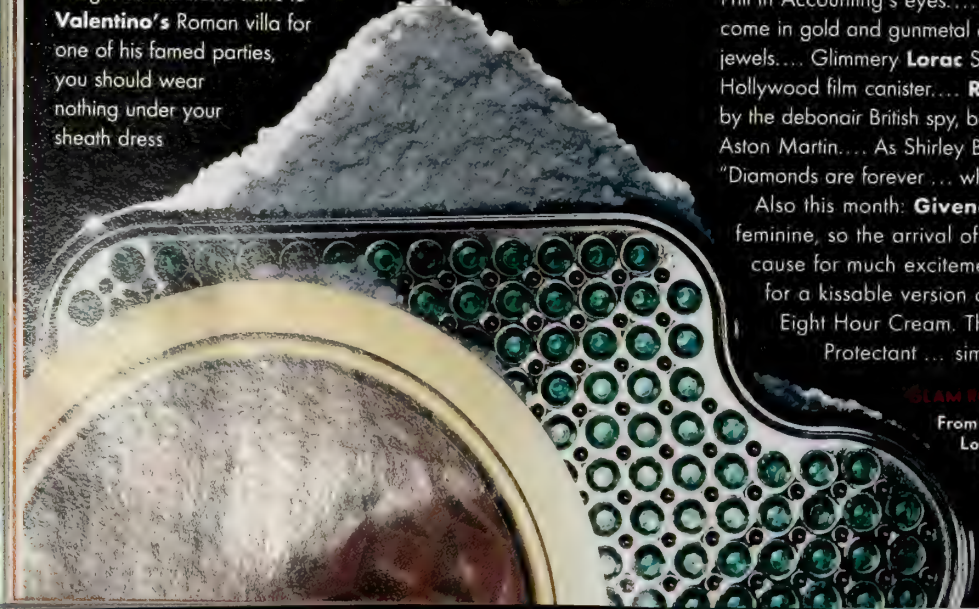
THE MASTER CHEF
Daniel Boulud outside his New York restaurant Café Boulud.



HOT LOOK

The people who think about women's skin all day long—no, not *those* people—are proving that all that glitters is indeed gold, with makeup lines that sparkle.... **Giorgio Armani's** luminous Diamonds Collection tints will last as long as your last dance on the banquette at Castel's in Paris.... **Clarins's** Precious Jewels makeup brings the delicate shimmer of a white night on the Russian steppes to your face and body.... **Guerlain's** Divinora eye shadows, lipsticks, and powder reflect the play of light now bursting from holiday store windows. (Guerlain's Sérénissima all-in-one skin treatment contains a form of real gold.) ... If you find yourself at twilight on the stone stairs to **Valentino's** Roman villa for one of his famed parties, you should wear nothing under your sheath dress but the designer's new Gold fragrance.... The ultra-metallic Winter Sun nail polish, part of **Yves Saint Laurent's** Festive makeup collection, a limited edition, comes with two other gold-infused products.... When winter's gray descends early on Aspen's streets, duck into the Hotel Jerome's bar, where your **Clinique** BeJeweled makeup, inspired by amethysts, sapphires, and garnets, will take its cues from the crackling fire.... When the urge to do the Palm Springs shuffle strikes at the office holiday party, **Origins'** Denim and Diamonds eye shadow adds a sparkle equal to the one in Phil in Accounting's eyes.... **Versace** Jeans Couture fragrances come in gold and gunmetal cases that appear studded with precious jewels.... Glimmery **Lorac** Superstar Makeup is packaged in a Hollywood film canister.... **Revlon's** 007 Color Collection, inspired by the debonair British spy, belongs in the glove compartment of every Aston Martin.... As Shirley Bassey sang in the 1971 Bond classic, "Diamonds are forever ... when love's gone, they'll luster on."

Also this month: **Givenchy's** Amarige is sporty and feminine, so the arrival of its sister scent, Amarige d'Amour, is cause for much excitement.... Ladies who lunch clamored for a kissable version of **Elizabeth Arden's** classic Eight Hour Cream. The result? Eight Hour Cream Lip Protectant ... simply divine.



GLAM ROCKS
From top: a mound of Giorgio Armani Diamond Loose Powder; a faux-emerald-studded bottle of Versace Jeans Couture fragrance; a face-powder compact from Clarins's Precious Jewels Colour Collection.


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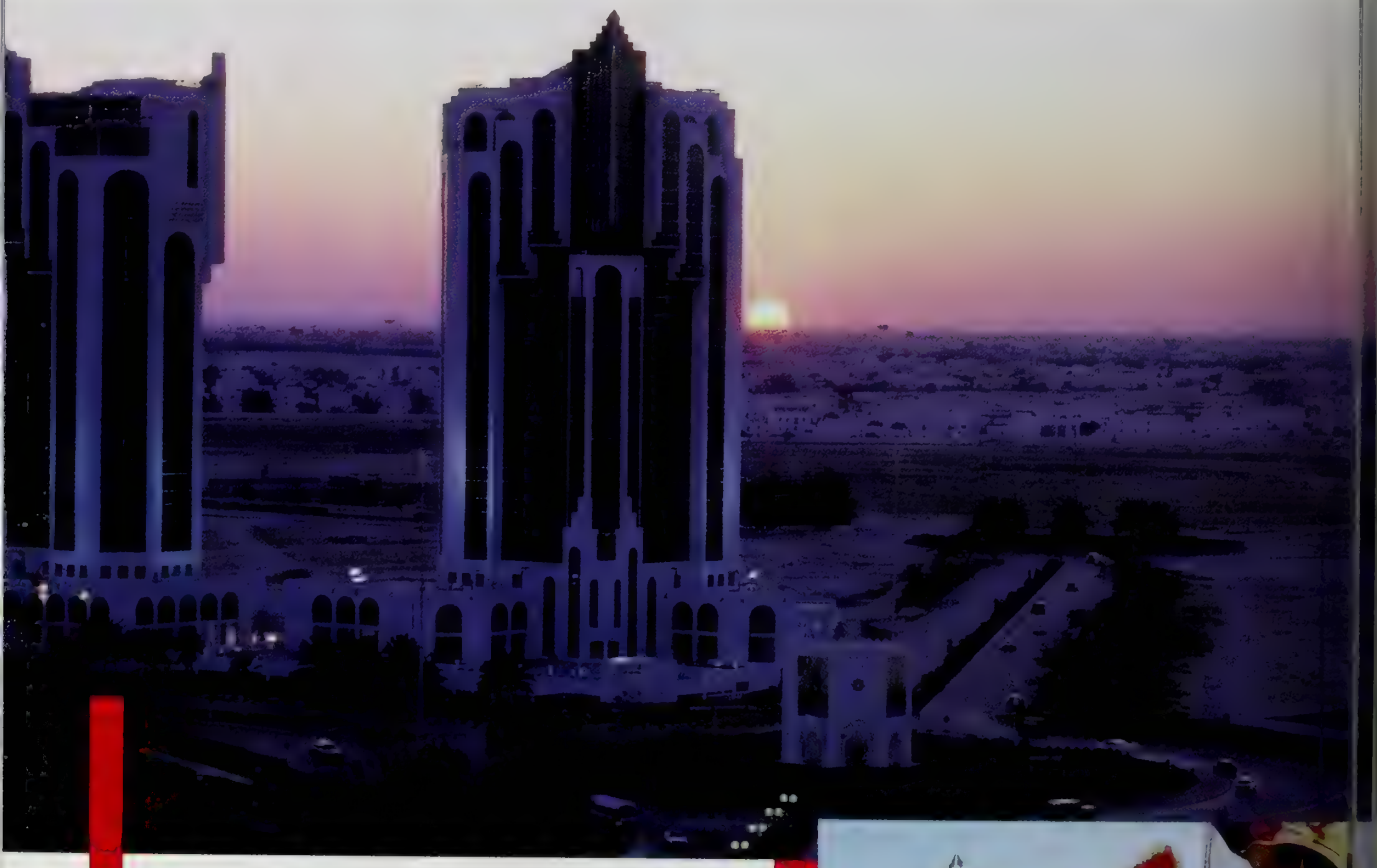

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CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

THE MAVERICK KINGDOM

Compared with other oil-and-gas-rich Arab regimes, Qatar is a model of social, religious, and journalistic freedom, home of the feistily independent Al Jazeera TV station. But by letting the U.S. build and occupy the imposing Al-Udeid Air Base, this tiny emirate may also become a launching pad for war



In my cool marble hotel, overlooking the sweltering beaches of the Persian Gulf, the Muzak tape at lunchtime plays "The Star-Spangled Banner" every 15 minutes. If every American plainclothes operative in the room stood up every time the anthem was played, eating and drinking would become impossible. As it is, the sole subject of conversation, among foreigners or Qataris, is the impending war with Saddam Hussein.

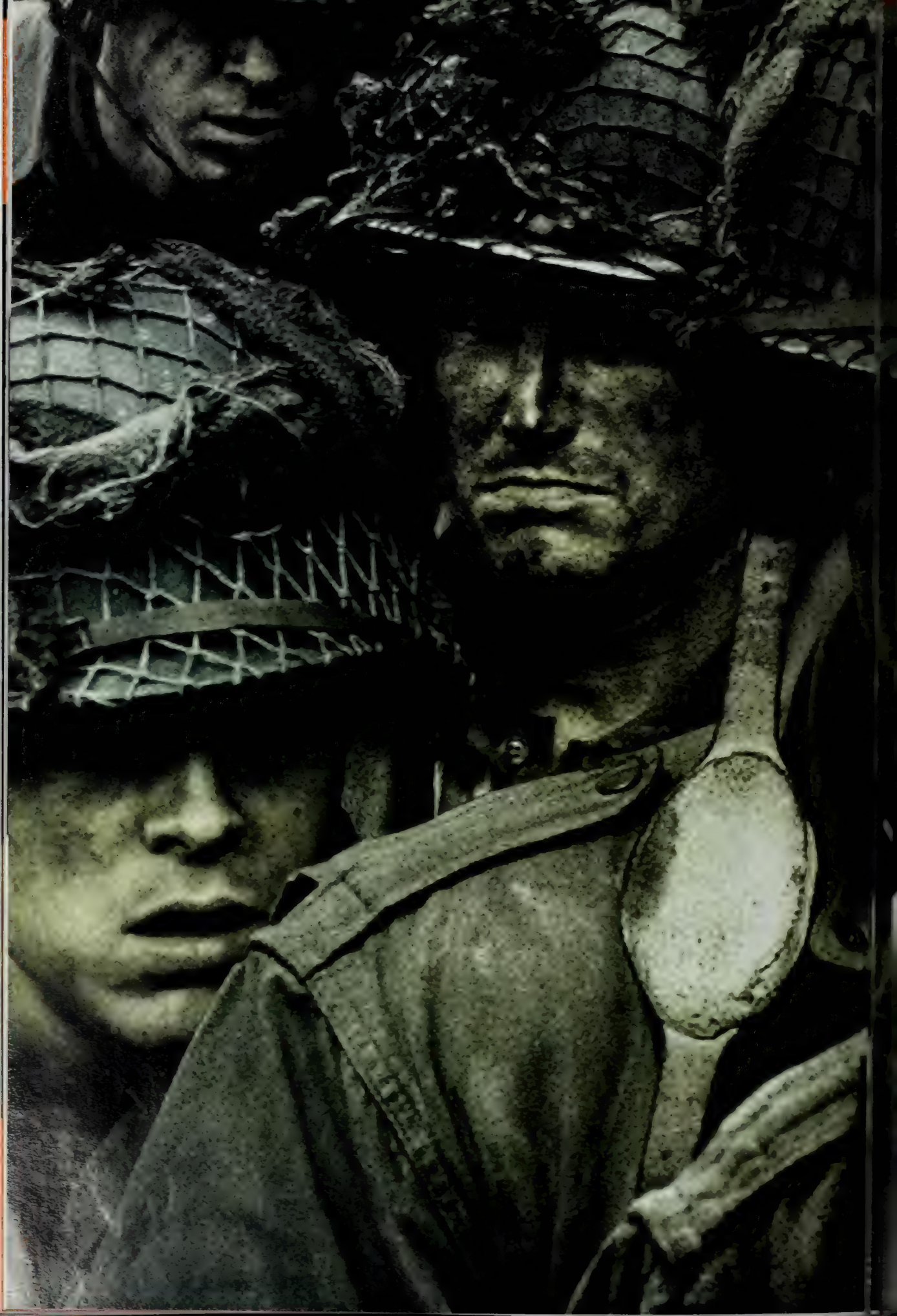
Here is the clue to understanding the kingdom of Qatar. It is very small. (It has a population of about three-quarters of a million, more than half of whom are immigrant workers.) Everything about it, however, is big. (And its population is slated to increase by 10,000 American soldiers.) An Iraqi exile working at the Al Jazeera TV station told me the following story as he steered me round the intimate, crowded, noisy, informal newsroom of the Arab world's new echo chamber: "President Mubarak of Egypt was on an official visit to Qatar and asked to be shown the network. He arrived unannounced and at first the guys on the gate didn't recognize him. When he finally got inside, he was appalled at how small we were. 'So this,' he said, 'is the tiny tinderbox that started such a big fire.'"

The term *al-jazeera* in Arabic can be translated either as "island" or, more commonly, as "peninsula." And the actual peninsula on



GULF STAR
The Salam Towers office complex dominates the skyline of Doha, the capital city of Qatar, April 1998. *Inset,* Vice President Dick Cheney greets U.S. Army troops stationed at the Al-Udeid Air Base, outside Doha, March 17, 2002.

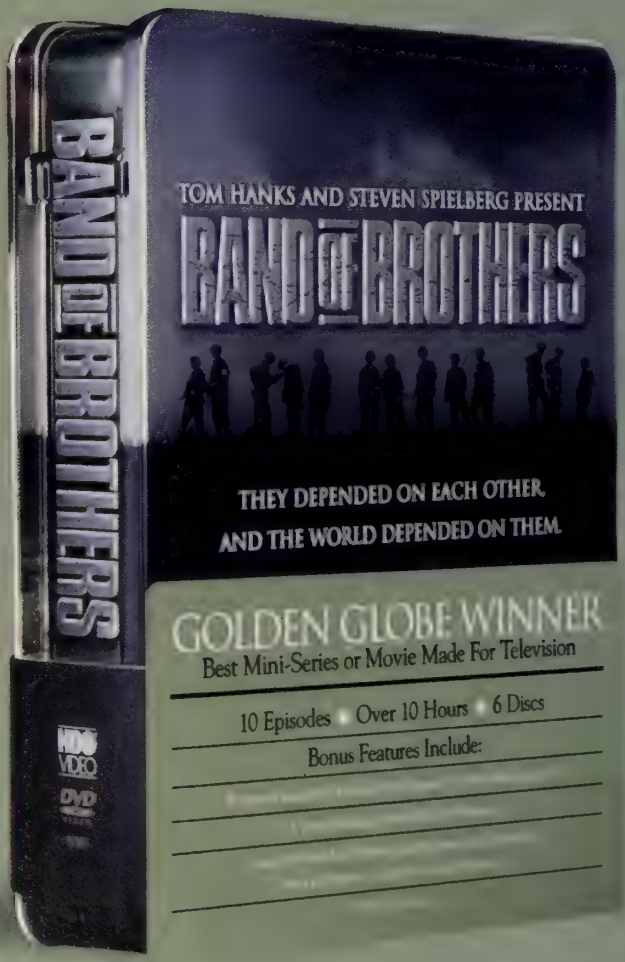
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hich the transmitter sits, the wrist-and-alm-shaped country of Qatar, is at a pro-ounced angle to the rest of the Arab orld. It, too, is a miniature. But within its ontiers there is a microcosmic laboratory r the macrocosmic scheme of "regime ange"—the scheme on which the United ates has now decided to gamble its pres-ge as a superpower.

The three constituents of the experiment e political, military, and, oddly enough, urnalistic. First, Qatar is the only country the region that has actually had a regime ange in the past couple of decades. It ay have been a revolution from above, but was more than just a father-to-son tran-ion in some decrepit monar-y or hermetic single-party attoir state. Second, at a ne when the Saudis and Jor-nians have been disavowing eir old patron and protector, d cringing before Saddam ussein, Qatar has allowed the nited States to build a huge air se on its territory. And with e vast majority of Arabs living der stultified state-controlled edia (Mr. Mubarak's radio d TV headquarters in Cairo the size of a large city block, but you n't pay people to tune in, and you know you need to know about Iraq from the t that it bans satellite dishes), Qatar not ly hosts but underwrites the most sub-rsive media experiment in the world.

Until a few years ago, the peninsula (you may pronounce its name by mix-ing the sounds "cutter" and "gutter" the back of your throat) attracted little ny attention. Half the area of Wales, or out the size of Connecticut, it is flat in middle and flat at the edges, its dunes flat and its salt flats are flat. The al-ani tribe migrated here in the middle of 18th century, attracted first by the mag-icent pearl beds, and second by the op-rtunities to trade down the coast to Brit-India. A desert kingdom, as the saying es, but one almost surrounded by water d therefore with a more open and mar-ne outlook. In 1868, Sheikh Muham-d put himself essentially under British tection and thus avoided being ab-bed by either the Saudis or the Turks. was discovered in 1939, and in 1971, year that Qatar became independent m Britain, colossal resources of natural were located just offshore. Nobody ows quite how much gas lies in the im-nse North Field, which stretches away ward Iran, but the latest calculation kes it at least 900 trillion cubic feet—ough on its own to heat every home in erica for more than a hundred years.

And here, by the way, is another potential element of regime change: a shift away from chronic dependence on oil.

For many people living in the Middle East, the discovery of oil and gas has been a curse, bringing local oligarchy, hideous inequality, the exploitation of wretched immigrant labor, and the constant threat of war or foreign invasion. On the other side of Arabia, in Jidda, I have seen a system top-heavy with idle and vicious princes, all the real work done by indentured foreigners, in an atmosphere pervaded with stupid clerical bigotry. A walk in the bazaar meant unwelcome attention from stick-wielding religious police; a walk in the company of an unveiled woman was out of the question. This is the fetid Saudi environment that incubated 15 of the 19 al-Qaeda murderers. Qatar officially practices the same form of strict Wahhabi Islam that is followed in Saudi Arabia. But on the streets of Doha, its capital city, you can see women driving cars and you can see what's even nicer than that—their faces. Veils and chadors are worn, all right, but they are not imposed. Women can vote and run for office in what is admittedly a rather "consultative" electoral process. My Iraqi-exile friend told me that he couldn't get used to the scarcity of policemen and soldiers on the streets. In the modern hotels that line the beautiful corniche, alcohol is freely available, and I often saw local men on barstools hold their white headdresses carefully aside so as to get unfettered access to the grape and the grain: another strangely beautiful sight. In the old souk—one of the few parts of town that doesn't seem to have been built yesterday—nobody pestered me to buy, nobody hissed at me for being a foreigner, and nobody begged. (Qatar spends its revenues to provide free education, health care, and housing; there is no taxation, and the per capita income is $17,500: higher than that of many European countries



A TOUCH OF GAS
RasGas storage tanks, Ras Laffan, Qatar, April 1998. Qatar produces 13 million tons of liquid natural gas per year.

QATAR FEELS LIKE A HOLLYWOOD SET FOR AN ARAB-THEMED MOVIE.



and almost as high as that of Brunei.) Perhaps most astonishingly of all, and only a few miles from Saudi Arabia, where non-Muslim religions are not just banned but sedulously persecuted, there is freedom to worship. A Filipino Catholic cabdriver told me that there is now a church being built in town, but that many immigrant workers prefer to hear Mass in schools or other public places. There have been complaints from reactionary religious figures about these and other changes. The U.S. State Department and Amnesty International give Qatar quite a good ranking in their annual human-rights reports: for a while the best-known political detainee was an Islamic conservative named Abdul Rahman al-Nuaimi. I was assured that he has lately been released on the condition that he keep quiet, especially about the Emir's favorite wife, who is known for her advocacy of rights for women.

THE SOLE SUBJECT OF CONVERSATION IS THE IMPENDING WAR WITH SADDAM HUSSEIN.

All of this is the result of a regime change that took place only seven years ago. In 1992 the old king, Sheikh Khalifa, who had been a fairly benevolent but unimaginative monarch, decided to move to Cannes after 20 years of throne-filling. He left one of his seven sons, Hamad, as his proxy ruler. The young man, who had been educated at Cambridge and at the British military academy in Sandhurst, began to open doors to foreign investors and to install technocratic types in government offices. Learning of this, Khalifa shook off the enchantments of Cannes, flew home, and tried to put the reforms into reverse. But he then made the mistake of departing again in 1995, at which time Hamad made himself the Emir, forbade the old boy to return, and for good measure sued him for $3 billion in misappropriated oil revenues.

It was the following year, 1996, that Hamad invited Al Jazeera to come to Qatar. The network had been started in 1994 as part of a co-production between the Saudis and the BBC aimed at providing Arabic broadcasts across the region. But the Saudis insisted on dire, repressive editorial control, and the deal was collapsing when the young sheikh offered the network a home in Doha and a start-up loan of $150 million. It's estimated that 35 million viewers tune in each day. Every existing Arab government except the Lebanese has since complained to Qatar about the outrageously open and combative style of the programming. Jordan has closed the station's office in Amman. Iraq did the same to the bureau in Baghdad for a while. On the day of my visit to the studios, the Saudi government had muttered about withdrawing its ambassador to Qatar in protest of some remarks made on *Opposite Direction,* the Al Jazeera equivalent of *Crossfire.* (Meanwhile, the head of the ultra-reactionary Guardian Council in Iran, Ayatollah Ahmad Jannati, had denounced Qatar itself for "treason" in hosting an American base. He added that it was "treason against all Muslims," even though Qatar was this year's chair of the Islamic summit.) It is safe to say that the staff loved this sort of thing. In a rackety tent-style cafeteria rather self-consciously modeled on the canteen at the BBC World Service, Algerians, Tunisians, Syrians, Iraqis, Palestinians, and Sudanese sat around smoking and laughing between shifts, having the time of their journalistic lives. The lingua franca of Al Jazeera, as of Qatar, is English, and the network is about to open an English-language Web site to spread its message beyond the Arab audience.

Sad to say, Secretary of State Colin Powell also made himself ridiculous by complaining about the station's transmissions, which he called "vitriolic" and "irresponsible." That was in October 2001, when Al Jazeera played a tape of Osama bin Laden praising the murder attacks in New York and Washington. Since then, it has done the invaluable service of playing subsequent tapes, which appear beyond doubt to establish bin Laden as the mastermind of the assault. There may still be people in the Muslim world who think that the attacks were a Jewish plot, or that bin Laden is innocent, but I didn't meet anyone in Qatar who believed this or anything like it.

"Look," says Ali Mohammed Kamal, with the air of someone who has been through this before, "when the I.R.A. wanted to make a statement they gave it to the BBC, not to CNN, right? But did anyone say the BBC was the I.R.A. station?" We are sitting in his office, overlooking the azure bay of Doha, and discussing the usual problems of a TV marketing director in a gulf that is gearing up for war. (Two days after we spoke, the office received a purported audiotape from Osama bin Laden, promising fresh jihads if there is conflict with Saddam Hussein.) Kamal is in flowing white raiment, and keeps his eye on various computer screens and tattering cell phones. How's business? Just great. There is constant pressure from Arab governments to stop corporations from advertising on Al Jazeera, and that is why the "loan" from Sheikh Hamad is still of great importance to the station. Does the loan buy the sheikh immunity from criticism? No, there has been spirited discussion of Qatari affairs on the debate shows. "Before we started, there were many forbidden questions and taboo subjects, from the Iraqi sanctions to polygamy. Now we think we have even forced the rival channels to a higher standard." When Al Jazeera began, it was aimed



SHEIKH HANDS In New York for a United Nations summit, the Emir of Qatar, Hamad bin Khalifa al-Thani, left, shakes hands with then Israeli prime minister Ehud Barak, September 8, 2000.

a male audience. Today it has a 30 percent female staff and a show called *Just Women.* You couldn't exactly say that Al Jazeera is neutral in the Israeli-Palestinian dispute (it has referred to suicide killers as "martyrs"), but Ehud Barak and Benjamin Netanyahu have been interviewed at length, shocking and astounding Arab audiences who knew them only as disembodied demonic figures. "We invited Sharon too, and during the Arab League summit in Beirut, but he refused to come on live."

The worst problem, says Kamal, is the culture of suspicion and paranoia that affects the Arab world. "Whatever we do," he says with his highly roguish grin, "people say, 'Why are you doing this *now*?' They even said it when we did a program

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on the history of the Lebanese civil war. And when we ran the video of one of the September 11 hijackers reading his own will before embarking on the attack, we were accused of distracting attention from the siege of Arafat's compound. But Arafat's compound is *always* under siege. For us, the news is the news." And there is another problem: "Many Arabs are jealous of Qatar, and of the democracy and reforms that we have here. We are too good an example."

With professional excitement, he then showed me the prototypes for a new advertising drive. Beautifully executed by the Beirut office of Saatchi & Saatchi, the ads have some bite and some wit. A cover of Samuel Huntington's *The Clash of Civilizations and the Remaking of World Order* is accompanied by the slogan "You've Read the Book—Now You Can See the Movie." Another says, "If Everyone Watches CNN, What Does CNN Watch?" A photo of a vast popular demonstration in Morocco has the caption "Blame it on the media." All are accompanied by the now instantly recognizable Al Jazeera logo. Strange to think of this campaign's being put together by a consortium founded by Baghdad Jews, but, as Kamal says, "we are opening a dialogue between civilizations. I really believe that if we had started 15 years ago the 11th of September might not have happened."

That seems to be putting it high, but anyway it sure did happen. And now the United States is officially trying to dump the idea of the corrupt and backward client state—the client state that resents it and betrays it—and is looking for allies who practice "transparency." Tiny Qatar is the main taker so far, and the proof of that lies not in the jovial offices of Al Jazeera but a few miles out of the capital into the desert, where an unobtrusive sign says, AIR BASE. This is Al-Udeid—a name you will be hearing again in the near future. It is in fact a Qatari air base, but behind its fences an enormous presence of United States military power is taking shape. I drove out there on a baking afternoon and was surprised by how easy it was to get right to the main gate. Great flatbeds of sandbags and rolls of barbed wire were on view, as a sign of reinforcement in progress, and two rather jolly and underdressed Qatari soldiers looked at my ID and made a phone call. Soon, a tall American officer arrived in a jeep and made a great show of deferring to the wishes of the locals. After this host-and-guest etiquette had been duly enacted, he drove back into the vast hinterland of the base for consultations, called me at the gate, and told me to try some other time.

There was really no need for all this pretense. The U.S. Central Command has in many respects removed itself from Tampa, Florida, to this arid quarter, with six hundred CentCom HQ staffers arriving in November for "exercises." From where I stood I could see the vast outline of a U.S.A.F. cargo plane and several sleek-looking tail fins. The two big new features at the base are a 15,000-foot runway and a titanic aircraft hangar enclosing a space of some 76,000 square feet. As many as 40 planes can be sheltered in this hardened-concrete "big tent," which has been designed to be obtrusive from the ground but hard to find from the air. In the last Gulf War, during which the new young Emir was minister of defense and dispatched a Qatari brigade to help in the liberation of Kuwait, Saddam Hussein fired a perfunctory couple of Scud missiles into the country. So at the back of every mind is the awareness of what Iraq's despot might do if he is cornered.

Last time, he set the Kuwaiti oil fields ablaze as an act of sadistic revenge on his way out. Natural gas, you may be relieved to learn, isn't so vulnerable to this kind of maniacal vandalism.

"We don't carry a large inventory," I was told by Jerry Wolahan, the managing director at RasGas, the enormous gas plant on the northern tip of the coun "And what we do carry is housed in c crete storage tanks. If there's a fire, can shut off the valves." The installati are part of a whole new city, named L Laffan, or "the Point," that has sprou from the sand to handle the limitless mand for liquid natural gas (L.N.G.). project is a joint venture, involving Q Petroleum on the one hand and Exx Mobil on the other. Its manager is M nad Abdullah Al-Misnad, an uncle Sheikh Hamad's favorite wife (the whose feminist attitudes the religious c servatives detest), so it must be confes that things in Qatar are fairly cozily



FACE OF DEATH
Al Jazeera broadcast the videotape of 9/11 terrorist Ahmad al-Ghamdi's last will and testament on April 15, 2002. The tape had been recorded in Kandahar, Afghanistan, in March 2001.

ranged. Still, it is expected th by the year 2010, some 45 r lion tons of L.N.G., the clean of the hydrocarbon fuels, v be shipping out of this place nually at a competitive price. give you an idea: Indonesia, nearest rival, currently ships ab 25 million tons. The tall, st flare stacks were busily burn off excess vapor as I drove b to Doha in the evening lig watching the workers fall modestly o their prayer mats by the side of the r for the last prostration of the day.

IT'S ESTIMATED THAT 35 MILLION VIEWERS TUNE IN TO AL JAZEERA EACH DAY.

There's more than a slight air of the real to Qatar, with its tiny populati its immense good fortune, its "Al din's Kingdom" amusement park next its spacious air-conditioned malls, P.G. golf course, and luxury hotels. This f ing is somewhat enhanced by the sudd arrival of a superpower armada: Br dingnag comes to Lilliput. The tou brochures make you laugh: Camel rac falconry, and visits to the habitat of Arabian oryx. Shop for pearl-neckla bargains in the evening. It feels like a H lywood set for an Arab-themed mov Yet something serious is happening her a synthesis of shared prosperity, an op society, religious moderation, and pr freedom. To the extent that Qatar has "Arab street," it half wishes it were street somewhere in America. Like example of Al Jazeera, Qatar is the ye in a much larger and heavier mixtu And, unlike the famous mouse th roared, Qatar has actually chosen a si in a confrontation that is about to char everything. □



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BODY SINGLE Director Brian De Palma, photographed at a café on Île Saint-Louis in Paris, October 7, 2002.

DE PALMA AND THE WOMEN

Brian De Palma may be America's greatest living director, yet he gets almost none of the tributes accorded such peers as Scorsese and Spielberg. Semi-exiled in Paris, he's giving his critics another chance to see what they've missed, with *Femme Fatale,* a brilliantly *noir* European chick flick

A case could be made why not make it?—that Brian De ma is the apex predator of Amer directors, perhaps our greatest li filmmaker. He is undoubtedly the appreciated. Born in 1940, raise Philadelphia, De Palma had a ring seat at the operations performed b father, an orthopedic surgeon. It w these tender, formative moments he developed his keen interest in fine art of human-parts removal. joring in physics at Columbia Un sity, he got the theater bug and tool drama, shooting 16-mm. film sh Since the release of his first feature, *der à la Mod,* in 1967 (he did an ea film which surfaced later), De Pa has nosed through our dampest se and nightmares, his camera devou everything before it, digesting on run. In a telephone interview, De ma describes himself as someone "grew up in an era of stunning vi stylists" and now finds himself won ing where everybody went. "Few di tors are practicing this," he says, "t being "pure visual storytelling." Ut ing split screens, instant replay, rh sodic slo-mo, multiple points of v and the hovercraft abilities of the St icam (a camera that floats and sh through the air, pursuing figures themselves seem composed of air), Palma demonstrates in film after that reality is simply a rough draft, ject to tricky memories, evidence t pering, drastic re-editing. His prodig output of 25 features in 33 years is a tuoso gloss on the old punch line "W are you gonna believe, me or you ing eyes?" (*Snake Eyes* deconstructs footage of a televised assassinatio crack open an act of mass deceptio cunning pantomime.) Like his favo ghost, Alfred Hitchcock, he enjoys p ing pranks on the audience that del the sting of mortality. Moments of b ty reveal blight at the full arousa their bloom. Lyrical interludes end v a sprung-trap snap—the hand grabb from the grave to uncork one last scr in *Carrie.*

Yet nothing he's done previously pares us for the voluptuous epiphan his new movie, *Femme Fatale,* when becca Romijn-Stamos plunges dag like into water and her clothes magic vanish, her nude body embroiled in b

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANÇOIS-MARIE BANIER


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bubbles. Arms outstretched, feet pointed, her aquatic pose suggests a sexy pinup takeoff on Andres Serrano's *Piss Christ,* crystallizing the movie's sacred and profane intersection of baptism, crucifixion, and resurrection. Full of amazing plenty, De Palma's amoral morality tale is a study of redemption photographed like a Victoria's Secret catalogue, blood drops providing the cherry topping on creamy-vanilla skin trimmed with lace. It's the work of a cheerful, horny man. An anomaly these days.

Which may help explain why De Palma has never earned the honors accorded his peers—his snarky cynicism, hedonism, and jack-in-the-box humor make him seem unserious, lacking in the gravitas that is supposed to go with gray hair. Joker that he is, it's a bad rap. When De Palma has bared the passion of his convictions—in the grief-choked dénouement of the conspiracy melodrama *Blow Out,* his darkest exploration of the politics of perception, and the vale-of-tears Vietnam drama *Casualties of War*—he has been rejected at the box office and snubbed by the tooth fairies who dole out prizes. Like Hitchcock, he has never won an Academy Award for best direction. Of all the 70s directors to storm the pantheon, De Palma is the one most lacking in name-drop cachet, official stature, even minor-celebrity recognition (this, despite wearing a trademark safari jacket for decades: Call me bwana). Martin Scorsese, capable of doing an encyclopedic speed-rap on any director past or present, has become cinema's chief curator through his tireless dedication to film preservation; Steven Spielberg and George Lucas reign as cinema's technocrat aristocrats and visionary entrepreneurs, wedding multiplex franchises to mass merchandise (Spielberg is also becoming fit for a pedestal as a philanthropist); Francis Ford Coppola, tending to his vineyards, is the proud paterfamilias, casting a bulky shadow over a directorial dynasty that includes daughter Sofia (*The Virgin Suicides*) and son Roman (*CQ*); Robert Altman is the grumpy maverick, granted old-master status after putting a pedigree cast through their paces in *Gosford Park;* and Peter Bogdanovich, beating out stiff competition as the most pompous fathead in Peter Biskind's 70s film history, *Easy Riders, Raging Bulls,* received a fond pat from the film community for *The Cat's Meow,* a valentine to pretalkies Hollywood. Only De Palma has been dumped into the laundry hamper. As he noted in a recent interview, his films have toured the festival circuit worldwide yet never made the slate of the New York Film Festival. "Now there's the irony, that I've never been invited to premiere one of my movies in my home festival."

For reasons he can't fathom ("I know what I'm doing that's making so mad," he told me), Brian De Palma is the only artist in his field still being demonized—stigmatized—for the violence of his work. It's as if he's inherited the Sam Peckinpah's Devil's horns. No doing he's spilled more than his quota of red quarts over the course of his career. The pig's blood dumped on Carrie at the prom; John Cassavetes detonating a human grenade in the climax of *The Fury,* turning the screen into a splattered canvas; the chain-saw amputation that opens *Scarface* and the baroque massacre that ends it (a Verdi opera performed with assault weapons); and the razor-slashing in *Dressed to Kill,* to name just a few hearty moments, have helped groom the plausible impression of De Palma as de Sade's darling boy. But if devising ingenious methods of dismemberment for gore damned a director, he'd have a lot of company on the elevator down. Instead, he rides alone. Scorsese managed to redecorate the wallpaper with ketchup in *Taxi Driver,* squash a head like a melon in *Casino,* and dial up the world of pain in his lurid remake of *Cape Fear* without permanently spoiling his nice suits. Critics continue to applaud their notepads from the cruel strategies in Spielberg's work, how he puts the screws squeeze on us for our own good. No one crosses the street when they see car-chase specialists John Woo, Robert Rodriguez, or David Fincher approaching (and Fincher's *Seven* was as gruesome as a botched operation). The DVD release commemorating the 10th anniversary of Quentin Tarantino's *Reservoir Dogs,* with its famous torture-interrogation van Gogh slice, was a downright jolly occasion. So what gives?

The difference is that these many artists primarily purvey the violence of men against men locked in mortal combat over money, broads, bragging rights, and local turf—the never-ending battle for numskull supremacy. In De Palma's thrillers, women are the targeted victims. His camera teases, caresses, and prolongs the foreplay leading to the *coup de grâce,* creating complicity between victim and on-screen stalker, violating the neutral zone of aesthetic distance. By following the Hitchcockian strategy of shooting murders as seductions and his seductions as murders, De Palma stands accused of uniting violence and voyeurism, conflating pulp into porn, porn into pulp. Some were especially creeped out by how


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served up his then wife, Nancy Allen, as a tasty morsel in *Blow Out* and *Dressed to Kill,* as if putting on his own marital peep show (others of us thought it was nice of him to share). The critic Veronica Geng dissented from the consensus, contending that he decoupled sex and violence in *Dressed to Kill,* depicting violence as a shocking, unnatural invasion of the erotic sphere. But the prevailing opinion was that De Palma objectifies women in order to undress and stick pins in his Barbie dolls.

Big pins. Images of impalement recur in De Palma's films. Impalement can be interpreted as a phallic thrust of aggression, a symbolic rape resulting in fatal penetration. I was at the catastrophic public screening of *Body Double* where the audience hissed the notorious low-angle shot of a power drill pointed at a supine woman's body like a steel penis. The image was such a blunt provocation that one suspected De Palma might have been baiting the feminist activists who had urged a boycott of *Dressed to Kill* by upping the ante, saying, in effect, "You thought that was bad?—this'll really get you hopping." If so, it was a foolish miscalculation on his part (he later admitted as much). The hisses switched to boos as the drill bored a hole into the victim and through the floor below, and the drubbing De Palma later took in the press sealed his reputation as "the most vicious woman-hater in Hollywood today" (*Ms.*). It's an ogre image that dogs him still, despite Pauline Kael's championing of *Casualties of War,* with its unflinching depiction of a Vietnamese captive's rape ordeal, as a feminist statement—an anguished cry for mercy and justice. Audiences avoided *Casualties of War*—it was perceived as too much of a downer—and De Palma failed to clear his name with those who had mounted his moose head next to Norman Mailer's in the macho Hall of Shame.

The movie he directed after *Casualties of War* nearly wiped him off the map. In 1990, De Palma began filming *The Bonfire of the Vanities,* based on Tom Wolfe's best-selling novel, which trained a warped monocle on the greed, social climbing, tabloid hysteria, and race-card opportunism of Manhattan in the decade of AIDS, Donald Trump, and taffeta poof skirts. Having made his hoofprint in Hollywood as a horrormeister, De Palma was a curious, controversial choice to direct Wolfe's Hogarthian extravaganza. True, two of his early films, *Greetings* and *Hi, Mom!,* were shaggy, countercultural satires ("*Greetings* must be one of the first movies to take the graffiti generation for granted," Wilfrid Sheed noted in *Esquire*); *Phantom of the Paradise* swung crazily from the rafters; and most of his white-knucklers unsheathed feline moments of sardonic humor. However, "straight" comedy tended to lock De Palma into literal-mindedness. His is a visual, not worldly, sophistication. He had never ungloved the Lubitsch touch required to steer Wolfe's sugar pops and "social X-rays" across a crowded room where the slightest faux pas could trigger a ripple effect, setting off landslides among the face-lifts. The casting also raised caution flags. T Hanks seemed too affably normal to Sherman McCoy, crafty Wall Street b trader and "Master of the Universe," rewriting the British hack-journalist c acter into a role for Bruce Willis and smirk smacked of idiot expediency. dampen racial friction, the produc also performed an identity transplant the crusty Jewish judge in Wolfe's no changing him into a black Solomon v thy of Morgan Freeman's noble enun tion. This wasn't enough to placate th who believed that Wolfe, a south dandy in plantation white, peddled toon stereotypes, depicting a wrong t onto the Bronx's mean streets as a tour into darkest Africa. The product became a battle zone of picket signs

De Palma demonstrates in film after film that reality is simply a rough draft.



MISSION TO STARS Al Pacino and Brian De Palma on the set of *Scarface,* 1983; Kevin Costner in *The Untouchables,* 1987; De Palma and Nancy Allen, his wife at the time, flank Steven Spielberg at a Tavern on the Green party for *Dreamgirls,* New York City, December 20, 19

location scrambling. It was also an pensive production: one of the mov most spectacular shots—the Conco hazily materializing in an orange sky l a glider mailed from the future—c more than De Palma's first three fil combined.

History shows that a great movie emerge from the volatile mixture of e on a troubled set (prime example: *Sw Smell of Success,* where clashes by produced a jazzy classic by night). Th however, would not be a triumph alchemy. A mighty egg was laid. *Bonfire of the Vanities* turned out to one of those fiascoes at which even prophets of doom did a double ta "Bombfire of the Vanities," the film v christened. *Ishtar* was invoked. The most universally scornful reviews


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whip marks on the director's hide. Even De Palma loyalists such as Kael handled the film with tongs, setting it aside as a regrettable lapse. The movie was D.O.A. at the box office. As Julie Salamon writes in *The Devil's Candy,* an inside account of the making of the mess, *The Bonfire of the Vanities* wasn't the only chariot to crash that Christmas season. "Clint Eastwood didn't bring audiences to *The Rookie,* nor did Sean Connery and Michelle Pfeiffer to *The Russia House,* nor did Robert Redford to *Havana.* Indeed, in box office terms, *Havana* was a bigger disaster than *Bonfire.*" Yet De Palma's crash site was the one circled by buzzards. And although the director himself is drawn sympathetically in Salamon's book, its publication completed the double whammy to his morale and standing, reminding everyone all over again of how he had fumbled the ball, putting his humiliating setback on permanent record.

"You can't imagine what a disaster that was," De Palma told *Le Monde* earlier this year. "I'd adapted a sacrosanct best-seller, a monument of American literature, and it bombed at the box office. I remained the guy who had made Tom Wolfe look ridiculous, and the critical establishment never forgave me for that." Although De Palma would go on to immortalize Tom Cruise doing heroic jaw-clenching calisthenics in *Mission: Impossible* (a movie I persist in loving, the courtly presences of Kristin Scott Thomas and Vanessa Redgrave bestowing grace notes absent from the Woo-directed sequel), his studio address was still the doghouse. The crushing derision that greeted his space odyssey, *Mission to Mars*—in *Afterglow: A Last Conversation with Pauline Kael,* the retired critic expressed bafflement over how blindly the movie was received ("About half of it is superb, and I can't understand why more people didn't recognize that")—revived the embers of *Bonfire*'s debacle. He awoke from the expensive demise of *Mission to Mars* to find the scarlet letter *L*—for Loser—sewn onto the pocket of his safari jacket.

Two years ago, De Palma beat a tactical retreat to Paris, that refugee camp for orphaned artists, where he needn't fear schoolchildren taunting him on the streets for lousy *Variety* grosses. Unlike most American critics, ingrates too busy eavesdropping on one another in the lobby to formulate their own responses, French film nuts appreciate personalized tapestries. A retrospective of his films attracted full houses at the Centre Pompidou in Paris, and French rappers sample *Scarface* for street cred. Meanwhile, back home he couldn't be more passé. "In the United States, I'm washed up," he informed *Le Monde.* "I'm the biggest subject of ridicule after Jerry Lewis."

"Washed up" isn't a throwaway phrase. It's a Freudian clue. *Femme Fatale,* his first film since making the partial break from America (he divides his time between Paris and his apartment in New York), is drenched in water imagery: a gothic rainstorm, a long bathtub soak, an overflowing aquarium, a dive into the river Styx. The movie is a platform leap into Brian De Palma's state of mind, an alleg for an artist's sinking, near drowning, splashy resurfacing. Opening with a n odalisque reflected on a hotel-room screen showing Barbara Stanwyck in *D ble Indemnity,* their images overlapping first of many doppelgänger ploys), *Fen Fatale* announces its creator's intenti when a hood named Black Tie (E Ebouaney) whips open the curtains spread out below is the red carpet fc gala screening at the Cannes Film Festi Superimposed on this flashbulb-popp parade of French celebrity is the credit RECTED BY BRIAN DE PALMA, De Paln way of declaring, "Take a look—this is new playground."

The odalisque dragging herself off bed is a jewel thief named Laure *A*

He enjoys playing pranks on the audience that deliver the sting of mortality.



FEMALE TROUBLE Angie Dickinson's shower fantasy in De Palma's controversial 1980 film, *Dressed to Kill;* poster art for 1984's *Body Double,* which starred Melanie Griffith; Piper Laurie playing the religious-fanatic mother in *Carrie* (1976).

(Romijn-Stamos, who also plays Lily, suicidal woman whose identity Laure l assumes). She's part of a crew planning steal a $10 million diamond-studded so gold serpent wrapped as body jewe around the date accompanying the di tor of the Cannes entry. As the d Veronica (model Rie Rasmussen) is strutting embodiment of forbidden des an R-rated Eve entwined by the Gar of Eden's snake, and the movie takes rhythm from the high-heeled click these two lithe beauties treating the co dors of the cinema as converging catwa A Camille Paglia ode to pussy po made flesh, one deity is blonde, the ot brunette: nature dictates that they m Laure lures Veronica into the ladies' ro of the cinema, separating her from male bodyguards, and without so m

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as a *bonjour* the two of them proceed to glue their bodies together as if someone rang a bell.

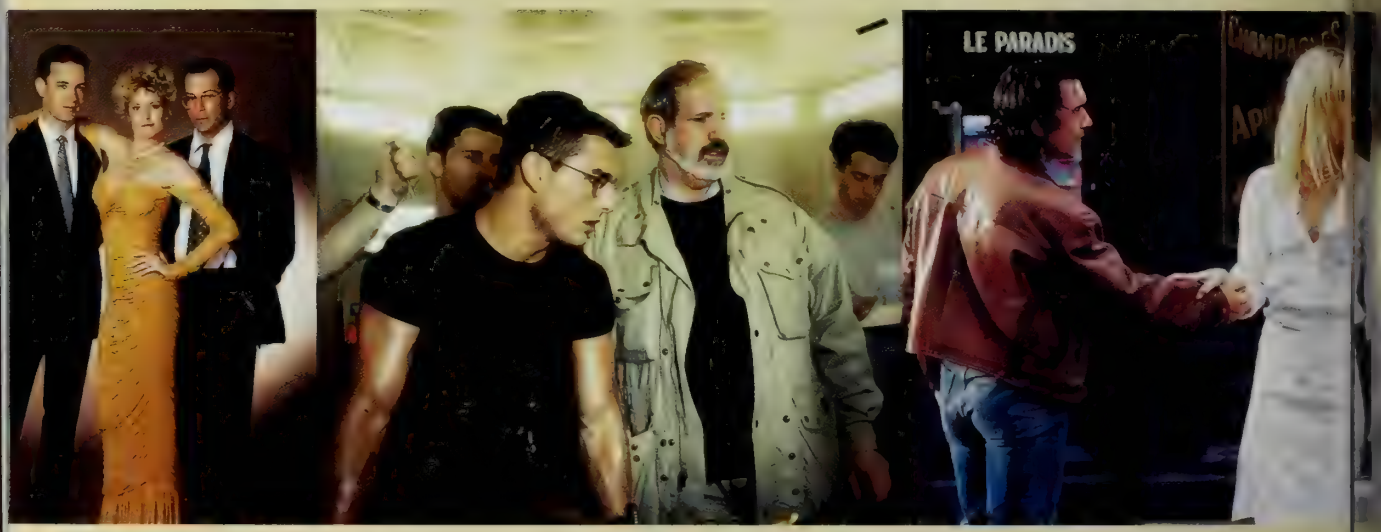
As the notables (among them actress Sandrine Bonnaire) settle into their seats for the screening of *East/West,* whose stark opening shot is a witty distillation of typical festival fare, the two hotties engage in a fast and furious long-limbed lambada. (According to Romijn-Stamos, De Palma lightened her concerns about doing the scene by "casting a friend of mine as per my request." That's one of the upsides of being a supermodel, knowing you can count on a supermodel pal to assist in an on-screen lesbian scorcher.) A panting Laure strips the body jewelry from a panting Veronica piece by piece, each segment replaced with a replica slipped under the

Like Hitchcock in *North by Northwest,* Howard Hawks in *The Big Sleep,* and Pedro Almodóvar in his early sex farces, De Palma plays loose and fancy with plot logic in order to follow the wicked bounce of his own inclinations, twirling up each scene into a goody bag of eye candy. "A *noir* story bracketed in a dream," in De Palma's words, *Femme Fatale* seems to have a homing device planted on its cool blonde, tailing her in long, seamless, wordless sequences through the streets and interiors of a Paris that looks airbrushed of tourists and nonessentials, an abstraction of itself, like Woody Allen's Manhattan. Instead of the usual international clamor of ads and logos, the posters pasted on walls and kiosks are figments of that dream, mind tricks. The whole movie

the toneless voice of a call girl coun down the seconds until liftoff. Like S wyck's two-timer in *Double Indemr* Laure is a cold user—bad, real bad, ro bad—but Romijn-Stamos imparts an e Karma-chameleon quality to her su poses that gives her character a sh patina. The most iconographically char moment in the movie comes when La appears with her head wrapped in a scarf, wearing sunglasses to cover a brui eye, looking like Grace Kelly, Jackie Audrey Hepburn, and Princess Di fused into a supercomposite sacrific goddess cover girl. But the bruise is fa the badge of victimhood a ruse, a Woman the ultimate winner in *Femme tale,* the first chick flick for continentals

I still have the file folder Pauline K

Femme Fatale is the work of a cheerful, horny man. An anomaly these days.



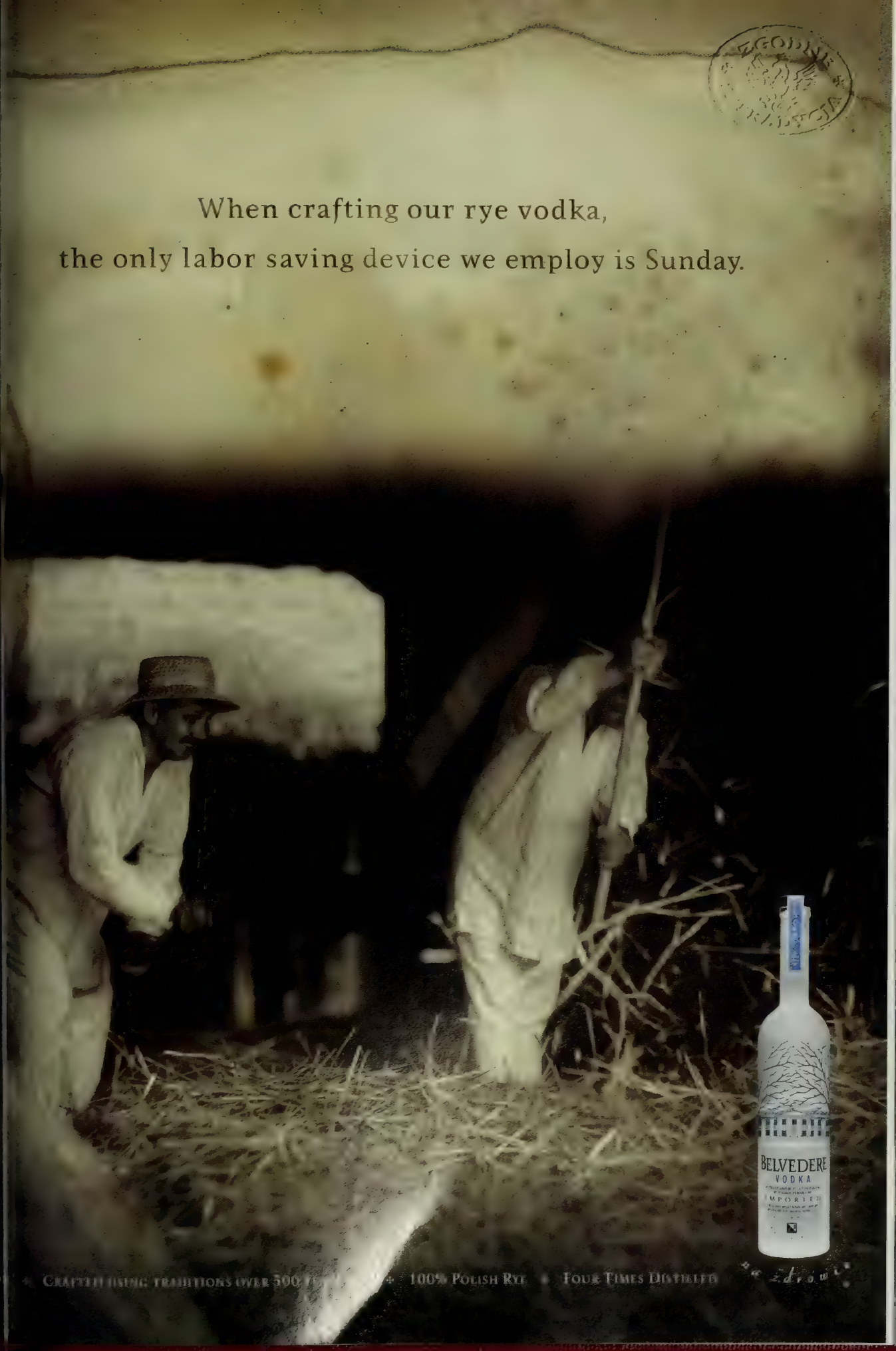
DRESSED TO THRILL Tom Hanks, Melanie Griffith, and Bruce Willis starred in De Palma's 1990 flop, *The Bonfire of the Vanities;* Tom Cruise and Brian De Palma on the set of *Mission: Impossible* (1996); Antonio Banderas and Rebecca Romijn-Stamos in the upcoming *Femme Fatale*

stall by Black Tie. The absurd impracticality of this larcenous tryst doesn't slacken its excitement (De Palma demonstrated in *Body Double* that simulated sex has a disco beat that bypasses the brain), pleasure and tension building to a mutual crescendo as the movie intercuts to activity in every corner of the theater, which is beginning to arrow in on that steamy bathroom stall. Scored to a toned-down variation of Ravel's "Bolero," the tempo of the action racing as if too antsy to wait for the soundtrack to achieve rapture, *Femme Fatale*'s 15-minute multicomponent set piece, with its seduction, heist, double cross, and narrow escape, will send cinephiles into categorical bliss. A minimasterpiece, it's so meticulously crazed that you want to pause the film, rewind, and watch it again.

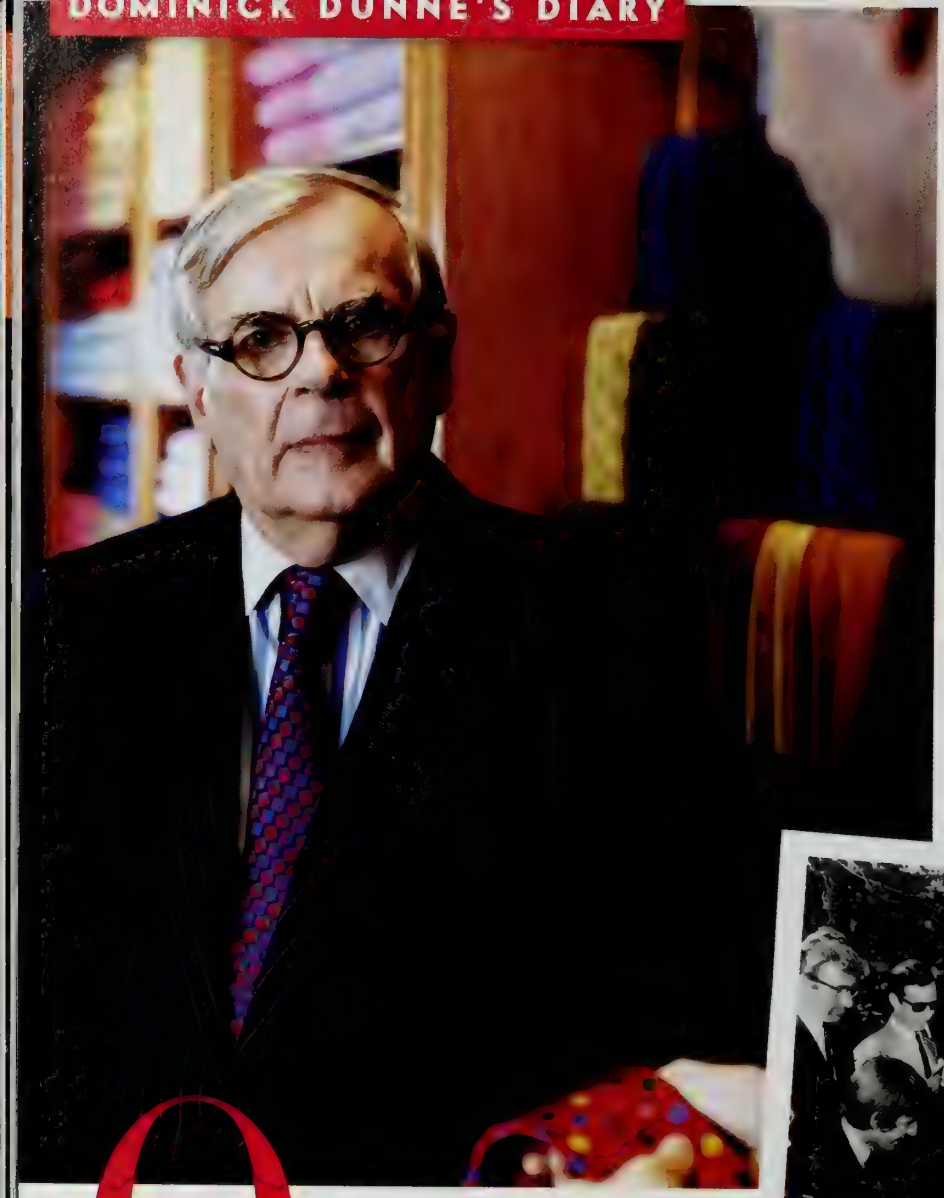
is an elaborate, playful trompe l'oeil. Antonio Banderas plays a repentant paparazzo who's assembling a Hockneyesque collage of the view from his balcony—utilizing a split-screen scene, De Palma sets the collage and the real view flush against each other to give the illusion of Laure stepping out of her own zoom shot. What keeps *Femme Fatale* from being a clinical game board of optical gimmicks is the pallor of Eurotrash glamour that Romijn-Stamos flaunts, commanding every scene as if it were a private suite. Her no-nonsense, nicotine line delivery is very *noir,* very funny, and, despite the bitch of a character she plays, strangely likable. When Banderas's photographer pours tender nothings into her ear as he's servicing her from behind over a pool table, she responds, "That's so sweet . . . that's so romantic," in

once sent me containing the original views of *Carrie.* Rereading them was a r elation, one reputable critic after anot (Kael herself and Frank Rich being exc tions) snidely dumping on a film rec nized today as a pop classic and the sis source of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer,* th eyes shut to its humor, incendiary for formal design, and teenage-angst path The yellowed clippings are punctuat with Pauline's exclamation marks in margin, her silent yelps of disbelief. F diction: in years to come, Brian De F ma's most beautiful unfoldings on fi (*Blow Out, Casualties of War, Femme tale,* the best moments of *The Fury, T Untouchables, Carlito's Way, Snake Ey* will be as esteemed as *Carrie.* The Fren aren't always wrong. Jerry Lewis is a nius. So is the guy in the safari jacket.

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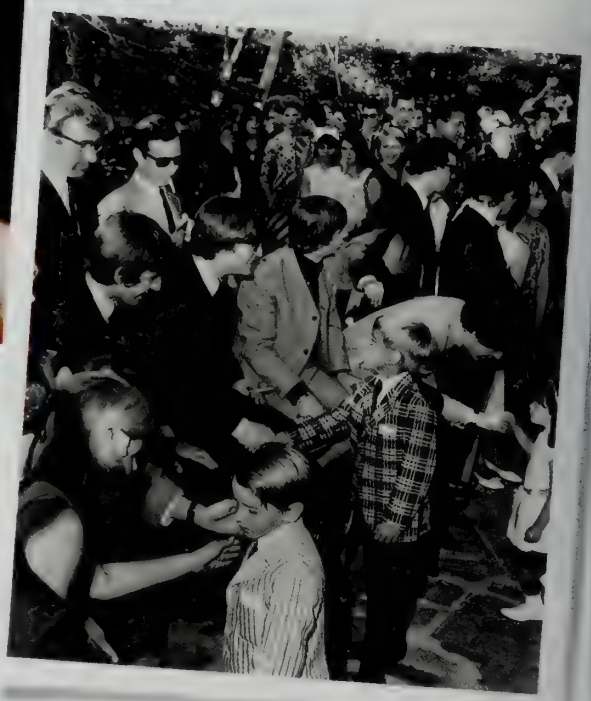


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Widows and Witnesses

At the Lennon privacy tri the author finds Yoko Ono very different from her im while Michael Skakel's se raises new questions, and Lily Safra appears in a taped re-enactment of the her husband died. As for New York society, a Minn prison is the latest private jet destination



DAPPER DUNNE
The diarist was photographed at Turnbull & Asser in New York, where he gets his shirts and ties, on October 4, 2002. *Inset,* flashback to the day Dunne's children—Alex, Griffin, and Dominique—met the Beatles.

One of my favorite possessions is an 8-by-10 glossy, taken back in the 60s, of my three kids being introduced to the Beatles at a Beverly Hills garden party outside the beautiful house of Alan Livingstone, the president of Capitol Records, then the Beatles' recording company. My daughter, about three at the time, is curtsying to Paul McCartney, to his delight. One of my sons is beaming just to be in the presence of John Lennon, whom he worshiped. Years later, that same son was standing in the crowd at the candlelight vigil outside the Dakota apartment building in New York the night after Lennon was murdered. So I've always loved the Beatles, but I could never stand Yoko Ono, and it wasn't because she was alleged to have broken up the group. I never liked her music, and I never liked her art. Watching her from afar, at the occasional New York function, I found her to be perpetually disagreeable. It seemed to me as if there was never a moment of joy in her life and she wanted to keep it that way.

I was quite unprepared, therefore, when I arrived at the courthouse on Pearl Street in downtown New York, where her case against a former personal assistant named Frederic Seaman was being tried, to change my opinion of her completely. It turned out that the former personal assistant was a swine who had stolen family photographs of the Lennons, as well as letters, diaries, and notes written by Lennon, and sold them, despite having signed a confidentiality agreement. The crime was hardly original. People hired by the famous often renege on confidentiality oaths and sell st of what they have witnessed on the job, but after 22 years man's perfidy had finally reached its limit, and Yoko Ono was to put a stop to having her life, her son's life, and her late husba memory be the main source of this man's income.

Mrs. Lennon, as she preferred to be called, turned out t not a bit like the image I had of her. She was extremely pleas

PORTRAIT BY STEPHEN DANELIAN



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friendly, chatty, dishy even, and funny, on occasion. Her pride and joy is obviously her son, Sean, who has been famous from the day of his birth just because he is the son of John Lennon and Yoko Ono. Once, I overheard their conversation about the best way to get out of the courthouse without being photographed. Sean told his mother, "If you go out the back way, they'll have a camera there from now on. It's better to go out the front door, let them take our picture, and get in the car and go." I sat right behind Sean in the courtroom and talked a lot with him during the trial. He's 27. One of the schools he attended as a boy was the exclusive Le Rosey in Switzerland. His girlfriend is Bijou Phillips, a young beauty who is often written up in the gossip columns. I told Sean that Bijou's father, the late John Phillips of the Mamas and the Papas, was a friend of mine back in the 60s, and that on occasion I had gotten stoned with him. There is not an iota of brattiness in this young man. He became great pals with the sketch artists, and soon was drawing the witnesses so well that some of his sketches were published in the *New York Post*'s accounts of the trial.

Ono didn't win any money, but money was never the issue

The thing that got me the most, and practically turned me into a Yoko junkie, was the showing of some video footage Seaman had removed from the Lennons' home. He had taken the video on the Lennons' camera. "Weren't you friends with Mr. Seaman?," Glenn Wolther, Seaman's lawyer, asked Yoko Ono. "You're mixing up friendly and friends," she replied. "I was friendly with him, and I trusted him as an employee, but he was an employee." The video had been shot at a small lunch party at the Lennons' Long Island house in Cold Spring Harbor in 1980, shortly before Lennon was murdered. The lunch table was set up on the beach, and people were very casually dressed. Sean was four years old, as cute a kid as you'll ever see, and, obviously, the apple of his father's eye, judging by all the hugs and kisses and the sheer joy on John Lennon's face. At one point Yoko holds Sean and they roll over and over in the sand, both laughing uncontrollably. The black-and-white video provided a wonderful picture of a famous family loving one another. Sean, who had never seen the film, said something like—I couldn't write it down right in front of him during such an emotional moment—"I didn't know my father kissed me and loved me so much."





STOP, THIEF! Yoko Ono, *above*, in New York with her lawyer, Paul LiCalsi, after testifying against Frederic Seaman, *right*, the Lennons' former personal assistant.

Mrs. Lennon, with her excellent lawyer, Paul LiCalsi, won the case, and everyone in the courtroom was happy for her. Seaman is prohibited from ever again making use of the materials. Mrs. Lennon didn't win any money, but money was never the issue: she doesn't need it, and Seaman doesn't have any.

A date has finally been set for the trial of Ted Maher in Monte Carlo. As of this moment, it is scheduled to begin on November 21. Just shy of three years after the deaths by asphyxiation of Edmond Safra and Filipino-American nurse Vivian Torrente, Maher, the American male nurse who is being held responsible for their deaths, will finally appear in a cou room. As I said in my last diary, the husband of Vivian Torrer allegedly received a payoff, and a recently translated autopsy port indicates that Safra's DNA was found under Torrente's f gernails and Torrente's DNA under Safra's fingernails, and th there were suspicious marks on Torrente's neck and body. That of information might suggest that Vivian Torrente attempted to g out of the bathroom in which they were trapped and Safra stopp her, but we'll probably never know.

I recently watched twice—on two different nights—a vid that was laughably referred to as a re-enactment of the ever of the night of the tragedy. It had been commissioned nea two years ago by Judge Patricia Richet, who is no longer the case. All the principal figures, including Lily Safra and T Maher, were brought together at the scene of the tragic ever at the same time of night that the deaths occurred. The obje was to have them walk through what had happened that nigl But the film does not deliver an accurate picture. There is not ing in it, for example, about the police holding back t firemen for nearly an hour, during which time Saf and Torrente might have been saved. Nor is there a reference to a Safra guard finally arriving at the fi with a key to the locked bathroom and being put handcuffs by the police. It will be interesting to see the roles of the firemen and the police are introduc into the trial.

The re-enactment must have cost a great dea but it is obvious that very little thought was giv to the quality of the filmmaking or the soun track. It looks as if they just handed the camera to policeman, or someone else standing there, who ha no technical knowled of how to make a filr There are endless sho of Judge Richet givi notes to a secretary a opening and closi doors. Everyone spea in French, which is be expected, but no o ever says, even in Frenc "This is the drawi room," or "This is t nurses' station," so it difficult to know whe you are most of the time and I had a French tra lator at my side the se ond time I ran the nea three-hour video. The are a lot of lawyers on t scene, including Marc Bonnant, one of Lily Safra's lawyers, w canceled two interviews she had called me to set up shortly a ter the death of her husband. Several times Lily Safra can b seen in the background, always in the company of a lawy She looks quite classy, in black trousers and a black top, a she neither overplays nor underplays her grief. She appears be gracious to everyone who approaches her. There is som thing gallant about her walking through the apartment for t first time since the fire, seeing the burned wreckage of her form home, where her husband had died a terrible death. Howev


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we never see the room where she was sleeping at the time of the fire, located at the other end of the penthouse from Safra's room.

People walk right in front of the camera, and sometimes stand in front of it, blocking shots completely, and the cameraman apparently didn't have the clout to tell them to move out of the way. But at least the viewer is given a walk through the famous penthouse. All the furniture has been removed. The rooms that were damaged were terribly burned. What you see are the remains of an overly decorated apartment: in the entry, for example, are mirrored walls covered by a peach-colored treillage, faux Fragonard murals, and stylized swans painted on the elevator doors. The bathroom where the two bodies were found was the least burned. It is beautifully paneled, with a leopard-print rug on the floor. The film's one clear shot is of Safra's toilet, with handrails to aid the invalid in sitting down and standing up. One of Maher's jobs was to carry him there.





COUNTDOWN
After nearly three years in the Monaco prison, *above*, Edmond Safra's nurse Ted Maher—*right*, with his wife, Heidi—is scheduled to go on trial November 21.

Finally we see Ted Maher. His restraints have been removed. This is the first time I have seen Maher since I started writing about him, nearly three years ago. He is dressed in a double-breasted brown suit, with a white shirt and brown tie. He speaks in English, and a translator tells the judge what he is saying. My translator told me that one of the lawyers says to the judge, "We would like him to stand where he was, to take the position he was in. Do exactly what [he did] then." When Maher talks, his face is often in complete darkness, even though a single step to the left would have put him in the light. A lawyer for the Safra brothers, Georges Keijman, speaks quite harshly to him. There are moments when Maher seems very confused. At one point you can distinctly hear him say, "I can't believe what pushed me to do this."

rose as a body. Someone called out, "We're with you, Micha

Many letters had been written to the judge by the Ska family and their friends asking for leniency. One from E Skakel Kennedy read in part, "It pains me that others miss sweetness, kindness, good ch and love of life; his percept ness, exuberance, and extra dinary generosity." Those w kind words, considering t Michael, in a book propo that became widely circula before he was indicted for murder, had been very h on his aunt in the matter her son David's death. M ey Sherman, Skakel's law went on so long that repor stopped taking notes. He r a four-page single-spaced le from Michael's cousin R ert Kennedy Jr., in wh Kennedy described Mich as a combination of J Candy, John Belus and Curly of the Th Stooges. The letter l been written to the ju and the judge had doubtedly read it, Mickey was not play to the judge. He was p ing to the audience hind him, as if the na Kennedy still evoked dazzle it once had. A usual with petitions w ten to judges request leniency, there was a sa ness to many of the lett which all attested to chael Skakel's long sobr

At moments on the video, Ted Maher seems very confuse

This next piece of news may sound a bit stale, because my diary didn't appear in last month's Music Issue, but I can't let the sentencing of Michael Skakel by Judge John Kavanewsky to a term of 20 years to life pass without comment. The air in the courtroom in Norwalk, Connecticut, on August 29 was fraught with tension. Not all of the Skakel family came to hear the bad news. Tommy Skakel, the longtime suspect, stayed away. So did Michael's first cousin James Dowdle, who was called James Terrien at the time of the murder: Michael Skakel had always claimed he had gone to watch Monty Python on television at the Terrien house that night, but years later he suddenly gave a different story to the private investigators hired by his father to take suspicion off the Skakel family. When Michael entered the courtroom, without handcuffs but wearing shackles, his supporters

and good works. It made the letters sound as if they had been quested rather than offered.

Jonathan Benedict, the prosecutor, had this rejoinder: "Yes. was only 15 when he committed this crime, but where's he b in the meantime? Skiing, golfing, going to college, occasion working, getting married, getting divorced. Most importantly, l ing—if not from the inevitable, certainly from the reality."

The drama didn't really start until Dorthy Moxley, stand in front of the bench, gave her victim's impact statem directly to the judge; she spoke lovingly of her daugh and asked the judge for the maximum sentence. It's no se that I am an enormous admirer of Mrs. Moxley's, and I moved by the way she spoke about Martha. She said that if Skakels had dealt with the situation at the time, instead of c ering it up, all those years would not have been wasted. At t point Julie Skakel, Michael's sister, got up and stormed of the courtroom. Maybe this was just a trip to the lad room, but there was anger in her stride. Then John Mox Martha's brother, gave his victim's impact statement. He tal about how Martha's murder had been CONTINUED ON PAGE


GUESS
BY MARCIANO






LEATHER




GUESS
BY MARCIANO

NTINUED FROM PAGE 184 a factor in their father's early death. ; he walked back to his seat, after having asked for the maxi- ım sentence, the convent-educated Ann Skakel McCooey id to him, "You son of a bitch." McCooey, standing in as nily matriarch for her more famous sister, Ethel, who it had en rumored would attend but did not, had been outspoken :oughout the trial. She once called me a jerk in a loud voice. ıe family arrogance of acting important when they aren't im- rtant anymore persisted even as one of their own was being ıt to prison for 20 years.

Then it was Michael Skakel's turn—the first time he had spo- n in the courtroom, because he had not taken the stand. Peo- have asked me if I felt sorry for him, and I have said yes, t in a qualified manner. I've always considered self-pity one the least attractive of traits, and he wallowed in it. It would t be possible to make a worse impression than Skakel made ıen he finally addressed the court. He cried until tears flew in directions. He lashed out at others. He even got in a few :an cracks about his wife, Margo Sheridan Skakel, who had orced him before the trial began. He said his three-year-old

meeting in the dining room of a Maine resort hotel, that four accomplices reportedly helped move Martha Moxley's body and clean up after the murder. I was given the four names by a well-connected source, along with some alarming information that has never been made public. During the course of the trial, all four of the alleged accomplices had been in the courtroom, though not all at the same time, and they always kept their distance from one another. The name of only one of the four surprised me. That person, I was told, had been responsible for getting rid of the missing part of the golf club that had been the murder weapon. My informant told me that it took four people to move Martha's body. He also said that a prominent forensic scientist had deduced that the tallest of the four had carried Martha's head. He told me the bloody clothes they had been wearing were bleached again and again during the night. When I was writing about the case in *A Season in Purgatory,* I talked to a handyman, now dead, who lived in a room under the back stairs in the Skakel mansion. In those days, grand houses had back stairs, mostly for servants to use. He told me that people were running up and down those stairs all that night, and I used

aubman is one of the most popular figures in the prison.

ı had told him his wife hat- him. He even likened him- f to Jesus in *his* suffering. It s embarrassing and undigni- d, but I couldn't stop look- ; at him. It was like watching rain wreck, and, yes, I did l sorry for him, although I uldn't help thinking, What a nderful scene this is going to for some actor to play when novie of this story is made.

Jonathan Benedict, whose excellent work at the tri- al I have praised to the ters, has, since his well- ned victory, revealed a re- tful streak toward certain re- ters, including me. I heard n slough me off in a dismissive manner in postconviction interview, and I chose to ig- re it, but a person close to him told me he s sorry that Benedict felt that way, especial- toward those of us who had worked long d hard keeping alive a story that seemed tined for oblivion. I include Len Levitt of *Newsday;* Tim Du- s, who wrote the book *Greentown* and has been a constant pres- ce on television chat shows, discussing the case; Mark Fuhr- n, whom I brought to the case after I had come into possession the Sutton report and who wrote the best-selling book *Murder Greenwich,* for which I wrote the foreword. I must not leave out own efforts, either. My 1993 novel, *A Season in Purgatory,* t the spotlight back on the long-dormant case, as did the mini- ies that followed, and I have referred to the case over and over *Vanity Fair* in order to keep the story in the public eye. So, Mr. nedict, if it weren't for us—whom Dorthy Moxley calls her an- s—you wouldn't have had the case of your career in which to ne so brilliantly.

In his remarks to the media after Michael Skakel was con- ted on June 7, Benedict suggested that Skakel must have had p after the murder. I've recently heard, through a fortuitous



ALFRED REDUX

Alfred Taubman—shown after his trial in New York last December—now sees friends at the Federal Medical Center in Rochester, Minnesota, where he is serving a year and a day.

that in the novel. Should Michael Skakel's guilty verdict be overthrown during the appeal process, these names might be of great value to the prosecution.

It has become quite the thing for New York's private-jet set to fly out to Rochester, Minnesota, to visit the immensely rich Alfred Taubman, former C.E.O. of Sotheby's, who is incarcerated at the Federal Medical Center for a year and a day after having been found guilty of collusion in the highly publicized Sotheby's-Christie's auction-house scandal. I covered his trial in this magazine, and I am going to devote an upcoming episode of my TV series, *Power, Prejudice, and Justice,* to it. It's now frequently part of dinner-table conversation, in certain circles, for someone to say, "I'm flying out to Rochester on Saturday to see Alfred." It is in keeping with Taubman's character that, according to all accounts, he is making the best of things. The reports I get are all positive. With good behavior, he may be out in ten and a half months. I was told by one of his visitors that he was in a room—not a cell—which he shared for a while with a drug dealer. He has lost 16 pounds, and the Mayo Clinic is practically next door. He reads *The Wall Street Journal* and *The New York Times* daily. He has started a bridge club and is one of the most popular figures in the prison. Visitors are stripped of all possessions except for a driver's license and $20 in quarters for the vending machines. Taubman is the oldest inmate, and he's taking his medicine without complaining. There's something admirable about that. In many ways, the junk-bond king Michael Milken's life was enhanced by his prison experience. That's what I see happening to Alfred Taubman. □



IF YOU KNEW FLOOZIES

Catherine Zeta-Jones as Velma Kelly, Richard Gere as Billy Flynn, and Renee Zellw as Roxie Hart. Photographed on the set of *Chicago* in, of all places, Toront September 14, 2002.

CINEMA CHICAGO

No matter how often the movie musical is splashily revived, no matter the extent of top-shelf talent and pricey technical sorcery, the Hollywood truism that musicals are long overdue for a renaissance never seems to wane. Even the recent success of *Moulin Rouge,* the multiple-Oscar-nominated hit, didn't quite alter the genre's status as a perennial cinematic underdog.

The screen version of *Chicago* may change all this. Director Rob Marshall's adaptation of the recently revived 1975 Broadway hit, famed for its swanky Bob Fosse choreography and its unrepentant cynicism about all things showbiz, is a vampy extravaganza of boozy dazzle, like a speakeasy shoot-out on New Year's Eve. Its leading ladies, Catherine Zeta-Jones and Renée Zellweger, play leggy singing murderesses embroiled in the Armageddon of showgirl catfights. Richard Gere is the slick, preening lawyer in the middle. The common goal is fame at any price, with the Windy City's tabloids hardly able to keep up. It's a fight to the finish, and the weapon of choice is . . . lipsti

The movie was a long time coming. For more than a decade t developing project has sucked up potential actors and direct and stubbed them out like midnight cigarillos. Among the stars w showed interest in *Chicago* were Madonna, Goldie Hawn, a John Travolta, and the producers themselves were at one pc chasing Miss Britney Spears. The tipping point toward actuc getting it made came when director Marshall convinced Mi max boss Harvey Weinstein that the movie's big numbers shou occur in the mind of its toxic blonde ingenue, Zellweger's Rox thereby solving the genre's habitual why-are-they-all-breaki into-song conundrum. All three principals do their own singing a dancing, by the way (one always wonders). And here, now, is t flashy finished product—and the end, perhaps, to those cockt party eulogies. With luck, the Hollywood smart set will soon sighing, "Spare me—not another musical." —WALTER KI

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SELIGER


GUESS
GUESS
Gc
GUESS
COLLECTION

TERRORISM'S NEW GEOGRAPHY

Al-Qaeda's links to "Triple Border," where Argentina, Paraguay, and Brazil meet, have gone largely ignored by the U.S. But at training camps in this jungle region, intelligence sources say, a nightmare alliance of terror–Hamas, Hezbollah, I.R.A., Colombian rebels, Basque separatists, even Aryan Nations–is unified by hatr

BY SEBASTIAN JUNGER



GOTCHA Pakistani police apprehend top al-Qaeda operative Ramzi bin al-Shibh in Karachi, September 11, 2002.

On the morning of September 11, 2002, four F.B.I. agents sat in a black sedan in a neighborhood known as Defense Housing Authority, Phase II, in Karachi, Pakistan, watching a team of Pakistani police and paramilitary Rangers raid an apartment building. It was a year to the day since the World Trade Center had been brought down, and the United States had not yet caught anyone directly involved in planning the attack. But that was about to change. The apartment they were going to raid had been pinpointed by American agents who had traced calls made on a satellite phone there, and one of the occupants was thought to be Ramzi bin al-Shibh, allegedly a key planner of September 11.

The police team climbed to the fifth floor and was greeted by a grenade explosion that sent them back down to the street. R forcements arrived, and the three-hour battle that ensued culminated in anot attack by a tactical-assault team. Pakist intelligence agents crashed into the ap ment, encountering almost no resistan and gunned down two men with weap in their hands. One of them wrote lahu Akbar" ("God is great") on the w with his blood as he died. The rest of

Legacy
American Legacy Foundation

To my family,
Smoking is taking years off my life. Years
should be spending with you. I'm sorry.
My love for you will not go with me, it will
Live inside you all.

my children,
don't want you to be sad! Remember me,
d forgive me for leaving you so soon. When
ver, mom will just be sleeping.

the tobacco companies,
y name is Desmonda.
have emphysema from smoking. You
k my dignity. You killed the spirit of a
utiful young woman. And the worst is
to come. For that, you should be sorry.

information on quitting smoking,
l 1-800-4-A-LEGACY
isit www.americanlegacy.org.
Breath counts.



inhabitants—including a woman and a child—surrendered without a fight. One of them was Ramzi bin al-Shibh.

The 30-year-old bin al-Shibh was a major catch. He was from a remote region of Yemen and had gone to Germany in 1995, pleading for political asylum from persecution in Sudan. He was denied, but managed to re-enter the country with a student visa, and by 1998 he had moved into an apartment at 54 Marienstrasse in Hamburg with Mohammed Atta, the man thought to be the leader of the September 11 hijackers, and two other al-Qaeda operatives. Bin al-Shibh neither worked nor regularly attended classes at the school where he had enrolled; instead, he spent his time going to the al-Quds mosque, where the virulent anti-Western sermons seem to have inspired him to dedicate his life to what he understood to be jihad.

Bin al-Shibh applied to a flight school in the United States, was accepted, and applied for U.S. entry visas at least four times, but was rejected. As a Yemeni, he was considered a high risk to overstay his visa. Apparently unable to join Atta and the others for the hijackings, he instead became a logistics coordinator. He wired money, ran errands, and maintained a base of operations in Hamburg. In January 2000 in Kuala Lumpur he attended a meeting believed to have been related to the upcoming attack on the U.S.S. *Cole,* and in July 2001 he met Atta and four others in Tarragona, Spain, to make arrangements for September 11.

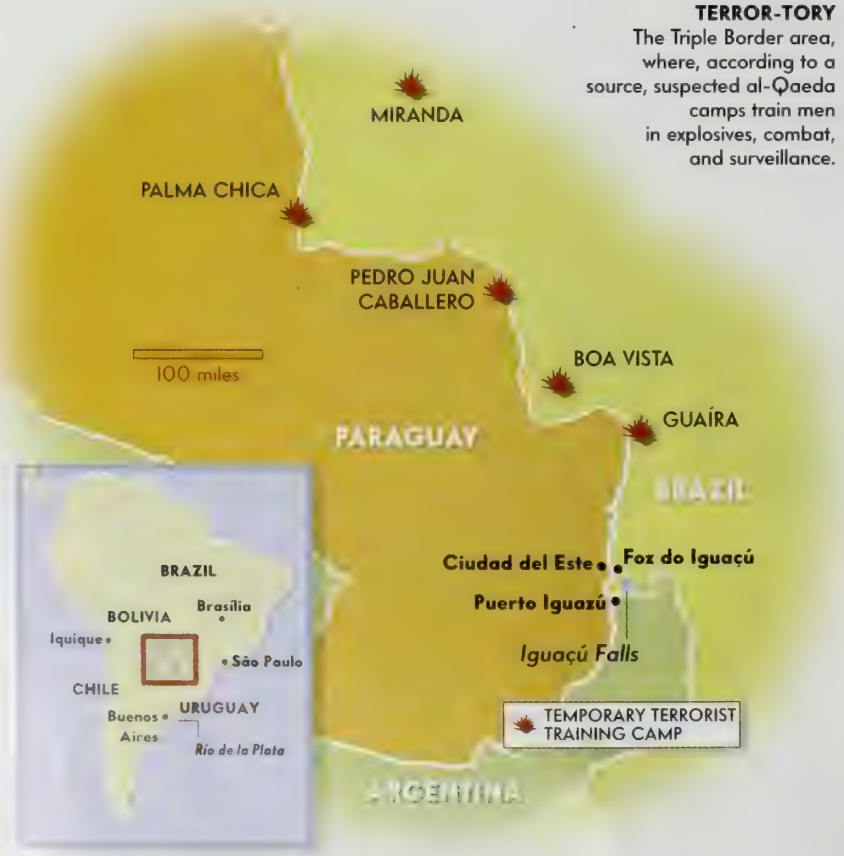
On September 5, 2001, he went back to Spain with a return ticket to Germany for two weeks later, but the ticket was never used. Investigators believe he went to Afghanistan and then to Pakistan—he certainly wound up there—but there is another possibility. According to sources in Argentinean intelligence, bin al-Shibh has known, confirmed contacts with a Lebanese businessman working in Ciudad del Este, Paraguay, and in Foz do Iguaçú, Brazil. The two cities are in an area known as "Triple Border," where Brazil, Argentina, and Paraguay converge. Triple Border has a large Lebanese expatriate population, a thriving black market in cheap electronics, and a 10-year history of Islamic extremism.

It is possible that bin al-Shibh—instead of going to Afghanistan to fight and die in a hopeless struggle against the United States—went to Triple Border. If not, he almost certainly had associates who did. Brazilian authorities have intercepted numerous phone calls from clandestine te phone exchanges in Triple Border and ghanistan, and last year a CNN repor in Kabul found a large tourist poster fr Triple Border at an al-Qaeda safe house

"The day after September 11, the C.I. dispatched a team down there," says M nus Ranstorp, director of the Centre the Study of Terrorism and Political V lence at the University of St. Andrews Fife, Scotland. "For me the Tri-Border a is the Hilton of Islamic extremism. It's o of the most lucrative safe havens in t world. It's been on the radar since t early 90s, and no one has done anythi about it."

The remarkable lapse of American forts to monitor al-Qaeda in Triple Bor can be traced back to 1999, when relatic between the C.I.A. and Argentina's Sec tariat of State Intelligence (SIDE) sufferec complete breakdown. Several years earli the C.I.A. had asked its counterparts SIDE to infiltrate the Triple Border area order to obtain information on Islamic tremist groups there, particularly on Hezb

"The region is the Hilton of Islamic extremism. It's been on the radar since the early 90s, and no on done anything about it," says Magnus Ranstorp.

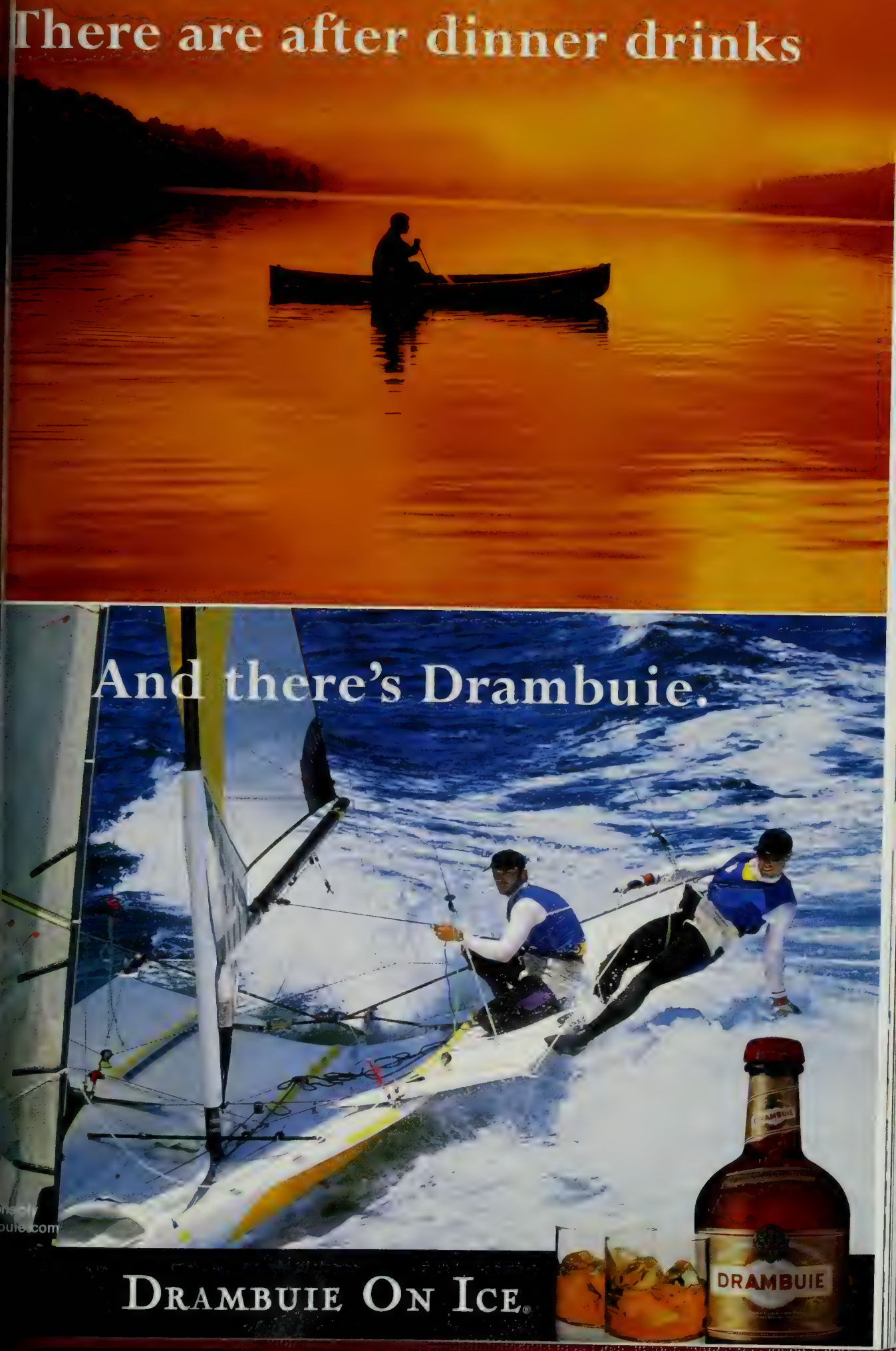


TERROR-TORY
The Triple Border area, where, according to a source, suspected al-Qaeda camps train men in explosives, combat, and surveillance.

lah. The operation was called "Centaur

The report, which was handed over 1999, contained information that the C.I. rejected as implausible, according to SI (An intelligence insider believes that t C.I.A. did pursue the information, but countered resistance higher up. "I was p sonally involved in tracking terrorists Triple Border," says ex–C.I.A. officer R ert Baer. "We were aware it was a platfo for them to go after the U.S.")

SIDE agents had identified al-Qaeda op atives in Triple Border, recorded meetings Islamic extremists in the mosques in C dad del Este and in Foz do Iguaçú, in trated moles into terrorist groups, detail al-Qaeda indoctrination and fund-raising forts, and provided evidence of terrorist tra ing camps on the Paraguay-Brazil bord According to Argentinean news sources, t C.I.A. accused SIDE of retaliating by leaki a photograph of then C.I.A. Buenos Ai station chief Ross Newland to a local ne paper in January 2001. Several months l er, Newland returned to the United Stat and the C.I.A. severed almost all ties w SIDE, dumping it instead into the han of the F.B.I., which also failed to expl the information. The Centauro operati languished until the September 11 attac


There are after dinner drinks
And there's Drambuie.
DRAMBUIE ON ICE.
DRAMBUIE





THE HORROR
Clockwise from above: the aftermath of the 1992 bombing of the Israeli Embassy in Buenos Aires; Hezbollah foreign-operations chief Imad Mughniyah, who has a $25 million bounty on his head from the U.S. government; Syrian arms dealer Monzer al-Kassar, who was implicated in the Israeli Embassy bombing.

when the C.I.A. re-discovered its interest in Triple Border.

Bin al-Shibh's capture was announced the night of September 12, but I didn't hear about it until the next morning, because I was on a flight to Buenos Aires. I was going there to meet with a former Argentinean intelligence agent named Mario Aguilar Risi, who claimed to know a lot about bin al-Shibh. I knew Risi through a mutual contact. All summer, Risi had been telling me that he had tracked bin al-Shibh and other top al-Qaeda and Hezbollah operatives to Brazil and Paraguay, and he had surveillance photos to prove it. It was a dramatic story—maybe overly so—and the 55-year-old Risi himself was already a rather dramatic story in his own right. He had spent several years in jail, two of them for extortion, but was known in Argentina for having had foreknowledge of two deadly Buenos Aires car bombings, suspected to have been the work of Hezbollah. Now he claimed that he had hard intelligence on al-Qaeda activity in Triple Border.

Specifically, he said, he had recently tracked Ramzi bin al-Shibh to São Paulo, Brazil, before the terrorist left the country using a false passport. In Brazil, bin al-Shibh had supposedly met with a top Hezbollah operative named Imad Mughniyah, at the Maksoud Plaza hotel. The Maksoud Plaza is one of the fanciest hotels in São Paulo, and when the terrorists left by the front door, according to Risi, a former Argentinean police officer snapped a photo of them. The photographer was named "Alejandro" and worked for Risi gathering counterterrorism intelligence. Risi claimed that the photo of bin al-Shibh was in a secure location in Triple Border, along with surveillance photos and tapes of other terrorists. And if I didn't believe him, I was welcome to come down and see for myself.



Terrorism established itself beyond a doubt in Argentina in the early 1990s. Around 10 o'clock on the morning of July 18, 1994, a white Renault Traffic packed with 600 pounds of ammonium nitrate—a fertilizer—and fuel exploded next to the Argentine-Israeli Mutual Association in downtown Buenos Aires. The explosion was so powerful that it brought down most of the seven-story building. The driver—no one knows who he was—disappeared. Eighty-six of the 100 or so people then in the building died in the blast. A woman who happened to be crossing the street just before the explosion had nearly been hit by the Renault van as it took the turn onto Calle Pasteur, and recalled glaring at it, but did not get a good look at the driver. She could not say whether he was old or young, Arab-looking or not; all she could say was that he had seemed to be alone.

Terrorists had struck once before. Two years earlier, a Ford F-100 truck loaded with the high explosive Semtex had blown up in front of the Israeli Embassy in Buenos Aires and killed 29 people. The truck had been bought in Ciudad del Este with hundred-dollar bills reportedly traced to a currency-exchange house in Lebanon that belonged to Monzer al-Kassar, an infamous arms dealer. Al-Kassar had extensive t to the Syrian government and its inte gence apparatus and was suspected o laundry list of illegal arms deals and t rorist acts, including the 1985 hijacking the *Achille Lauro* cruise ship. He was a suspected of brokering a deal in 1989 tween Argentinean president Carlos Men and Syria, whereby the Syrians would ma a $100 million "campaign contribution" Menem in exchange for the sale of a n clear reactor and an Argentinean miss system called Condor II. A bilateral p between Syria and Iran tied both cou tries to the purchases.

The Condor missile had a range of 1,0 kilometers and was widely considered to superior to the Russian Scud missiles th were already available to Syria. Under hea pressure from the United States, Menem a close friend of the first President Geor Bush, who forced through a $300 milli deal for Enron in Argentina, in which t company received huge tax breaks—ma

They knifed a passenger and forced others to watch him bleed to death. That same tactic was used by Atta and the other hijackers on September 11.

a goodwill visit to Israel and reneged both the missile-system and nuclear-react sales. Critics accused him of pursuing "carnal" relationship with the United Stat and within months terrorists had carri out the first of their two attacks.

Menem is of Syrian descent and controversial figure whom some b lieve to be anti-Semitic in a count known to have harbored Nazi war crin nals. The scandalous accusations th swirled around him in the early to mi 90s ranged from illegal arms trafficking beating up his first wife, Zulema Yoma, front of a visiting bank president, to sli ping a crocodile into her swimming po (Not to be outdone, Yoma was filmed a television crew physically expelling h husband from the presidential palace. A army assault team was required to re-inst him.) When Menem's son Carlos juni was 10 years old, he put a loaded p tol to his father's head and threatened pull the trigger if Menem didn't st beating his mother. In 1995, Carlos juni was killed in a mysterious helicopter cras Many Argentineans are convinced that t

LEFT BY VICTOR CHEDIEK



Chrysler presents

The Line *on* Design

s where form and function meet. The perfect marriage of passion and precision.
Memorable designs are those whose very appearance exposes their excellence.
nd whose performance and engineering only intensify it. Here, world-renowned
iters of design from DIFFA (The Design Industries Foundation Fighting AIDS),
ded by David Rockwell, identify the five reigning movements of contemporary
design and some of the extraordinary objects they've inspired.

CHRYSLER

Color

Color works to surprise and inspire us, with tradition articles refashioned in unconventional palettes. Bold bright hues appear in the most unexpected of places injecting personality into inanimate objects.



Red Coat and Gold Boots, Valentino



Soaps, Bodum



M&M'S® Milk Chocola ,Ca



Rainbow Chair
by Patrick Norguet,
Cappellini



Makeup by Paige Smitherman for Marek & Associates



PT Cruiser by Chrysler in purple

Craft

Every detail reflects the presence of the hand, the meticulous standard of quality and care involved in each object's creation. The result is a product that both looks and feels special and unique.



Woven Knee-High Boot, Bottega Veneta



Gao Table by Romeo Soz
Promemoria, courtesy o
Repertoire New York



Classic Glass Vases by Alvar Aalto, Iittala



Gold Petal Necklace, Ted Muehling

PT Cruiser grill, 300M interior, Crossfire exterior detail, all by Chrysler

Technology

The reverberations of innovation and technological advancement are being felt throughout the design world. Products are being rethought and reengineered to enhance performance and empower the user.



Logitech Pocket Digital Camera

Over the Top Sunglasses Oak

Racing Suit by Eiko Ishioka with @radical media. Descente



BeoSound 2. Bang & Olufsen

E.Dee Table Lamp
by Ingo Maurer

Pacifica by Chrysler

Comfort

Designers are answering the call for harmony and balanc
with products meant to soothe and envelop. Warm, nurtu
characteristics appeal to the senses and provide a calming



Spoon Bathtub by G.P.
Agape, courtesy of

Crackle Candles by Barrick Design



Cashmere Sweater and Pant, Michael Kors

Town & Country by Chrysler

Feltri chair by Gaetano Pesce, Cassina



Poodle Puppy

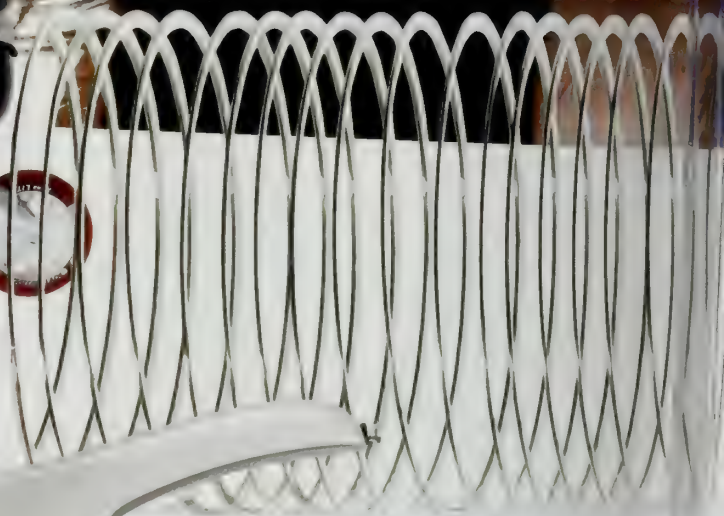
Dynamic

Designers' need for speed expresses itself in sleek silhouettes that seem on the verge of takeoff. Even the most stationary of objects takes on an aerodynamic quality with forms that evoke freedom, power and movement.

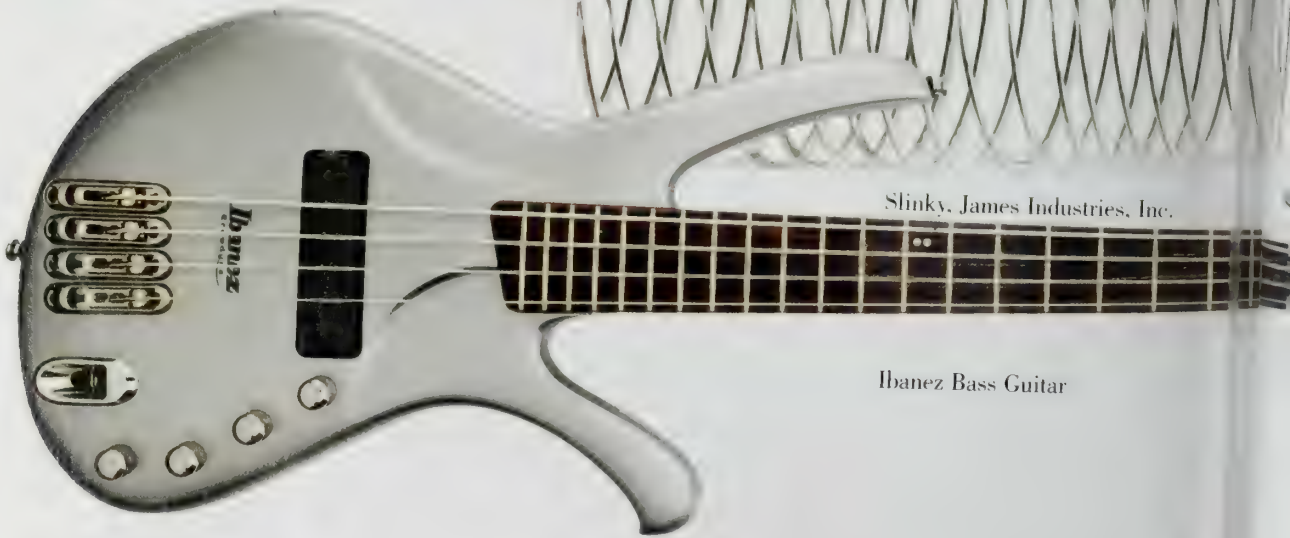


Hair by Renato Campora at The W

Lightning 09 Rollerblade



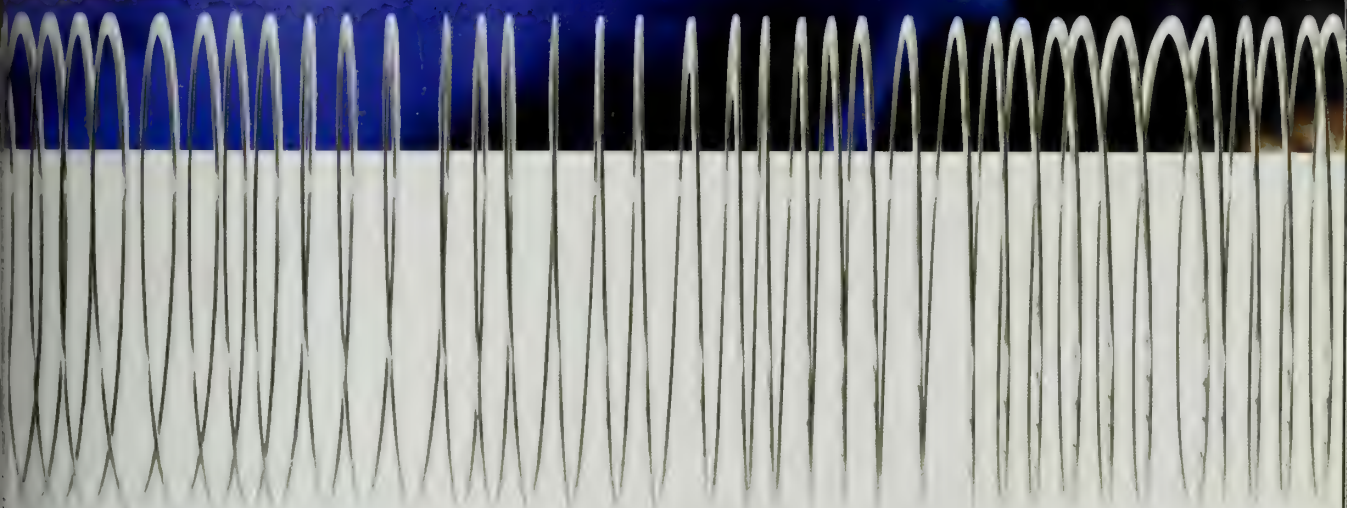
Slinky, James Industries, Inc.



Ibanez Bass Guitar



The Gateshead Millennium Bridge by Wilkinson Eyre Architects,
photograph by Doug Hall, courtesy of Gateshead Council





Crossfire by Chrysler



The Line *on* Design

Chrysler "Line on Design" Exhibit

Witness innovation unveiled as the five most influential trends in modern design come to life at the "Line on Design" Exhibit, sponsored by Chrysler. This extraordinary exhibition, opening in association with The Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, at the Pacific Design Center, will showcase a collection of objects and images inspired by the preceding pages. Each piece was hand-selected by a team of renowned designers from DIFFA, the Design Industries Foundation Fighting AIDS.

Opening December 3, 2002
Pacific Design Center
8687 Melrose Avenue
Los Angeles

Join the Chrysler Design Institute

Log on to www.lineondesign.com to join an exclusive design community online and to register for your chance to be Chrysler's exclusive guest for the ultimate design-inspired weekend in New York City.

As DIFFA's Chairman, I want to thank Chrysler for their generous support of the Foundation through the Line on Design project. Since 1984, DIFFA has mobilized the immense resources of the design communities to create some of the most celebrated fundraisers in AIDS philanthropy and provide over $31 million to hundreds of AIDS organizations nationwide. We're passionate about our cause, and thrilled that Chrysler has joined forces with us. AIDS is not over. Find out how you can help DIFFA work toward a world without AIDS: www.diffa.org.

Thanks for your support,
David Rockwell

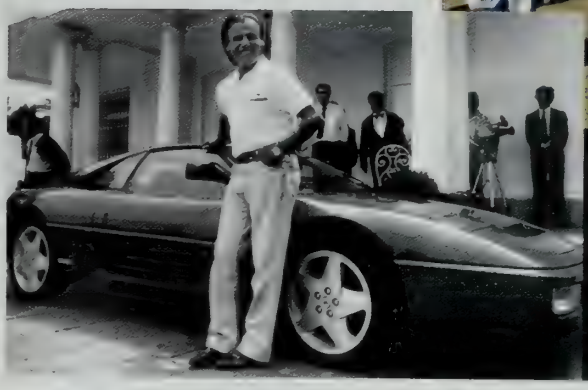
CHRYSLER
Drive = Love

DIFFA
DESIGN INDUSTRIES FOUNDATION FIGHTING AIDS

Front cover: Jupiter Bowls by Tony Wurman, Wunderwurks; Pacifica by Chrysler; Dyson DC07 Vacuum Cleaner, Dyson Ltd.; Racing Suit by Eiko Ishioka with @radical media, Descente; Slinky, James Industries, Inc.

You're trained to kill Americans and Jews," Alejandro said. "At the end you're given a mission or go dormant."





LOOT
Above, in Ciudad del Este, porters carry boxes containing electronic and other goods, often smuggled across the Paraguayan border to Brazil for resale. *Left,* Argentinean president Carlos Menem at the Olivos presidential residence, 1995; he is suspected of accepting a bribe of $10 million from Iran to quash terrorist investigations.

licopter was shot down an act of revenge, pos- ly for reneging on the al with Syria and Iran.

o no one's surprise, the investigation into the bombing of the gentine-Israeli Mutual sociation—known by its anish acronym, AMIA—s bungled from the start. e crime scene was tram- d by the police, rescuers, and the sim- curious, and nearly all the physical ev- nce—including body parts of the victims— s collected in plastic bags and dropped at an open-air dump. Three years later bags were dug up and thrown into the o de la Plata. Nevertheless, some prog- s was made in the case, though in the l of mirrors that is Argentinean politics was hard to tell who was a villain and o was a scapegoat. Investigators traced white van used in the attack to Police mmissioner Juan José Ribelli, who for rs had been suspected of using his po- on to run an extremely lucrative side siness trafficking stolen cars to Para- ay. Investigators soon discovered that elli had received a $2.5 million pay- nt from an unknown source—possibly a payoff for the crime, or for taking the . (Ribelli claims it was an inheritance.) d 66 recordings from police wiretaps a Ribelli associate mysteriously disap- ared during the investigation. In the end, more policemen and four of their as- iates were arrested for the bombing.

And it got even stranger. Fifteen days ore the AMIA bombing, it turned out, a dowy Brazilian named Wilson Dos San- had visited the Argentinean Consulate Milan and tried to warn officials of the coming attack. His girlfriend was part of terror cell that had carried out the em- sy attack in '92, he said, and they had ther attack planned, for a building in nos Aires that was "under construc- "—the AMIA building. The Argentinean lomats dismissed him out of hand, but r the attack he was quickly found in zil by none other than Mario Aguilar , who had also had advance warning of attack from his own sources.

Risi had just been cleared of kidnapping charges and been released from prison. While in jail, Risi says, he wrote numerous letters to Argentina's then interior minister, Carlos Corach, as well as to a federal judge, explaining that he had deep sources in terrorist cells in Argentina, Paraguay, and Brazil, and that these cells were planning a devastating attack on the AMIA building. He was ignored, the attack occurred, and as soon as Risi was released from prison he tracked down Dos Santos. In Brazil he videotaped himself with Dos Santos, who made a brief statement that he was returning to Buenos Aires to tell the truth.

According to Risi, Dos Santos had agreed to testify as long as his identity was not revealed, but in Buenos Aires, as soon as he made his statement to the presiding judge, Juan José Galeano, his name and photograph were leaked to the press. Dos Santos immediately recanted everything, explaining that the AMIA warning had simply been a lucky guess. Judge Claudio Bonadío threw him in jail to await trial for perjury charges.

The investigation—or cover-up—blundered along for years. Its most vocal critic was the number-two investigator in the case, Claudio Lifschitz. Two and a half years into the investigation, Lifschitz quit in disgust and wrote a book called *AMIA: Why the Investigation Was Made to Fail.* It alleged that the entire probe had been compromised in an effort by President Menem to cover up his ties to Syria and Iran. The two bombings went unsolved for years, but support for Lifschitz's accusations emerged suddenly last July, when *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* reported that a former Iranian intelligence officer, using the name Abdolghassem Mesbahi and otherwise known as "Witness C," had testified to Argentinean investigators that the 1992 embassy bombing was planned by a diplomat at the Iranian Embassy in Buenos Aires and supervised by a senior Iranian intelligence officer. Months after the bombing, Mesbahi said, an emissary from Menem flew to Teheran to accept a $10 million payoff to cover up the first bombing as well as any "future" acts of terrorism. The money, according to Mesbahi, was deposited in a numbered Swiss bank account controlled by Menem—a fact later confirmed by Swiss investigators.

Over and over again the AMIA investigators had come upon references to Triple Border. It is the perfect place for the Hezbollah: deep in the *mato grosso* (outback), near the enormous Iguaçú Falls, surrounded on three sides by corrupt governments, a community of 30,000 Muslims has established itself to take advantage of the booming cross-border trade. Most are Lebanese who fled the civil war in their country, and most are decent, hard-working people, but the opportunities for illegal activities are almost infinite, and the money to be made is immense.

The Lebanese influx into the area followed what Brazilian journalist Jackson Lima terms the "suicidal development plans" of Brazil and Paraguay in the early 1970s. Seeking to exploit the energy-generating and tourism potential of Iguaçú Falls as well as the trade among the three countries, Lima says, government planners looked to Niagara Falls, Las Vegas, and Miami as models for development. A "zone of special tourism" was established where Brazilians and Argentineans, for the most part, could converge on the Paraguayan boomtown of Ciudad del Este, mainly to buy cheap electronics. Now

high-rises jut improbably out of the jungle.

An estimated $12 billion to $14 billion in merchandise moves through Ciudad del Este every year. It is a place, according to Lima, where a young Lebanese man can arrive with nothing but a suitcase and be driving a late-model Mercedes within a year. The Central Bank of Brazil created a special account called the CC5, ostensibly for foreigners, which allowed Paraguayan money to be more cheaply and quickly converted to dollars and deposited the same day in local banks on the Brazilian side. Traffickers quickly discovered that to launder their profits all they had to do was take their money to Ciudad del Este and transfer it back to Brazil—often opening fake accounts in the name of their housemaid or gardener in order to throw off any possible investigators.

"Mr. Ambassador," wrote Mario Risi in February 2001, "within the next six months there will be four large-scale attacks in the U.S. by al-Qaeda."

Triple Border is now a thriving nexus of drugs, weapons, and money-laundering operations. An estimated 70 percent of the cars on Paraguay's roads—there are even rumors about the BMW and the Mercedes owned by President Luis Gonzalez Macchi and his wife—have been smuggled in to avoid the heavy import taxes. The International Intellectual Property Alliance estimates that Ciudad del Este's booming trade in pirated CDs contributed to a loss of $300 million in sales for the Brazilian music industry in 2000 alone. A stolen or forged passport costs $5,000 on the street, and a customs official can reportedly be bribed for a tenth of that. The Paraguayan consul in Miami was recently arrested for allegedly selling a batch of 300 passports to foreigners—including to terrorist suspects from the Middle East, who planned to move to Ciudad del Este.

Hezbollah and Hamas cells easily integrated themselves into this tightly knit Muslim community. Not only is it an ideal place to blend in, but a huge amount of money is funneled back to Lebanon to support the cause. Bank records show that a Lebanese businessman named Assad Ahmad Mohamad Barakat—who owns one of the largest shopping malls in Ciudad del Este—has transferred thousands of dollars to Hezbollah over the years. A month after the September 11 attacks, Paraguayan police, under intense pressure from the United States, swept Ciudad del Este and arrested a dozen or so suspected money-launderers. Barakat himself managed to escape the raid, but in his office the police found scores of copies of an al-Qaeda promotional video. He had been making them, apparently, to distribute to extremists in Triple Border. Carlos Calcena, the Paraguayan prosecutor in charge of the case, has tracked tens of thousands of dollars in money transfers from the port town of Iquique, Chile, to Ciudad del Este, to a Chase Manhattan bank account in the name of "Mr. Barakat" in Long Island City, New York.

Barakat was eventually arrested in Brazil last summer, but his financial empire is enormous and relatively intact. The Bank of England Financial Sanctions Related to Terrorism list includes 28 entries under the name Barakat or Al-Barakat, including companies in Boston, Minneapolis, and Seattle. (It's unknown how many belong to the same family.) There was even a Barakat Trading Company in the Intercontinental Hotel in Kabul before the Taliban fell.

Since the September 11 attacks, the United States has sent a team of 40 F.B.I. agents to Ciudad del Este to help local authorities tackle the terrorism and money problem, but it may be too late. According to Calcena, as much as $50 million is believed to have flowed from Triple Border to Hezbollah accounts in the past seven years. It is enough to finance almost any kind of attack—or cover-up—imaginable.

If there was any doubt among U.S. officials before September 11 that Triple Border was a haven for al-Qaeda, it should have been erased by the case of a young Moroccan named Gueddan Abdel Fatah. In January 2001, Fatah was detained for allegedly having a false passport in São Paulo after trying to rob a taxi. Eight months later—just days prior to September 11—Fatah handed a typed letter to attorney Edith Espinosa at the prison where he was incarcerated and begged her to give it to the Federal Police in Brazil in the presence of U.S. Embassy and Israeli diplomatic officials. In the letter, he said that he urgently needed to talk with the authorities because there were going to be "two explosions" in the United States in the near future. The lawyer neglected to pass the letter along, and six days later al-Qaeda agents flew planes into the twin towers of the World Trade Center and the Pentagon.

Just hours after the attack, São Paulo police commissioner César Toselli went to the Carandiru prison to interrogate Fatah. The young Moroccan had a chilling story to tell. He said he had gone to Triple Bo der the year before and for several montl attended meetings at a mosque in Foz c Iguaçú where Shiite and Sunni Muslims ordinarily enemies—talked openly abo "blowing up" the United States. Fat said he maintained contact with eight fc eigners from these meetings, includir four Pakistanis, a Costa Rican, and an I dian. The Indian supposedly had cod phone conversations from a pay pho with someone in the United States. Dis lusioned and frightened by the violen of their plans, Fat said, he fled the ar and contacted the Ar erican and Israeli Er bassies in Brazil ar the American Cons lates in Buenos Air and Rio de Janeiro warn them. He w ignored. Out of mo ey and desperate, l allegedly tried to r a taxi for plane fare home and was caug he remained in prison as a "privileged i former," under police protection.

Fatah's story jibes with what is alrea known about Triple Border. Said Moh les, alleged mastermind of the 19 massacre in Luxor, Egypt, in which 5 Western tourists were killed in a machin gun attack while they admired an ancie temple, lived quietly in Triple Border f years. He was arrested in January 1999 Uruguayan police after British intelligen picked up coded phone conversations which he discussed starting a terrorist c in London. Mohkles was alleged to ha received help from Mohammed Kasse Jomaa, the mayor of Chuí, a small tow in Brazil. Jomaa was questioned by autho ities after the September 11 attacks becau of his association with Mohkles, as well for suspected links to Osama bin Laden. A Imad Mughniyah, the Hezbollah foreig operations chief who might rival Osam bin Laden as the most wanted man in t world, has been indicted in Argentina f organizing the AMIA and Israeli Embassy a tacks; Mughniyah has a $25 million boun on his head for a long list of terrorist act including the 1983 Marine-barracks ar U.S. Embassy bombings in Lebanon.

The association between bin Laden a Mughniyah dates back to the early 199 when a former American Green Ber named Ali Mohamed—who recently plea ed guilty to conspiring with al-Qaeda bomb U.S. Embassies in Africa—arrang security for the two men when they met Sudan. Mughniyah's alleged use of bon attacks to drive American forces out Beirut in the 1980s was likely a model f

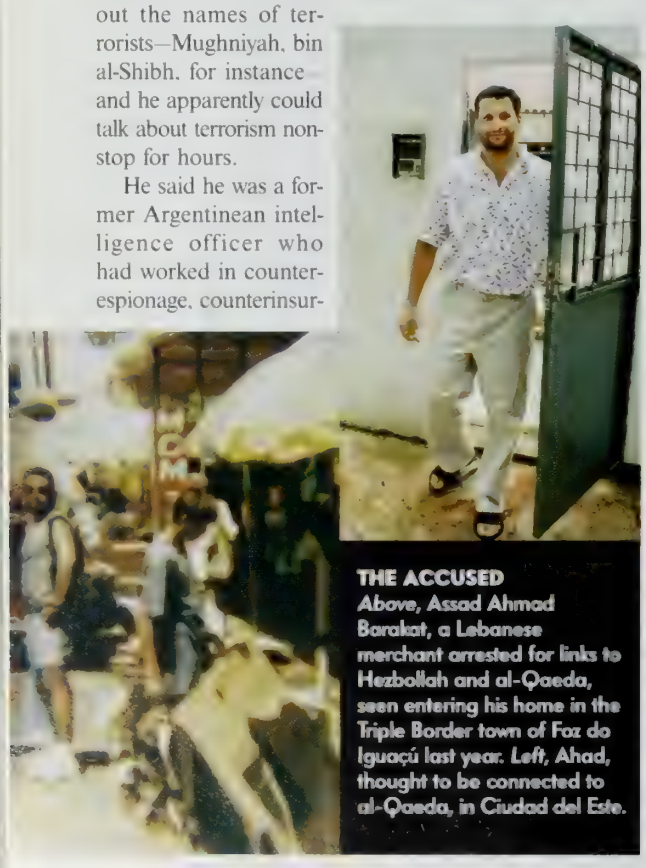

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PARFUM

bin Laden's attempts to drive American forces from Saudi Arabia. Three years after the Sudan meeting, a terrorist group thought to be associated with bin Laden detonated a truck bomb at the Khobar Towers complex, near a U.S. military base in Saudi Arabia, killing 19 servicemen. Mughniyah was implicated by U.S. authorities in that attack. He has also been implicated in carrying out or directing at least three hijackings, including that of an Air India flight, in which terrorists armed with knives and scissors took over the cockpit and successfully landed the plane on their own. They knifed a passenger and forced others to watch him bleed to death, presumably to encourage cooperation. That same tactic was used by Atta and the other hijackers on September 11.

I met Mario Aguilar Risi in the lobby of the Buenos Aires Sheraton on an afternoon last September. He was short and well dressed in a suit and tie, and had deep circles under his eyes and an exhausted, basset-hound expression that suggested an enormously stressful life. His beard, stained by cigarette smoke above his mouth, had turned mostly white, and his hair was thin. He talked fast and almost without pause, slowing only to draw out the names of terrorists—Mughniyah, bin al-Shibh, for instance—and he apparently could talk about terrorism nonstop for hours.

He said he was a former Argentinean intelligence officer who had worked in counterespionage, counterinsurgency, and criminal investigations. He claimed he had also worked—along with [illegible] other Argentinean agents—for the C.I.A. on the Nicaraguan border, training the Contras to infiltrate and destabilize the Sandinista government in the 1980s. He served in intelligence in the Falklands War—called the Malvinas War in Argentina—and several years later was chosen by Argentinean president Raúl Alfonsín to investigate the 1985 kidnapping of a Jewish businessman named Osvaldo Sivak. It was the Sivak affair that got him into trouble, he said. Through his covert sources he found out that Sivak was dead, but the political climate was too unstable for the government to admit that. When Sivak's family lent the investigation a large sum of money, several top government ministers—knowing Sivak was dead—simply divided the money up among themselves. Risi accepted some of the money as well—"Frankly, it came in useful," he said—and then took the fall for it, even being charged with the kidnapping itself. He was eventually released from jail and others were charged with the crime.

Risi had stories to tell about Triple Border as well. His partner, Alejandro, he said, succeeded in infiltrating the world of terrorist cells and was trained at one of their camps on the Brazilian-Paraguayan border. There they used cutouts of "American soldiers and Jews" for target practice. Alejandro was now a foot soldier in a Hezbollah–al-Qaeda cell, Risi said, and was used to provide security whenever a really big name came to town. In 1998, according to Alejandro, two imams from African countries had come in to help plan the U.S. Embassy bombings in Kenya and Tanzania. Risi said he contacted the U.S. authorities in Buenos Aires to warn them, but he was ignored. Two months later, truck bombs destroyed both embassies, killing 224 people.



THE ACCUSED *Above*, Assad Ahmad Barakat, a Lebanese merchant arrested for links to Hezbollah and al-Qaeda, seen entering his home in the Triple Border town of Foz do Iguaçú last year. *Left*, Ahad, thought to be connected to al-Qaeda, in Ciudad del Este.

Risi came prepared for the meeting with a locking briefcase filled with documents and photographs. Shuffling through material as he talked, he pulled out letters that he claimed to have submitted to Argentinean and American authorities over the years. They were written in a painfully precise script, and some are stamped at the bottom with the date and "AM E[mbassy]," or "Embassy of the United State[s]." One, dated February 2001, but not bear[ing] an embassy stamp, purports to warn A[mbassador] James Walsh of the upcoming [attacks] on September 11. "Mr. Ambassad[or]," the letter begins, "as a citizen of Argent[ina] I, Mario Aguilar, am writing you to m[ake] you aware of very serious and urgent in[formation]. . . . Within the next six mon[ths] there will be four large-scale attacks in [the] United States by al-Qaeda." In the le[tter] Risi listed the White House, Congress, [the] Pentagon, and the Twin Towers as possi[ble] targets for planes loaded with explosi[ves] flown by suicide pilots. "I can expand [on] this," he finishes, "if this is of interest [to] your government. I am at your disposa[l]. I am an uninterested party."

And he had photos—dozens of the[m]. One showed a man known as Al[i] in front of some street vendors [in] Ciudad del Este. Ahad, Risi said, is wa[nt]ed in connection with the AMIA bomb[ing] and is thought to be connected to al-Qae[da]. The photo was supposedly taken b[y a] camera hidden in a shoe box. Anot[her] photo showed a man Risi described a[s a] Hezbollah agent named Said, walk[ing] down a street in Ciudad del Este. Acco[rd]ing to Risi, Said is closely associated w[ith] Mughniyah as well as al-Qaeda, and ser[ves] as an instructor at one of its training cam[ps]. There were photos of what Risi says are [al-]Qaeda bodyguards with machine gu[ns] of al-Qaeda safe houses, of illegal bu[si]nesses owned by Hezbollah agents; th[ere] was even a photo of a C.I.A. informant [in] Foz do Iguaçú.

There is reason to believe that white supremacists see the U.S. government as a far greater threat than the one posed by Islamic extremists.

"Do you know who this man is a[nd] working for?" Risi asked in disgust. "H[ez]bollah. And who do you think pays h[im] more?"

Triple Border, Risi said, was a major [lo]gistical and planning base for al-Qae[da], a place where its members could get m[on]ey, fake passports, and easy access to ev[ery] country in South America. It was als[o a] place where they could relax—they co[uld] drink, they could have girls, they could [do] whatever they wanted, without some scr[ut]ing imam looking over their shoulc[ers]. The terrorists weren't just Islamic ra[di]



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als, either. They were from the Irish Republican Army, the Basque separatist group ETA, and Colombia's FARC. According to Risi, a cousin of the Lebanese businessman Barakat, now in prison in Brazil, was the main al-Qaeda contact in Spain. A Spaniard, whose name won't be divulged here so as not to hinder counterterrorism efforts, was ETA's contact in Triple Border and had trained Alejandro in one of the camps.

And there were Americans at the camp as well. Risi learned about one of them. And on January 12, 1996, he says, he took a polygraph test and made a statement to the Federal Court in Buenos Aires testifying to everything he knew about this American. The man—whose name also won't be divulged—is an ex–Special Forces soldier who had been a communications expert in Vietnam and had seen combat there. He returned home to join the Michigan Militia, then converted to Islam, worked in Jordan, and became associated with another American, who had been investigated by the C.I.A. for activities in Central America. Now, according to Risi, the Vietnam vet, who speaks Spanish, is in Triple Border with two other American extremists, acting as an instructor at one of the terrorist training camps. He is also responsible for security operations and provided armed guards for then top al-Qaeda and Hezbollah associates—in particular, Mughniyah—were in town.

According to Risi, the Iranian had also been in the United States on September 11 and had provided logistical support to Atta before the attacks. I was prepared to believe everything Risi said about Triple Border, but when it came to an American collaborator on September 11, I balked.

"Why would an American attack his own country?" I asked. Risi countered with a question of his own.

"And McVeigh?"

The lack of public discourse about collaboration between white supremacists and Islamic extremists may simply be due to the fact that it is almost too alarming to contemplate. Everything that Arabs now have a hard time doing in this country—going to flight school, buying weapons and explosives, driving tractor-trailers into Manhattan—could easily be done by a white supremacist from Idaho. (For the record, he drove a tractor-trailer carrying 80,000 pounds of high explosives, it could level two square blocks in Manhattan.)

There is reason to believe that white supremacists see the U.S. government and its Israeli ally as a far greater threat to their freedom than the one posed by Islamic extremists. Shortly after the September 11 attacks, Billy Roper, a former member of the neo-Nazi National Alliance, based in West Virginia, said in an Internet posting obtained by the Southern Poverty Law Center, "We may not want them marrying our daughters, just as they would not want us marrying theirs. . . . But anyone who is willing to drive a plane into a building to kill jews is alright by me. I wish our members had half as much testicular fortitude."

According to Risi, Aryan Nations had people in Triple Border as early as 1985, and they were cooperating with Islamic extremists in the United States. (Stephen Jones, the chief defense lawyer for Timothy McVeigh, suspects that convicted Kuwaiti terrorist Ramzi Yousef supplied technical expertise in the 1995 Oklahoma City Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building bombing.) Even if this particular alliance is not credible or has not yet happened, it would be in keeping with the process of "crossover" among terror groups that is already under way. The Soviet Union has collapsed, China is not yet an economic threat, and the West—in particular the United States—stands utterly uncontested in its domination of the world. There is an imbalance that is unstable in a way that the Cold War never was. One thing that could conceivably fill the void left by the collapse of the Soviet Union is a loose affiliation of terror groups that share no ideology but have come to realize that by trading favors they can be far more effective than they would be acting alone.

This crossover process might not be so much a conscious strategy as one of gradual evolution. It would be—some argue that it already has been—amplified by the converging interests of organized crime, drug and arms traffickers, and terrorists. Add to the mix a thriving trade in fake European passports, an enormous stockpile of Cold War–era weapons in Russia, including weapons-grade plutonium and well-established trafficking routes into Western Europe, and one begins to see why Islamic extremists might want to look beyond their own kind for assistance.

"I was personally involved in tracking terrorists to Triple Border," says ex–C.I.A. officer Robert Baer. "We were aware it was a platform for them to go after the U.S."

The strange case of Sierra Leone's Revolutionary United Front (R.U.F.) is a good example of such collaboration. According to U.S. and European intelligence, a top bin Laden adviser named Abdullah Ahmed Abdullah flew to Monrovia, Liberia, in September 1998 to establish a diamond pipeline for al-Qaeda to neighboring Sierra Leone, where the R.U.F. was fighting to seize control of the government. Abdullah reportedly met R.U.F. commander Sam Bockarie in the town of Foya, on the Sierra Leone border, to set up the transactions. He was followed a few weeks later by two more al-Qaeda operatives, who arrived with $100,000 in cash for an initial deal. Since then, authorities believe, tens of millions of dollars' worth of illegal diamonds have been scooped up by al-Qaeda in war-ridden West Africa.

Clearly the R.U.F. had no compunction about doing business with al-Qaeda and why would it? It feels no affiliation with the West, and certainly the West feels none with it. But instances of such crossover become much more disturbing when they involve Western terrorist groups. The Irish Republican Army, rendered increasingly irrelevant by the political process in Ireland, has found a use for its skills with Colombian and Palestinian terrorists. In August 2001 three I.R.A. members were arrested in Bogotá after spending time in territory controlled by FARC, the main terrorist group in Colombia. (They claimed they were "eco-tourists.") One of them, James Monaghan, was nicknamed Mortar for his expertise in building a unique "barracks buster" mortar made out of compressed-gas cylinders. Colombian military sources say that the three men gave instruction in high explosives and urban warfare. The following May, 119 people died when FARC forces fired an I.R.A.-type gas-cylinder mortar at a church in Bellavista, Colombia.

Around the same time, a former British Royal Engineers Bomb Disposal Unit expert working in the Jenin refugee camp in the West Bank reported that the Palestinians were using explosive devices identical to the ones he had seen in Northern Ireland. These bombs were used in an ambush in Jenin that killed 13 Israeli soldiers during Israeli incursions into the camp last April. That came on the heels of a sniper attack that killed seven soldiers and three civilians in the space of 25 minutes—an attack that had the trademarks of an I.R.A. operation. Israel's Mossad has appealed to British intelligence for help in the case.

Looking very, very far down the road,

one can imagine that virtually all terrorist groups, international Mafias, and even political agitators might see a common goal in eroding Western dominance in the world. Anti-globalism anarchists in Genoa, neo-Nazis in Germany, ecoterrorists in the United States, even right-wing labor agitators in France, are all upset, for their own particular reasons, about the same basic reality: the United States, its allies, and its corporate armies can do pretty much as they want and, at the moment, no one can stop them.

Except, possibly, an unholy union of international Mafias, Western terror groups, and al-Qaeda.

Alejandro met me in the back room of a small hotel in the center of Foz do Iguaçú, on the Brazilian side of the border. He was slight but carried himself well. He had dark eyes, jet-black hair, and sharp cheekbones that narrowed to a small mouth. His eyes swept the room without any movement of his head.

He had been transported to the terrorist world, he said, in a white Mercedes that stopped in front of a bar in Ciudad del Este where he had been told to wait. He was given a pair of blacked-out glasses and driven around for a few hours, asked some questions—including whether he wanted to be paid, to which he said yes—and then dropped off again. A few days later he went through the same routine, except this time it was in a four-by-four, and they drove him out to a training camp.

The camp was a clearing in the jungle with a temporary wooden barracks where the men slept on benches and cots. There were 25 or 30 recruits, mostly from other countries in South America. They were trained to break into houses, blow up buildings, disassemble cars for placement of car bombs. They practiced shooting every kind of weapon—Uzis, AK-47s, grenade launchers—and were also taught to kill with a knife. Their training was with live ammunition, and Alejandro was shot twice. He survived, though, he said, another man at the camp died of his wounds.

"You're trained to kill Americans and Jews," Alejandro said. "At the end you're given a mission or go dormant."

The instructors were aloof and unfriendly and did not bother to talk politics or ideology; they just taught how to kill. Occasionally they showed videos of terrorist attacks—car bombings in Spain, for example—and commented on whether they had been done well or not. Alejandro claimed that one of the camps is on 17,000 acres of jungle owned by Assad Barakat. I asked him what areas they were in.

"Pedro Juan Caballero . . . Miranda . . . Boa Vista," he said, running his finger along a map, tracing the border between Brazil and Paraguay. "Guaíra."

Through a contact in Washington, I'd gotten hold of a list, from U.S. intelligence sources, of names of suspected training camps in Triple Border—and Guaíra was on the list.

"What was your mission when you got out?" I asked.

"I was sent to Buenos Aires," Alejandro said, "to see if I could recruit people who looked Argentinean."

When I returned from Triple Border, I met with Risi in my hotel room. I was leaving the country that evening, and when he walked in he embraced me and sat down in a chair and lit a cigarette. People were looking for us, he said. A friend in Argentinean intelligence had called to tell him that they knew he was meeting with an American and that they were concerned.

I spoke with a Paraguayan prosecutor who told me that in 2000 he had offered the F.B.I. names of more than 400 members of "sleeper cells." He was rebuffed.

He had more bad news. He would not be able to get the photograph of bin al-Shibh and Mughniyah, because all the best material was hidden in Triple Border and would take a while to retrieve. Furthermore, he wanted money. Such photos were worth a fortune, he said, and he would be stupid to just let them go. The money would be used to continue surveillance work in Triple Border. Eventually he wanted to work with someone he could trust in American intelligence, someone who would not just try to steal his sources or tell him to go away. The photos he had already shown me and the letters he said he had sent to the U.S. Embassy and to Argentinean authorities were mine to have.

I had to consider the possibility that the entire story was a fake, and that he just wanted some money. The letters easily could have been written after the fact, the stamps could have been forged, the photos and the stories could have been synthesized from those already known about Triple Border. The bulk of Risi's story seemed true, but certain big-ticket items—bin al-Shibh and Mughniyah meeting São Paulo, for example—could simply be attempt by Risi to cash in on intelligen gathered during the Centauro operatic (I passed on to U.S. authorities the doc ments and photos he gave me.)

But I also had to consider the possib ity that it was all true. The idea that R had been ignored by both American a Argentinean intelligence is unfortunat all too believable. Examples of apat and incompetence abound. I spoke wi a Paraguayan prosecutor—who refused allow his name to be used in this article who told me that in 2000 he had offer the F.B.I. names of more than 400 me bers of "sleeper cells" in Triple Bord He claims he was rebuffed and fou himself the object of a vicious sme campaign.

Furthermore, we are talking about country where the president was allege ly paid off by Iran to quash an investig tion into a terrorist attack his own country. In a pla where that could happen, wh couldn't?

"I wouldn't be surprised bin al-Shibh had been do there," says Ranstorp, wh acts as a terrorism consulta for the U.S. government. "I the perfect area to gener money, first and foremo and to sell transferable skil It's the ultimate embodime of terrorism and organized crime fusing t gether."

Several days before I left Argentin Miguel Angel Toma, the head of SIDE, fl to Washington to meet with George Ten head of the C.I.A. According to Robe Baer, they discussed an indictment the U was preparing against Khalid Shaikh M hammed, who had been with bin al-Shil in Karachi last June, although he h managed to elude capture. Mohamm was thought to have been in Qatar in 199 around the time that Imad Mughniyah h sneaked into the country by freighter, a was then thought to have gone to Trip Border.

When I arrived back in the United Stat I contacted the State Department to co firm that it knew of an al-Qaeda presen in Triple Border. The press spokesm refused to let his name be used in th article.

"It's a possibility that could occur," said. "But there's no specific informati about that at this time."

I asked to repeat the question to som one who worked in the Office on Count terrorism. He paused.

"Frankly," he said, "I wouldn't put th question to them right now." □

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THIS IS MY BREAKFAST

Mark Ruffalo gives a pre-noon version of his famous soulful gaze in Room 829, Thomas Wolfe's former residence at the Chelsea Hotel in New York City.

"It's called 'Le Tigre,'" Mark Ruffalo says (in mocking tribute to Ben Stiller's *Zoolander*) of his trademark soulful stare, which audiences first fell for when he starred opposite Laura Linney in Kenneth Lonergan's Sundance hit, *You Can Count on Me*. Originally from Wisconsin, Ruffalo always knew he wanted to be an actor. "My great-grandfather played Pulcinella in the commedia dell'arte," he says. "I guess it's in the blood." In 1995, after years of bartending and doing non-Equity theater in Los Angeles, Ruffalo met Lonergan, who cast him in an early version of his play *This Is Our Youth*. The show, with Ruffalo in it, eventually transferred to New York and became an Off Broadway smash. "That play changed my life, and his life, and everyone's involved, really." In 2000, however, Ruffalo suffered a life-changing event of darker proportions. He was filming *The Last Castle* with Ro rt Redford and had just been cast in M. Night Shyamalan's S s when doctors discovered a brain tumor. "It came at the ape of my career," he says, "and suddenly everything came to a scre h- ing halt. I thought I would have to give up acting." Instead, er surgery and 10 months' rehabilitation, Ruffalo is fully recove d and hotter than ever. Next month, he'll appear as Gwyneth l- trow's "good guy" boyfriend in *View from the Top*, and as a t- graduate "boy-man" trying to figure out his place in the wor in *XX/XY*. Then he'll star opposite Meg Ryan in Jane Campion in *the Cut*. "It's a real departure for me," says the 34-year-old a r, who has a son with his wife, Sunrise. "I get to play a real r n. Nothing boyish in him at all." —KRISTA SM H


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Nigella Lawson at her and Charles Saatchi's Eaton Square home, in London, June 14, 2002.

A Spoonful of Seduction

Daughter of a top Tory minister, Nigella Lawson gained her own fame—as Britain's sexiest cook—just as she was losing her husband to cancer. Now America is drooling over her TV show, new book, and *New York Times* column, and she has found love again, with ad-mogul art collector Charles Saatchi

BY JUDY BACHRACH

'She's just an i ible phenomenon, Nig her business partner, W Miller, tells me solemnl tween takes of Nigella son's cooking show, wh being taped on the aband premises of her former h in North London. "She's every 25- to 40-year-old an aspires to be. And every man wants to be ried to."

Certainly, a lushly s domesticity abounds i old, three-story brick h where the camera is ro the crew hushed, and a otic voluptuary with l appetites is glowing ove sautéed shrimp. There i of butter and olive oil– is so good for the skin," c Nigella. Even the hoary E staple marmite grows p able, she insists, when with cold butter. But on er inspection the enchant dissolves. Along the up walls are fragments of pe plaster, there is a grimy tub with a rubber ducky it is only then one realize all just the shell of what a house without a house Everything is here—sil whisks, six organic egg ported from Italy, a clust cobalt wineglasses with r ed grapes climbing their parent stems. And, at the time, there is nothing.

In March 2001, the journalist John amond, Nigella's husband of nine y died of throat cancer, thereby emptyin place. Small wonder the British de guru Stephen Bayley calls Nigella "the ish Princess Di." In her 42 years there been such a confluence of triumph tragedy. Only recently has triumph wor

"I really should sell this house," Ni says, her beautiful mouth twisting wit solve. "It is not a nice neighborhood." shrugs. "Another life."

She lives now in a far, far better p Along with her two young children, (ma, eight, and Bruno, six, Nigella ha camped to Eaton Square, to the expa cream-painted home of Charles Saa


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SECOND HELPING Lawson with Charles Saatchi, in London, March 13, 2001. "We are completely suited to each other. He's just an ordinary guy," she says.

"There was an awful lot of gossip. One almost wonders if it was done on purpose," says editor Andrew Wilson.

the advertising mogul and impassioned collector. It is yet another moment in her eventful existence that has set London tongues wagging. In one of the odder turns of fate, Nigella Lawson became a TV cooking star and a best-selling writer at the precise time John Diamond was slowly dying. Ultimately she would have three books simultaneously on the London *Times* best-seller list: *Nigella Bites* and *How to Be a Domestic Goddess* sold over a million combined, while her first and best effort, *How to Eat*, published in 1998, sold 400,000. Meanwhile, as Nigella has noted, her husband couldn't eat a thing. His tongue, invaded by a large tumor, had been removed.

Saatchi, worth more than $300 million, was one of Diamond's dearest friends. "Charles is . . . well, he's gemütlich, you know? He just adored John," Nigella explains.

Now he adores John's lovely widow, his gaze rarely leaving hers on their nights out together, while her hand creeps furtively under the restaurant table until it comes to rest on the calf of his leg. His shoulders are hunched, as though he cannot believe good fortune. This is the only part of Saatchi's life tha remotely public. "Charles hasn't posed for a photogr in 30 years," says Nigella. As a result, he is an intrigu choice for a woman grown so fond of publicity.

"Right, he's a cipher. And probably for good reaso Ray Hartenstein told me shortly before his death this y Until recently his sister Kay was married to Saatchi. L the rest of the world, Hartenstein learned that Saatchi's miration for his new love pre-dated both the end of marriage to Kay and Diamond's death.

Diamond, on the other hand, appears to have b more sanguine on the subject. "Charles has been fabul and kind to me," the dying husband told Maria McErla an actress who is a family friend. "So who cares if h trying to get into Nigella's pants?"

As it turned out, the 49-year-old Kay, who was Saatc voluble blonde wife for nearly 10 years, seems to h cared quite a bit—enough to offer a piece of advice to successor: "Saatchi has always been a man of crushe she warned recently. "And his near-evangelical purs usually wanes." Kay did not take her dismissal ligh "Reading about the Domestic Goddess every day h not been easy for me," Kay informed the tabloids jus week after Diamond's funeral.

Domesticity and sex. Sex and domesticity. This is inspired coupling that is Nigella's invention, a wo far removed from the dithering, high-pitched adm nitions of Julia Child. There is nothing haute about Ni la's cuisine: the whites of eggs are separated from yo through her long tapered fingers; the ham is baked Coca-Cola. No surprise that *Nigella Bites*, which is a the title of her second TV series, now on E! television the United States, was waggishly refer to in its country of origin as *Nigella Sw lows*. All around her are half-filled vess from the unlikely career that saved h These range, like certain aspects of th owner, from the mundane to the arca Bottles of HP sauces and Heinz ketch flash their bright badges at a thin, du bottle of Limoncello; Bombay Sapphire peers down at a cookbook containing favorite dishes of Italian Popes. On a nei boring shelf are the memoirs of her Tory father, Nigel Lawson former chancellor of the Exchequer, in which not a single line m tions his second child.

Bending over the platter of shrimp and black rice, Nigella gi them a brisk stir, her impressive breasts caught in the embrace a blue cashmere sweater. Skimming the ample rest of her (and nored by the camera) is a tight ankle-length skirt beneath wh can be seen a pair of white sneakers. Thick tendrils of hair, k in artful disarray by the vigilant stylist, are blacker even than rice and, like it, are rendered glossy with vegetable oil. Nigell gazing at the cameraman, saying quite distinctly, "I'm going to a prawn or something at the end, O.K.?"

Nigella is always swallowing something or other at the end every show. There is a parting of lips as a shrimp disappe beneath a dazzling flash of teeth. "Mmmm," says Nigella, a nature remark, as it turns out. "Perfect! Perfect! That's wh home cooking is!"

It would, in fact, be hard to imagine a life more imperfect, though from the outside it must have once seemed as thou Nigella had been born with everything: impressive wealth (h mother, Vanessa Salmon, was the heiress to the Lyon's Cor



TEAMWORK

Playing doubles clearly suits the Samprases. But being young and in love doesn't cloud their vision about breast cancer. It keeps them more focused than ever on the important things, like early detection. "Couples should think of themselves as a team. I always encourage Bridgette to get checked." Still, Bridgette remains her own first line of defense. "Too often, people our age think they're invincible. They underestimate the importance of self-exams. You need to be in tune with your body so you know when something isn't right and you pay attention to it."

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A CURE IN OUR LIFETIME

House grocery-chain fortune), power (an ambitious father who began as a journalist but ended up residing on Downing Street), and considerable beauty. Neither parent had much attachment to formal Judaism. Quite the contrary, explains Dominic Lawson, Nigella's 45-year-old brother, who is editor of *The Sunday Telegraph* and married to Rosa Monckton, a close friend of the late Princess Diana's. Young Nigella never saw the inside of a synagogue.

"I think our parents were quite keen to get away from all that," Dominic says. "Our grandparents were not practicing Jews, although they lived in a more closed society socially. I think my parents both quite early on wanted a much wider social environment, and they succeeded in that."

Vanessa, famous for her resemblance to Nefertiti, was by no means the easiest of mothers. However, she was very likely one of the most original, a fine cook on occasion ("It depended on her mood," cautions Nigella's father, Lord Lawson), but, more to the point, a would-be actress until the age of 19, when she married.

Four children followed, each endowed with a name more remarkable than the last and with a destiny ranging from terrible to brilliant. Thomasina died nine years ago of breast cancer, when she was 32. Dominic was named after a defrocked priest who ran off with a solicitor's wife. Nigella was named after her father as well as an herb she puts to occasional use. ("Duhning, I would never have named you Nigella if I'd known your father was going to be so famous," Vanessa later apologized.) Horatia came last, her name inspired, the youngest sister informs me, by a notice in the *Times* obituaries. "Someone died," a blithe Vanessa informed a woman at a party shortly after recovering from labor.

"Yes," said the unhappy guest. "That was my mother."

"Our mother was obsessed with the *Times* death column," explains Horatia. A borderline anorexic, Vanessa was also obsessed with her looks—indeed, with everyone's looks. "Horatia, you look so like me when I was young," Vanessa used to sigh. "God, I was hideous when I was young!"

About Nigella, famously shy in her early years, Vanessa was unusually concerned. Her daughter was, like herself, melancholic by nature but, unlike her, strikingly introverted and plump. What was to become of such a bookish girl, devoid of self-confidence, Vanessa couldn't imagine. Besides, her relationship with her second-born was most difficult. Equally strained were the girl's ties to her busy father, as her first boss, Charles Moore, now editor of *The Daily Telegraph,* was quick to notice. "It was quite instant. He was at that point at the height of public importance," Moore recalls. "I remember her saying she wanted to ring him up when he was chancellor of the Exchequer. And she sort of couldn't get through."





RIDING HIGH
From left: Nigella; her sister Thomasina; her father, Lord Lawson; her sister Horatia; her mother, Vanessa; and her brother, Dominic, 1971. *Inset,* Nigella, circa 1980, attending a fancy-dress party as Queen of the Night, from Mozart's *The Magic Flute.*

"Our upbringing can't be that deep," says Dominic. "Because there was no ghetto to escape from."

"I think I was rather useless," Nigel Lawson says, adding quickly, "in the sense I was upset at that relationship with Nigella and her mother not being as good as it should be. But I didn't do anything about it."

Really, there wasn't very much to be done. By the time Nigella went to Oxford, her parents had separated. Nigel took up residence with and eventually married Therese Maclear, a librarian at the House of Commons, with whom he had yet another daughter. ("I've had a large number of children," Lord Lawson tells me dryly, "and never had the faintest idea of what any of them would end up doing.") For her part, Vanessa moved in with the philosopher A. J. Ayer, who had previously been married to the journalist Dee Wells.

Adding to the pain and confusion of those days, the family money dwindled away. "It pissed off in many different ways," Nigella says, leaning her head against a scruffy couch in the upstairs room that once served as her office. "We weren't proper rich." By her 20s, something significant altered within her. Nigella was still very heavy, still lacking in self-confidence. Her outward comportment, however, was another matter. "I want to be a restaurant critic," she casually informed Charles Moore in 1985, when he was editor of *The Spectator.*

"No, she had no background," Moore cheerfully concedes. "But



CHILDREN'S HOUR Lawson and John Diamond, in London, with their children, Bruno and Cosima, August 2000.

I knew she was greedy. Well, I think I'd eaten with her. She wasn't pretentious about it, she just sort of enjoyed it. And so this idea of a greedy, charming, clever, beautiful restaurant critic seemed a very good one." He warms to his subject. "Always very sexy. Long black hair. And tremendous—what you might think of as Italian in a way—tremendous breasts." Not to mention very well connected, which is half the battle for job seekers in England.

Nor was Nigella shy about deploying her abundant charm. "You are the most attractive man I have ever met," she informed Nicholas Monson, whose father is a conservative peer. "Flabbergasted," Monson gazed approvingly into what he calls "her beautiful, doe-like eyes." He was then the editor of a new glossy magazine, with assignments at his disposal. "I gave her a small task of reviewing a book. She was very clever," he recalls. Another thing struck Monson: the moment he lost his job, he says, her admiration cooled.

When Nigella was 25, the more frivolous portion of her life came to a halt. A doctor examining Vanessa informed Nigella that her mother had liver cancer. She would have just a few weeks more to live, he added—and perhaps her daughter should be the one to give the news to her mother?

"It was very hard," Nigella says. "And also I think she was particularly happy woman, so there was a part of her that didn't want to live." Together, mother and daughter wrote the death announcement. "You better put down it was cancer, because otherwise people will think it's suicide," Vanessa instructed her. "But of course, you and I know that it is."

What on earth did your mother mean by that? I ask.

"I don't know. I just think she meant she didn't want to live." Behind the black curtain of hair, Nigella's eyes seem to be focusing on something far away. "It's the first time in my life I haven't been depressed," Vanessa assured her daughter while calling the undertaker to the hospital and issuing minute instructions on the type of coffin to be ordered.

"And what is the name of the deceased?" the undertaker inquired.

"It's me," Vanessa replied merrily. She was nearing the end of her 48th year. "And very, very grateful she hadn't gone into 49 when she died," says her daughter.

Aside from her cooking, which was a casual pastime, nothing was going well for Nigella. A series of love affairs ended, according to a friend, one in "broken crockery" and another in a broken heart, most notably a long romance with the human-rights lawyer Geoffrey Robertson. "She went around the house with nothing on," says this friend. "Geoffrey thought that was quite appalling. Quite a buttoned-up little chap, that Geoffrey."

This was the other side of Nigella, a blithe unconcern that turned up unexpectedly and in the most startling manner. "The taxi will wait," she says with a graceful wave of pearly nails. The cab driver has been idling outside the North London house for a good half-hour, phoning repeatedly as she chats away. The fare, once we arrive at London's most fashionable restaurant, the Ivy, for dinner, will be £39 ($61); a dozen flashbulbs pop as she descends. She has certainly dressed for the paparazzi, swarming outside, screaming her name: tight black trousers, thigh-high black patent-leather boots with stiletto heels. It was her late husband who taught her how to shop. "He was gay in all but his sexuality," explains Nigella McErlane. "A dandy who loved clothes."

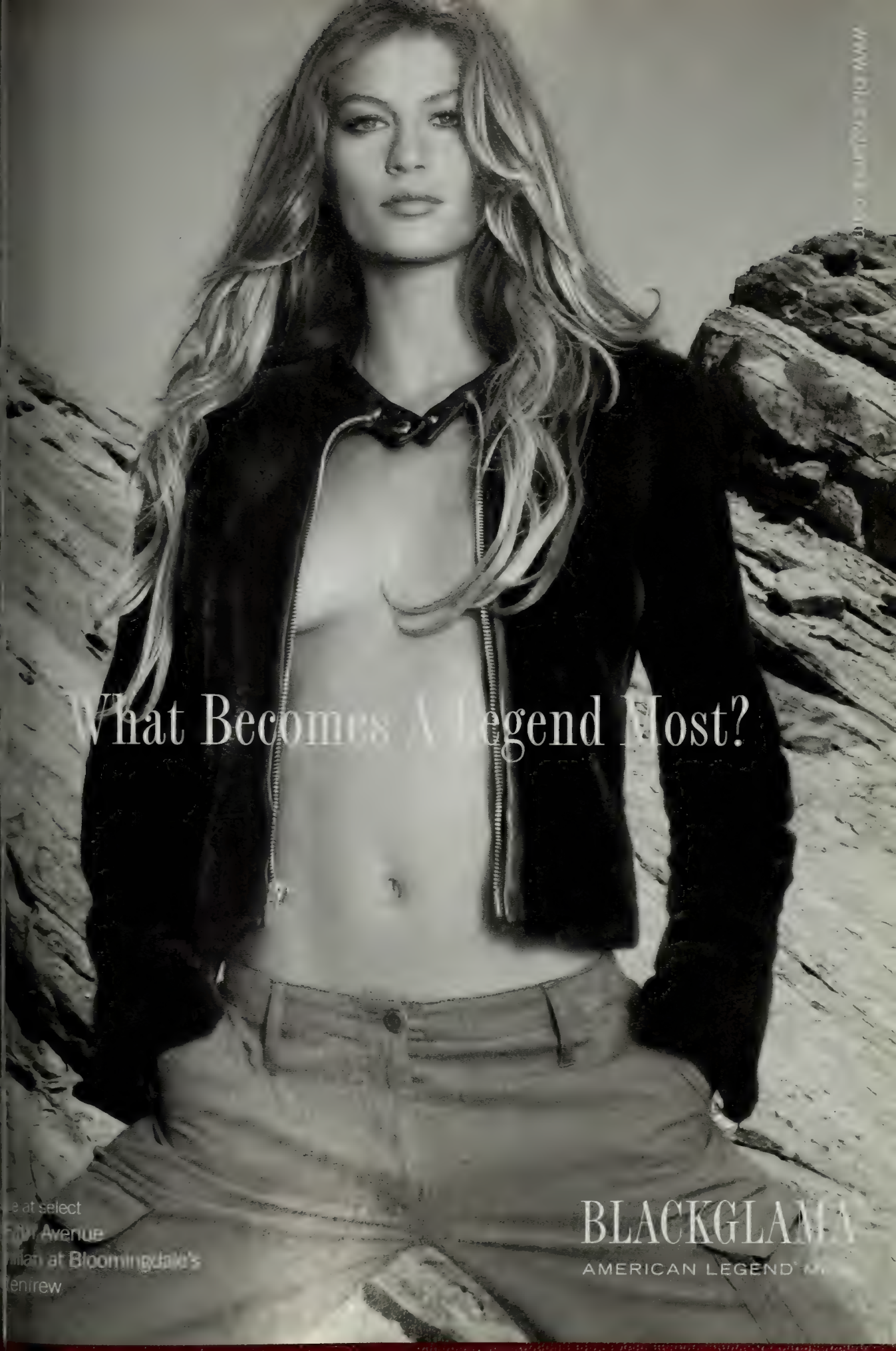
It was also Diamond who helped Nigella become a star. His dying gift.

Diamond, an assertive freelance journalist who smoked heavily, came from a background that couldn't have been more strikingly at odds with his wife's: left-wing, decidedly less grand. He loved to dwell on his working-class roots ("Because he thought it would be good for him," Nigella explains); in fact, his father was a biochemist.

"He's no Adonis," Nigella confided to a friend. On the other hand, he was a cocky, engaging fellow who adored her. After much persuasion on his part, they married, secretly, in Venice. That was in 1992.

"It was wonderful," Horatia tells her sister over dinner, when Nigella is tucking into a hunk of lamb with gusto, "how your confidence was turned around by someone saying, '*You can, you can, you can.*'"

By all accounts, it was an extremely successful marriage. "John, you know, was an optimist," says Nigella, marveling still over this aspect of him. "The world was his reward." He was what his friends call a "rent-a-gob," frequently seen on television; she was a columnist, writing on restaurants, cosmetics. Five years into the marriage, however, Nigella received an unexpected phone call, and once again it was she who was designated to break the awful news. The lump that had been found in Diamond's neck, which one doctor had assured them was benign—was not. The malignant was another lump later discovered in the tongue. And so it was, says Nigella, that the most important voice in her life was silenced. "That's how I began talking more.


What Becomes A Legend Most?
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because I had to talk for him, because no one could understand him."

Diamond decided to turn his illness into an ongoing column for the London *Times* (as well as a TV documentary), at which point he became a national celebrity. His wife, ironically enough, chose to write the cookbook *How to Eat,* which contains some perfectly wonderful recipes—Chambéry trout, pasta with anchovy sauce—none of which her husband could taste.

Even crueler in its irony: once her husband got ill, Nigella became a hot commodity. Ben Frow, the commissioning editor of Channel 4 television, took one look at her and words like "curvaceous, warm," and, most significantly, "touched by tragedy" bloomed in the memos he wrote to his superiors. It was this last factor that was perhaps most influential. Frow says, "We did all feel it gave her a vulnerability." Two and a half million viewers watched her cooking show, which is now in its third season, its star embellishing magazines on two continents.

For his part, Diamond was by no means wholly delighted by her success. He would try to shout at his wife, say friends, and all that came out was an agonized, pathetic bark. "As he became iller and iller he turned into someone other than himself," Nigella says. "A complete living nightmare. Because he was unhappy and angry. He was, quite rightly, furious. Yes, he was angry at me. Well, not at me, you know, but I was the one to do it to." She hardly knew him anymore. "Because he really hated to be this person so full of anger and bitterness. Because he had his life taken away. Because he had been so full of energy and it turned out ... to torture him." One morning, Diamond hemorrhaged all over the bathroom, and it was his wife's TV crew who calmly and gently cleaned it up.

Intermittently, there were frenzied rallies of activity. "I am still settling his debts," says his widow, ticking them off: £17,000 ($27,000) splurged by Diamond in his last days on a blue Rolls-Royce, £1,600 ($2,500) on a Vespa. There were trips to St. Petersburg as well as a lap-dancing club in London, where the girls took a shine to him. "You never dared say no to him," says Maria McErlane. "You knew the car crash was coming." And all the while, the course of this impending collision was detailed with humor and candor in his newspaper column.

> "Charles Saatchi has been fabulous and kind to me. Who cares if he's trying to get into Nigella's pants?" John Diamond said.

He wanted company, lots of it. So, for two years running, his wife threw a Christmas party and then—at John's specific request—a Passover dinner. Indeed, Nigella's books are increasingly littered with recipes—for hummus, chicken soup, and knaidlach—leaving a portion of the Lawson family stunned and faintly alarmed by this insistence on her Jewish roots. "It's hard to know how much is ... ah ... assumed, and how much is ... um ... real," says her brother, Dominic. "Because—our upbringing. Well, I think it can't be that deep. Because, to be very crude, there was no ghetto to escape from."

In March 2001, John ordered champagne for those who sat vigil beside his bed at Royal Marsden hospital. When death refused to come quickly, he scrawled on a pad: "Put me under, please." He was, he wrote his wife when life and anger fled, so very proud of her. And yet, McErlane says, "the irony was that wanted fame more than Nigella did. John was desperate for tha

He would very likely have enjoyed his funeral, attended by t actor Alan Rickman, Elisabeth Murdoch (Rupert's daughter), t comedian Ali G, who—like Saatchi—had been a regular at thc Passover dinners. In fact, it was generally observed, the celebrat collector was growing increasingly attentive to the widow. He w often on the phone, congratulating her on having been named the press the third most beautiful woman in Britain. Or inviti her to dinner at the Carlton Towers Rib Room.

"Of course there was an awful lot of gossip around," repo Andrew Wilson, the deputy editor of *Art Monthly.* "One almc wonders if it was done on purpose."

Certainly, there was a flurry of bad press over the fate of K Saatchi. "God, it's humiliating being sacked" is how s described ensuing events. Nigella is nonplussed: "As far I know, Kay had been seeing a divorce lawyer long before I g involved with Charles," she says succinctly. She was not, she sists, involved with Saatchi while her husband lay dying. "Tl just is not in my frame of reference," she insists.

And then: "We are completely suited to each other. He's ju an ordinary guy." In the last months she has enjoyed, howev some extraordinary things: Saatchi has presented her with knuckle-size aquamarine ring. On Eaton Square there is a fre ly remodeled kitchen, with stainless-steel counters and an islar designed by her.

This seems to be his preferred way of expressing love. It is mu the same elsewhere. In the London art world, where Saatchi is t largest private collector, owning more than a thousand pieces, less a luminary than the artist Damien Hirst—the celebrated c ator of a shark suspended in formaldehyde—has declared that l longtime patron "only recognizes art with his wallet."

"He claims to love art," agreed the abstract painter Sean Scu whose works Saatchi once prized, "but his is the love that t wolf has for the lamb."

Saatchi, now 59, is a bundle of outrageous contradictions. crafty publicity hound—it was he who provoked the ire then New York mayor Rudolph Giuliani when in 1999 t Brooklyn Museum presented his "Sensation" collection, whi featured Chris Ofili's image of the Virgin Mary spattered wi elephant dung—who is pathologically shy. An obsessive a lover who ditches vast portions of his collection periodically. I was at one time an ad mogul of extraordinary talent. Along w his more forthcoming brother, Maurice, 56, he was genera considered responsible for putting Margaret Thatcher in pow in 1979 with their famous LABOUR DOESN'T WORK poster. Tl featured a photo of a line of the supposedly unemployed, all whom, as it turned out, happened to be Saatchi subordina posing for the camera.

And yet, on a personal level, Saatchi detests notoriety to su an extent that he almost never gives interviews and refuses to tend the very parties he throws. To the distress of shareholde during his years at Saatchi & Saatchi he never attended a sin general meeting of the company. When his name pops up, H ratia Lawson turns uncharacteristically mum, and there is a ha exchange of troubled glances with her equally anxious sister. "Y are talking about his advertising ways—and he can't communicat says Karsten Schubert, a London art dealer who has sold h more than 50 works. "He likes to be an enigma. And I don't kn after working with him for over 20 years if this is an act."

Ray Hartenstein, Kay Saatchi's older brother, never n Saatchi. "I cut short a business trip in Chicago just to fly Memphis to meet him when he was there, visiting with my s ter," he told me before he died. "When I arrived in Memphis,



HOME ON THE RANGE Lawson prepares shrimp on the set of *Nigella Bites*. Her new book from the series is just out in the U.S. *Below*, Saatchi and Lawson's London town house.



"I've been prevented from becoming a monster by my friends.... I'm sure I have it within me," says Nigella.

is gone. Flew back to London. No, there was no apolo-." That was two years ago, around the time Kay was talk- about adopting a child with her husband—they already d a daughter, Phoebe, now eight. "Everyone in my fam- thought highly of him. And now everyone thinks he's ım," Hartenstein concluded.

But beneath a tough glaze of irony and restless suspi- n, there is also an undeniably sweet quality to Saatchi. restaurants, he leaves his cell phone on, just in case his ughter should want to reach him. His favorite utterance is y!," which punctuates just about any observation, howev- slight. Within the long, dark face, his eyes are watchful d tense. His is the role of detached observer, and his com- nts, when they occur, are unex- cted and always wry, followed by a ick retreat into a blanket of smoke m a stream of Silk Cut cigarettes.

He is an indifferent dresser: under black jacket, a white Mexican dding shirt billows over a pair of users—an undertaker on holiday, zing raptly at the lovely woman by side. Should someone mention rriage he darts a significant look gella's way, which she pointedly ig- res. Whatever his desire, she insists, isn't ready yet. His function in npany is to provoke, laugh, and pay the meal. And yet even in genial roundings Saatchi will suddenly p to his feet, with a "Right! I'm ving!" There is an exchange of qui- glances. When Saatchi subsides, it is though he hadn't spoken.

Everyone who knows him is used to warmth followed by the withdraw- "I'm just like you," Saatchi's first e, the American-born art writer Doris Lockhart, told Ross amer, once Saatchi's creative director and partner, 12 years ago, en her marriage was falling apart. "Charlie dumped us both." But the thing of it was, Cramer himself never felt dumped. he richer he got, the less I saw him." What could Doris ex- ct? "All I could think of with Charlie is: he got bored!" The advertising executive is entirely sympathetic. "And women like guy. He smells of power. He smells of strength and power."

Born in Baghdad, Charles was the second son of Daisy and Nathan Saatchi, the latter a cotton-goods merchant who bought two British textile mills in 1946, just as Iraqi horities were driving Jews out of certain jobs as well as keep- them out of government schools. A year later, the family im- grated to Hampstead. There the walls of their large home re covered with photos of antecedents in what one visitor de- ibes as "semi-tribal dress." But the object of the move seems have been to instill in the children a sense of complete assim- ion. "I grew up on Chuck Berry and Elvis Presley," Charles e said, but this was hardly enough to ensure his social accep- ce. There is, as the art dealer Schubert notes, "a very, very, y subtle undercurrent of anti-Semitism in England." This has ubtless had its impact.

"I think he's interested in how you can squeeze yourself into iety through the back door," says the London artist Brad Lo- ore, whose works Saatchi once collected.

In fact, Saatchi's first move was to go to America, at 19. In w York he saw his first Jackson Pollock painting, "and it was l-changing," he decided. All around him the world was rocket- ing away except, he felt, in London, where he launched a ca- reer in advertising at Benton and Bowles in the 1960s. "You know, the advertising business in those days was run by fel- lows from Eton," recalls Ross Cramer with an audible sniff. "Here, if there's someone stupid and they wear the right suits and speak properly and had an education—they seem to have a mouth!" Saatchi couldn't abide his colleagues. "In fact, he didn't respect anybody ever, I don't think. And that's what I loved about him," Cramer concludes. Even Charles's younger brother, Maurice, who eventually worked by his side, wasn't im- mune from his derision.

"I can't believe you came out of the same womb that I did," he once flung at Maurice and, with that, picked up a chair and hit him on the head.

By the late 60s, Cramer and Saatchi had founded their own firm. But when Charles decided to bring in Maurice as part- ner, Cramer resigned. "Well, because they are two wolves," he explains genially. "Maurice is the most charming man. Mau- rice is kind of irresistible. Charlie is resistible." He'd had occa- sion to view a Charles maneuver in the field of art. The two men were considering the purchase of a wedding gift for a friend: two Joan Miró lithographs caught their eye. "Which one should we pick?" wondered Cramer.

"The one with the biggest signature," said Saatchi.

It is Doris Saatchi who is widely credited with refining this rather bald view. Together with her husband, she pursued Min- imalist works, along with those of artists who would eventu- ally become the most celebrated of their time: Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein, Jeff Koons, Julian Schnabel. By 1985 vast numbers of their canvases were on view in the 30,000 square feet of the dazzling white Saatchi Gallery, which the couple had established in London, on Boundary Road. A host of celebrities would make their way to his gallery and into Saatchi's life—Elton John, Mick Jagger, Steve Martin—although



THE ART OF LOVE Lawson and Saatchi, London, 2002. One of her friends says that Lawson was "picked as a piece of art" by the collector.

"Saatchi claims to love art," said painter Sean Scully, "but his is the love the wolf has for the lamb."

to what extent Saatchi appreciated their company is difficult to tell.

"He'd expect you to kind of entertain them because he didn't want to talk much," explains Cramer, who found himself, he says, "in the role of court jester."

It is fair to say that Saatchi's art purchases were treated in equally cavalier fashion. For all his passion for acquiring the newest works, Saatchi never brought to them the level of commitment the artists might have appreciated. "He was like a mad dog, trying not to miss out on everything," says Lochore. "There was a time he was going out to see every little show, and I'm talking about shows students would put on in garages." Lochore himself, then struggling in obscurity, felt all the benefit—and perils—of such attention. In 1993, Saatchi bought almost an entire show of Lochore's outright at what the artist calls "a pretty vicious discount"—40 to 50 percent off is what people say he generally gets. Lochore's large, misty canvases were on display at Saatchi's much-hailed Young British Artists shows. Then some of Lochore's works were sold off at Sotheby's, their provenance, much to the annoyance of the artist, never mentioned.

In fact, such Saatchi sell-off spasms were commonplace. After his divorce from Doris, for instance, he sold most of what they had purchased. "The market was overheated," Saatchi commented bluntly after he dumped his Warhols and bought cheaper, British artists. It was duly noted, however, that one of his business partnerships had made $42 million in profits in such wheeling and dealing, followed by accusations of market manipulation. And yet it was Saatchi who had fired up the craze in Britain for previously moribund British art. It was he, too, who had handed over an estimated £100,000 ($156,000) to Hirst to build his shark, when the artist was little known. "I think you can't overestimate the amount of faith and belief and gutsiness needed to do that," says Schubert.

"And I kind of think when people dismiss that or say it's cynical self-promotion, I think it's a way of disguising their own lack of faith. And envy," he continues. "And all the people who say, 'Oh, he bought up everything and I didn't ge chance!'—well, I dealt with all those peo and I tell you there are 10 or 15 people prime positions in London with the mo And they did fuck-all!"

By 1990 everything in Saatchi's life l expanded. Saatchi & Saatchi had then swallowed up 20 companies cluding Ted Bates Worldwide Inc., for $ million) and become the largest ad agency the world. It was, however, having a tough ti integrating its expensive purchases. Snatch-I Snatch-It, the firm was nicknamed, and by company revenues totaled $6.7 billion. It also virtually bankrupt. In 1995 both Cha and Maurice found themselves out on th ears, tossed by Robert Louis-Dreyfus, the man Maurice had designated as company savior.

True, the brothers got $38 mill on their departure, and, equally t yet another Saatchi ad agency promptly formed. But Charles seen at loose ends. Afternoons, above Montpeliano restaurant in Knigh bridge, he engaged friends in Scr ble for £200 ($300) a game. He paid teenagers to race go-c against him. His taste in art, once hailed as prescient, became subject of widespread media derision and brutal criticism. sold the Boundary Road gallery. (But, ever competitive, he pl to open a huge new venue this spring.) He gravely disappoin the dynamic Nicholas Serota, influential director of the Tate M ern, who was hoping for major donations. "He is someone w doesn't like to be tied down and have commitments to other p ple," says Serota.

And then he saw Nigella. "Picked as a piece of art by Saatc is how one of her friends describes the collector's latest acquisiti

All those discarded elements of his life, I suggest to Nige Doesn't this worry her a fraction?

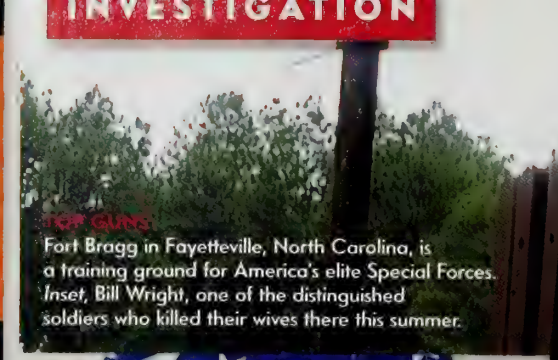
She shakes her head, her dark eyes widening. It is late in evening. But no weariness tugs at her mouth. "No, actually," says mildly. "No, it doesn't worry me at all."

William Miller, Nigella's business partner, is explaining Nigellaworld of the future. Everyone wants a piece of these days, from magazines to kitchen-appliance fir The Tory Party has wooed her, Nigella adds complacently, al with Labour. Right about now, whisks and mixing bowls will coming out, designed with Sebastian Conran (Terence Conr son), each stamped with a little *N,* wrapped in a laurel wreath. little bit like a Napoleonic *N,*" Miller adds helpfully. There is end to his hopes for the brand. The Nigella cooking show, curr ly on the E! channel, is being pitched to the Food Network. the United States, *Nigella Bites,* her third book, is out this mo

Out of all this, one wonders, what will happen to the origi Nigella? "I've been prevented from becoming a monster by friends, who make fun of me terribly and cruelly," she says w some certainty. "I'm sure I have it within me." But beneath avalanche of good fortune lurks a far more implacable mons What an old friend calls "the sniper in the garden."

"I do have life insurance," she offers, quite out of the bl Given the mortal illnesses that have plagued her family, it wa hard thing to come by. "I told my doctor about it. He said, 'T actually gave you life insurance?'" She lets out a mirthless li laugh of resignation and averts her gaze. □


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TOP GUNS
Fort Bragg in Fayetteville, North Carolina, is a training ground for America's elite Special Forces. *Inset*, Bill Wright, one of the distinguished soldiers who killed their wives there this summer.



Fort Bragg

Home Of The Airborne And Special Operations Force

FORT BRAGG'S DEADLY SUMMER

After a string of slayings and suicides at the base, the army is grappling with its domestic-violence problem. In three cases, model soldiers who'd serv in Afghanistan killed their wives. Were they simply unable to leave the war behind, or did an anti-malaria drug turn them psychotic?

BY MAUREEN ORTH

Last January, Jennifer Wright began telling close friends that she was getting letters from an anonymous stalker and threatening phone calls. She said they warned her to stay away from the choir director at her church, a divorced man who made it no secret that he found Jennifer attractive. Jennifer, 32, was married to Master Sergeant William Wright, 36, a career army man for 18 years, assigned to the Special Forces and seemingly away on duty more than he was home. After 12 years of marriage, Jennifer had begged Bill to leave his job or at least find a way to be home more, but he refused, and their relationship had been shaky for some time. In 1991, Jennifer had left Bill for a short period, only to return and ask forgiveness. Two years ago she became attracted to another man and, according to a friend, confessed it to her husband when he returned from Bosnia. She told friends that he had stayed angry with her ever since. In February of this year he left for training in Georgia, and in March he was sent to Afghanistan.

Jennifer, a pretty, slight brunette from Mason, Ohio, was only 20 when she married Bill, in 1990. In August 1998 they moved to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, where Jennifer homeschooled their three sons, now 13, 8, and 5, and appeared to be "a perfect Christian wife and mother," according to members of Arran Lake Baptist Church, where she directed the children's choir. During Bill's deployments the church became the center of her life, and the mysterious calls and letters were originally thought to have come from another church member, who was jealous of Jennifer Wright.

While Bill was in Georgia, Jennifer told friends that she and her husband were getting a divorce, at his instigation. Once the threats and letters had escalated to the point where she reported someone prowling in her backyard and the burglar alarm going off, police went to investigate. Meanwhile, Jennifer told church members t she had to go to the army's Judge Advo General to sign divorce papers, beca her husband had circumvented North olina's law requiring a one-year pre-div separation by going to Florida, where father lived, to file the paperwork. In e March, Special Forces soldier Stanley H riman, the husband of Jennifer's close fri Sheila Harriman, was killed in Afgh stan. Jennifer, with the choir director in showed up to comfort Sheila and tell the divorce was final. The children had b told, she said.

But then Jennifer attended Harrim funeral with Bill, who had returned fi Georgia and would leave in a few days



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Afghanistan. Once he was gone, "it wasn't but a sneeze," says Sheila Harriman, before the choir director asked Jennifer for a date. The church's pastor gave his permission, as long as they were chaperoned, and for the next two and a half months Jennifer and the choir director appeared together everywhere. Harriman says that Jennifer told her they never went to bed together, although they were making plans to get married. At church, according to



TROUBLED COUPLE
Jennifer and Bill Wright's marriage had been dicey from the start, but they were regular churchgoers and proud parents of three boys.

congregation members, Jennifer would denigrate Bill and say he was being investigated for a conspiracy case.

In Afghanistan in May, Bill Wright ran into a fellow church member, who informed him that his wife was dating the choir director. Wright, who had no inkling of the romance, immediately called the pastor. "Jennifer is my wife," he reportedly told him. "I love her." The pastor contacted Jennifer and took her up on her offer to produce the divorce papers. Instead she presented him with another stalking letter and said the hard drive on her computer had mysteriously crashed. The pastor, according to his wife, told Jennifer she needed help beyond anything he could do for her.

Bill Wright secured permission to come home from Afghanistan and deal with his "personal problems," and military spokesmen say he had a brief session with an army chaplain. Jennifer claimed to friends that Bill was setting her up. But when Sheila Harriman threatened to report Bill and have him arrested—by then she had learned that the police did not believe Jennifer was being stalked—her friend broke down and tearfully confessed. She said she had responded to the choir director, Harriman says, because "he was the only one to pay attention to her. She did it for the attention, because she was lonely, miserable, depressed." Unable to break away on her own and reluctant to abandon the precepts of her church, she had fantasized that she was divorced and had entangled many members of the congregation in a web of deceit. The strain of having to stay in an unhappy marriage was so great that Jennifer had lost 20 pounds, dropped much of the homeschooling, and stopped paying the bills.

Finances had often been a problem, especially when Bill would take off. "He would leave her there with all the bill collectors calling and go on a mission," says Jennifer's father, Archie Watson. "It was tough for her." Sheila Harriman says, "She just wanted somebody who was there—there all the time—who could show her attention. She was very, very lonely, a homeschooling mom for six years with three boys. All the life she had was a few friends, the church, and waiting for Bill to come home." Jennifer's sister, Donna Walker, says, "He put the army before my sister. He put the army before anyone."

Later, Wright confessed to police that after clubbing his wife with a baseball bat he had strangled her.

Once home, Bill found that all of his belongings had been put out in the shed and the garage. He moved into the barracks at Fort Bragg, but he was adamant about wanting to stay married. "He said he would do anything not to get a divorce," says Archie Watson. A normally shy nondrinker and a stutterer, only five feet four, Bill came home every day, but, according to what Jennifer said and neighbors told her family, he began to drink and behave strangely. Jennifer told her mother he was a completely different person after he came home from Afghanistan. He would fly into rages—just as he had when he returned from Bosnia—and get mad over insignificant things. Jennifer's parents visited in late May. "He was like a different person to me and to his boys and to her," says Archie Watson. "He'd be talking to you and then he'd go off on something else, something unrelated to what you were talking about." Other times he would just walk away.

Between early May and the beginning of June, Bill Wright sent three E-mails to Tracy Quinn, the family-readiness specialist Fort Bragg, but family members say Qu did not respond. Quinn told Jennifer's fa ily that she had intended to respond had just not done so. Special Forces pub affairs officer Carol Darby, however, s that although Quinn did not meet w Wright she sent him a list of resources. army is not releasing the contents of Wright's E-mails, but relatives and frie who have seen them say they were ask for help, albeit cryptically. In one, Arc Watson remembers, Bill wrote that " wife's gonna leave him—she's asking fc divorce. He has three boys, two cats, t cars, and a house. 'What would you dc In general, Special Forces members loath to request help, because there is confidentiality regarding p chological counseling in army. Visits to a mental-hea professional are noted on a dier's record and can ea lead to his security cleara being revoked, which can b career breaker. "He specific asked for any type of help could have, anybody he co talk to," says Donna Wall "He asked for help, perio

The last time she talkec her sister, Walker says, Jenn told her, "He's smothering me; he wc leave me alone."

On the night of Friday, June 28, J nifer joined a group of women fr her church at the home of Con Veeder, a Creative Memories consulta for a kind of Tupperware party for mat als with which to make distinctive ph albums combined with "journaling." "S was one of my best customers," says V der. "All of her albums were up-to-da Veeder saw that Jennifer was troubl "There was something on her mind. S kept making negative comments about marriage." Jennifer hung around at the of the session to ask Veeder about bec ing a Creative Memories consultant hers "I have to get a job," she said. "I have earn extra money, but I have to stay home, because I'm homeschooling." V der gave her details. Jennifer did not h quite enough cash to pay for her materi but she promised to return the next with what she owed. She had plans to h dinner and go to a movie on Saturday n with her old friend Kim Bunts, a native Fayetteville living an hour away, who ki she needed cheering up. Neither Bunts Veeder saw Jennifer the next day or he from her. Finally Bunts went looking her. "I was worried she might do sor thing to herself, she was so down."

Bill Wright, police say, entered the ho

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about 7:30 on Saturday morning, June 29, ostensibly to pick up some tools. His wife was still in bed. They began to argue about divorce, and within minutes Bill picked up a baseball bat and struck her. Their oldest son, Ben, came to the closed door of the bedroom, but his father told him that his mother had a headache and that he should leave. According to the Cumberland County Sheriff's Department, it is unclear where the other children were in the small house the couple had purchased only a year earlier.

Bill Wright would later explain what happened next. "Something just snapped in my mind," Archie Watson said his son-in-law told him. Three weeks later, Wright confessed to police that after clubbing his wife with a baseball bat he had strangled her. He wrapped her body in his parachute-recovery bag and buried it in a wooded area bordering Fort Bragg, where he had sometimes gone squirrel hunting. He returned home in the afternoon and took his boys fishing. On Sunday morning, his 36th birthday, he swerved off the side of the road in Jennifer's 2002 Mitsubishi Montero S.U.V., blew a tire, and plowed into a pine tree, totaling the car but escaping unhurt. On Monday he called the police to report his wife missing, adding that it was not the first time she had taken off.



SORRY END
Sergeant Cedric Griffin is arrested in July and charged with stabbing his wife, Marilyn, more than 70 times before setting their trailer home—with her two small daughters in it—on fire.

The next three weeks were a nightmare for Jennifer's family, who went to Fayetteville to prod police to look for their daughter. Initially, they did not want to believe that Bill had anything to do with her absence, but his behavior was baffling. When Jennifer's friend Franziska Hawkins found Bill in the yard washing his car with the boys, she asked, "What's going on? Your wife is missing." "No big deal," he replied. "If you asked him a direct question, he'd segue into something that totally didn't make sense," says Hawkins, who saw Wright every day. "If you asked him about her wallet, he'd talk about loading cargo planes to go to Afghanistan." Kim Bunts says, "He was rambling like crazy, saying she was having affairs—did I know so-and-so," all right in front of the children. Bill apparently also paid a lengthy visit to the choir director, who has since left town.

On Friday, July 19, the police asked Bill Wright to submit to a polygraph test and to bring his son Ben with him. His youngest son told Franziska Hawkins, who was driving the five-year-old to vacation Bible school, "We're moving to Ohio. Daddy's going to be gone a long time." No one was home when she tried to drop the two younger boys off. Later that afternoon she got a call from Wright. "'Can you take care of my boys? Somebody will bring Ben to you.' I know now that Bill was leading [the police] out to where he actually buried her." Kitty Griffith, a church member whose husband, Mark, reached out to Bill Wright, recalls, "The week before the murder she had brought in separation papers. That's what he said sent him over the edge."

At 5:07 P.M., as Lieutenant Sam Pennica of the Cumberland County Sheriff's Department was waiting for the coroner's vehicle to pick up Jennifer's body in the woods where Bill Wright had led him and two military criminal investigators, he got a call on his cell phone. He turned to the investigators and said, "We got another one."

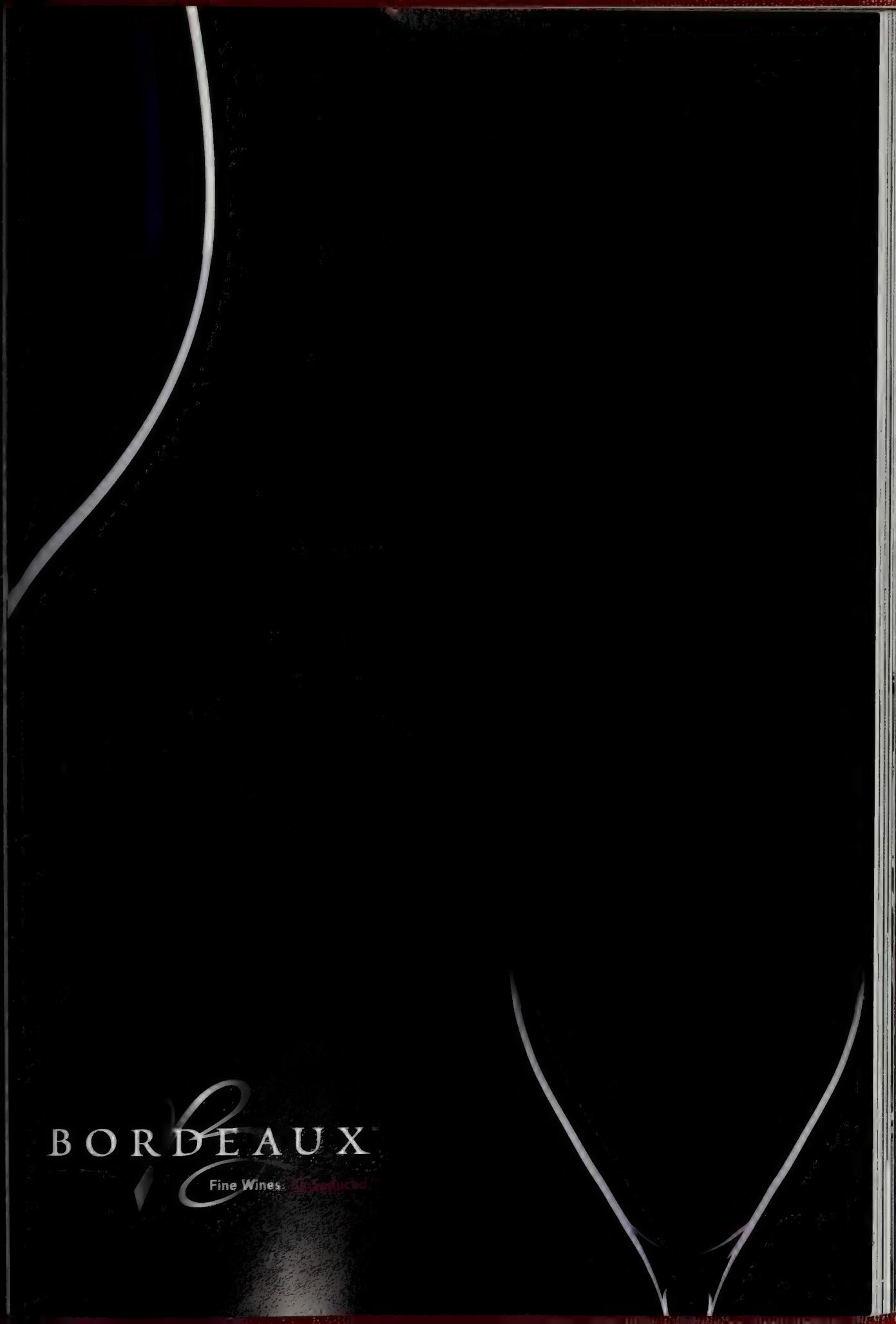
The bodies of Delta Force sergeant first class Brandon Floyd and his wife, Andrea, the parents of three, had just been discovered. That brought to four the number of homicides and murder-suicides that had occurred at Fort Bragg over the summer. On June 11, two days after Green Beret sergeant Rigoberto Nieves had come back from Afghanistan to deal with "personal problems," he shot his wife, Teresa, and then himself in the bedroom of their brand-new house, leaving behind a six-year-old daughter. On July 9, Sergeant Cedric Griffin, an army cook, was accused of stabbing his wife, Marilyn, more than 70 times before setting her body on fire and leaving her and her two daughters, aged six and two, to die in their trailer home. Miraculously, the little girls escaped. In addition, on July 23, police say, Joan Shannon, the wife of an army maj murdered her sleeping husband, Dav for his insurance money and benefits. H 15-year-old daughter is also being detain by authorities.

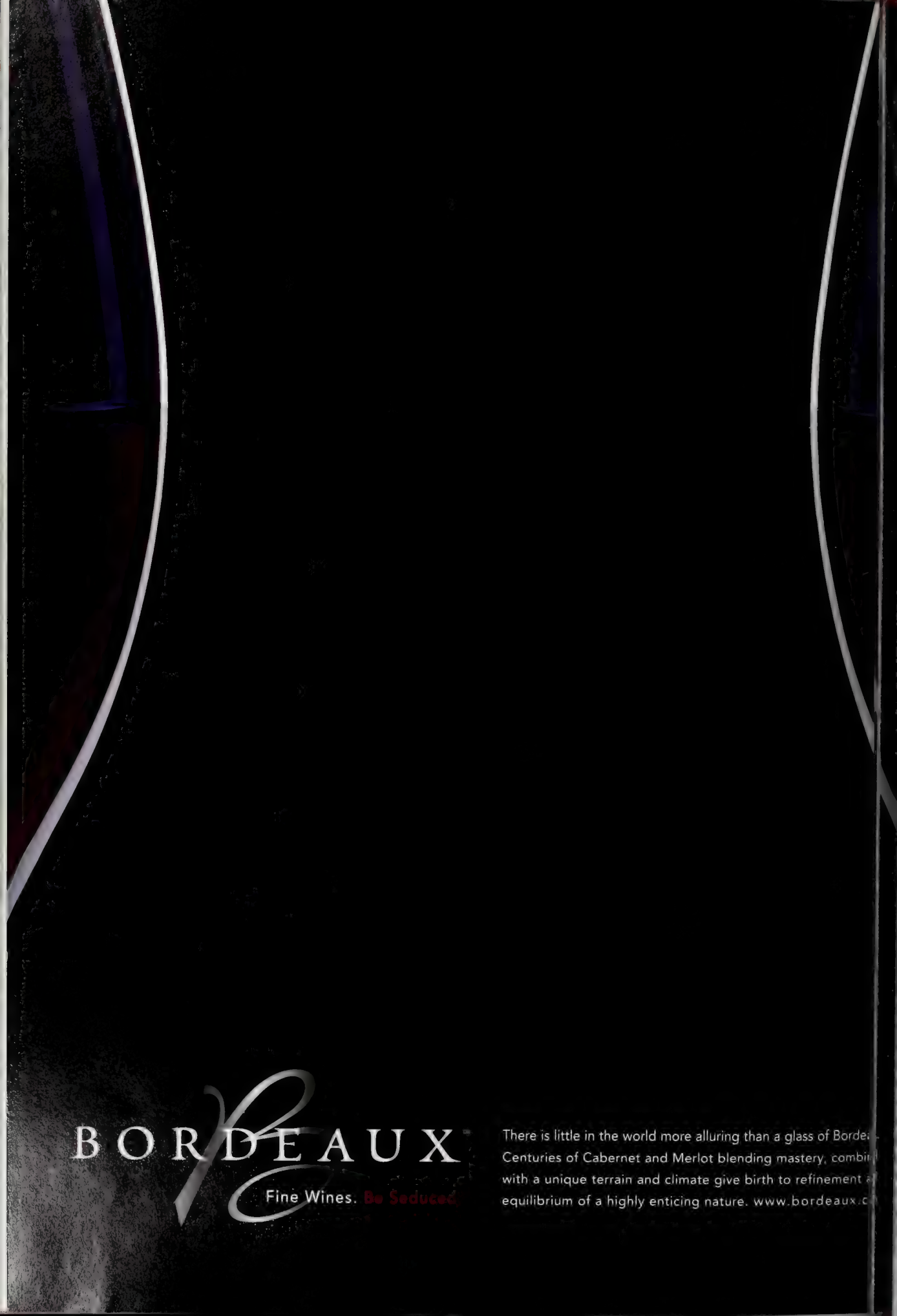
The string of deaths created a mec firestorm which has not yet abat Once again the curse of Fort Bragg h struck. It had begun sensationally in t 70s, when Green Beret captain Jeffrey M Donald, an army doctor, reported the gr some murder of his wife and two you daughters, murders he got away with fo decade before he was finally convicted 1982, after his 1979 conviction had be overturned. In the 80s, Sergeant Timot Hennis was found guilty—and later acq ted—of slashing the throats of an air-fo captain's wife and two daughters; the m ders have never been solved. In 1995 ano er army sergeant, William Kreutzer, open fire on a field of paratroopers beginnin dawn run, killing one and wounding That same year, James Burmeister and M colm Wright, two soldiers who were p of a culture of white-supremacist skinhea at Fort Bragg, shot and killed two bla Fayetteville townspeople. The town, wh fundamentalist Bible Belt churches vie w biker bars and honky-tonks, has a rough r utation. Last January, Damian Frances was charged with slashing the throat of wife, Shalamar, five days after he left t army and three days after he was releas from jail for raping her and holding h mother and child hostage.

As recently as October of this ye Jonathan Meadows, a disgruntled sold separated from his wife and the father two, who wanted to get out of the arm has been accused of attempting to fake own death by slashing the throat of a m he found on the Internet who looked li him. Police charge that he lured the m to his house, stuck an eight-inch knife i his throat, and planned to set the hou on fire. The victim, however, did not and managed to extract the knife. Mea ows later turned himself in. His wife, Th has since told investigators that her h band had twice thrown her and her thr year-old daughter against a wall. Howev Thea Meadows never reported this dom tic violence.

"Fort Bragg is a culture unto itself," s army chaplain John Wetherly. "They kn they're the first to go. It takes training to aggressive. You have to be trained to be institutional killer, so you build a cultu around it."

While the majority of families at F Bragg dwell happily and peacefully, th is a distinct macho imprint on the pla "There's a saying," says former Spec Forces medic John Lown, "that to be


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pecial Forces you need a Harley-Davidson, Rolex watch, a Randall knife, a sapphire ing, and a divorce." Fayetteville—joking- known as Fayette Nam—is halfway be- ween Miami and New York and has a eavily transient population; the major ighway, 95, is a notorious drug route. bout 130,000 people live in Fayetteville roper, and another 130,000 from the sur- ounding area are connected to the mili- ry. There are 45,000 soldiers assigned to ort Bragg, and 11,500 family members ve there; nearly 4,700 children go to Fort ragg's nine schools. Some 10,000 civilians lso work there.

What most Americans probably do not appreciate is the level of sacrifice required for a career in ie military these days. Those in ommand often explain that the nd of the Cold War brought sub- antial cutbacks to the army and iore work for everybody. Some pecial Forces personnel at Fort ragg are gone between 200 and 00 days a year. Because of the tuation in Iraq, certain units have lready been away for a full year. ften the soldiers cannot even tell eir families where they are going. The wives are left to cope alone ith the children—large families re commonplace—and both spouses face ifficult re-adjustment each time the sol- ier re-enters the family. Their basic needs ith regard to housing and health care re provided, particularly if they choose o live on the post, yet Bill Wright, for ex- mple, after 18 years in the army, with al- wances for dependents, was earning bout $50,000 a year. When he was away, ie family sometimes got less, because the my would deduct the amount it cost to ed him.

With war looming in Iraq, and the U.S. tervening all over Africa and Latin Amer- a, there is sustained stress on military ouses today, and the army finds itself aving to provide a panoply of family ser- ices. "Twenty-five years ago the old adage as 'If the army wanted you to have a ife, they would have issued you one,'" ys Colonel Tad Davis, the garrison com- ander of Fort Bragg. "Now, just as I will ever leave a fallen comrade behind in bat- e. the same thing applies to army families. e're not going to leave them behind."

Davis, who functions like the mayor of medium-size city, talks a lot about in- easing "connectivity" with families. "Sol- iers we see every day. The spouse is on is or her own," he says. "Yet you don't ant spouses out there isolated." Davis ex- lains that when troops are overseas look- g for "mines, booby traps, and snipers, we don't want them thinking about whether their car is running back home. That is why it is important they know people back here are looking out for them." Davis says there should be regular visits to military dependents to determine such things as: How long has it been since that diaper's been changed? What's in the sink? Is there food in the refrigerator? At the same time, people don't want too much interference in their lives. Therefore, Davis says, it is imperative for commanders to know what services are available to their soldiers and their families and to direct them accordingly.

Three of the slain wives, however, never asked for help, and recent congressional meetings on domestic violence held in Fort Bragg revealed that family-readiness personnel were carrying three times the caseload recommended by the Department of Defense. "The services available for women at Fort Bragg are terrible," says Christine Hansen of the Miles Foundation, which studies domestic violence in the military. "They are not well staffed, and the training is poor."

"I would have no way of knowing how to get help," the wife of a Delta Force soldier who was friendly with the murdered Andrea Floyd told me. "I wouldn't go to a chaplain unless it was a spiritual thing. If anything else is available, I didn't hear about it." Others disagree. The wife of an army commander told me, "I don't think you'll find any other profession that provides half the services the army provides for families. But it's up to the person to use them. We're required to have monthly support-group meetings. I've planned many, and then two wives show up." Family-readiness specialist Tracy Quinn, who has 88 units to look after, says, "The hardest part of my job is getting them in there. We can't make them."

> "We maintain our vehicles better than we maintain the mental health of our soldiers," said a female general.

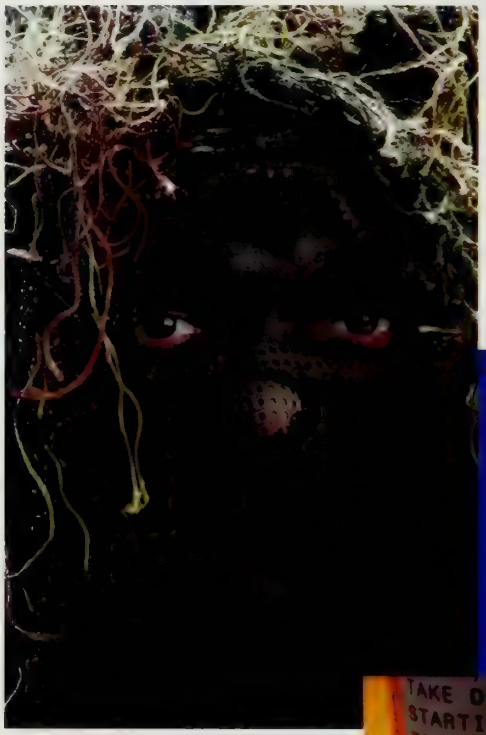
The Fort Bragg killings became instant lightning rods for various constituencies. Among the most vociferous were those who find fault with the army's policies, or lack of them, with regard to domestic violence. A number of Department of Defense studies have been mandated by Congress since 1989 to look at domestic violence in the military. According to Hansen, "They are not just re-inventing the wheel. It keeps spinning and spinning. We know from civilian society and practices and 35 years of work what the wheel should be. The military keeps spinning." If a Fayetteville police officer is called to the scene of a domestic dispute and sees any mark whatsoever on the complaining party, he is bound by North Carolina law to arrest the partner, who can be detained for a minimum of 48 hours, and the incident is treated as a crime. Military police responding to complaints on the post have wide latitude, and many, if not most, disputes are treated administratively. One former wife of a Delta Force soldier told me that because she tried to shield herself from her husband's blows she was judged to be "a co-aggressor" and received no protection at all.

A reliable statistic of how much domestic violence there is in the army compared with civilian life is hard to come by, since the army has no uniform measure and counts only incidents between legally married spouses. A 1998 study based on army-commissioned numbers from 1990 to 1994—adjusted for age, race, and unemployment for the purpose of comparison with civilian society—found an insignificant increase in moderate domestic violence. However, in cases of severe physical aggression, the army numbers were more than three times higher.

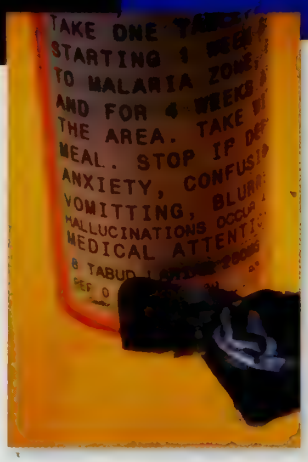
Another vocal group consists of those who believe that the anti-malaria drug mefloquine, also known as Lariam, which is routinely given to soldiers going to areas such as Afghanistan where malaria might strike, can cause serious psychotic effects which can lead to egregiously aggressive behavior and even suicide. The drug's manufacturer, Hoffmann–La Roche, was recently forced to make the warning on its label read: "May cause psychiatric symptoms in a number of patients ranging from anxiety, paranoia and depression to hallucinations and psychotic behavior" as well as rare cases of suicide, "though no relationship to drug administration has been confirmed." Although the World Health Organization claims that only one in from 6,000 to 10,000 people is adversely affected by the drug, more than 100 former Peace Corps volunteers claim that they suffered psychiatric effects from taking Lariam, and Canadian troops refer to the "Psycho Tuesdays" and "Nightmare Wednesdays" they have had after using it.

Alcohol is believed to exacerbate Lariam's effects. The "racing-thoughts behavior"

exhibited by Bill Wright, for example, who did take Lariam and who is reported to have been drinking during the period before he killed his wife, seems to some a kind of Exhibit A of the negative side effects of the drug. Wright's erratic patterns "could be symptoms for a lot of things,"



Many believe Lariam can cause psychotic effects which can lead to aggressive behavior and suicide.



WAR MACHINE
Above, a Special Forces sniper trained to be an institutional killer. *Right,* a bottle of the widely used anti-malaria drug Lariam, with warnings of possible violent behavioral side effects.

says U.P.I. reporter Dan Olmsted, who with U.P.I.'s Mark Benjamin has broken the major stories on the drug's dangers, "but it's a dead ringer for Lariam." Wright's lawyer has recently sent a neurological specialist to examine him.

A third group, which includes the local police, does not think Lariam or being in the military had much if anything to do with last summer's murders and suicides. There has been a general upsurge in the number of domestic killings in North Carolina this year, which ranks sixth in the nation for murders of women by men. By mid-October, unofficial tallies put the number at 47—7 more than the total for all of 2001. Each of the four slain wives at Fort Bragg was suspected of infidelity, and all four had decided to get on with their lives without their husbands. At least three of the marriages had apparently been in trouble for a long time, and the deaths occurred at the most dangerous moment in terms of domestic violence—the moment of separation. To the cops these were classic, open-and-shut cases. "Ultimately what this boils down to is, is it unusual for these chains of events to have occurred in Cumberland and surrounding counties in these numbers, and the answer is no," says Fayetteville police sergeant Alex Thompson. "Because the military is a product of their civilian environment, and we deal daily with domestics, as does the county, and we do see violence as a result." Lieutenant Pennica of Cumberland County adds, "What does the military have to do with this? Nothing. When these murders or suicides happened, it never struck us as unusual or out of the ordinary."

Not so, a retired female general told me. "These crimes are about disrespect for women as a group, and it's no coincidence that it came from a group that excludes women." She continued, "People died. What shouldn't have happened? Was it preventable through normal processes available to the army?" She paused and added, "We maintain our vehicles better than we maintain the mental health of our soldiers."

All of these responses are parts of the whole truth. I have learned, for example, that the Department of Defense's task force has been working on domestic violence in the military for two years—there's a year left to go on the study—and it still hasn't come up with a clear definition of domestic violence. As for Lariam, one former White House official told me, "We stopped taking it on overseas trips. Secret Service guys would hallucinate on it, jump up on top of the bed in the middle of the night shouting, 'Don't go there!'"

Because Bill Wright, Brandon Floyd, and Rigoberto Nieves had all served recentl in Afghanistan and were considered exce lent soldiers, I will concentrate on thei cases. It is noteworthy that none of thei slain wives had ever previously reporte being abused physically by her husband.

Roughly a half-hour outside of Fayette ville, in Stedman, North Carolina, o a country road lined with corn an tobacco fields, is the idyllic $240,000 hous that Andrea and Brandon Floyd and thei three young children moved into less tha a year ago. It has a wraparound porch, lawn out back the size of a football field and a shed that could hold the horse the were planning to buy for their eight-year old daughter, Harlee. "I'm really lovin family life and we're having happy times," Brandon, a highly decorate anti-terrorist fighter, E-maile his mother, Dawn Daniel, i January 2001. He spoke glow ingly about the children, daughter and two sons, nov aged eight, six, and four, an characterized his wife, An drea, an army veteran, as be ing "a selfless person" with " kind heart."

Both Brandon and Andre were tall, athletic, good-looking and driven. Her hurdling rec ords still stand at the high school she attended in Alliance, Ohio; h was a triathlete who could run two mile in nine minutes plus. They raised Labra dor retrievers, which meant that Andre had puppies as well as children to care fo Brandon, who was very weight-conscious admonished Andrea to diet, though sh was not overweight. She was a great cook however, and she wanted to make thei new house—which represented a consider able step up for them—perfect. Brando had been moving through the ranks ver quickly, from ranger to Green Beret to member of one of the vaunted and ultra secret counterinsurgency A Teams of th Delta Force. His pay had shot up to abou $48,000 per year. He had been in and ou of Afghanistan three times, though late las June he told his in-laws the "real war" wa in Iraq, "but they just couldn't get in there. Andrea, meanwhile, had taken a job mar aging the footwear department at a ne sporting-goods outlet in Fayetteville.

A trained killer skilled in surprise attack Brandon was a master scuba diver an parachutist who executed military sky-dive wearing full combat gear and an oxyge mask. He had won the Bronze Star for va or against an armed enemy. To his officer and buddies alike, he was "a true Amer can hero," a soldier's soldier.

It was a strain to segue continually be

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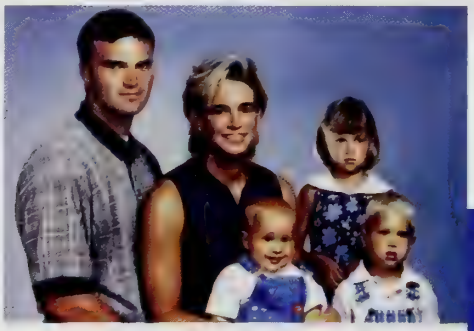




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tween bunker and hearth, but Brandon was determined to have both. He came from a home in which there had been a divorce, as did Andrea, and they both placed a premium on being devoted parents. The family attended a local Baptist church and Sunday school, and the couple did not curse in front of their children. "We don't even say 'stupid,'" Andrea told the woman who ran the neighborhood day-care center. Brandon, the son of a retired army



PLEASANTVILLE
Brandon and Andrea Floyd with their children, Garrett, Harlee, and B.J., in 1998, four years before he returned from Afghanistan, killed her, and then committed suicide.

colonel, had three sisters and as a child had ricocheted back and forth between parents. In his senior year of high school, in Arkansas, he fathered an out-of-wedlock child, broke with his mother, and went to live with his dad in Virginia. Determined to have his often absent father's approval, he joined the military right after graduation. Brandon met Andrea when they were both stationed in Germany. They would go skiing and mountain climbing together. Andrea became unexpectedly pregnant, but Brandon did not marry her until their daughter was a year old.

"Brandon was a perfectionist," one of the soldiers in his unit told me, "always saying, 'I gotta do better.'" Apparently he couldn't keep himself from being just as tough on his wife. "Sometimes I say things I shouldn't say," he once confided to his friend. "He wanted a beautiful, blonde, all-American girl, and he had one, but Brandon was the type of person who never appreciated what he had," says his sister-in-law Amanda "Mandy" Nobles. "He wanted the beautiful house, the beautiful wife, beautiful children. He wanted everything to look . . . like Pleasantville." But if Brandon was a perfectionist and a combat daredevil, Andrea also put herself into extremely high-pressure situations.

In late 1999, with her husband's approval, she took the unusual step of going onto a Christian Web site and offering herself as a surrogate mother. Childbirth had been easy for her, and she felt this was the ultimate gift for people who couldn't have children. Andrea found a childless couple in Charlotte who paid her to carry three of their fertilized eggs. She had to inject herself with hormones and wear hormone patches to get the pregnancy going, but in November she delivered twin girls. She and Brandon became the godparents, and the other mother acted in turn as a real-estate adviser for them. That was perhaps the last happy time of their marriage.

The relationship had been having its ups and downs for years, settling into ever more negative patterns of fighting. When they were living in Fort Campbell, Kentucky, before transferring to Fort Bragg in 1999, Brandon's "team" was known as a party team, macho and bawdy, composed mostly of single men, whom Andrea did not like having around the children. During the short periods Brandon was at home, he would nitpick about everything. "She'd get weighed down with the kids. You could tell when she really needed to go for a run—she would get up at 4:30 or 5 A.M. to run because she wouldn't be able to during the day," one friend told me. Brandon was gone much of the time—frequently missing major holidays—and often Andrea had no idea where he was, though her mother, Penny Flitcraft, says she never complained. "Military wives don't complain about deployment. That's just the way life is," Flitcraft told me. "That's the price as Americans they pay for their husbands to serve the country. I think military wives are very much overlooked and underrated."

> "There's a checklist: Don't buy new furniture, don't redecorate—keep things the same. Don't have a new career or a new look."

Like many such wives, Andrea had power of attorney to run things while Brandon was away. "You're overseas, your wife has to take charge, and things are different when you get home," Brandon's Delta Force buddy told me. "If you put two roosters in a pen, they're going to fight." For Andrea, closing on the house while Bran was deployed and taking the store job resented significant changes in the fam lifestyle and gave her more self-este and independence. Perhaps she begai think that Brandon was holding her b For more than two months at the en last year, Andrea's mother had the chil with her in Ohio while Andrea threw self into decorating the house—for B don, her mother says, though her sister, went to help her move, found her look older than her years, with "a sadness in face." During the next few months drea began socializing after work, when Brandon came home in mid-Janu their fighting got worse. After Andrea her sisters surprised their mother wit group photograph, Brandon's c ment when Andrea showed i him was "Why didn't you do y makeup like Mandy? Look h beautiful Mandy looks, and just look frumpy."

When Andrea called her m er in March, she had been cry "She wasn't a crier," Flitcraft s "She just said things weren't good, things weren't happy." ther Andrea nor Brandon sou help for their problems. "No, don't seek counseling," says craft. "If a woman goes to s marital counseling, there is no fidentiality on that. That goes straigh the commanding officer. He in turn d his soldier in and says, 'What the hec going on in your family?'" Andrea's si Mandy interjects, "Plus, it goes on your manent record. It goes against advar ment—it's a sign of weakness." Brand Delta Force friend told me, "They h this thing that to get a security cleara you can't go see a psychologist. They h this form that asks if you have see mental-health professional. If you say in this line of work you're done."

That spring things got worse. Bran was laid up with knee surgery, and his s mother, Char Floyd, came to help care him. He was supposed to go away agai May, and Andrea was working a lo night. "They were never together—you n saw them together," said their next-d neighbor Charlotte Nelson, who also s that sometimes strange cars would parked behind the shed at night w Brandon and the kids were gone. Anc called her mother in June and said, "M I don't think I can do this anymore. I don't. I'm just tired of working at it- not getting any better. This isn't good the kids; it's not good for any of us."

"Andrea always said that divorce wasn't ever going to be an option in life. And I think that they had this ine

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cable tie," says Flitcraft. "As unkind as the marriage was, I don't think that either one of them really knew how to say good-bye."

At the end of June, Flitcraft asked to have the children visit again. Andrea was going to drive them up and stay a few days. She was halfway between North Carolina and northern Ohio when she had to turn back. Brandon wanted to come, too, she said, to say good-bye, because he was leaving again soon. (It turned out to be for only two weeks' training in Washington, D.C.) Flitcraft theorizes that Brandon did not want Andrea to talk about divorce with her family and have them reinforce her feelings. "Either that or he was afraid she wouldn't come home at all," says Mandy, "that she would just stay with us." They delivered the children but stayed only two and a half hours. He had to go to Washington the next day, July 1. Police say their fights continued on the phone after that, and they believe she told him she wanted a divorce.

The night before Brandon got back, according to the police, Andrea stayed out late partying with friends. "I'll party tonight because I have freedom," she told them. "Tomorrow he's coming home." She had the next day, Thursday, July 18, off and was not home when Brandon arrived. He called her to say he was going to cut the grass, and apparently they got into a shouting match on the phone. In the front yard Brandon chatted with his neighbor about having the neighbor's gun repaired. Brandon always carried a small handgun, a .380 semi-automatic pistol. No one heard any sound from the house that evening or saw the lights go out.

It wasn't until late the next afternoon that the bodies were discovered, near each other in the master bedroom. Only Andrea's side of the bed was turned down. Brandon was apparently planning to sleep in the guest room. Flitcraft believes that Andrea spelled out to Brandon that the marriage was really over. Her body was found slumped on the bed. He had shot her once, just above and behind the right ear. He then shot himself in the middle of the forehead. Men who had risked their lives with him over and over, against all odds, were stunned at the way Brandon Floyd chose to die.

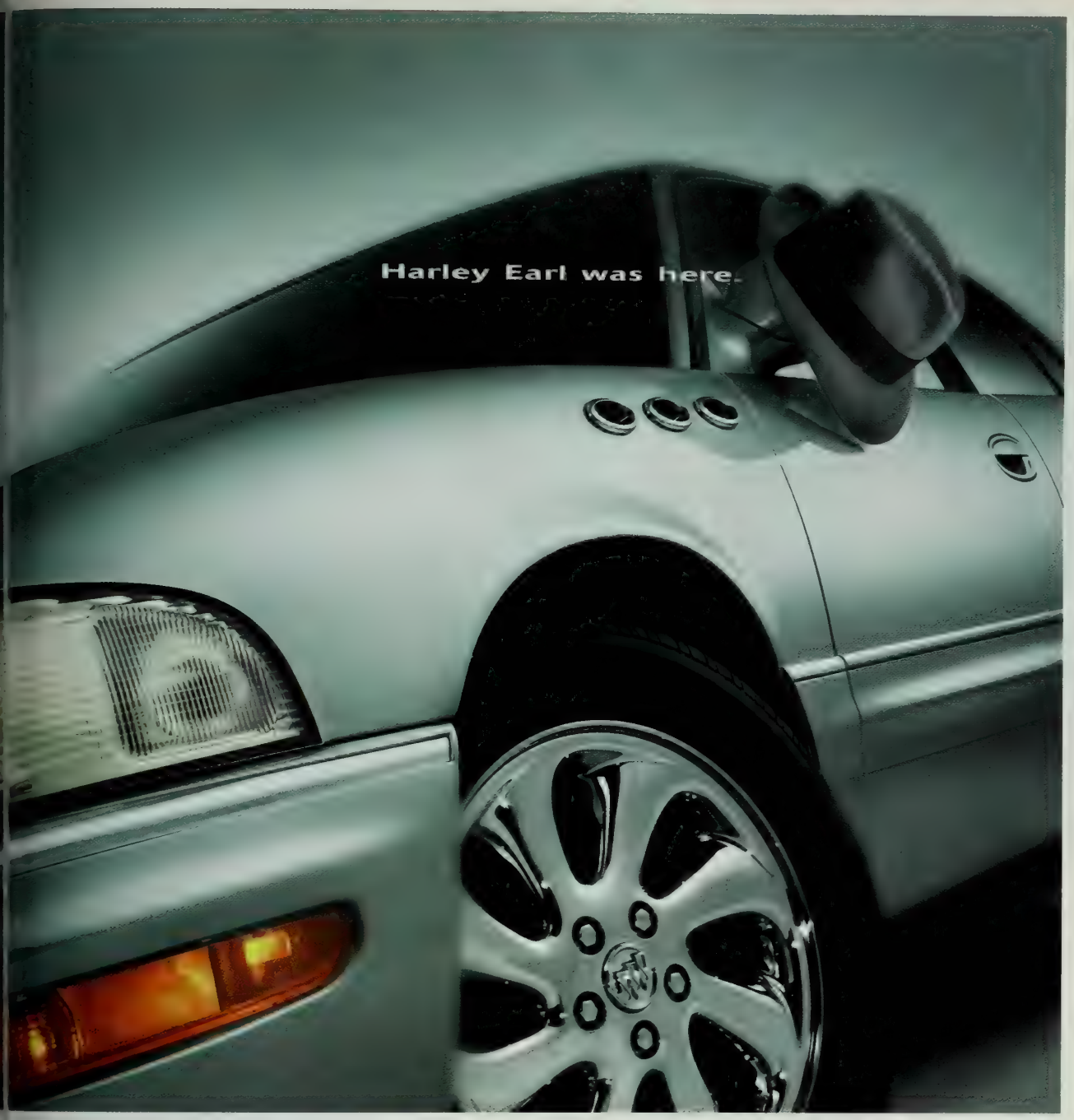
"Think about it," says Penny Flitcraft. "You have been on a sensitive mission—who knows what you've had to do? You pull in the driveway, the kid's bike's in the driveway; you walk in the front door and see the ink glob on the new couch you're still paying for—the kid broke a marker. Your wife looks up: 'Oh, you're home. We're having Hamburger Helper.'" Flitcraft explains that Special Forces missions emphasize teamwork in which everyone has to subsume his ego and take orders all day. When they get home, she continues, they say, "Dag-nab-it, I'm going to be som body *here*. I am the head of this hous hold." It's different for single men. "Th get off the plane and go home to the nice clean apartments. They can go to t 10,000 stripper clubs that are down the and go get their rocks off. Go get a h meal at Mama Carboni's restaurant dov the road. And they don't have any oblig tions. But this married man is being punch right back into wherever he left the day left; I think it's just untenable."

A Special Forces wife who knew Bra don and Andrea told me, "The war's re now—it's not being simulated. A lot of wiv just think, I've had to wait around for y for seven months, taking care of the kic They don't get that he's been maybe livi in a tent in subfreezing weather, eating awf food you wouldn't put in your mouth. A the men want to do is get home and aw from the hell they've been in, and son men come home to a different *kind* of hel

The worst of coming home, however, m be bringing yourself down from t "activate to kill" mode, particularly you're in an elite Special Forces unit. the wake of the killings, the army has ma plans to test psychologically all soldiers r turning from Afghanistan. There are se ous concerns that a longer period of "d compression" between battlefield and hor is needed. An army study published in *M itary Medicine* in 2000 found that the pro ability of severe spousal aggression "w significantly greater for soldiers who h deployed in the past year compared wi soldiers who had not deployed."

"I remember being so enraged when came back from Somalia—I've never be that angry in my life," says Brandon's Del Force friend. "I said mean things to m wife, and I don't even remember sayi them—I imagine Brandon would have sa the same things. You're programmed—y do this about 10 years, you're a machir Look, we're moral, we go to church. A then you go overseas, you flick a switc You can't hesitate."

Coming down at home, he says, is "bad it's almost like two people trying to po sess your body. When I'm serving, my o job is to win for America at all costs. T price for our loss is our life. You go bed with those demons, wondering, D I do the right thing? People have to reali what we do, because it hurts every nig when I go to bed, wondering, What cou I have done?" Real war, he says, is nothi like what we watch on TV. "People do realize it's all five senses. You can see smell it, feel it. I've taken brains out of m boots. When you get hair or blood on yo there's the feel of it, the smell of it, the ta of it. You don't forget it." At the same tim



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he says, "it is addictive—I will admit it—and it's hard coming off. We're A-type personalities and we love to compete. I lay in cold sweats at night. It's so hard coming down I'm shaking."

He told me, "Please print that [Brandon and Andrea] loved each other; he was one of the top 1 percent of all soldiers in the army. It was the abandonment—I don't think he could take it. It must have been





VIOLENCE-PRONE?
Sergeant Rigoberto Nieves after he returned from the Gulf War in Saudi Arabia. *Inset,* his wife, Teresa, whom he shot dead before killing himself.

temporary insanity, because he was one of the few people I'd trust my life with." Remember, he told me, "when you do a job like we do, it has an effect on your mind."

"And what job is that?," I asked.

"Our job is to export violence."

The army is faced with a serious dilemma: it must train soldiers to be brutal and efficient killers overseas, but how does it get them to turn the violence off at home? The military has never fully addressed this issue. Experts on domestic violence feel that the problem is actually much more about control than about anger. "When Andrea and the children visited Penny Flitcraft for the last time, Brandon said yes, no, yes about visiting; he allowed her to stay a couple of hours and then go home. That's the behavior of a batterer," says Christine Hansen. "There is a declared war in that house, and the declared enemy is the wife."

Is it possible to turn the battlefield mentality off? I obtained from the army a flyer which chaplains offer as a guide for service members and their families, outlining how everyone should take it easy and go slow when a soldier comes home. There is no way of telling how seriously such a handout is taken. Military wives also get a briefing. Kathy Krach, whose husband was deployed for a year after 9/11 as a National Guard commander in Maryland, says, "They gave us a checklist: Don't buy new furniture, don't change the house around, don't give them a party when they get off the bus, don't redecorate the house or change anything—keep things the same. Don't have a new career or a whole new look. They represent too much realization of time passed and the realization that they are losing control."

The worst of coming home, however, may be bringing yourself down from the "activate to kill" mode.

Nothing was the same at home when Green Beret sergeant Rigoberto Nieves, 31, returned from Afghanistan last June to deal with "personal problems." He had left in March—his unit was training the Afghan national army—and he was not due to return until August. His wife, Teresa, 28, reportedly let him know that she could not take his extended absences any longer. She complained that he wasn't around for birthdays, or when she was sick, or for the move to the new house. Like Bill Wright and Brandon Floyd, Nieves was an excellent soldier whose life was the army, but also like Wright and Floyd he was trying to have it both ways, and as soon as his wife shifted the balance, it would appear that he could feel his control was crumbling.

Their previous neighbors at Fort Bragg said that he and Teresa had always been very considerate of each other. "He treated his wife like a queen," his sister Ramonita Rivera says, but "he loved the army. That came first from day one." Nieves even graduated early from Richmond Hill High School in Queens, New York, so that he could leave for basic training on his 18th birthday. He was deeply hurt when he came home from the Gulf War to find his first wife had betrayed him. He divorced her, and in 1992 he married Teresa, the daughter of his former master sergeant. They had a daughter, who is seven.

Lariam was prescribed for Nieves, and those who blame Lariam for the recent murders think he may have had a bad reaction to the drug. On June 6, three days before he arrived in Fayetteville from Afghanistan, he called his mother, Lillian Nieves, in New Jersey. She was not at home, but his sister Ramonita told their mother. "He did not seem like my brother." Ramonita says Rigoberto was always "the rock of the family, the one everyone came to for advice." But that day, she says, "he sounded weak and beaten down." He didn't tell his sister that he was coming home. Instead, he said he was worried about his mother, because he had had a premonition that she was gravely ill. (She was not.) He also fretted about Teresa's being stressed out over moving to the new house he had bought for the family, a beige two-story dwelling with green trim at the end of a cul-de-sac in Fayetteville.

When he arrived home he found his world turned upside down—new house, new neighborhood, Teresa's two sisters and their children there to help her move, and, to top it all off, his beloved dog lost or temporarily missing. His mother says she was told by Teresa's sisters that he started ringing neighbors' doorbells searching for his dog. Ultimately reported that one neighbor found him distinctly odd and somewhat incoherent. He didn't give his name, but merely announced, "I'm the man of the house."

One neighbor told me that while Teresa was moving in he had witnessed a woman kicking the garage door of the house so hard that the burglar alarm went off. She was shouting for her husband to come out, saying she knew his car was in the garage and he was in the house with Teresa Nieves.

At first Rigoberto tried to patch things up. He arrived on a Sunday, and that day and the next, according to Ramonita and Lillian Nieves, the whole family went out together to museums and stores, acting as if nothing were amiss. On Tuesday evening, while Teresa was attending a class at nursing school, Rigoberto drove over to the old neighborhood on the post. He asked his little daughter to go with him, but she wanted to stay and play with her cous-

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ording to his mother and sister, when got to where he was going, he was con- ted by the woman who had tried to in the garage door. "He came home ay he had heard a bunch of gossip from " says Lillian Nieves. Police confirm Nieves spoke with the angry wife.

bout 7:45 P.M., Rigoberto and Teresa ed to their bedroom to discuss the mat- According to Fayetteville police ser- nt Alex Thompson, Teresa's sisters re- ted that "about 8:30 or so they heard ud noise." At about 10 o'clock the veses' daughter became sleepy and ted her mother to put her to bed. The tives could not open the locked bed- n door, so they called the police.

My understanding," Thompson says, that he walked into the master bath- m, shot his wife at ex- nely close range with a caliber revolver, a Glock i-automatic. He [then] ped out of the master bath- m, turned, and shot him- " No alcohol or drugs were id in either body. (The same true of the corpses of Jen- r Wright and Brandon and lrea Floyd.) Once the po- were satisfied that he had his wife and himself, they ed the case. Both Lillian Ramonita say they were that one of Teresa's sisters confronted woman who had told Rigoberto the ssip," and said angrily, "You have two ies hanging over you!"

hese crimes seemed to open a flood- gate of self-examination by the army and intense scrutiny by Congress. at was overlooked, however, was the n insensitive way the military dealt n the crushed survivors. Following the ngs and suicides in just the three cases ave reported in detail, seven children ke to find their parents snatched from n in the most unspeakable way. Unlike orphans of 9/11, however, they were told repeatedly how great their par- had been and how grateful the nation to them. On the contrary, surviving ilies can now exchange horror stories ut the treatment that compounded r grief.

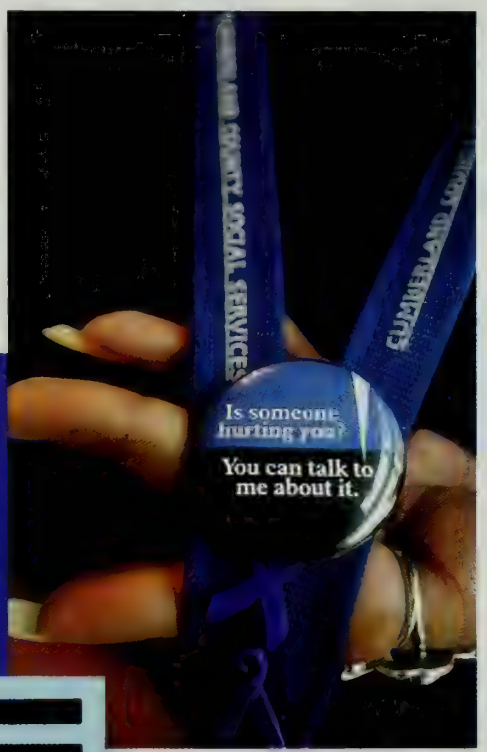
illian Nieves, for example, had no clue her son had even left Afghanistan n an army casualty-assistance officer eared on her front porch on June 12, day after the deaths, and told her what happened. She began to scream, she lls, and the startled officer took off, ing her alone and in shock. After Ra- nita Rivera placed an irate phone call he army, a second assistance officer showed up the next day to apologize. It was two more agonizing days, however, before Ramonita got a call back from Fort Bragg that put her in touch with Teresa's sisters, who did not have her number. "From day one we've had so many problems," she told me, enumerating the three casualty-assistance officers who have followed one another on the case. "I call them and hear nothing." By October the Nieves family still had not seen Rigoberto's will or received his belongings, and numerous long-distance phone calls made to obtain them strained the family's limited budget. Lillian could not understand a document she received in the mail which apparently names her as a 50 percent beneficiary of her son's life insurance. To make matters worse, she told me, "I don't understand what it means and I can't afford to go to a lawyer." No one in the family has received any counseling or been told what resources are available to them.

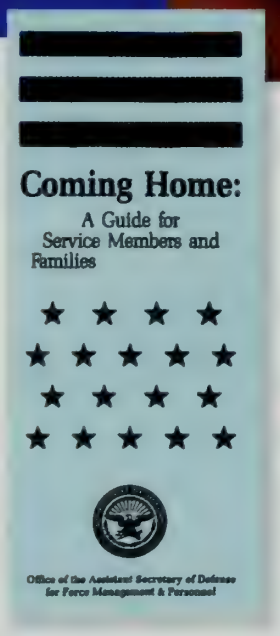
Three wives never asked for help, and family-readiness personnel had three times the recommended caseload.

Penny Flitcraft was awakened on Saturday morning, July 20—roughly 15 hours after Andrea's body had been discovered—to be told by her oldest daughter that she had just heard from Brandon Floyd's stepmother only that there had been "an accident at their house" and that Brandon and Andrea had both been shot. Within an hour, a four-person delegation from the army, including a chaplain and a psychologist, was knocking on Flitcraft's door. One of them said, "We are sorry to inform you that your daughter is deceased, and we need to see the children." They told her it was their duty to notify the next of kin—Andrea and Brandon's children, who were eight, five, and four—and they insisted, Flitcraft told me, that she wake them up and tell them in the presence of these strangers that their parents were dead. She was not required to tell them immediately *how* they had died, but, she says, she was strongly urged to do so, and she complied.

Penny Flitcraft had to take out loans to pay for custody fees, funeral arrangements, and moving the children's belongings. She was never informed that she could go to the local Red Cross office and receive a grant or an interest-free loan to assist her with these matters. Shortly before the tragic event had occurred, Brandon and Andrea's five-year-old son had been diagnosed with a medical problem, but he had not been treated for it. "He has a lot of suppressed anger," Flitcraft told me.

Flitcraft was not visited by a casualty-assistance officer until the third or fourth week of August, more than a month after the deaths, and the officer candidly admitted that he didn't really know in any detail what he was supposed to do. However, Brandon's out-of-wedlock son from his high-school days, with whom he had rarely been in touch, was contacted





PREVENTIVE MEASURES
Above, a button worn by domestic-violence counselors in the Fort Bragg area. *Left*, a brochure distributed to soldiers returning to their families after deployment overseas.

by an assistance officer immediately. Brandon's natural mother, Dawn Daniel, traveled from Arkansas to Arlington National Cemetery, in Virginia, for his burial, but it was canceled at the last minute, and she and Brandon's three sisters were left stranded. The Pentagon, after queries from the *Fayetteville Observer,* had belatedly determined that it would be unseemly for someone who had killed his wife and committed suicide to be buried among our national heroes.



PICKING UP THE PIECES
Penny Flitcraft, Andrea Floyd's mother, holding pictures of her murdered daughter, was visited by four officials who told her to wake up Andrea's three children and tell them their parents were dead.

The children of Jennifer and Bill Wright face other grueling issues, because their father is still alive, in jail, waiting to be tried for their mother's murder. If the army discharges him other than honorably, and it has begun steps to do so, they will lose their dependents' benefits after three years. Moreover, at the end of three months they had not collected any money at all. Jennifer's parents, Archie and Wilma Watson, live in a trailer on limited resources. Their daughter Donna Walker, who has custody of Jennifer's three children, has two children of her own. Because Jennifer's children were homeschooled, they were with their mother literally 24 hours a day, and so they have had to adjust to regular school. Donna Walker was on a stress leave from her job as a corrections officer when she got the news of her sister's death. Her husband is a welder. The casualty-assistance officer who visited her was trying to be helpful, but he told her he was flying blind—he had never done the job before.

Archie Watson was in tears as he told me of the struggles he had had getting his daughter's remains and her children's belongings from Fayetteville to Mason, Ohio. The army contributed only $550 toward Jennifer's funeral expenses. Watson considers Jennifer a casualty of war and thinks she should be treated that way. At one point, the family says, Donna Walker was told to tell her father to "shut up" and stop talking to the media so the army could do its job. Watson, like the other survivors, was not made aware that he might be eligible for casualty-assistance grants or loans.

Jonathan Sams, a local attorney, is working pro bono for Jennifer Wright's children. He has written to the House Armed Services Committee asking that legislation be passed so that the Wright children can have their benefits until age 18 and then have their college educations paid for. In his letter he says, "As the military demands that its soldiers rely upon it for their cares and needs, so it resultantly demands that the children of soldiers rely upon the military to care for them. Though not soldiers themselves, these children are, nonetheless, reliant upon the military."

> "Military wives don't complain about deployment. That's the price they pay for their husbands to serve the country."

"Family members are often very angry and grieving, and they have no tolerance for bureaucracy," says Dr. Connie Best, who has served as a consultant to the Department of Defense on these issues. "There need to be mechanisms—whether it's a phone call or a personal liaison—where a victim's family member can call and say, 'This is what I need,' and the person giving assistance ought to be authorized to say, 'This will happen.'"

In late September, the House Armed Services subcommittee on military personnel held a daylong series of closed-door meetings in Fayetteville to discuss domestic violence at Fort Bragg and the military in general. In its aftermath the House passed a bill assuring that protective orders issued against offenders' spouses will also be served on military installations—previously that was not obligatory. In October, the *Fayetteville Observer* reported on a two-day workshop at Fort Bragg on ways to strengthen programs to prevent domestic violence and to coordinate more with the surrounding community to deal with its effects.

Last May, before the deaths had occurred, the House subcommittee's chairman, John McHugh, Republican of New York, wrote to the Department of Defense detailing his concerns about the problem. In September he received a 22-page reply stating that the Defense Department was waiting for the results of a detailed study of Lariam that the Centers for Disease Control began in early 2001. The C.D.C.'s review process will be finished in January.

As part of the Defense Department's recently passed appropriations bill, Congress has appropriated $5 million for victim advocates at military installations to provide confidential assistance to victims of domestic violence. The army itself has investigated the Fort Bragg cases and is expected to issue a high-level report prepared by "an EPICON team," which includes psychologists, psychiatrists, and epidemiologists studying the pharmaceutical effects of any prescribed drugs these soldiers took. However, no members of the victims' or perpetrators' families I spoke with had ever been contacted. Colonel Davis told me that, beginning this month, Fort Bragg and other army bases will install a 24-hour hot line for victims and individuals, but it will not guarantee confidentiality in cases of domestic violence.

The army, however, has already begun to demand more accountability with regard to how the survivors of such tragedies are treated. As a result of inquiries made by *Vanity Fair* to army chief of staff General Eric Shinseki, I received a call from Colonel Gina Farrisee, the adjutant general of the army, whose duties include overseeing the handling of casualties, missing persons, and mortuary services, to thank me for bringing these matters to the army's attention. The army, she said, is currently revising instructions for personnel regarding cases of domestic violence such as those at Fort Bragg. "We owe them a lot more," she added, "and I'm going to make sure they have clear guidance and can call the top while we are rewriting instructions for the future." □


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The Legend of Rubirosa

In the 50s jet set, Porfirio Rubirosa was the ultimate man's man, with his polo, Ferraris, and macho adventures. But what made the Latin diplomat truly unforgettable were his women—an endless parade including Barbara Hutton, Doris Duke, Ava Gardner, and Jayne Mansfield—and the physical endowment that enslaved them

BY GARY COHEN



LAP OF LUXURY Porfirio Rubirosa at his 1947 wedding to tobacco heiress Doris Duke at the Dominican Embassy in Paris.

PORFIRIO RUBIROSA IS KILLED AS AUTO CRASHES IN PARIS, July 5, [1965]—Porfirio Rubirosa, former Dominican diplomat, international sportsman, and playboy, died in an automobile accident here today. His powerful Ferrari sportscar, traveling at high speed, jumped the curb and crashed into a tree on Avenue de la Reine-Marguerite in the Bois de Boulogne at 8 A.M., according to the police. He was alone in the car. The 56-year-old Mr. Rubirosa died in an ambulance on the way to a hospital. The wooden steering wheel of the type used in racing competition had crushed his chest. He died within sight of two of his favorite recreation spots, the Longchamps Race Course and the Bagatelle Polo Club . . .
—The New York Times

In life Porfirio Rubirosa played polo, piloted B-25 bombers, raced Ferraris at Le Mans, and hunted for sunken treasure in the Caribbean. The inspiration for the romantic hero in the 1966 Harold Robbins potboiler, *The Adventurers*, "he was the ultimate man's man," says banker Gerard Bonnet, a polo-playing friend from Paris. "Everyone wanted his style of macho. He believed in the bond of male friendship. All the men I know loved Rubi. The ones who didn't were jealous of him."

But it was Rubi's success with the fair sex that made him a legend. He was widely seen to be in the same class as Don Juan and Casanova. His conquests included Eva Perón, Ava Gardner, Jayne Mansfield, Veronica Lake, and Dolores Del Rio; full tally, though, will never be known. One friend sheepis confirms that Rubi, who married the two richest women in world, one after the other—Doris Duke and Barbara Hutto slept with "thousands of women" while living in Paris in 1950s and 60s. Columnist Taki Theodoracopulos recalls that wl Rubi got drunk he would take out his guitar and sing, "I'm j a gigolo."

Johnny Galliher, an acquaintance from Paris, believes that s assessment was half true: "Rubi was half playboy, half gigolo

"We never spoke about girls," says Claude Terrail, the o er of the four-star restaurant La Tour d'Argent in Paris a one of Rubi's closest friends. "He was a gentleman, and a g tleman who has a lot of success with girls keeps his big mo

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shut. Never speak about what happened. Everyone should learn that lesson."

"You have to remember that in the 1950s," says Taki, "it was much more of a man's world. You went to a men's club, you played sports with just men. Women weren't taken as seriously, and you didn't see them during the day. They were more for night, as sex objects."



FAST COMPANY Rubi in a racing car. "Everyone wanted his style of macho," says a friend.

Rubi's gallantry was unmatched. When he was around, an unlit cigarette never touched a woman's lips. "If he was talking to an 80-year-old or a 4-year-old, the most beautiful woman in the world could walk in and he wouldn't look at her," says Mildred Ricart, a friend from the Dominican Republic whose husband, Jaime, had been in the foreign service with Rubi. "He made each woman feel that she was the most important thing in the world. There are a lot of men who are excellent in bed, but you can't go out to dinner with them."

> "The women were on fire. . . . They would even pull him into the ladies' room. He was a victim, not a gigolo."

Yet Rubi's potent charm had as much to do with the former as the latter. Truman Capote, no firsthand authority on the matter, described Rubi's principal endowment in his unfinished novel, *Answered Prayers,* as an "eleven-inch café-au-lait sinker as thick as a man's wrist." Rubi's constant state of erection earned him the nickname Toujours Prêt, which in English is the motto of the U.S. Coast Guard: "Always ready." When asked to compare Rubi's member to a writer's size-11 shoe, one of his paramours glanced at the shoe and merely shrugged. Rubi was bigger.

Legend has it that Rubi could balance a table with his penis, but everyone interviewed said it was an apocryphal story told only after his death. One friend says, "It would be inconceivable that he would pull it out under a table or on top of a table. He was a gentleman. He never would even talk about his penis."

It did not hurt that Rubi was sterile (whether from childhood mumps or an errant polo mallet, no one knows for sure). This made women all the more willing to jump in the sack with him. He evidently had also mastered the finer points of sexual technique: once, at a Swiss hotel restaurant, as women flocked to his side seeking his autograph, a man asked Rubi point-blank for the secret of his success. Rubi answered, "If you are going to have a hot date, then jerk off in the afternoon so that it takes you longer at night. You'll be a hero!"

Rubi was short, about five feet nine inches, and slim. While he did not possess matinee-idol good looks, "he exuded a sense of danger and romance and adventure," says Taki's wife, writer Alexandra Theodoracopulos. And he was Latin. Francesca Hilton, who lived with her mot r, Zsa Zsa Gabor, w n Rubi shared Gab s house in Beverly H s in the mid-1950s - members that "e n sitting in this eleg t house, he would l prefer to eat noth g more than a big p e of rice and beans." - though he wasn't b n to wealth, he never - ally held a full-time . "Most men's ambitio s to save money," R - rosa once said. "Min s to spend it."

"Rubirosa was a) an important figur n that as a Dominican e was able to navigate e waters of the internat - al jet set. This was a n time when most La n men were perceived s either dictators or R ; Ricardo," observes J u Alvarez, whose 1994 book, *In the Tim f the Butterflies,* recalls the final days of - fael Trujillo's Dominican Republic - tatorship. Rubi's rise (and fall) was in - orably linked with that of Generalissi) Trujillo, his first father-in-law, who has b n characterized as a Caribbean Caesar. - jillo not only assigned Rubirosa a str g of diplomatic posts but also repeate bailed him out financially when Rubi s between heiresses. "While I can't say I admire the culture f playboys," says Alvarez, "Rubirosa did survive [politically] - vorcing Trujillo's daughter—I don't think any of her other h - bands ever got that."

Porfirio Rubirosa was born into a middle-class family n the Dominican Republic in 1909. His father was nam l counselor to the embassy in Paris in 1920, and he to g his young son abroad with him. When it came time to ret n home, in 1923, a wealthy Chilean family thought Rubi so cha - ing that they begged his father to leave the young boy w n them so that his Parisian upbringing might continue. Rubi w t back to the Dominican Republic at 17 and joined the army n which he advanced rapidly, becoming a captain at 20, and c - tain of the country's polo team as well. Rubi had no money f his own at this point. He spent weekends organizing box g matches near the town square of Santo Domingo, the natio s capital, charging two cents' admission. When not tending - cashbox, he would sit shirtless on the curb, whistling at the p - ty women who passed.

Soon after Rubi's return to the Dominican Republic, s country sank into political chaos. Its incompetent democr - government fell in 1930 to Colonel Trujillo in a coup. Truj - a former guard in the sugarcane fields, had risen fast in - National Guard during the 1920s after being trained, ironic enough, by the U.S. Marines. On seizing power Trujillo launc l a 31-year reign of terror as dictator, renaming Santo Domi n as Ciudad Trujillo, and insisting that he be addressed as "Be -

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factor and Father of the New Fatherland."

During a polo match in 1932, Trujillo took a liking to young Captain Rubirosa. In Rubi's memoirs, written during the 1960s but never finished, he recalled that Trujillo had asked him, "'What are you doing with yourself?' I said I was studying to be a lawyer, but Trujillo told me to come into the presidential guard instead. He had me fitted for a uniform, which I liked, because I knew that women would be attracted to the uniform."



RUBI'S REIN Rubi in Paris, 1948. He would get up at noon, then exercise his polo ponies until six.

One of Rubi's first assignments was to pick up at the airport Trujillo's 17-year-old daughter, Flor de Oro ("Flower of Gold"), who was returning to the country after studying in France. Rubi struck up a conversation with her in French, and the elegant young lady was instantly smitten. Flor de Oro invited him to a ball at the Presidential Palace, and that night they danced every dance. This was unheard of in polite society and downright suicidal when the young lady in question was Trujillo's daughter.

"Doris could buy toys, but Rubi was not a toy. He was difficult to keep, but it was a special deal."

Trujillo was, in fact, enraged to learn of his daughter's breach of etiquette and decommissioned Rubi, who went into hiding at his family's coffee plantation. But after eight days Rubi grew restless. "It's one of my fundamental principles: I would prefer risking everything instead of being bored," he later wrote. Flor de Oro sent one of her servants to the plantation to ask Rubi to appear at a certain phone booth at a certain time. There, Flor told Rubi that she had told her father she wanted to marry him, and as Rubi somewhat immodestly recalled in his memoirs, "during those eight days [of my exile], the government had stopped governing and the country was paralyzed."

At the phone booth Flor proposed to Rubi, and he accepted.

Before she died in 1975, Flor de Oro provided an audiotaped account of her life with Rubi to a friend, Maritza Quinones. In it, Flor described what had happened after the wedding: "We were brought to a bungalow on the grounds of the palace. I was still wearing my wedding dress so that my mother [who was not invited by Trujillo to the wedding] could see it before I lost my virginity. . . . He took me to the nuptial bed. I was scared—this thing lurching at me! I was disgusted and . . . became afraid, running all over the house." Flor said she was sore for a week after that first night.

Trujillo proclaimed the wedding day of Flor and Rubi a national holiday; three years later he dispatched Rubi to his first diplomatic post, in Berlin. "He's an excellent diplomat," exclaimed Trujillo to the press, "because women like him and because he is a liar." Hitler was already in power but Rubi was far more interested in meeting the local beauties. In his memoirs, he described encountering in a bar a woman who proved so entertaining that he did not return to the legation until six the following morning. Then he discovered a huge bouquet of red roses at his place at the breakfast table. The card commemorated "a night in which the sun never set." Although Flor later recalled their Berlin sojourn as "the happiest time I remember," she admitted that living with her husband was difficult.

Rubi was transferred to the embassy in Paris in 1937, and Flor soon returned to her homeland. "He was living it up in Paris," she recalled on the audiotape. "He was out every night, and would come home at dawn, covered with lipstick. I was so jealous, and when I asked him where he was, he beat me." After chastising her for marrying a playboy, her father granted a divorce, and Flor proceeded to take eight more husbands.

For one year following, Rubi was unable to return to his country because Trujillo would have had him killed. Without Flor to bankroll him, Rubi started selling Dominican visas to Jews wishing to flee Europe. Another scheme involved using his diplomatic passport for smuggling: a jeweler who had fled Spain when the civil war broke out asked Rubi to retrieve his store's inventory. Returning from Madrid, Rubi concocted a wildly improbable story involving savage attacks by snipers—even though his car displayed not a single bullet hole. About $180,000 worth of jewelry was missing from the inventory.

One day, out of the blue, Trujillo telephoned Rubi as though nothing had transpired between them, informing Rubi that his wife and 10-year-old son, Ramfis, were coming to Paris and would require a tour guide. (The previous year, in a state of paternal exuberance, Trujillo had named the spoiled Ramfis a Dominican Army general.) Rubi proved so exceptional a guide that Trujillo himself followed the very next month to see the sights of Paris.

Rubi later wrote, "Trujillo wanted me to show him the most elegant places in Paris—without rice and beans. I took him to the restaurant in the Eiffel Tower, and there was such a beautiful woman there selling postage stamps that Trujillo

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had sex with her, right there on the tower. A month later I was named Commercial Attaché to France."

An employee of the embassy in Paris recently reviewed all the relevant files, only to conclude that Rubi did virtually no official work at all. But he did enjoy the nightlife at the Moulin Rouge and in the Latin Quarter's seedy cabarets. In the autumn of 1940 he was invited by the Count de Limur to a cocktail party in honor of 23-year-old Danielle Darrieux, then France's highest-paid movie star. At the end of the party, the host asked Rubi to drive Darrieux home because she and Rubi lived on the same street. As the two departed, a guest warned her, "Careful, this man is dangerous."



SWEPT AWAY
Rubi and second wife Danielle Darrieux on the Riviera, 1941. Rubi took three bullets for her in a car ambush apparently caused by her alleged Nazi sympathies.

Of meeting the movie star, Rubi recalled, "It was like a spring has sprung. An internal voice told me, 'Caramba, how I like this woman.' We dined together a couple of days later at Maxim's, and when we met next, we knew we would never be separated again. We decided to marry as soon as we were free." But before they could marry, Rubi was interned in a hotel at Bad Neuheim by the Vichy government. Luckily for him, the camp was next to a ski resort, and he noted with delight in his memoirs that his five-month imprisonment meant he could spend all day working on his slalom. He and Darrieux were married in 1942. At the time, he was so little known that *The New York Times* mistakenly described him as a diplomat from San Salvador. (Darrieux, still living in France, refused all requests for interviews.)

Notorious for her supposed Nazi sympathies, Darrieux became so unpopular that she and Rubi were ambushed on the Boulevard Malesherbes in Paris while driving in an open car. Three bullets hit Rubi near his kidneys as he threw his body over Darrieux to protect her. Soon afterward, the couple moved to Septeuil, 30 miles west of Paris, where they would live for the next few years. Rubi became a gentleman farmer, tending his cow, two pigs, and six sheep. He even learned to milk the cow. When guests visited the couple, they brought cognac and weapons.

Following the war, Rubi was transferred to Italy by Trujillo. Darrieux, in between films, followed. The day after her arrival in Rome a journalist from *Harper's Bazaar* went to their hotel suite to interview Darrieux. The reporter was Doris Duke, heiress to the $100 million American Tobacco fortune.

Rubi later remembered: "The three of us had breakfast, she [Duke] seemed lively, jovial, with that je ne sais quoi that American women can have. Little did I know that a few months later, I would be completely controlled by her. Until then, I had been happy with Danielle. But at this moment, things started to change." Rubi's polo-playing friend Gerard Bonnet says that Duke sent Rubi a telegram following their first encounter: "When you are finished with Danielle, call me, and I will come." Rubi must have been encouraging, as Duke soon wrote again: "Arriving immediately."

"She loved him, no question in my mind," says Stephanie Mansfield, author of a 1992 biography of Duke, *The Richest Girl in the World*. "He was the only one who was genuine in his pursuit of her. He didn't pretend to be anything but a gold digger or gigolo. There was no manipulation about it, and with Rubi what you saw is what you got. Duke was in her mid-30s, the richest woman in the world but not that attractive, and couldn't have children. The love of her life, British M.P. Alec Cunningham-Reid, [had just left to serve] in the war. Here comes Rubi, the International Man of Mystery. Rubi was really

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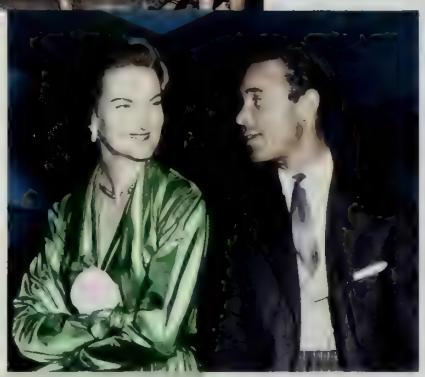
a fuck-you to her [mother]. They had warned her about men being after the money."

One friend remains perplexed to this day by Rubi's interest in Duke: "She was ugly! Very rich, but ugly. But he was a gentleman—he would never say that." It is rumored that Duke—who was used to paying for beautiful things—gave Darrieux $1 million to bow out of her marriage to Rubi. Duke's friend Hélène Rochas says, "She could buy toys, but Rubi was not a toy. He was difficult to keep, but it was a special deal.... He was more for pleasure, like a caprice, a whim."

Duke and Rubi were married at the Dominican Embassy in Paris on September 1, 1947, about a year after their first meeting. At nearly six feet, the bride was three inches taller than the groom. She wore a green Dior suit with matching velvet hat, and he a smoking jacket with charcoal-gray pin-striped trousers. He seemed jovial, until two men from Duke's law firm, Coudert Frères, arrived bearing a pre-nuptial agreement. Rubi got drunk enough to sign it, then either fainted or passed out following the ceremony. As Duke later delighted in telling friends, "Big boy passed out in my arms."







Despite the pre-nuptial agreement, Rubirosa did well financially in the marriage. Presents from his wife included a check for $500,000, a stable of polo ponies, several sports cars, a converted B-25 bomber, and a three-story 17th-century *hôtel particulier* in Paris. The first two floors of the town house were decorated with Louis XV and XVI pieces selected by Duke's decorator, Henri Samuel. On the top floor, where the servants' quarters had been, Rubi put in a regulation-size boxing ring and a full bar. At around four each morning, a trio of guitarists from the Calvados nightclub would pack up and follow Rubi home. They would set up their instruments inside the ring and the party would continue. Victor, Rubi's butler, would serve beer, scotch, and *tortilla* omelets.



Obviously impressed with his former son-in-law's new wife, Trujillo offered Rubirosa the pick of any ambassadorship. Rubi chose Argentina, mainly for the polo, and in 1948 presented his credentials to President Juan Perón. The late Ramfis Trujillo Jr., grandson of the Dominican dictator, recalled that at the time "Juan Perón was thought to be a center-right dictator in the mold of Franco. Rubi was sent to find out what that meant for the Dominican Republic. My grandfather assumed he'd find out whatever he needed, whatever it takes,

TWO FOR THE MONEY
From top: Rubi's first wife, Flor de Oro Trujillo, 1944; "I was scared—this thing lurching at me!" she said of their wedding night. Rubi and Darrieux at their Vichy wedding, 1942. Duke and Rubi get married, Paris, 1947; he got drunk and fainted in her arms after signing a pre-nuptial agreement. Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton and Rubi at their Manhattan wedding, 1953; she wore black and carried a scotch-and-soda down the aisle.

even if it meant sleeping with Evita

Duke hated living in Latin Americ however, and soon returned to Pari "While Doris fell in love with Rubi, h didn't want to be the man of just on woman," observes Mansfield. "And sh was not easy. She wanted Rubi to b there always, like a slave. But he wan ed to do as he pleased. And she kne this before she married him."

The final straw came when Duk caught Rubi in flagrante delicto o Capri with his former wife Flor d Oro. Soon after, Rubi later recallec "there was a new lunch guest. By h looks and his briefcase, he immediately reveale his identity—an attorney. Three minutes late we signed an agreement." The marriage ha lasted less than two years.

Rubi wrote in his memoirs that, while Duk left the house and returned to the U.S., "thi was so stupid, because we did not want to b separated. For the next year, all we did was r unite, break, reunite, in the back of airplanes, i between the United States and Europe." Duk gave him the Paris house an all of its contents, and agreed t pay alimony of $25,000 a yea until he remarried.

Claude Terrail later aske Rubi why he had married Duk "What I did," Rubi said, "is be ter than most people do—the go out with a girl from a goo family, they take all her mone and then they leave her. The di ference with me is that I marr her, give her the best time in a the world, and when I leave he she is richer than ever before."

Socialite C. Z. Guest, a longtime friend of Duke's says that the heiress never said a bad word about Rub ever. And when Duke died in New Jersey in 1993, nex to her bed were only two framed photographs, one c her boyfriend, Louis Broomfield, the other of Rub

Rubi soon returned to his old job in Paris at th Dominican Embassy. He had come away wit some money from the marriage to Duke, bu his fever for an easy stake overruled his better judg ment in business ventures. In the summer of 195 he received a call from a mysterious man name Alexandre Korganoff, who told him about sunke treasure off the coast of the Dominican Repub lic. Rubi flew to Santo Domingo while a crew hastily assembled for the expedition, crosse the Atlantic aboard a ship called the *Re*. Th choice of the crew was disastrous; within a wee of their arrival they were arrested for drunken be havior and mutiny. Managing to get them ou of prison, Rubi sailed with them in search of th treasure, but a storm hit suddenly, and the *R* suffered heavy damage. On its way to a dry doc for repairs, there was another storm and the shi sank, costing Rubi about $250,000.

Fortunately for him, Rubi never really neede



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MILE-HI CLUB Rubi and Zsa Zsa Gabor in his converted B-25, 1955; the twin-engine plane was a gift from Barbara Hutton.

"We were like two children, pleasure-seeking, hedonistic, perhaps spoiled and selfish. . . . We were too greedy for life."

to work so long as he remained in Trujillo's good graces. "He was like a son to him, even more so than my own father," recalled Ramfis Trujillo Jr., "and so my grandfather would just send him a blank check whenever Rubi needed it. He was the best public relations money could buy for the regime, and the only condition for the money was that Rubi fly the Dominican colors whenever he had a party."

On a typical day, Rubi awoke at noon. After coffee, he would go to the Bagatelle Polo Club in the Bois de Boulogne to exercise his ponies until six. A friend from Santo Domingo, Kahlil Heche, says, "Rubi was the only one who played polo wearing a jacket and a scarf. . . . He protected his skin with honey; he took better care of himself than a woman."

Terrail recalls that after polo Rubi and his friends would begin drinking. Rubi could usually finish off a bottle of scotch by himself. "By two in the morning, what Rubi called the *petit cochon* [little pig], the little animal that sleeps inside every man's brain, would awake, and then it w time for the women," sa Terrail. "He did not need say anything to the woma he merely danced with h That said it all."

Jimmy's disco in Par owned by the legendary F gine, was Rubi's preferr haunt. "When he came everything changed, like ma ic," remembers Régine. "A of a sudden, the women we on fire. It was everything—l eyes, his hair. He never we running after the women, t women were throwing the selves at him. They would ev pull him into the ladies' roo He was a victim, not a gigol

"He liked women who we rather plump, the way th were in the Dominican R public," Terrail adds. "B usually it was just for fi minutes behind the bar down in the wine cell He'd say to the woma 'Come on, let's do and just forget about in the morning.'"

"He had one of t best qualities for a lover: time," says d signer Oleg Cassini. "Sin he didn't work, he could co trol his time. He would out, then stay in bed for t next whole day. He had a saying, 'O night out, one night in.'"

Even now the women who kne Rubi in the 1950s cannot forget h charm. Heche remembers that Rubi calling card was a single rose, which always sent after meeting a woma along with a card that read, "A la m bella de las mujeres" ("To the mo beautiful of women"). "He was astut says Heche. "He would only send one rose."

In 1953 and 1954, Rubi reached his zenith as a sexual adve turer. He was named a co-respondent when Robert Sweeny Jr. golf champ and member of society, sued his wife, Joanne, for vorce. Rubi pursued another affair, with Marianne Reynolds, former actress who was unhappily married to tobacco king R. Reynolds Jr. Wherever the Reynolds yacht docked, Rubiro showed up. Patrick Reynolds, now an anti-smoking activist, b lieves that Rubi never really meant that much to his mother, a he asked her before she died why she had had an affair with hi "I was standing on the deck of one of the largest boats in t world, wearing a beautiful designer gown and some of the worl best jewelry," Marianne Reynolds told her son on her deathbe "But I was a prisoner on that yacht because every night by fi your father had passed out. And when Rubi kept calling m asking me to dinner and the casino, by God I went."

Reynolds says his mother told him the affair was consu mated in Paris and lasted just long enough for his father


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TOUGH LOVE
Left, Zsa Zsa and Rubi, 1950s; *below,* Gabor, with a black eye from Rubi, laughs at a photo of his and Hutton's wedding.



hire a detective and catch the couple in the act. Walter Winchell reported the affair, and Patrick believes that "naming Rubi saved my father a couple of million bucks in the settlement."

In 1953, in an elevator at New York's Plaza hotel, Rubi ran into Zsa Zsa Gabor, fresh off the success of John Huston's *Moulin Rouge*. They exchanged pleasantries, and she went to her room for a nap. His habit of sending a single rose notwithstanding, when Gabor awoke, her room was filled with flowers, and the card read, "Don Porfirio Rubirosa, Minister Plenipotentiary of the Dominican Republic," plus the magic words "To the most beautiful of women." That night, in the Oak Bar, Gabor saw "his dark eyes on me. He moved closer, but did not touch me. A terrific magnetism emanated from this man, silent and restrained." For the next few months, he showered her with phone calls, flowers, and telegrams, never minding that she was already married to the actor George Sanders.

"We were like two children," Gabor wrote in her 1991 autobiography, *One Lifetime Is Not Enough,* "pleasure-seeking, hedonistic, perhaps spoiled and selfish. . . . We were too greedy for life and too greedy for each other." Gabor eventually moved in with Rubi in Paris. "He really loved my mother and wanted to marry her," says Gabor's daughter, Francesca Hilton. "He was also insanely jealous, and he had this mentality [with my mother] of 'You are mine. I own you.'"

Eventually, Sanders filed for divorce. Rubi followed Gabor to the Last Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas, where she was perform and gave her an ultimatum to marry him, but she remai torn by her feelings for Sanders. Angered by her respo Rubi hit her. Gabor showed up at hearsal the following morning wea an eye patch, and announced to porters that she had jilted him, add improbably, "The fact that he hit proves that he loves me. A won who has never been hit by a man never been loved."

While playing polo in Deauville, and with Gabor in the picture, Rubi met 40-year-old Barbara Hutton, gra daughter of F. W. Woolworth. Already married four tin Hutton had lost her sleek, youthful looks and figure, and turned gaunt and hollow. That mattered not at all to R who wrote in his memoirs that he found Hutton to b "frail beauty, someone who was smart, cultivated, sensi and whose company I enjoyed more and more." Mild Ricart recalls things differently: "Barbara called him w he was at the bar in the Jaragua Hotel in Santo Domir She said, 'You married Doris, now it's my turn.' Rubi just admitted to us that he was broke, so he said to H bara on the phone, 'O.K., you set the date.'"

Hutton biographer C. David Heym says, "I think that at this part of her this was the beginning of her true insar She was hooked on everything, she loo terrible and had gone through a mer collapse. Even though Barbara was frie with Doris, there was a kind of rivalry. marrying Rubi, she was trying to ou Doris. And for Rubi it was simply a b ness arrangement."

The two decided to tie the knot at Dominican consul's residence in N York, and all seemed fine until day of the wedding. Rubi wrote, "W I went to the Pierre to get Barbara, th

> "That he hit me proves that he loves me," said Gabor. "A woman who's ne r been hit by a man has never been loved."

were hundreds of newspaper photographers and reporte As Barbara was coming down the stairs of the Pierre, was shaking."

The couple held an impromptu press conference, and H ton's voice was taut: "You would think that sometimes peo would just believe I'm getting married because he sees so thing in me. But they always think it's the money. I have lo him ever since I met him." Rubi wore the same dark jacket the ceremony that he'd worn at his wedding with Duke, but time the bride wore black and carried a scotch-and-soda do the aisle. As the Dominican consul read aloud the marri contract in Spanish, Hutton gently took Rubirosa's hand placed his arm around her waist. After the contract was sign Mrs. Rubirosa asked her new husband, CONTINUED ON PAGE



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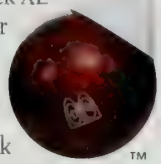
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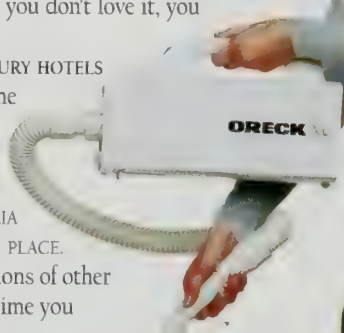
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ONTINUED FROM PAGE 254 "Aren't you going to kiss me now?" "See how unhappy they look?" Zsa Zsa Gabor told newspaper reporters at the time as she triumphantly waved the wedding hotos. "I give them six months. In a couple of weeks, this man ill be after me again."

The newlyweds chartered an 86-seat jet for just the two of them and flew to Palm Beach for their honeymoon. Recalls Ricart, "Barbara bought Rubi the biggest coffee plantation in ie Dominican Republic, the biggest aside from Trujillo's farm. he also paid for 40 suits, 20 pairs of shoes, eight polo ponies, id an airplane, the exact model that Doris bought him [which e had crashed just a year after their marriage, but even more ixuriously appointed. Barbara also gave him $2.5 million in ash]. But he still was not happy." Rubi later wrote, "The villa here we were staying became a clinic. Barbara did not follow er medical treatments. There was no honeymoon."

Edith Rosenberg, a friend of Hutton's, whose husband, Lend, was Hutton's business manager, remembers that Rubi was ot a stay-at-home spouse: "I think he just walked away. She ould fall, half the time could hardly walk. He took off a few ays after their honeymoon. He wasn't going to be cooped up ith the windows closed and the blinds drawn."

"One never saw him during the day, only at nightclubs," says ocialite Brownie McLean of Palm Beach. After just two weeks f marriage, Hutton moved to her aunt Marjorie Merriweather ost's house in Palm Beach, and after 53 days the marriage was ver. "For all the gifts and money he got," ays Heymann, "Rubi cost her $66,000 a ay." And Rubi complained to reporters at ie time, "I was a bachelor before marryig Barbara and very happy. But [the marage] was no good. She stays in bed and eads all day. It's a very boring life."

Rubi flew his new plane west, to win Gaor back. "He decided that he wanted to ecome an actor, and I really think he was big talent," says Gabor today. The movie iey chose as a vehicle to introduce him as called *Western Affair.* It was set in Deadwood Gulch, South Dakota, at the turn of the century, and Rubi was to play Don Castillo, the owner of one bar, and Gabor a French girl, the owner of a rival bar. The movie featured all the things Rubi loved est—boxing, shooting, horseback riding, and romance. He gave lp his late nights and took acting lessons. Every afternoon he practiced the quick draw. Shortly after production started, ough, the Immigration and Naturalization Service denied him ermission to be in the movie, saying he had no previous acting xperience. The film was never completed.

Francesca Hilton says that Rubi was like an uncle, if not a ather, to her. "He loved taking me to the magic shop in Beverly Hills. He loved things like peashooters, dog-doo pieces made f rubber, and he loved racing his Ferrari 100 miles an hour round the curves on Sunset Boulevard. He was like a big kid!"

When Rubi returned to Paris in 1956, everything changed. That May, at a polo match in Deauville, he met 17-year-old Odile Rodin, an aspiring actress who had just appeared on the over of *Paris Match.* Rubi later wrote, "I fell in love with her ie first moment I saw her. She was young, fresh, so beautiful, nd again, a certain mysteriousness."

Rodin, who had no idea of Rubi's notoriety, mentioned the ncounter to her mother, a teacher in Lyons. "My mother," she ays, "forbade me to go out with him, and warned me that he as dangerous." But her mother's stance softened, she recalls, after she danced just one slow dance with him."

That summer Rodin was staying on the Riviera with industrialist Paul-Louis Weiller. Having decided to take Weiller's Rolls-Royce and driver into Saint-Tropez, she recalls, "I told my host that I would be back by dinner." But at the bar she met a friend who had motored over by boat and said he was staying with Rubi in Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat with the Dubonnets (the wine kings). Odile sent the car and driver back to the Weillers and jumped into the Chris-Craft. Her trip by boat through choppy waters left her drenched. Since she was wearing nothing more than a bikini top and white short-shorts, it didn't matter much. "When we got to the house, I made quite an entrance for Rubi," she says. "I must have looked like Ursula Andress! Rubi was thrilled, and the first thing he did was call Weiller and say that I won't be there for dinner. Three days later, the Dubonnets sent their Rolls-Royce to the Weillers to pick up the rest of my clothes."

Rubi and Rodin returned to Paris at summer's end and were married that October. "Just as we were about to get in the car to go to the church, Zsa Zsa Gabor called Rubi," says Rodin. "I don't think she had any idea that she was catching him just as he was about to get married."

Despite the 31-year age difference, Rubi and Rodin were a happy couple. "Rubi was lucky to find Odile, because he finally found someone who loved him," says Kahlil Heche. Rubi played Pygmalion to his young bride's Galatea, demanding that she dress in a conservative, understated manner. "He wanted me to be the opposite of Zsa Zsa," says Rodin. "He would put me under the shower if my hair was too lacquered and bizarre." Rubi also introduced her to couture, including Chanel and Balenciaga. "She was so beautiful, one of the sexiest women I'd ever seen," recalls one friend, "but he made her dress conservatively, that Grace Kelly look. She would get around that by not wearing any underwear."

> "The difference with me is that I marry [a woman]," said Rubi, "and when I leave her, she is richer than ever."

In 1957, Trujillo named Rubi ambassador to Cuba. (Rodin later noted with great pride that, at 19, she was the "youngest Ambassadress in the world.") "Castro was very taken with Rubi," says Rosenberg. "He was fascinated by Trujillo, and questioned Rubi for hours on end about how Trujillo stayed in power for so long." But not long after Rubi arrived in Cuba, the Revolution began, and Fulgencio Batista, Cuba's then dictator, fled to the neighboring Dominican Republic. "Trujillo was livid with Rubi for not giving him advance notice that Batista just showed up on their doorstep," recalls Rodin, "but it's not like Batista asked Rubi for permission to land during a coup."

After the coup, the Rubirosas moved in with Flo and Earl E. T. Smith, the U.S. ambassador to Cuba. Rodin recalls that "machine guns were going off everywhere, and everyone was on the floor. It was raining bullets." Claude Terrail remembers a phone call from Rubi about what was troubling him the most at the time: "They are having a revolution. We have to get my polo ponies out."

Trujillo offered Rubi a choice of postings, either Belgium or Argentina; he chose the former so Rodin could be closer to her family. As it happened, Trujillo was facing difficult circumstances at home. Out of the blue, he forced Rubirosa to trade his coffee plantation to him for stocks that soon became worthless. "Rubi



LAST HURRAH *Left,* Rubi and fifth wife Odile Rodin, Paris, 1956; *below,* the couple on the Palm Beach polo grounds, late 1950s.



couldn't argue, as the Trujillos had been awfully generous to him through the years," says Rodin.

Trujillo needed the money. His political base was collapsing and his life was in constant danger. On May 30, 1961, as he was traveling from Santo Domingo to his farm, six revolutionaries ambushed his car and assassinated him. Trujillo's son, Ramfis, succeeded him.

Three months later, Rubi and Rodin went to visit President and Mrs. Kennedy for the weekend in Hyannis Port, along with Frank Sinatra, Ted Kennedy, and Pat Kennedy Lawford. (Rubi had known the Kennedys since meeting Joe senior on the Riviera, where he summered following the war.) They all went for a three-hour cruise on the president's yacht, the *Honey Fitz.* Rubi was there also to talk business: the Organization of American States had ordered a trade embargo of the Dominican Republic because Ramfis Trujillo had tried to have the president of Venezuela killed, and Rubi asked J.F.K. both to support Ramfis Trujillo's new regime and to get the sanctions lifted.

"Rubi . . . spoke and spoke to Kennedy," says Gunther Sachs, part of the swinging-60s set on the Riviera. "But when he came back to Santo Domingo to report on the tall Ramfis, the asshole [Ramfis] left the country a boat full of banknotes and went to Sp Rubi never talked to them again." de Oro estimated that her half-bro took $200 million out of the trea before he left the country.

Joaquin Balaguer, the new Dor can president, terminated Rubirosa's as ambassador inspector of embas putting him out of work at the ag 53. In 1963, Rubi told London *Su Express* writer Susan Barnes (now Susan Crosl widow of British Labour Party foreign secre Anthony Crosland) his version of events. "I to [Ramfis]: 'You must support [the new p dent] and give back things your father stole f the people. . . . ' But [he] didn't have the guts And [he was] out. He took his yacht and v to Paris. So, I won't ever see him again in life. He is not my friend. He betrayed me."

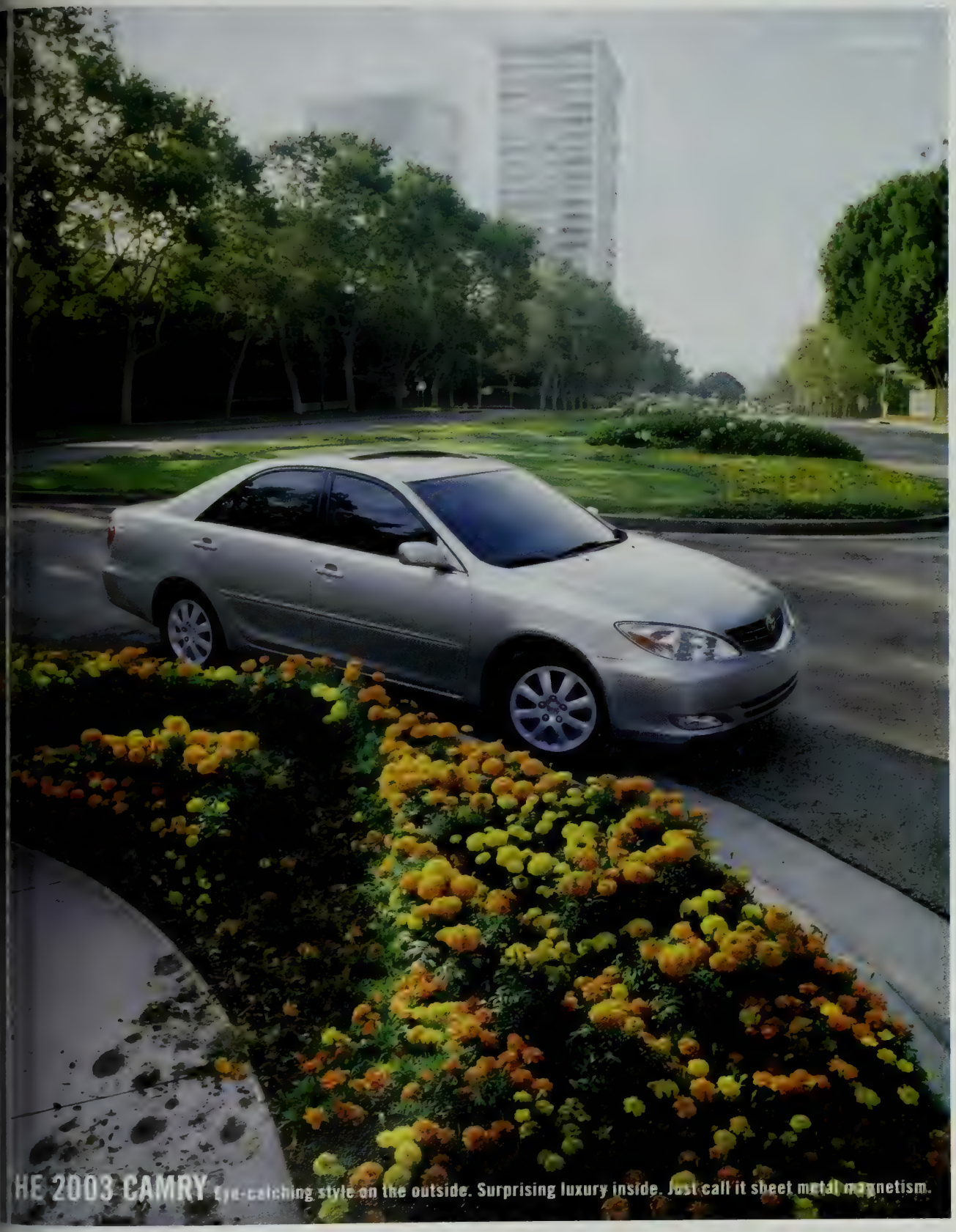
Crosland remembers the interview no much for Rubi's political statements as for v happened afterward. As she went into the b room of his suite at the Hotel Savoy to fres up, she says, she encountered a "grinning birosa in his monogrammed boxer sho through which stood his donkey-style mem He threw me onto his unmade bed, an wrestling match ensued as this grotesque tl swung about."

Heche says, "After Trujillo died, Rubi to change his life. All the money f the rich wives was spent. He had to s living like a poor person!"

The Rubirosas sold their house on the Bank for $400,000 to banker mond de Rothschild and move a village outside of Paris, Mar la-Coquette, where Maurice Ch lier lived. The new house had guest bedroom and was furnis very simply, Doris's antiques having been sold to pay the b "If he wanted to be rich, he co have been very rich. He could h taken money from his wives said to me, 'Put this in a trust,' he never did," says Gerard B net, who was then head of Me Lynch's Paris office.

Friends thought that Rubi lost the vitality of his previous ye and he seemed depressed. "He drank quite a lot," says Bonnet, now afterwards he would not ge for two days." At four one afterno he tried calling several of his frie to see if they wanted to play boccie. All of them were w ing, and none could come out to play. He remarked to Ro "What, are my friends all of a sudden *ouvriers* [factory worker Says Rodin, "To work would have been a nightmare for Rubi.

Some friends in Paris say that Rubi was ready to return to life as a gigolo. They say that he said privately he might marry tricia Kennedy Lawford, who had separated from Peter Lawf

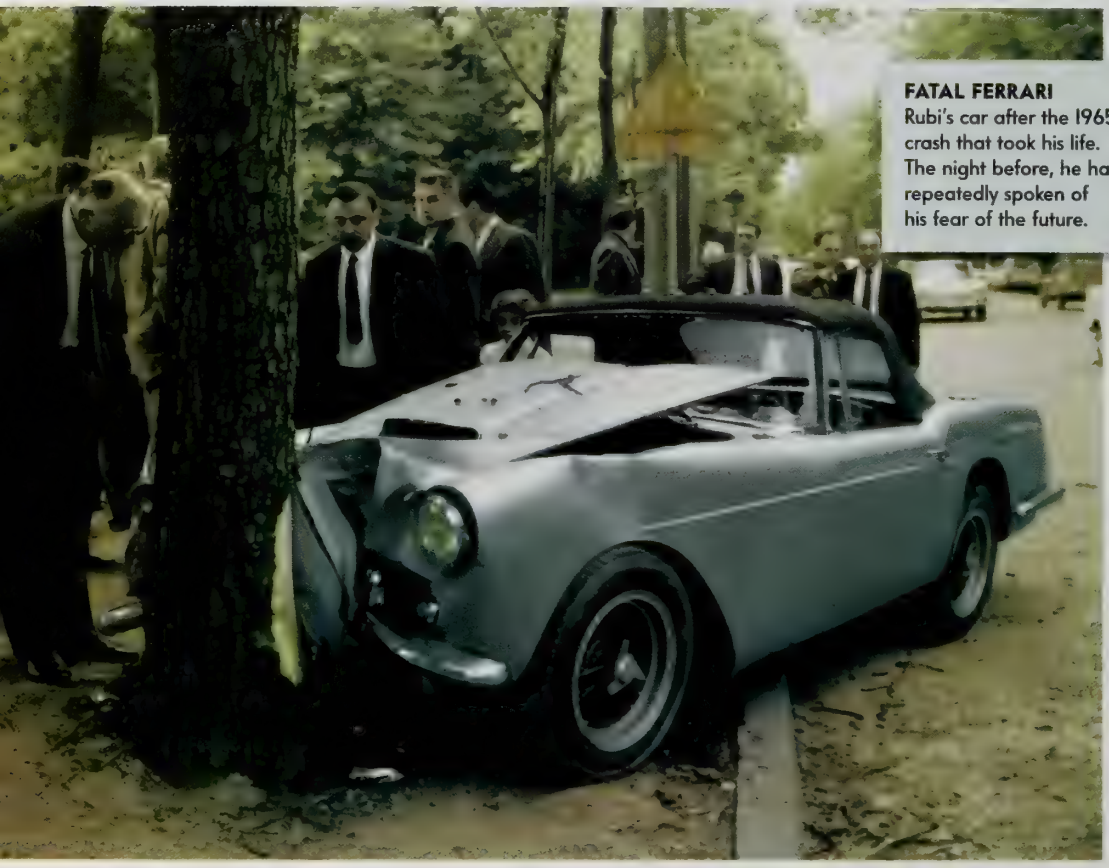




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or Peggy Hitchcock, a Mellon heiress. "For Rubi to live without money was torture," says Ricart. Oleg Cassini estimates that in Rubi's glory days, in the 1950s, the house, the servants, the parties, the polo ponies, and the annual rotation among Gstaad, Saint-Tropez, Deauville, and Palm Beach must have cost about $2 million a year.

He tried to write his memoirs, but never completed them. A hotel in Florida asked him to be its public-relations man, but he did not want to leave Europe. He launched one final business venture, this time with fellow playboy Gunther Sachs: a line of perfume called Rubi, which was to be sold in ruby-colored bottles. Rubi traveled to the South of France to visit the manufacturing facility, but nothing ever came of the venture. (About five years earlier, Rubi had tried to bring to market Pego Palo, a Dominican aphrodisiac made from tree bark and herbs. "The men drank it, like a liquid Viagra," recalls Edith Rosenberg. "Rubi was poised to endorse this; it was out there that this was the product that made him Rubirosa. But he ran out of money.")



FATAL FERRARI Rubi's car after the 1965 crash that took his life. The night before, he had repeatedly spoken of his fear of the future.

"It's one of my fundamental principles: I would prefer risking everything," Rubi wrote, "instead of being bored."

Still, life was not entirely dreary. During Taki's first honeymoon, in June 1965, aboard Stavros Niarchos's three-masted schooner, *Creole,* the guests decided to film their own version of *Goldfinger,* with Rubi as James Bond, Niarchos as Goldfinger, Taki as Oddjob, and Odile as Pussy Galore. They hired a plane to pummel the boat with 3,000 tenn balls, but the wind blew the balls in the wrong direction. Gu ther Sachs filmed the proceedings from a small boat that eve tually capsized, and Niarchos—too busy conducting business the Teletype—failed to speak his lines. Rubi was too drunk to member any lines at all.

Three weeks following the cruise, Rubi's team won the Coupe France polo tournament, defeating the Brazilian team. To ce brate he invited everyone to Jimmy's. Terrail later noted th Rubi usually planned ahead when he expected to be too dru to drive home. "The was a man, Marcel, taxi driver, who wou follow us from pla to place. If he sa we were in very b shape, he would ta the key from us a drive us home a another man wou follow in the car home Rubi almost never to the Ferrari out when knew he would be drin ing, but Rodin and son of her friends had ready commandeere the other car, an Aust Mini, leaving Rubi take the Ferrari in Paris.

He and his teammat started celebrating the early evening. Wh Rodin and her frien grew bored, they dro home. Régine remer bers that on that nig Rubi spoke to her thr or four times about fear of the future. "H said he didn't want become old." Terrail, who left in the e ly morning, remembers that Marc was not there that night. At arou seven A.M., Rubi and his party le for the Calvados nightclub to eat ha sandwiches, and then returned to Ji my's. "I had asked my man at the do to take his keys out of the car a hide them under the carpet," reca Régine. "Rubi came back from Le C vados in a cab, and somehow found the keys."

The fatal crash occurred at eight.

Was it suicide?

Claude Terrail thinks it was simply fate.

Rubi's funeral was held at the house in Marnes-la-Coquett More than 250 mourners attended, including both Pat Kenne Lawford and her sister Jean Kennedy Smith. Gunther Sac helped arrange for the burial, and following the service, Rod returned to Hyannis Port with the Kennedy sisters. She later marriedand now lives in rural New England, worlds away fro her former life with the century's most famous playboy.

Rubi's legacy lives on in Paris, though, where to this da when diners ask the waiter for a giant pepper mill, they ask f a "Rubirosa." □

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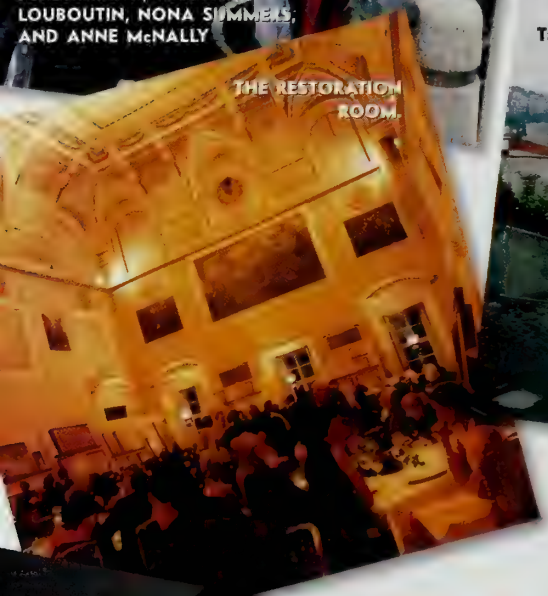
ANH DUONG, DIANE VON FURSTENBERG, CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN, NONA SUMMERS, AND ANNE McNALLY



ALBA CLEMENTE AND FRAN LEBOWITZ

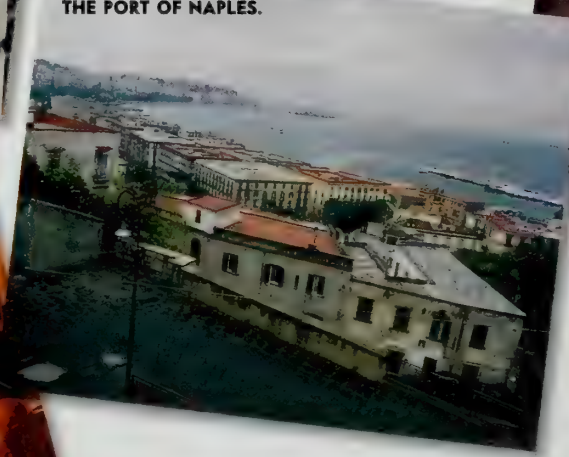


LARRY GAGOSIAN AND JEAN PIGOZZI



THE RESTORATION ROOM.

THE PORT OF NAPLES.





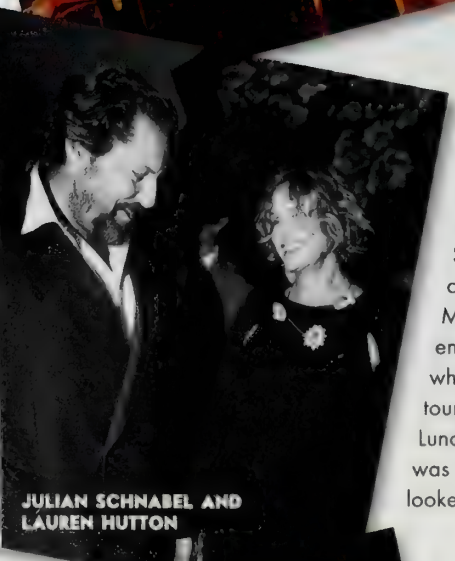
BILL KATZ AND DONALD BAECHLER

VIVA CLEMENTE!

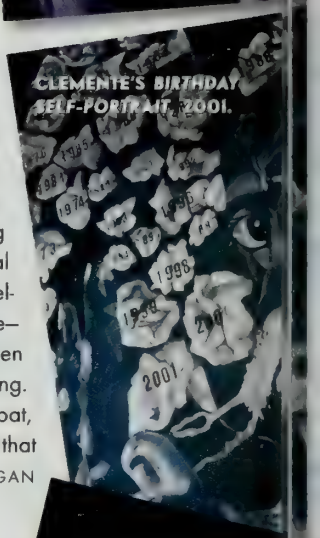
The artist's return to Naples

A maritime mishap was followed by onshore success in a weekend devoted to painter Francesco Clemente's Neapolitan homecoming. On Friday evening, an engine fire on Barry Diller's boat drew the Italian Coast Guard, which gallantly rescued passengers Diane Von Furstenberg, Anh Duong, Anne McNally, Nona Summers, and Christian Louboutin. All arrived safely for the opening of Clemente's exhibition the next night at the fabled Archaeological Museum in Naples. Guests including Julian and Olatz Schnabel, Helen Marden, and Lauren Hutton celebrated prodigal son Clemente—who left Naples at age 18—over dinner in a vast restoration room, then toured the downstairs galleries where Clemente's paintings were hung. Lunch on Sunday, originally scheduled to take place on the Diller boat, was moved to the Naples Yacht Club, overlooking a Mediterranean that looked decidedly less perilous in the midday sun. —MICHAEL HOGAN

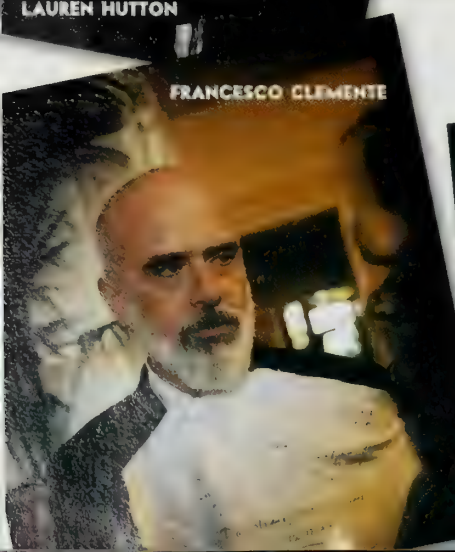
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER



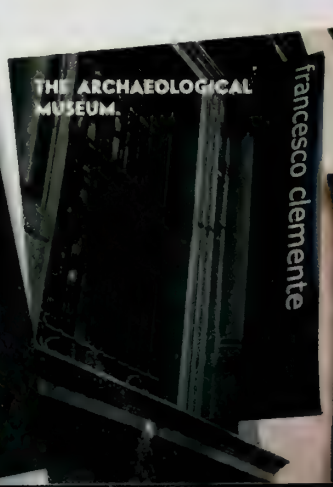
JULIAN SCHNABEL AND LAUREN HUTTON



CLEMENTE'S BIRTHDAY SELF-PORTRAIT, 2001.



FRANCESCO CLEMENTE



THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM.





KATHERINE ROSS AND RICKY CLIFTON



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GIANNI AGNELLI

The leonine overlord of Fiat (the giant Italian conglomerate) was a young playboy, a bon vivant, and an officer during World War II—first for the Axis, then for the Allies—before taking over the family firm in 1966.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HELMUT NEWTON

NOVEMBER 1970



PAMELA HARRIMAN

Few were in a better position to gloat the night this photo was taken—at an exclusive offstage session amid the whirl of the new president's 1993 inaugural balls. The political doyenne of Georgetown, wrote *Vanity Fair*, had "signed [Bill] Clinton to the board of her Democrats for the 80s committee. Now . . . she's presiding over *le tout* Washington for the 90s. Harriman kept the faith and money flowing for more than a decade of Republican rule." For her troubles, the wife of Randolph Churchill, agent-producer Leland Hayward, and businessman-diplomat Averell Harriman would soon be named U.S. ambassador to France.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
MARCH 1993

POWER & INFLUENCE

To celebrate the 20th anniversary of its reincarnation, Vanity Fair presents some of its finest portraits from two decades of covering power and influence, whether the cultural impact of Madonna, the political leadership of Ronald Reagan, or the economic clout of V.F.'s New Establishment moguls. These are the faces that have shaped our era, as seen by some of the world's most talented photographers



Margaret Thatcher

Never before had a woman been elected head of a European nation. The child of a greengrocer and a dressmaker, Britain's Iron Lady stayed the course from 1979 to 1990, through upheavals in Northern Ireland and war in the Falklands—longer than any prime minister since Robert Banks Jenkinson left 10 Downing Street in 1827.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HELMUT NEWTON
JUNE 1991

Bush's War Council

As the fighting raged in distant Afghanistan, the 43rd commander in chief's inner circle set aside 10 precious minutes for a historic *Vanity Fair* photo session. Assembled in the ornate Cabinet Room: Secretary of State Colin Powell, Vice President Dick Cheney, President George W. Bush, National-Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice, White House chief of staff Andrew Card, C.I.A. director George Tenet (seated), and Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
FEBRUARY 2002





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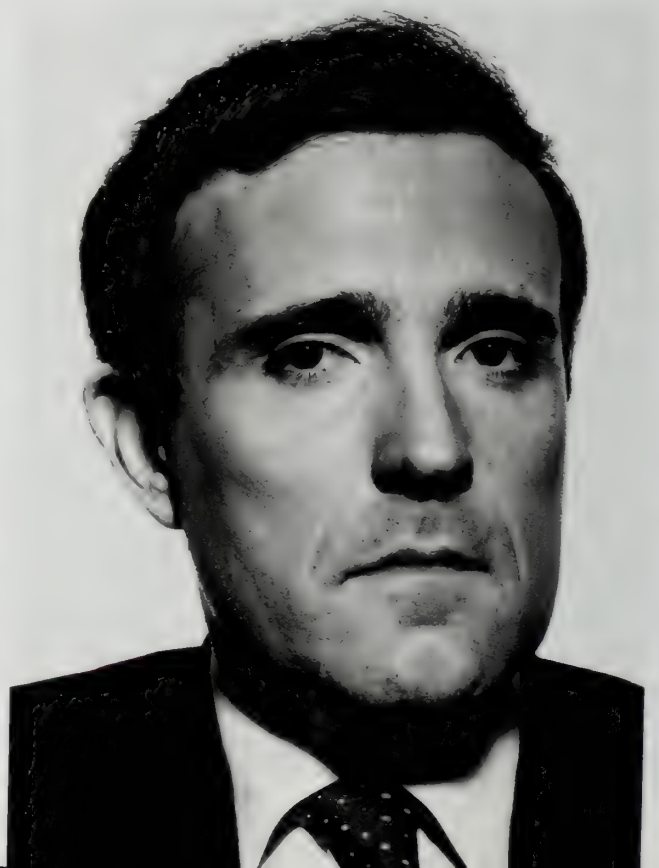
The New Establishment

The 80s and 90s brought great shifts of wealth and power, largely into the hands of a new breed of entrepreneur and visionary. *Vanity Fair* dubbed this emerging network the New Establishment and in 1995 inaugurated its annual rankings of the top 50 leaders of the computer, entertainment, and communications industries. In 1997, members of the digitocracy convened at Allen & Company's yearly summit in Sun Valley, Idaho. Back row (titles held that year): Berkshire Hathaway chairman Warren Buffett, Universal chairman Frank Biondi, Time Warner president Richard Parsons, TCI chairman John Malone, NBC president Bob Wright, Sony Corporation of America president Howard Stringer, Seagram president Edgar Bronfman Jr., Universal president Ron Meyer, Intel chairman Andrew Grove, Warner Bros. chairman Terry Semel, Comcast chairman Ralph Roberts (father of Brian), News Corp. chairman and chief executive Rupert Murdoch. Center row: Microsoft chief technology officer Nathan Myhrvold, Time Warner chairman Gerald Levin, Orca Bay Capital Corp. chairman John McCaw Jr. (brother of Craig), ICM chairman and C.E.O. Jeff Berg, DreamWorks partner David Geffen, Washington Post Company chairwoman Katharine Graham, Microsoft chairman Bill Gates. Front row: Allen & Company C.E.O. Herbert A. Allen, Sony Corporation president and C.O.O. Nobuyuki Idei, H.S.N. chairman Barry Diller, DreamWorks partner Jeffrey Katzenberg.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
OCTOBER 1997

"Dodging death threats and poison pasta, [Giuliani]'s the latter-day Eliot Ness."

—*VANITY FAIR*, DECEMBER 1985.



Rudolph Giuli

Who would have dreamt that this bras 43-year-old U.S. attc would metamorphose into a two-term, tough-as-nails mayo of the city of New Yo becoming the town's spiritual and civic bec in the weeks after the 9/11 attacks?

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL SELKIRK
AUGUST 1987



y-two years. eleven films. a great friendship is a beautiful thing.

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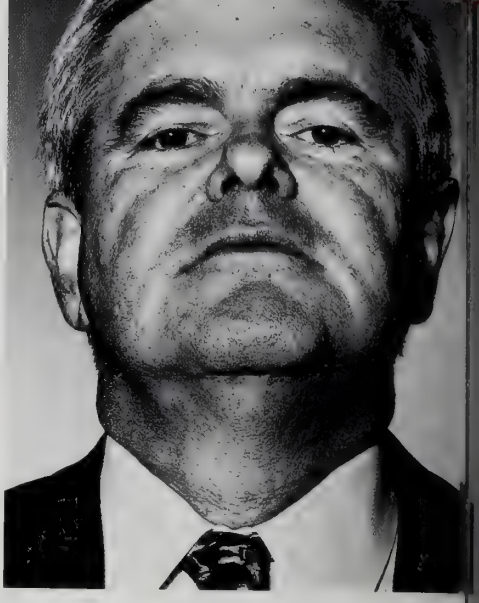
brian grazer. member since 1979.
ron howard. member since 1982.



Madonna

No rebel turned icon—save Mao or Ali—has been more adept at recasting her image over time's long march. Actress, pop star, sexual maverick, doting mom: she's bloomed in each incarnation, all the while pursuing a parallel career as marketplace clairvoyant.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVEN MEISEL
APRIL 1991



Newt Gingrich

In the mid-90s, *V.F.* called him "America's most dominant and least understood political figure." Writer Gail Sheehy compared him to General Patton and John Wayne. As Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives, the Georgia Republican—a voracious history buff, author, and godfather of the conservative Contract with America—was a notorious burr under the saddle of President Bill Clinton.

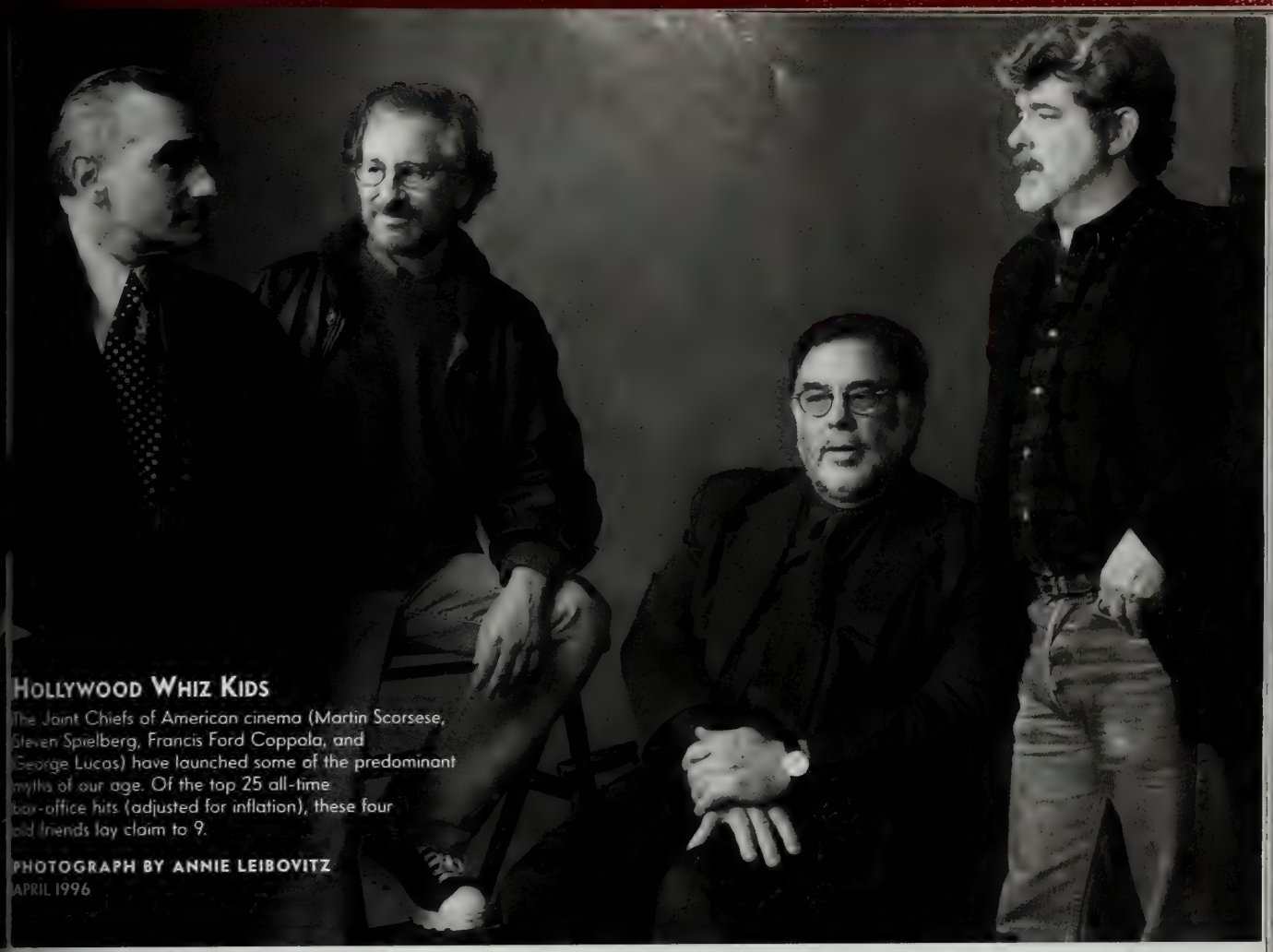
PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD J. BURBRIDGE
SEPTEMBER 1995



Nancy and Ronald Reagan

As the president and First Lady two-stepped to Sinatra's "Nancy (With the Laughing Face)," the camera rendered one of the couple's defining frames and reinforced the notion that D.C.'s power pair, at their very marrow, were consummate actors—and unabashed lovebirds. The cover shot earned *Vanity Fair* rivers of ink, and helped establish it as an arbiter of image and stature within that white-hot cauldron where power and celebrity bubble.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY BENSON
JUNE 1985



HOLLYWOOD WHIZ KIDS

The Joint Chiefs of American cinema (Martin Scorsese, Steven Spielberg, Francis Ford Coppola, and George Lucas) have launched some of the predominant myths of our age. Of the top 25 all-time box-office hits (adjusted for inflation), these four old friends lay claim to 9.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
APRIL 1996

"The ability to blow up the world still grants you a huge amount of sway."

—*VANITY FAIR*, NOVEMBER 1997.



BILL CLINTON AND AL GORE

They governed through eight heady years of prosperity, exporting democracy as they went. They were rent asunder by scandal and impeachment; their rift widened after candidate Gore's loss in the 2000 White House marathon.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
NOVEMBER 1997



“She is the only woman known to have gone up a tree a Princess and come down a Queen.”

—WILLIAM SHAWCROS
VANITY FAIR, JUNE 200

QUEEN ELIZABETH

In our pages, frequent rears the head that wears the crown. Yet Elizabeth II, 75 in this portrait, taken to mark her Golden Jubilee as British sovereign, has reigned supreme among *V.F.*'s long roster of royals.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK LICHFIELD
JUNE 2002



THE ANCHORS

A poor kid with a speech impediment from Webster, South Dakota; an impish oil-field worker from Wharton, Texas; a journalist's son from Toronto. *Vanity Fair* persuaded these three, years later, to pose together. The result: the Mount Rushmore of network news—Tom Brokaw (NBC anchor since September 2, 1983), Dan Rather (CBS anchor since March 9, 1981), and Peter Jennings (ABC anchor since September 5, 1983).

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
DECEMBER 1995



l. water. trees. on the course of life, it is good to have support.

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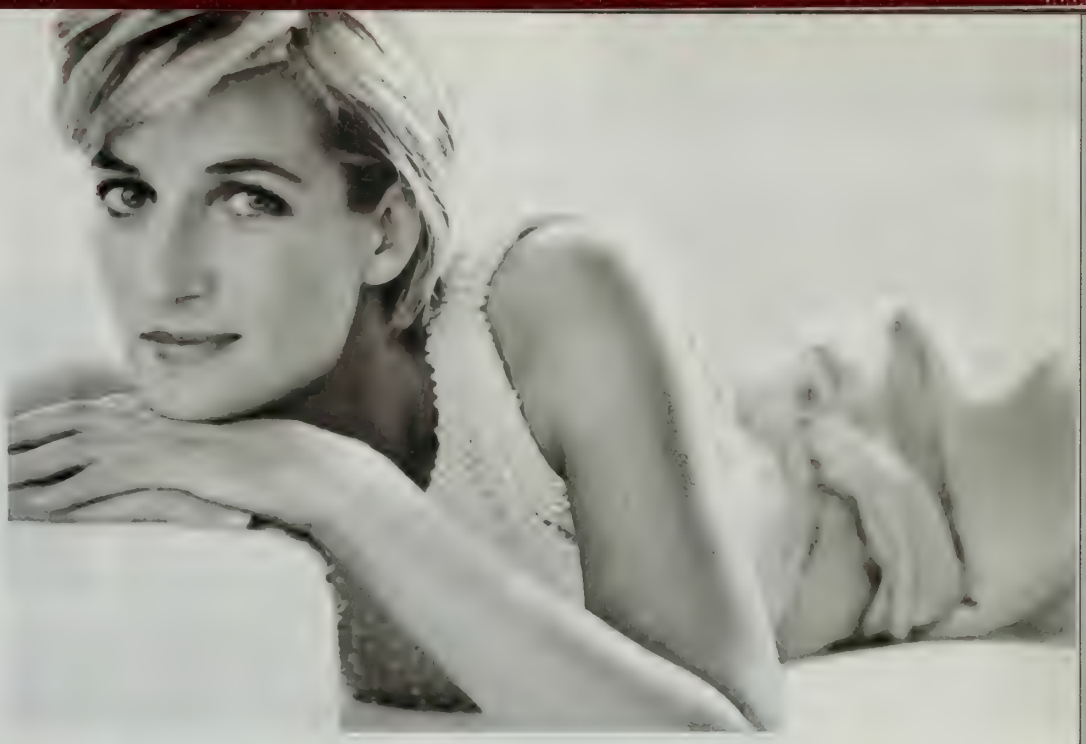


TV's Grand Dames

They empathize, they pry, but, above all, they listen. And Americans bare their souls. For nearly 100 years now, in aggregate, Diane Sawyer, Barbara Walters, and Oprah Winfrey have been lending ears and airwaves to the famous, the newsworthy, and the neglected.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ
NOVEMBER 1998





Princess Diana

Majesty is the coin of the Windsor realm. But Diana's was minted with a special luster. The Princess of Wales, shown here just weeks before she would perish in a car crash, embodied the grace of her station, but possessed fathomless compassion—as well as frailty—that made her as one with her subjects.

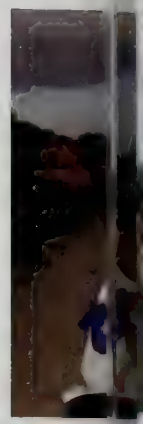
PHOTOGRAPH BY MARIO TESTINO
JULY 1997

ITANS OF TECH

an unprecedented virtual group portrait, *Vanity Fair* gathered pioneers of the Digital Age. From left (each photographed separately): ck Kilby, co-inventor of the computer chip; Arthur Rock, first nture-capital tycoon; Eugene Kleiner and Tom Perkins, founders of e venture-capital firm Kleiner Perkins; Gordon Moore, co-founder and ch guru of Fairchild Semiconductor and Intel; Andrew Grove, Intel croprocessor innovator, considered by many the éminence grise of icon Valley; Douglas Engelbart, inventor of the computer mouse and other desktop benchmarks; Bill Gates and Paul Allen, software barons who co-founded Microsoft; Steve Jobs and Steve Wozniak, co-founders of Apple, who helped popularize the personal computer; Bob Metcalfe, networking visionary who invented Ethernet; Vint Cerf, co-creator of the Internet; Tim Berners-Lee, software-systems expert who conceived the World Wide Web; Linus Torvalds, software revolutionary who created Linux.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTIAN WITKIN
JULY 2000





achievers...





visio



icons...















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VANITIES



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Amy Adams

AGE AND EDUCATION: [illegible] **PROVENANCE:** [illegible] Rock, Colorado [illegible] **A REAL CATCH?** [illegible] and Leonardo DiCaprio [illegible] **A MARIE OR A DONNY OR A MARIE IN THE FAMILY BY ANY CHANCE?** [illegible] [illegible]s, but there's just two of us [in L.A.] professional[illegible] [illegible]t tell them they're not professionals!" **AMY ADAMS, THIS IS YOUR LIFE:** "The thought of Steven Spielberg is a [illegible]ier than the actual person. He's s[illegible] [illegible]e gates was overwhelming: 'Who [illegible] Uh, Steven Spielberg?' It's just so 'T[illegible] **IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WANT TO GET OFF YOUR CHEST?** "I'd love to say it isn't true, but I [illegible] Which is a [illegible] [illegible] Spielberg is directing."

PHOTOGRAPH BY SAM JONES

The Coaster Correspondence

More of the very expensive words of Edwin John Coaster, contributing editor

EDWIN COASTER

November 19, 2002

Dear Graydon:

Good news! I will be in New York for the entire month of December, workshopping Joe Mantello's stage adaptation of my midlife-crisis novel, Prosby's Prostate. We already have Hal Linden reading as Prosby, and we're holding out for Candy Bergen and Mary-Louise Parker as the first two wives. Anyhoo, I'm looking forward to being in town for the V.F. Christmas party for a change; I think it'll be a good opportunity for me to clear the air with Dominica, who I haven't seen since the balaclava incident. My lady psychotherapist says I need to "seek Mr. Dunne's absolution" to move on, and he hasn't answered my letters, so's I'm thinking this is my big chance. So when's the party, pardner? You can send my invite to the Hudson Hotel, where I'll be checking in in a coupla days' time.

Cheers,

Ed

Sara — he cannot be in the same room as Nicole. — Let's discuss. G.

VANITY FAIR

SARA MARKS
DIRECTOR OF SPECIAL PROJECTS

Graydon:

2 December 2

Our initial strategy to throw Ed off the scent of the Xmas party has failed despite our best efforts to slip him a false date and tell him the party was staff-only anyway, he learned of the correct date and location from Brian McNally, who ran into Ed at Café Lebowitz and asked him if he'd be at the party. So, Ed called back, got Audrey in my office, patronizingly told her that she'd been mistaken, poor girl, and asked her how old she was. Then he invited her to his suite at the Hudson for a drink.

Which leads us to Strategy No. 2. I've consulted with our esteemed architect friend Basil Walter, and together he and I have come up with a plan to keep Dominick from ever noticing Ed at the party, and vice versa. I'll let Basil explain the rest. (See attachment.)

BW
Basil Walter Architects

Graydon:

Decer

First of all, thanks for this unique design opportunity—I've never been a deter someone's entrance into a party space, and consider it an exciting ar challenge. What Sara and I have come up with is an undulating temporar fashioned of translucent polyurethane cellular panels, that will effectively di room into two distinct spaces. (See drawing below.) The wall will begin just the coat-check area, with the larger, more brightly lit dining-and-dancing sec the right, and a smaller, more darkly lit bar section to the left, where Sara's set up a conspicuous display of Blanton's bourbon bottles. This setup, couple the stationing of attractive female editonal assistants along the leftward wall pa will have the effect of siphoning Ed off to a smaller, seemingly "more exclusive" section of the party. You, meanwhile, will be stationed rightward to greet Dominic and escort him to the other side.

Once Ed is in the "Blanton's bar," he will be greeted by an editor—David Friend has volunteered—who will engage him in a lengthy conversation about sor spurious, potentially lucrative *V.F.*-imprint book project. I'm borrowing some nice ergonomic club chairs from Finland that will keep Ed (and David) very comfortable so that this conversation will go on a long time. I am also lining the walls of this area with some velvet-upholstered clown-stripe couches whose seats incline upward from back to front. This incline, along with the frictional qualities of the velvet, will ensure that the female staffers' skirts ride up slightly when they sit on the couches, thereby detaining Ed further and quashing any thoughts he might have of working the other side of the party.

Let me know what you think of this plan and if we need to do more—we could always knock Ed out with a faulty lighting rig.

Basil

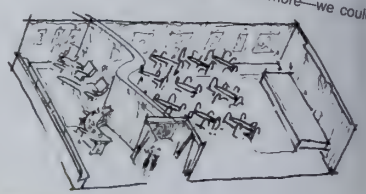




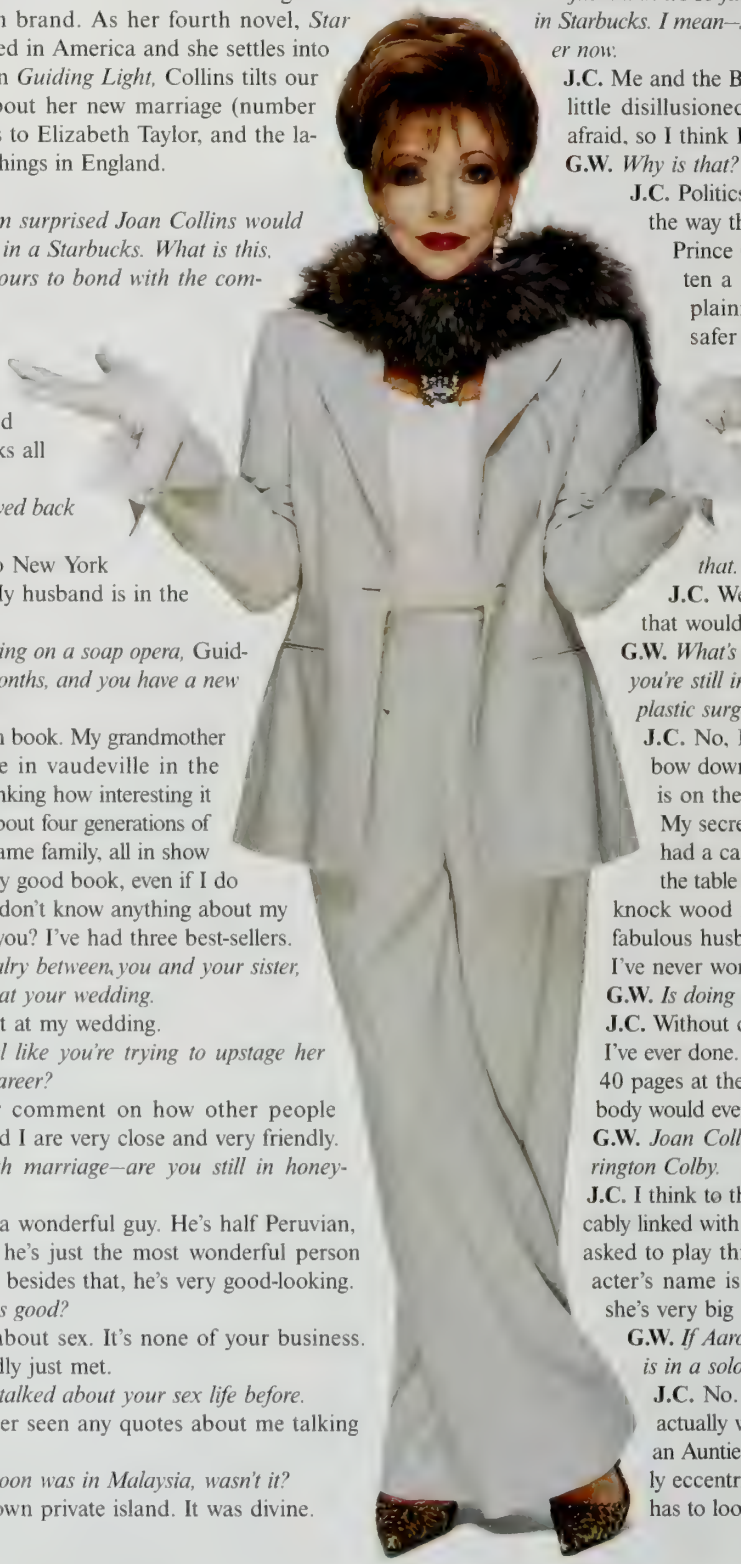
ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER


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GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

Empress Joan

From her role as the evil Alexis Colby on *Dynasty* to the real-life soap of her existence documented in the pages of the world's tabloids, Joan Collins's crisp Britishness and soft-focus sexual languor have become their own brand. As her fourth novel, *Star Quality,* is published in America and she settles into a six-month run on *Guiding Light,* Collins tilts our columnist's ear about her new marriage (number five), comparisons to Elizabeth Taylor, and the lamentable state of things in England.



George Wayne: *I'm surprised Joan Collins would want to meet G.W. in a Starbucks. What is this, some attempt of yours to bond with the common folk?*

Joan Collins: I'm just one of the common folk, honey. My husband and I come to Starbucks all the time.

G.W. *So you've moved back to New York.*

J.C. I've moved to New York from California. My husband is in the theater here.

G.W. *You're appearing on a soap opera,* Guiding Light, *for six months, and you have a new book,* Star Quality.

J.C. This is my 10th book. My grandmother and my aunt were in vaudeville in the 1900s. I started thinking how interesting it would be to write about four generations of women, from the same family, all in show business. It's a really good book, even if I do say so myself. You don't know anything about my writing career, do you? I've had three best-sellers.

G.W. *Is there a rivalry between you and your sister, Jackie? She wasn't at your wedding.*

J.C. No, she wasn't at my wedding.

G.W. *Does she feel like you're trying to upstage her with your writing career?*

J.C. I never, ever comment on how other people think. My sister and I are very close and very friendly.

G.W. *And this fifth marriage—are you still in honeymoon mode?*

J.C. Yes. Percy is a wonderful guy. He's half Peruvian, half Scottish, and he's just the most wonderful person I've ever met. And besides that, he's very good-looking.

G.W. *And the sex is good?*

J.C. I never talk about sex. It's none of your business. George, we've hardly just met.

G.W. *Joan, you've talked about your sex life before.*

J.C. You have never seen any quotes about me talking about sex.

G.W. *Your honeymoon was in Malaysia, wasn't it?*

J.C. We had our own private island. It was divine.

G.W. *It never bothers you that Percy is no older than your first son?*

J.C. It might have crossed our minds in the beginning, but not anymore.

G.W. *I just think it's so funny that I'm sitting with Joan Collins in Starbucks. I mean—she's too much. And she's a New Yorker now.*

J.C. Me and the Big Apple—we belong together. I'm a little disillusioned with my country right now, I'm afraid, so I think I'd rather be here.

G.W. *Why is that?*

J.C. Politics, really. I'm not really happy about the way things are going over there. Not even Prince Charles is happy about it. He's written a hundred letters to Tony Blair complaining about everything. I feel much safer here than I do in London, where we're having a horrible spate of muggings.

G.W. *Has it ever bothered you, being considered the poor man's Elizabeth Taylor?*

J.C. Who ever said that?

G.W. *Cynics, your critics, have said that.*

J.C. Well, about 30 years ago, yes, maybe that would have bothered me.

G.W. *What's the beauty secret, Joan? You look like you're still in your 40s. Would you ever admit to plastic surgery?*

J.C. No, I would never admit it. I refuse to bow down to the ageist theory that everybody is on the slag heap by the time they are 60. My secret is that I'm very happy. I've always had a career where I was able to put food on the table for my children. I have good health—knock wood many, many times. I have the most fabulous husband, great family and friends. And I've never worked as hard.

G.W. *Is doing a daytime soap so difficult?*

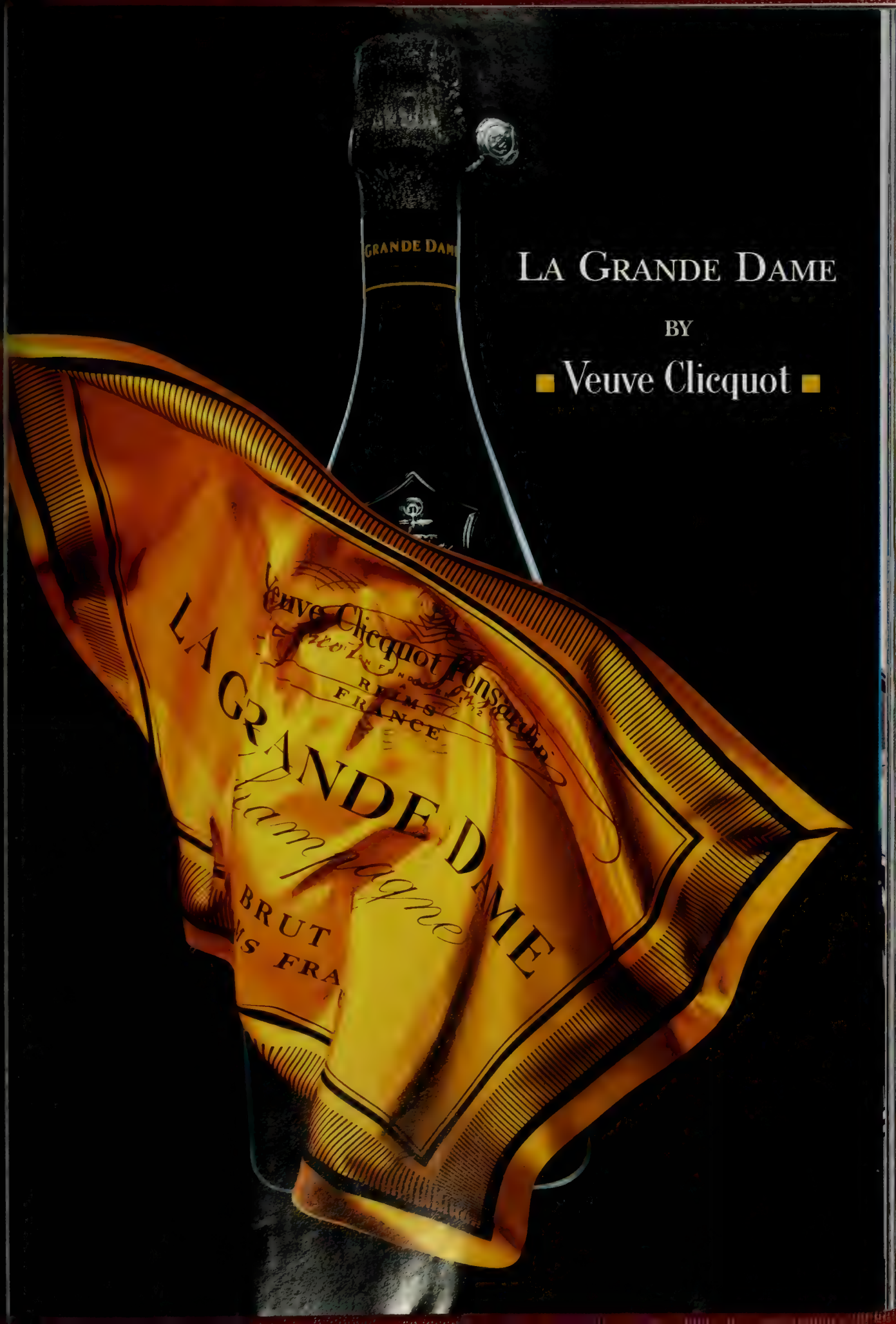
J.C. Without question it's the most difficult acting I've ever done. You are learning and shooting 30 to 40 pages at the same time, without cue cards. Nobody would ever get Alzheimer's working on a soap.

G.W. *Joan Collins can never get rid of Alexis Carrington Colby.*

J.C. I think to the public, unfortunately, I am irrevocably linked with that character. And that's why I was asked to play this part in *Guiding Light.* The character's name is Alexandra. She is very 1983, and she's very big on Alexis. And that's fine with me.

G.W. *If Aaron Spelling asked you to reprise Alexis in a solo starring vehicle, would you?*

J.C. No. What I would like to do, and I've actually written the treatment myself, is to do an Auntie Mame character. A vivacious, slightly eccentric and mad character who suddenly has to look after a couple of kids.


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Intelligence Report: THE DICTATORS



TITLE	Glorious Leader	President	Dictator for Life	Dear Leader	Commander
SIGNATURE LOOK	Desert Fox	Gray suit, polka-dot tie, Church's shoes	Fatigues, de Gaulle–style kepi	Gray button-front pajama suit	Brooks Brother button in gr
GIFT TO HIS PEOPLE	A Koran written in his blood	Wife is patron of national tennis program	Six-hour speeches	$90 million Dear Leader memorial park	Paul O'
BIG COOL FRIEND	Europe	Colonel Qaddafi	Gabriel García Márquez	The second-richest man in China, Yang Bin	Rummy
LITTLE BUDDY	Yasser	Queen Elizabeth II	Gérard Depardieu	"Pretty nurse"/ attendant	Dubya
OBSESSION	Indoor fountains, streams, and waterfalls	Lottery fixing	Watergate	James Bond	Unexploited ener assets
HAIR INSPIRATION	Wayne Newton	Robert Guillaume	Rasputin	Heat Miser	Mr. Burns
PICKUP LINE	"I submit to your unrestricted inspection."	"A confiscated farm for the pretty lady?"	"You know, Che was a very good friend of mine."	"Wanna ride on the Axis of Evil?"	"The vice-presider just my day jol
HOME	Different palace every night	The Iron Mask Estate	Palacio de la Revolución	Seven-story mansion with karaoke wave pool	Undisclo locatic
SIGNATURE ACCESSORY	Dwarf cameraman	White gloves	Side-arm holster	Shoe lifts	Defibrillating shock paddles
HOBBY	Romantic-novel writing	Cricket	Cold War reminiscences	Boogie Boarding in indoor wave pool	Fly-fishing
ENEMY	43 and 41	Nelson Mandela	The Miami relatives	Kim Dae Jung	Colin Powell
MERCEDES OF CHOICE	Black limo with running board and curtained windows	600 Pullman	Limo	S 600	Lincoln, "the American Merced
FAVORITE FOOD	Fish with Mateus rosé	Papaya candy	Homemade pasta and shrimp	Fruit and turtles	Meat and potat
LICENSE-PLATE FRAME	Scud stud on board	My way or Zimbabwe	Dictators do it for life!	Have you hugged your Dear Leader today?	Too blesse to be stres
POSSE	Look-alike army	Green Bomber Youth Brigade	Young Communist League	Microminiskirted palace-girl bands	Halliburton boar

–ADAM LEFF and RICHARD RUSHFIELD


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Intelligence Report: THE DICTATORS



	[illegible]	ROBERT MUGABE	FIDEL CASTRO	KIM JONG IL	[illegible]
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HOME	Different palace every night	The Iron Mask Estate	Palacio de la Revolución	Seven-story mansion with karaoke wave pool	Und… lo…
SIGNATURE ACCESSORY	Dwarf cameraman	White gloves	Side-arm holster	Shoe lifts	Defibrillati… shock paddles
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FAVORITE FOOD	Fish with Mateus rosé	Papaya candy	Homemade pasta and shrimp	Fruit and turtles	Meat and p…
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POSSE	Look-alike army	Green Bomber Youth Brigade	Young Communist League	Microminiskirted palace-girl bands	Halliburton

–ADAM LEFF and RICHARD RUSHF


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December 8, 2002

Warm holiday greetings to all our friends and family.

Ah, the holidays . . . This is a time of year when even I, the Foul Fiend, get caught up in the Christmas spirit and turn all joyful and merry—I go to the bad place. But why? *Why?* It's been another great year for us here at the fire that never shall be quenched! The reputation of the priesthood was besmirched. Newt Gingrich signed a three-year deal with Fox News. M&M's announced that the next color in its lineup would be Barney. In short, this year has proved that the satanic way is hipper and hotter than ever; hey, they don't call me an *out*fidel, baby!

Much news from our kids. We're especially proud this year of our eldest, a high-ranking executive at Enron, whose malfeasance has blossomed into a dizzying miasma of litigation and shareholder loss. You *go!* Way to honor the bottomless pit! Scorch it, guy! Make it ash! We've *loved* watching the tangled near demise of Tyco, WorldCom, ImClone, and Adelphia; this is corporate law's Paris in the 20s! (And I guess the joy was too great to be contained by the corporate world alone: did you read that the late composer John Cage's publisher claimed that the musician Mike Batt's minute-long silence on his CD sounded suspiciously like the four and a half minutes of silence on one of Cage's seminal works? *Love* it! Litig*a*tion? I call it litig*o*tion!)

Our older daughter has had a big year, too, working for James Traficant, whose delightful blend of subterfuge and fraud saw him divested of his House membership *and* his toupee: agony-a-go-go! (I wonder if Mr. Traficant's fellow convicts helped him with the campaign for re-election he ran from prison? . . . Would have *loved* to have seen a heavyset felon tell Mr. Traficant, "I stuffed 5,000 envelopes for you, so you're my bitch now.")

You may remember how our younger son was taking a photography class at the local Y a while back? Well, he learned how to develop his own prints and, finding some topless shots of his ex-girlfriend, Miss North Carolina, Rebekah Revels, sent them to pageant officials, and—*ta-da!*—she no longer has that title! (Scorch! Cinders-ella!) As I always say to my artistically inclined friends: if you can touch just *one* life with your work . . .

Our youngest has been a joy to us this year, too: she wrote the Britney Spears movie *Crossroads*! Did you see it? I give it three and a half pitchforks! What a year for writers—Pamela Anderson got her own magazine column; a Chicago woman released a CD of toilet-training tunes called *I Gotta Go;* and someone at the New Jersey newspaper *The Trentonian* headlined an article about a fire at a psychiatric hospital ROASTED NUTS. My fave, though? Convicted Watergate felon Charles Colson wrote an essay in *Christianity Today* denouncing our country's growing "epidemic of lying." You *tell 'em,* Chuck! "Hello, Kettle? You're black!" (PS: It turns out Colson had a little help with the article—he had a ghostwriter. Three-faced is the new two-faced!)

And what have *I* been doing this year? I have devoted my every waking hour to Brad Pitt's beard beads. You know, it was a great source of irritation to me in the 1970s that my efforts to popularize macramé never took permanent root—an issue I deal with daily in my anger-management class. But, for now: beard beads. Oh, I've had such high hopes for this new, fashion-conscious direction in my work—I envisioned dreadlocks for Ben Affleck and body glitter for Katie Couric, but it was "No" and "No"; I also wanted to put singer Erykah Badu in a lot of beige and pale-rose Eileen Fisher pantsuits, but it was Erykah Ba*don't.* Am I bitter that no one listens? No. I am bigger than that.

As for the wife (who got *very* excited about the $1 million sandals that Stuart Weitzman designed this spring, but, alas: no sale), she's taking a holiday break from her two projects—trying to bring back dangerous children's toys taken off the market, and co-writing a book with Alan Dershowitz. Seeing her this relaxed and happy? *Better* than watching *The Sopranos'* Adriana vomit all over the F.B.I. agents. *Better* than the floral displays at John Gotti's funeral. Yes, Mrs. S. and I are keeping the home fires burning. Because the best Christmases are never white, they are red. Fiery red.

Holiday tidings to all,

Lucifer

—HENRY ALFORD

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Holy Shiite! Iraq Prepares for War

World-famous journalist Neal Pollack goes behind enemy lines



BAGHDAD, Iraq—As I exit onto the tarmac at Saddam International Airport, my ears are alert for the sounds of artillery, and possibly screaming women. I can discern neither. The war hasn't started, unless it has, but that seems unlikely, because someone probably would have told me. My sources have always been excellent. With a fat per diem, and an animal of a paycheck waiting for me at home, I've come to the belly of the enemy to find out what the enemy thinks about when you're in its belly. It's important for an invading country to really know its opponents as people, not as hastily sketched stereotypes. I want to tell the truth about Iraq.

A banner greets me. It reads, in both English and Arabic, DOWN WITH U.S.A. Next to it, another says, U.S.A. SUCKS, and a third, WELCOME, DEMOCRATIC CONGRESSMEN. I ignore that one, but think about the first two.

"They hate us," I whisper to myself. I know that secret eyes are watching me, but I keep whispering anyway, "They also fear us."

As I enter the airport, I'm confronted with a six-person security detail, the first of many dangers I will encounter in this unstable, troubled land. They pin me to the wall. One of them places a knee dangerously close to my vital region.

"Anything to claim, journalist?," the captain hisses.

"Oh, no," I say. "Nothing important. But I prefer to think of myself as not just a journalist, but an essayist who uses field reporting to illuminate larger truths."

The captain nicks my left ear with a rusty knife. He looks at me as though I were a precious foreign object, which, to some extent, I am.

"Are you an American?," he says.

"Reluctantly," I say.

"Do you think there will be war?"

"Yes," I say, with inevitability. "You'll be dead by Ramada

From the back window of my taxicab, Baghdad seems v influenced by American pop culture from exactly two ye ago. Schoolgirls walk down the street arm in arm, wearing col ful bandannas that read "Kucha" and "Ogakor." A billbo advertises the Sega Dreamcast as "the future of gaming."

On the radio, an announcer says, CONTINUED ON PAGE

NIGHT TABLE READING



PETER MORTON
owner, Hard Rock Hotel and Casino, Las Vegas

Boswell's London Journal: 1762–1763, by James Boswell, edited by Frederick A. Pottle (Yale). "After having lived in London for 10 years, this is a wonderful and historic insight into London as seen by a young man seeking independence in the 1700s."

TRACEY ROSS
boutique owner

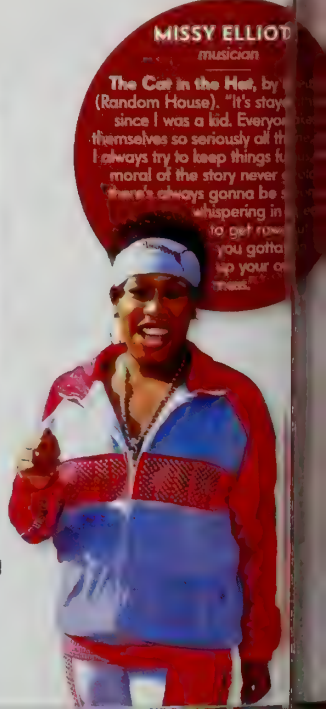
Serge Gainsbourg: A Fistful of Gitanes, by Sylvie Simmons (Da Capo). "I love his music and play it in the store constantly. A true poet, a pop genius, he was and is part of French history and culture."





TAKI THEODORACOPULOS
co-editor, The American Conservative

Montenegro: The Divided Land, by Thomas Fleming (Chronicles Press). "Throughout the dark days of five centuries of persecution and oppression, Montenegrins refused to surrender their Christian religion and Serbian identity."



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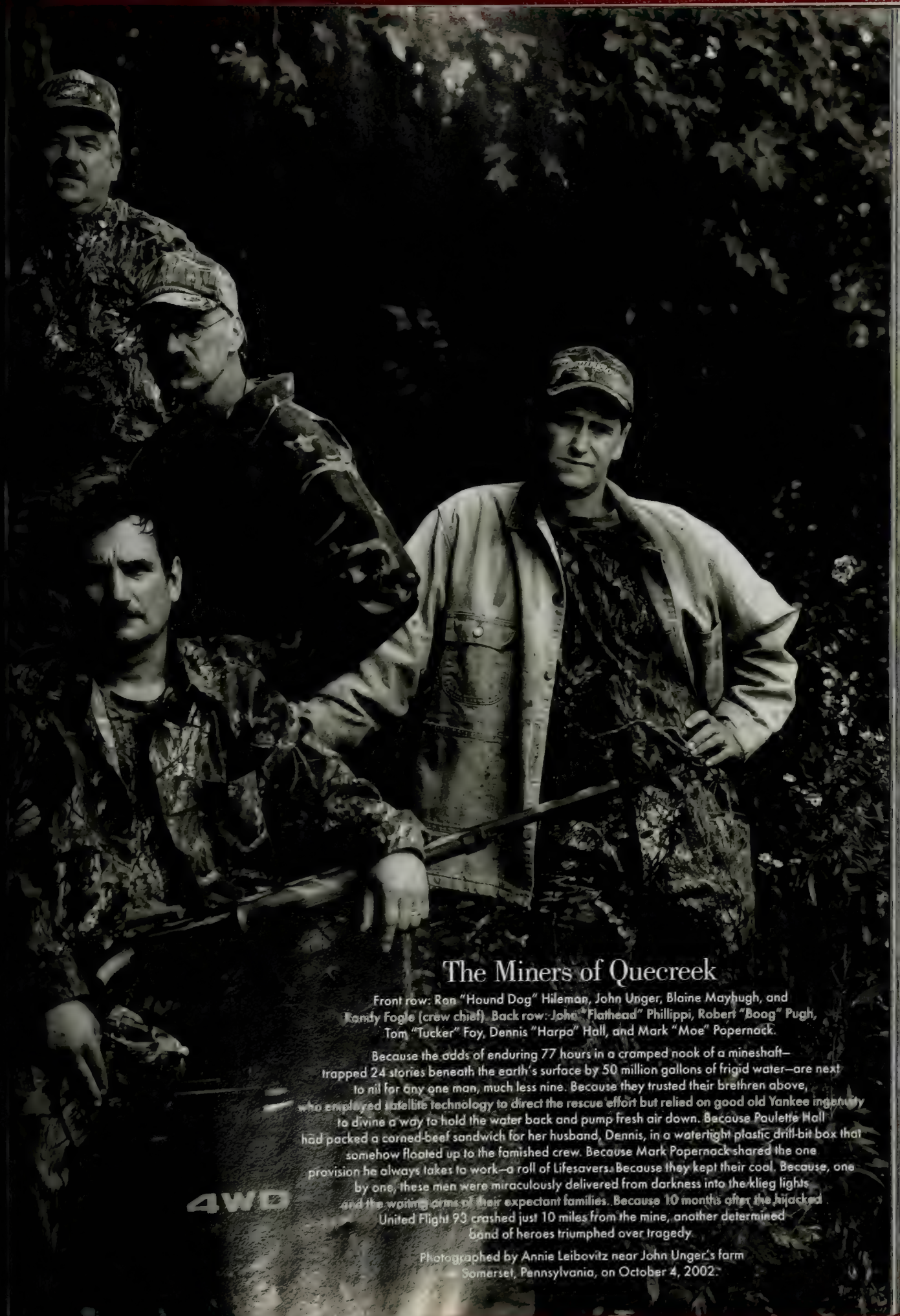
VANITY FAIR
DECEMBER 2002

Hall of Fame

Read it forward or backward: 2002 had Americans oking both ways, whether they were boarding a plane, contributing to a 401(k), or deciding what really matters in life. But Lance Armstrong, the U.S. soccer team, and Alice Sebold proved the future trumps the past. Nine coal miners became a band of heroes with a happy ending, while Thomas L. Friedman made sense of a frighteningly combustible world, Elliot Spitzer forced thieving C.E.O.'s to take the perp walk, and Nia Vardalos just made everyone wish they were big, fat, and Greek. Ouzo all around!

PORTRAITS BY
ANNIE LEIBOVITZ,
HERB RITTS, JONAS KARLSSON,
AND OTHERS





The Miners of Quecreek

Front row: Ron "Hound Dog" Hileman, John Unger, Blaine Mayhugh, and Randy Fogle (crew chief). Back row: John "Flathead" Phillippi, Robert "Boog" Pugh, Tom "Tucker" Foy, Dennis "Harpo" Hall, and Mark "Moe" Popernack.

Because the odds of enduring 77 hours in a cramped nook of a mineshaft—trapped 24 stories beneath the earth's surface by 50 million gallons of frigid water—are next to nil for any one man, much less nine. Because they trusted their brethren above, who employed satellite technology to direct the rescue effort but relied on good old Yankee ingenuity to divine a way to hold the water back and pump fresh air down. Because Paulette Hall had packed a corned-beef sandwich for her husband, Dennis, in a watertight plastic drill-bit box that somehow floated up to the famished crew. Because Mark Popernack shared the one provision he always takes to work—a roll of Lifesavers. Because they kept their cool. Because, one by one, these men were miraculously delivered from darkness into the klieg lights and the waiting arms of their expectant families. Because 10 months after the hijacked United Flight 93 crashed just 10 miles from the mine, another determined band of heroes triumphed over tragedy.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz near John Unger's farm Somerset, Pennsylvania, on October 4, 2002.

4WD

Nia Vardalos

Because the unexpected success of her self-written acting vehicle, *My Big Fat Greek Wedding* (based on her one-woman show of the same name), proves that pop culture can still cough up a surprise or two in spite of a when movie audiences have been otherwise carpet-bombed into submission by studio marketing campaigns. Because "unexpected" doesn't do justice to a little $5 million independent that had "late-night-reruns-on-Bravo" written all over it. Because her picture has instead racked up more than $140 million at the box office and become, pound for pound, arguably the year's biggest hit. Because she didn't sell her script to the producer who wanted to make *My Big Fat Italian Wedding*. Because she didn't change her name to Vardalez—and then lose the part to Jennifer Lopez anyway—for *My Big Fat Puerto Rican Wedding*. Because she can do more with a reaction shot than any performer since Jack Benny. Because showbiz Cinderella stories are only predictable when they're in front of the camera.

Photographed by Herb Ritts in West Hollywood on October 1, 2002



Alice Sebold

Because her first novel, *The Lovely Bones*, shot past Tom Clancy to the top of the best-seller lists and stayed there, with more than two million copies in print. Because Susie Salmon, the unlikely narrator, is a raped and murdered 14-year-old watching over her family and friends from heaven. Because Sebold's well-received first book, *Lucky*, was a memoir about her own rape as a college freshman. Because her portrayal of a small community's response to a personal tragedy speaks to readers still coming to grips with a national one. Because the world she envisions in *The Lovely Bones*—a troubled but ultimately benevolent place where the dead cheer us on, love conquers weakness, and calamity gives way to growth—is just what we needed.

Photographed by Norman Jean Roy in New York City on September 27, 2002.





Hairspray

Mary Bond Davis (Motormouth Maybelle), Kerry Butler (Penny Pingleton), Marissa Jaret Winokur (Tracey Turnblad), Matthew Morrison (Link Larkin), Corey Reynolds (Seaweed), Harvey Fierstein (Edna Turnblad), and Dick Latessa (Wilbur Turnblad).

Because, for the second straight year, Broadway has come up with a new musical comedy worthy of the genre's Zero Mostel–Judy Holliday heyday. Because Marc Shaiman and Scott Wittman's songs, Mark O'Donnell and Thomas Meehan's book, Jack O'Brien's direction, and Jerry Mitchell's choreography are Exhibits A, B, C, and D in how to fashion a big, effervescent show that not only nods to Broadway's past but also advances the form. Because, as the emergence of the tireless plus-size dynamo Marissa Jaret Winokur proves, the theater is still capable of producing stars in a way that film and TV can't. Because Harvey Fierstein is Divine and then some. Because *Hairspray* provides opportunity for a huge, terrific multi-racial cast without any P.C. solemnity. Because Baltimore has long cried out to be the setting for a musical. Because, with each further bouquet he receives, John Waters moves that much closer to being selected for the Kennedy Center Honors.

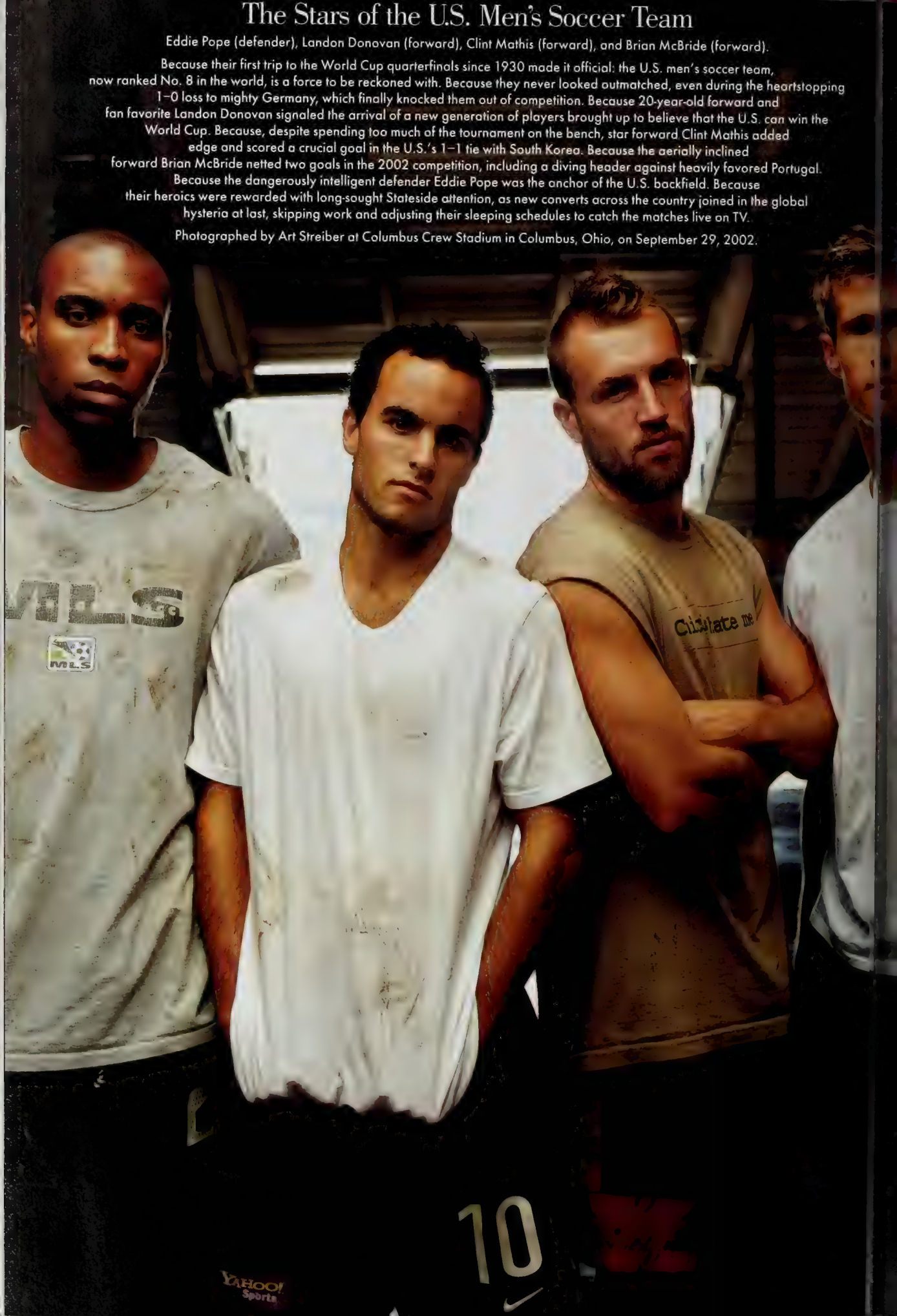
Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at the Neil Simon Theatre in New York City on October 3, 2002.

The Stars of the U.S. Men's Soccer Team

Eddie Pope (defender), Landon Donovan (forward), Clint Mathis (forward), and Brian McBride (forward).

Because their first trip to the World Cup quarterfinals since 1930 made it official: the U.S. men's soccer team, now ranked No. 8 in the world, is a force to be reckoned with. Because they never looked outmatched, even during the heartstopping 1–0 loss to mighty Germany, which finally knocked them out of competition. Because 20-year-old forward and fan favorite Landon Donovan signaled the arrival of a new generation of players brought up to believe that the U.S. can win the World Cup. Because, despite spending too much of the tournament on the bench, star forward Clint Mathis added edge and scored a crucial goal in the U.S.'s 1–1 tie with South Korea. Because the aerially inclined forward Brian McBride netted two goals in the 2002 competition, including a diving header against heavily favored Portugal. Because the dangerously intelligent defender Eddie Pope was the anchor of the U.S. backfield. Because their heroics were rewarded with long-sought Stateside attention, as new converts across the country joined in the global hysteria at last, skipping work and adjusting their sleeping schedules to catch the matches live on TV.

Photographed by Art Streiber at Columbus Crew Stadium in Columbus, Ohio, on September 29, 2002.





Steve Fossett

Because, after five failed attempts, one of which ended with his plummeting 29,000 feet into the Coral Sea off Australia, he finally succeeded this summer in achieving the first solo round-the-world balloon flight. Because two weeks later the 58-year-old Chicago options trader was right back at it, this time attempting to fly a glider into the stratosphere using the polar vortex. Because this ain't no midlife crisis: since swimming the English Channel at age 41, he has mushed a dogsled in Alaska's Iditarod, proved his mettle in Hawaii's Ironman Triathlon, taken the wheel at the 24 Hours at Le Mans auto race, twice climbed Everest (though not to the summit—yet), set multiple world records as an airline pilot, and established himself as a pre-eminent speed sailor with a C.V. that includes the transatlantic mark from New York to England: 4 days, 17 hours, 28 minutes, and 6 seconds. Because he is neither seeking thrills nor courting danger; his lone goal, he claims, is personal achievement based on skill and effort, which explains why he refuses to bungee-jump and loathes roller coasters.

Photographed by Jonas Karlsson in Vail, Colorado, on September 8, 2002.



The Wildfire Fighter

Dana Pickel

Because, as wildfires torched 3.7 million acres across the West this year, she answered the call in Colorado, California, Oregon, Minnesota, Utah, Wyoming, Montana, and Washington. Because she is one of only three active female fire air-tanker co-pilots—the ones who skirt the treetops dropping fire retardant (in her case, 2,450 gallons of a sticky, red, nitrogen-based compound from the belly of her Lockheed P2V-5 Neptune). Because she showed up for work after losing dear friends in two horrific air-tanker crashes this summer, both of which were captured on film and replayed in slow motion on the evening news. Because when she flies she wears a gift from her mother: a medal of Saint Christopher. Because from June through October she leaves her children (aged 15, 13, and 9) with her computer-programmer husband in Washoe Valley, Nevada, heads off to Missoula, Montana, and is dispatched to wherever wildfires burn out of control, pulling nine-hour shifts, six days on, one day off, and flying upwards of 20 missions a day. Because she long ago gave up on her schoolgirl dream of becoming a secretary and driving a Mustang.

Photographed by Jonas Karlsson at Neptune Aviation's ramp at the Missoula International Airport, Montana, on September 13, 2002.

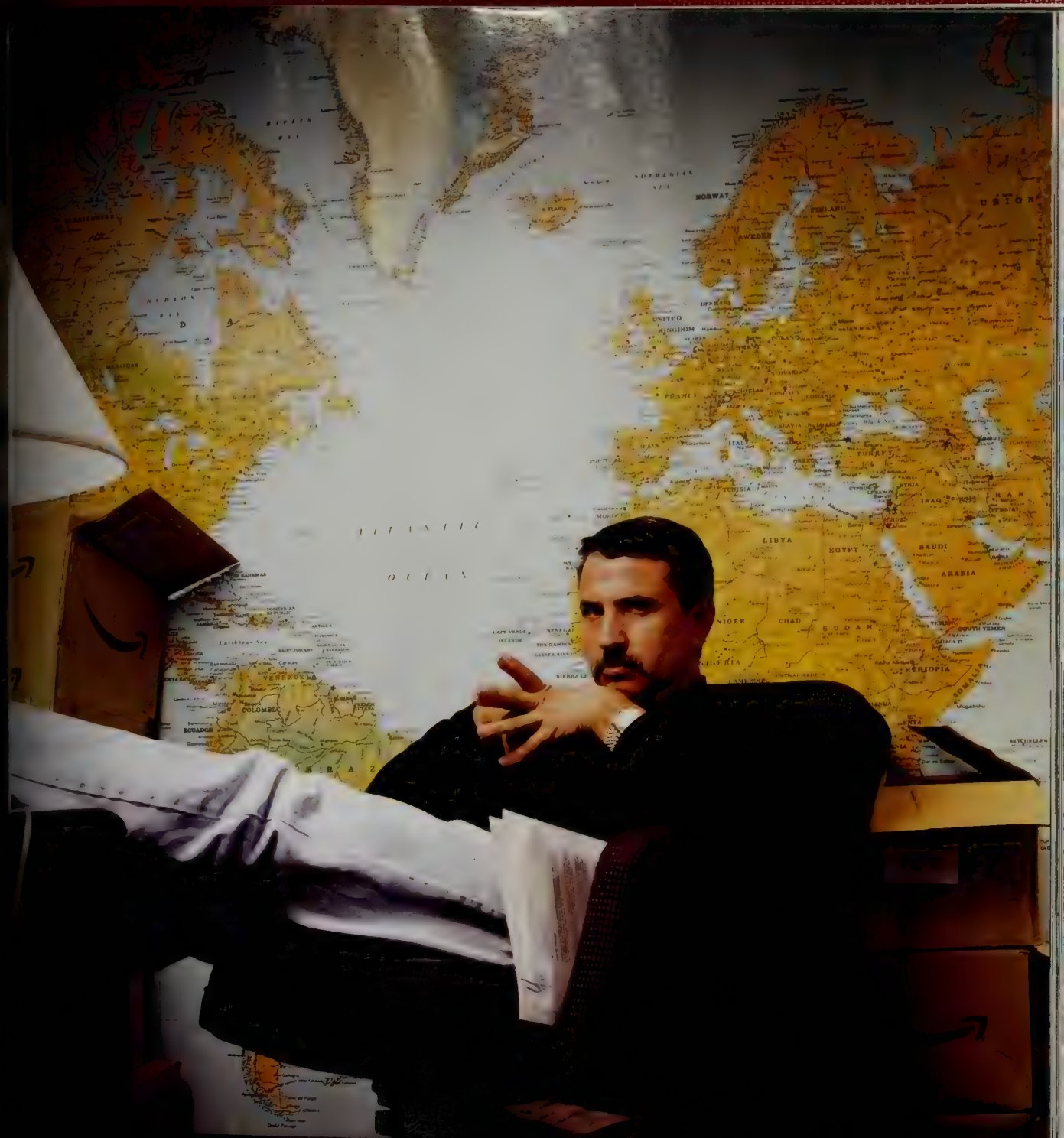


Eliot Spitzer

Because, in an age when "the public interest" has come to be defined by the needs of Augusta National's membership rolls, it's only sporting that at least one government official be inclined to quibble with gluttonous telecom C.E.O.'s, rapacious pharmaceutical companies, and certain midwestern utilities that are only too happy to let their smog and acid rain drift eastward to the Empire State (*ahem*). Because, as New York State's attorney general, he's becoming to Wall Street's injudicious present what former federal prosecutor Rudolph Giuliani was to its injudicious past (substituting a stiff grin for the old snarl). Because, when he took up the issue of conflict of interest among stock analysts who double as shills for their firms' investment divisions, and then released a string of damningly frank Merrill Lynch E-mails, he provided readers with the most unintentionally hilarious narrative since Lewinsky-Tripp. Because, if the harshest criticism you can come up with is that he's "ambitious," well, what did you expect? Because this is New York, bub.

Photographed in his office in Lower Manhattan by Nigel Parry on September 24, 2002.





Thomas L. Friedman

Because, after seven years as *The New York Times*'s foreign-affairs columnist, he has come into his own as the country's best newspaper columnist, period. Because the horrors of September 11 snapped him into focus, compelling him to write heartfelt, readable, often personal essays (many of them collected in his new best-seller, *Longitudes and Attitudes*) on how this could have happened, and what do we do now? Because he's unafraid to put himself on the line, writing prescriptive columns about how to resolve the Israeli-Palestinian conflict and how to assist moderate Muslims in fostering pro-modernization revolutions in their own countries—even though this wins him the ridicule of gutless think-tankers and moldy bureau hacks who accuse him of having a messiah complex. Because he *deserved* the 2002 Pulitzer Prize for commentary, and didn't get it just because of his *Times* imprimatur. Because he treats the perilous state of global affairs with an energized earnestness—which is precisely what Americans want and need right now.

Photographed in the office of *The New York Times*'s Washington, D.C., bureau by Jonas Karlsson on September 15, 2002.



The Osbournes

Kelly, Ozzy, Sharon, and Jack Osbourne with Minnie, their Pomeranian, and an MTV camera crew

Because Ozzy, Sharon, Jack, and Kelly have given us the only reality-TV program that smacks of actual reality, not of the narcissistic posturings of show-business aspirants preening through some network-contrived elimination contest. Because not even the most acute case of overexposure since Regis's monochromed "Is that your final answer?" heyday can take away from the found-object comedic brilliance of *The Osbournes*, now in its second season on MTV. Because paterfamilias Ozzy, despite being a serious drug casualty who carries himself, as one British magazine put it, "like a full-nappied toddler," is a touchingly decent man. Because Sharon, currently telling cancer to *fack awf*, is a pistol, the show's true star. Because Jack and Kelly, chunky and profane, awkward yet shrewd, wayward yet loving, are the most representative American teens on television—despite having vast wealth and English accents. Because "Sharunnnnn!" has now taken its place in the American lexicon alongside "Stella!," "Wilma!," and "To the moon, Alice!"

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at the Beverly Hills Hotel on October 7, 2002.



The Riverkeepers

Robert F. Kennedy Jr. and Alex Matthiessen

Because, having already helped spur the cleansing of the Hudson River (*The New York Times* recently reported that bathers can now dive in off any Manhattan pier without fear of contracting typhoid or melting), Kennedy and Matthiessen, through their environmental organization Riverkeeper—Matthiessen is the director, Kennedy the lead attorney—are now spearheading a campaign to shut down the Indian Point nuclear power plant, a 29-year-old facility 35 miles upriver from Midtown. Because if, say, someone flew an airliner into Indian Point or wreaked some other form of yet unimagined havoc, any resulting release of radiation could potentially endanger—let's see now—20 or so million people (yes, that's right: of all the nation's 104 nuclear power plants, Indian Point has been thoughtfully situated in the most densely populated region). Because current evacuation plans—O.K., all you 20 million people, get in your cars and drive!—hardly seem adequate. Because fear of radiation poisoning is one bit of mid-century revivalism we could do without.

Photographed by Jonas Karlsson in the Riverkeeper boat on the Hudson River by the Indian Point nuclear power plant, in Buchanan, New York, on October 1, 2002.

Dr. Robert Ballard

Because he is the Indiana Jones of the oceans. Because, unlike Dr. Jones, Dr. Ballard is the real thing: a college professor (at the University of Rhode Island Graduate School of Oceanography) who intersperses exotic expeditions with academics. Because he is the underwater bloodhound who, having already located the final resting places of the *Titanic*, *Bismarck*, *Yorktown*, and *Lusitania*, added to his legend with the discovery in May of PT 109, the ill-fated W.W. II torpedo boat that was sliced in half by a Japanese destroyer in the South Pacific 59 years ago—and made Lieutenant John F. Kennedy a war hero. Because he is a curator, not a treasure hunter. Because Ballard is so passionate about turning children on to the wonders of the world that in 1989 he founded the Jason Project, a yearlong multi-media curriculum that culminates with millions of schoolkids around the globe tuning in to live video feeds of Ballard-led adventures. Because he always finds the money somewhere. Because, since there is no Explorers-R-Us, Ballard conceives his own toys, such as the remote-controlled robot dubbed Hercules, which can gingerly excavate underwater archaeological sites. Because Ballard plans on taking Herc on his next big dive, into the black of the Black Sea in search of evidence of a biblical flood, which may just lead him to the holy grail of lost ships, Noah's Ark.

Photographed by Gasper Tringale in Stonington Harbor, on the shore of Long Island Sound, near the Mystic Aquarium and Institute for Exploration, in Mystic, Connecticut, on September 5, 2002.



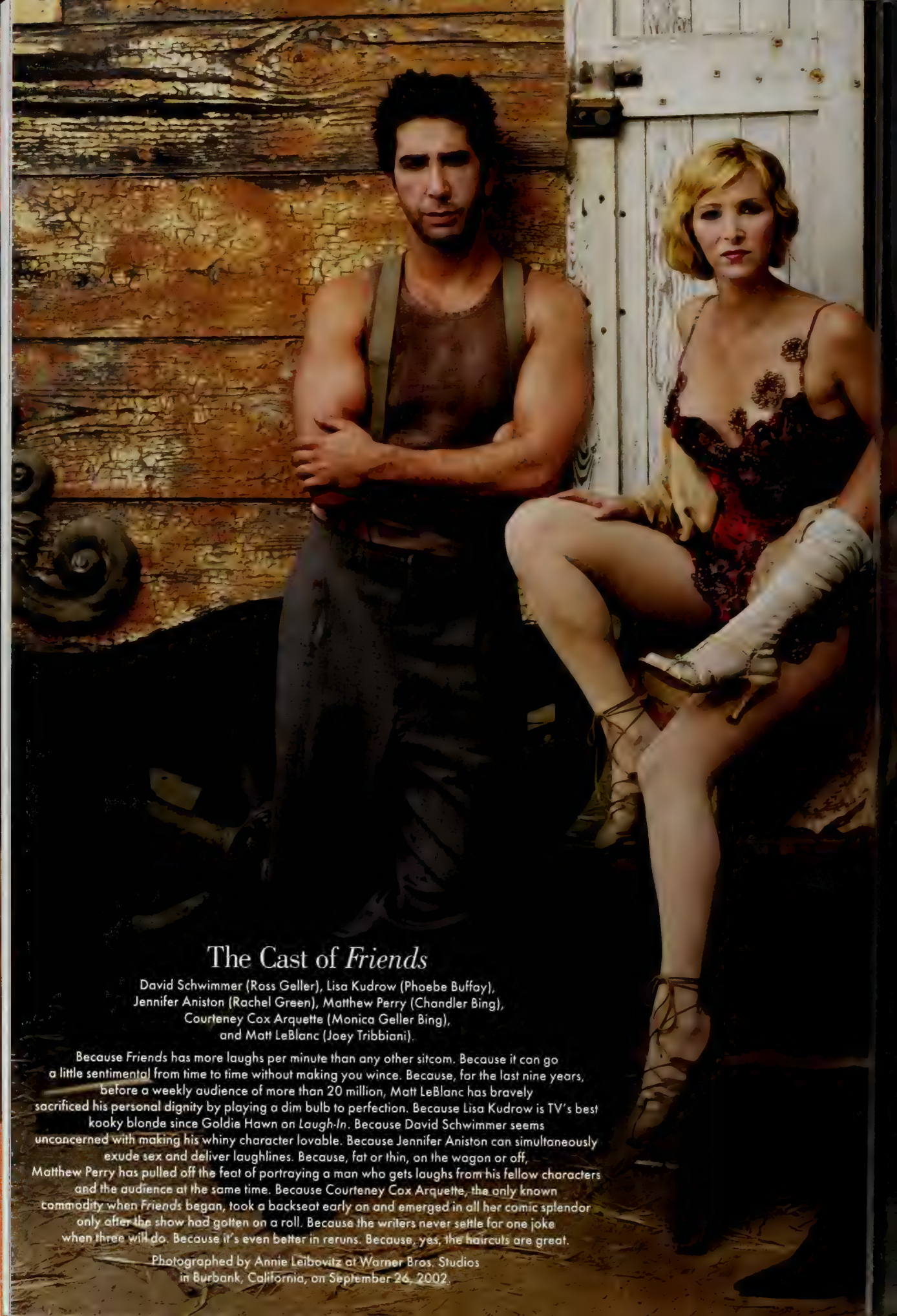


Lance Armstrong

Because first he won. Because second he proved he wasn't just a one-hit wonder. Because third he proved he wasn't just a run-of-the-mill two-time winner. Because this July, after three weeks and more than 2,000 painful miles spent butt-to-bicycle-seat, he became the first American to win the Tour de France four times. Because next year he'll be favored to tie Spaniard Miguel Indurain's record of five consecutive wins. Because, as a survivor of a near-fatal testicular cancer half a decade ago, and as a supporter of medical research through the Lance Armstrong Foundation, he continues to be a symbol of hope for cancer patients the world over. Because, after four adversarial years and countless doping accusations, he finally won over the French press, which has dubbed him cycling's *patron*—literally "the boss," or, as they say in the N.B.A., "the man." Because isn't it nice there's at least one thing Americans and French people can agree on?

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz with his wife, Kristin, and their children (three-year-old Luke and 10-month-old twins Grace and Isabelle) at their Austin, Texas, home on October 1, 2002.





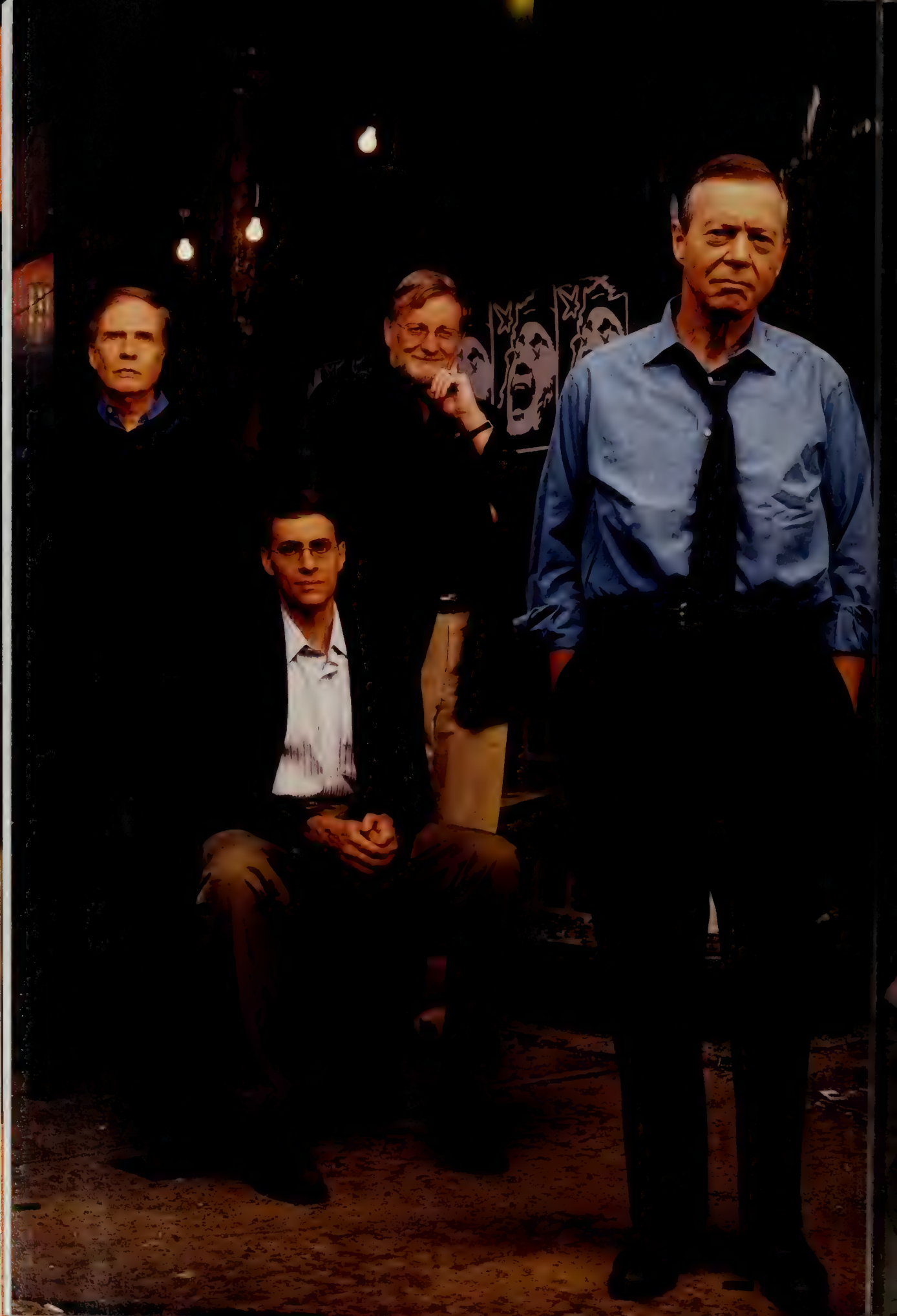
The Cast of *Friends*

David Schwimmer (Ross Geller), Lisa Kudrow (Phoebe Buffay),
Jennifer Aniston (Rachel Green), Matthew Perry (Chandler Bing),
Courteney Cox Arquette (Monica Geller Bing),
and Matt LeBlanc (Joey Tribbiani).

Because *Friends* has more laughs per minute than any other sitcom. Because it can go a little sentimental from time to time without making you wince. Because, for the last nine years, before a weekly audience of more than 20 million, Matt LeBlanc has bravely sacrificed his personal dignity by playing a dim bulb to perfection. Because Lisa Kudrow is TV's best kooky blonde since Goldie Hawn on *Laugh-In*. Because David Schwimmer seems unconcerned with making his whiny character lovable. Because Jennifer Aniston can simultaneously exude sex and deliver laughlines. Because, fat or thin, on the wagon or off, Matthew Perry has pulled off the feat of portraying a man who gets laughs from his fellow characters and the audience at the same time. Because Courteney Cox Arquette, the only known commodity when *Friends* began, took a backseat early on and emerged in all her comic splendor only after the show had gotten on a roll. Because the writers never settle for one joke when three will do. Because it's even better in reruns. Because, yes, the haircuts are great.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at Warner Bros. Studios
in Burbank, California, on September 26, 2002.







World Nongovernmental-Organization Leaders

Winston Lord, co-chairman, International Rescue Committee; Kenneth Roth, president, Human Rights Watch; Gareth Evans, president, International Crisis Group; Aryeh Neier, president, Open Society Institute; Kenneth Hackett, executive director, Catholic Relief Services; Barbara Fiorito, chairman, Oxfam; Peter Dexter Bell, president, CARE; Dr. William Schulz, executive director, Amnesty International; and Charles MacCormick, president, Save the Children.

Because the International Rescue Committee, which began as the anti-Hitler brainchild of Albert Einstein, provides sanctuary, food, and medical treatment for refugees. Because Human Rights Watch exposes human-rights abuses wherever they occur—even in the United States. Because the International Crisis Group works to prevent and resolve deadly conflict by persuading those capable of altering the course of events to do so before it's too late. Because the Open Society Institute, formed by George Soros in 1993, contributes millions of dollars each year for civil and economic reform, education, human rights, public health, and the arts. Because Catholic Relief Services offers economic assistance, spiritual succor, and social justice to the underprivileged around the world. Because Oxfam battles hunger, poverty, and social injustice by supporting grassroots organizations. Because CARE helps the poor in more than 60 countries find long-term solutions to poverty. Because the million-plus members of Amnesty International fight to secure human rights worldwide. Because Save the Children has grown far beyond its roots in Depression-era Appalachia and now brings better health, education, and financial security to eight million people in 43 countries. Because, if these nongovernmental organizations didn't do it, who would?

Photographed by Jonas Karlsson in New York City on September 30, 2002.

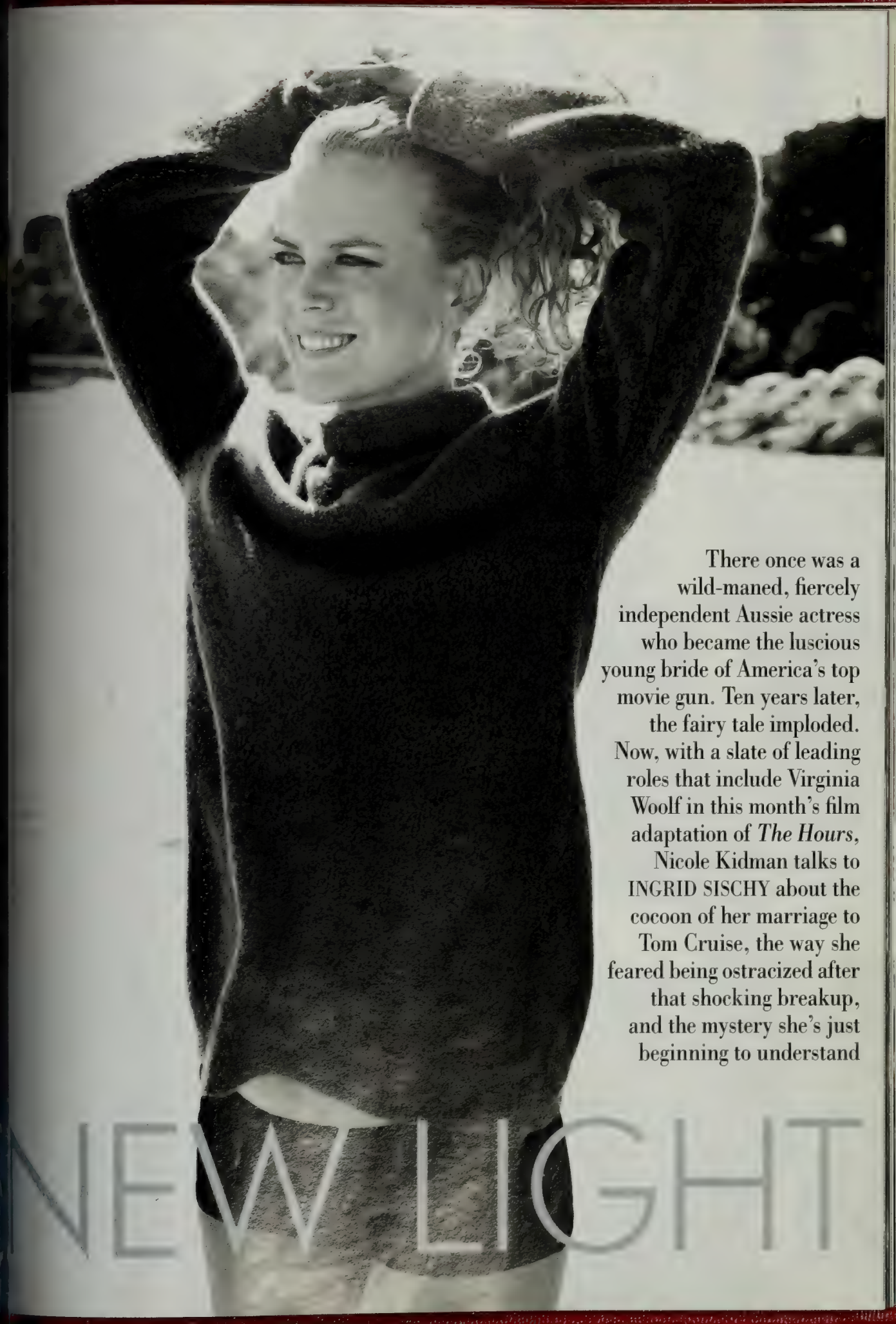


BRING IT ON!

Nicole Kidman soaks up the sun on the beach in Malibu, California. Photographed on June 22, 2002.

NICOLE'S

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIO TESTINO • STYLED BY SARAJANE HOARE



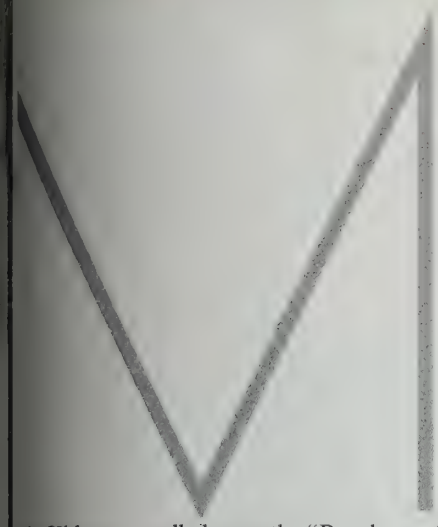
There once was a wild-maned, fiercely independent Aussie actress who became the luscious young bride of America's top movie gun. Ten years later, the fairy tale imploded. Now, with a slate of leading roles that include Virginia Woolf in this month's film adaptation of *The Hours*, Nicole Kidman talks to INGRID SISCHY about the cocoon of her marriage to Tom Cruise, the way she feared being ostracized after that shocking breakup, and the mystery she's just beginning to understand

NEW LIGHT



STAY

"I was rai to
and t uesti
Kidman s "I
go ma
troub t



y life collapsed," ole Kidman recalled recently. "People ran from me because denly it was 'Oh, my God! It's over for her now!'" Kidman's r moment came last year, when her former husband, Tom ise, fired her as his wife—that, at least, is how the split came ss to the public. But on the day this past summer when she reliving that moment of reckoning, it all seemed like cen- s ago, not only because so much has happened in her life e then, but also because we were sitting in a trailer just out- of Poiana Braşov, Romania, a spot as physically and psy- logically removed from Hollywood as it gets.

Romania is where Kidman will be through the end of this year, work on Anthony Minghella's film adaptation of *Cold Moun-*, Charles Frazier's rather turgid best-seller about the Civil r. Although some scenes have been filmed in Charleston, th Carolina, the bulk of this epic is being shot in Poiana gov and nearby spots in northern Romania. One quickly un- stands why: these are places that epitomize the phrase "going k in time." I had arrived in Poiana Braşov a day earlier, in dead of night. After a hairy mountain ride to my hotel behind endless stream of horse-pulled carts, and a sleepless night nt listening to wild dogs howl, I was glad to see the morning . So was everyone else on the set. It was the first beautiful day r weeks of relentless rain. Suddenly I heard the clippety-clop horses' hooves, and somebody said, "Here comes Nicole." I d the actress way up the road in costume as Ada, the book's oine, all decked out in her corsets and petticoated skirt. She ked the height of refinement, but when she spotted me she let a hearty laugh. "You made it," she said in her unmistakable stralian accent.

Before *Cold Mountain* is done shooting, Kidman, who stars in film with Jude Law, will be on movie screens back home aking audiences' hearts with her mesmerizing performance as ginia Woolf in Stephen Daldry's adaptation of Michael Cun- gham's feminist novel, *The Hours.* That movie, which also fea- s Julianne Moore, Meryl Streep, and Ed Harris, and which sn't betray the profound sense of aloneness that makes Cun- gham's novel so moving, is scheduled to be released later this nth. And just like last year—when Kidman surprised and won r moviegoers with the one-two punch of her swooningly gor- us performance as a doomed dance-hall star in *Moulin Rouge* her portrayal of a mother on the edge of madness in *The ers*—the studios' release schedules have decreed that she will rtly follow up *The Hours* with yet another adaptation, this e of *The Human Stain,* the tough Philip Roth novel, which been turned into a movie gem by the director Robert Benton and which will be in theaters next year. Benton's casting of Kidman as the novel's take-no-crap, been-to-hell-and-back female janitor, opposite Anthony Hopkins, is right on the money.

And that's not all. On the heels of her breakup, Kidman spent last winter in Sweden, shooting Lars von Trier's film *Dogville,* which is scheduled for release sometime next spring. Von Trier, the director most recently of *Dancer in the Dark,* wrote this latest film for Kidman, which serves to underscore what has been happening to her career over the last few years. While the world has remained obsessed with "The Tom and Nicole Story," with what their marriage was really like—and especially with what went on between the sheets and with what truly caused the relationship to combust—Kidman has done something more useful: she has shown herself to be a major talent, a remarkable actress who can get in there with the best of them, go toe-to-toe, and come out with her credibility intact. What's more, she's proved herself to be a star with a capital *S,* the one-in-a-generation kind who, like Elizabeth Taylor, is bigger than the Hollywood system, and is also unafraid to be human and real, which only makes her more popular.

Offscreen, Kidman, like Taylor, has a love of life, a strong sense of loyalty, and a madcap sense of humor, and she seems to really know how to be a friend. (Her old buddy Naomi Watts, whose career has only recently taken off, told me, "Nicole was always there with her door open, her arms open, her ears open—just what you need.") Kidman and Taylor know how to live it up, too, and while Kidman may not share Taylor's predilection for carrying really large rocks on her mitts, she's got the rags—closets full of the hippest fashion and vintage clothes. Put this pair in a room and you'll hear two dames who really know how to laugh. In terms of their careers and their craft, there's more than coincidence in the fact that, while Taylor showed the world what she was made of when she walked the razor's edge in Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?,* Kidman is doing the same thing playing Woolf herself.

've gotten to know Kidman over these last couple of years, right as her life was falling apart, in my capacity as editor of *Interview* magazine. What struck me initially is that she's a person who doesn't let others down. In one way or another, I have seen her stand by her word and be thoughtful in situations that would likely bring out the worst in other stars. The more one knows her, the less "actressy" she seems. She hasn't undergone the kind of narcissistic transformation that can turn extremely famous people into absolute bores or unbearable phonies. She has gotten used to the attention that comes with being a star, but Kidman is not one of those types whom everybody else has to pamper and flatter; instead, she seems to be driven by a feeling that she has so much to learn, and so much to see. She's still curious, still hungry, and will still almost kill herself playing a part. It's like she goes into a trance on set—broken ribs and bloody knees (such as she incurred on *Moulin Rouge*) or grossly swollen ankles (*Cold Mountain*) be damned.

Nicole's childhood doesn't sound that unusual, but there are a few kinks and clues to suggest that this was a kid with big ambitions. Born in Hawaii in 1967 to Australian parents, Anthony and Janelle, she grew up in an upper-middle-class suburb of Sydney, in a family that was close then and remains close today. Both parents worked, her mother as a nurse, her father as a psychologist, and it appears they passed on a strong sense of ethics and social conscience to their two daughters, Nicole and Antonia. As Nicole, the elder, remembers, "My mother would treat us as little adults. We

D.W.F. SEEKS *BAYWATCH* TYPE?

Despite photo-shoot appearances, Kidman is for now single. "I just want to do my work, raise my kids, and hopefully find someone I can share my life with again."




"THE MARRIAGE
/AS REAL. THE MARRIAGE
STED BECAUSE IT WAS TWO
PEOPLE IN LOVE."

would discuss things. I was raised to think and to question. She wanted girls who were educated, aware of everything, and opinionated. So did my father. They wanted us to be sure of being able to speak out. That's gotten me into trouble at times."

The outside world was less of an oasis, and at times Nicole felt like a bit of an oddball. She says, "My mother was a feminist in a conservative neighborhood, and my father was left-wing. I was Catholic, and most of the kids were Protestant. I looked very different from most of the other people. I was very, very tall"—she topped off at five feet ten inches—"with wild, wild curly hair, which I now try to tame. I couldn't go to the beach, because I was so fair-skinned. One of my most vivid memories is of being a child, sitting in my bedroom, and hearing the laughter from the next-door neighbors. They had a pool and you'd hear them laughing, playing. I remember feeling not included in that, just sitting in my bedroom.... I had a huge desire to be somebody else. I would think, I'm not living the life I want to live. I would try to come up with images before I went to sleep, to then try and live the life I wanted to live in my dreams. And I was deeply romantic."

Even today, when friends talk about Kidman they cite her love of losing herself in other worlds. She is an avid reader, frequently seen curled up with a book, oblivious to whatever's going on around her. That started a long time ago: by her teens, novels were a primary means of escape. She has said that it was thanks to characters such as Dorothea in *Middlemarch* and Natasha in *War and Peace* that she began to think about being an actor. She told me, "I wanted to be those women. I would live through them, get lost in them, and be devastated when the books ended."

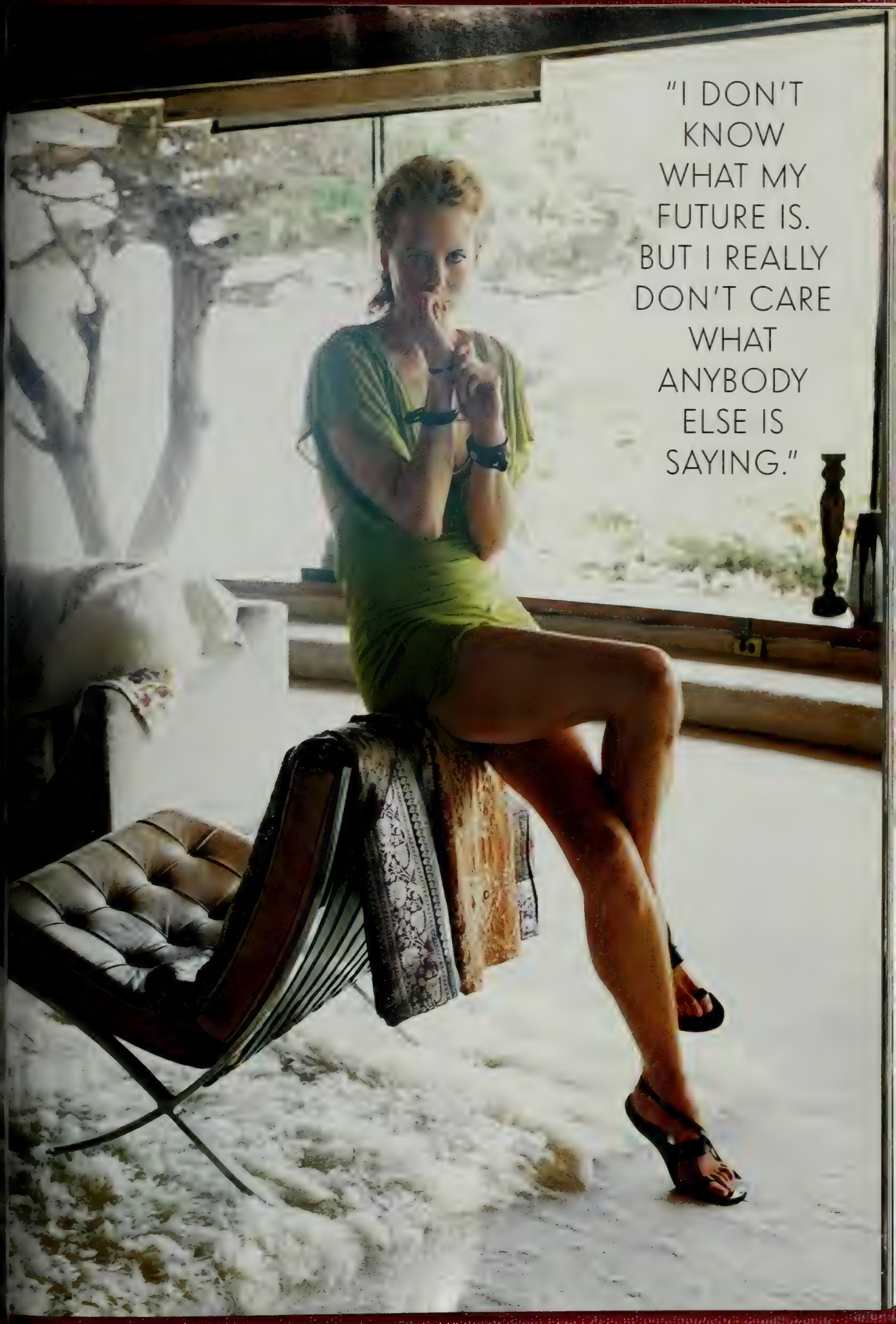
Nicole also had a definite wild streak. She was hitting the clubs in Sydney by the time she was 14, drawn to the bohemian side of life, befriending the transvestites who frequented her favorite joints. Already showing her affinity for avant-garde fashion, she'd doll herself up in a tutu, fishnets, and lace-up black boots, and dye her hair like a rainbow or in even more intense shades of red than her natural coloring. Other nights she'd go vintage.

But of all the pursuits she followed in her teens, it was the drama lessons that from the age of 12 she CONTINUED ON PAGE 364



COME ON-A MY HOUSE

Actually, it's someone else's house, in Malibu. Kidman still lives in the Pacific Palisades home she shared with ex-husband Tom Cruise. Friends have urged her to sell it.


"I DON'T KNOW WHAT MY FUTURE IS. BUT I REALLY DON'T CARE WHAT ANYBODY ELSE IS SAYING."

Spotlight

LEAPING WIZARDS

"Ballet is woman," George Balanchine stated famously, but nothing rocks the stage like a man who can move. Ever since Rudi (Nureyev) shot west in 1961, followed 13 years later by Misha (Baryshnikov), with his mega-lift and moon landings, the bar's been raised for ballet guys. Today's audiences expect the stellar, the spectacular, not to mention the sexy, and at American Ballet Theatre they're getting it. Inspired by A.B.T.'s depth in male talent, and with the idea it would be cool to pack that talent into a newly commissioned ballet, *Great Performances'* "Dance in America" series has produced *Born to Be Wild: The Leading Men of American Ballet Theatre*. It will air February 3 at 10 P.M.; check local PBS listings.

The artists are Jose Manuel Carreño, Vladimir Malakhov, Angel Corella, and Ethan Stiefel, and each has a section in which we spiral back into the past with him—to homeland (respectively, Cuba, Ukraine, Spain, and Wisconsin), childhood, and that first fated glimpse of classical dance. In between these journeys, Mark Morris creates an eight-minute ballet for the men, which is performed in full as a finale. Indeed, the entire hour is beautifully choreographed: a four-chambered work that culminates in a chamber ballet for four. And the "Wild" in the title? It has nothing to do with highways or hot rods, but rather the lightning these alphas unleash up in the air.

—LAURA JACOBS



PHOTOGRAPH BY
ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



LORDS OF THE DANCE

A.B.T. stars Ethan Stiefel, Jose Manuel Carreño, Vladimir Malakhov, and Angel Corella, photographed in New York City on June 3, 2002.

CRACKLIN' ROSIE

Who better than lovably plump, funny, feisty, caring TV sta Rosie O'Donnell to revive the tottering 125-year-old women's magazin *McCall's* and attempt to follow the successes of *Martha Stewart Living* an Oprah's *O*? Or so it seemed to Dan Brewster, the hard-charging C.E.(of magazine giant Gruner & Jahr. But just 16 months after the debut issu in a blaze of accusations, threats, and lawsuits, Rosie dumped *Rosi* From a spitting-mad O'Donnell, as well as some shell-shocke publishing veterans, JUDITH NEWMAN gets the story behind th year's glossiest media brav

"They took control of my magazine from me, and told my staff not to take d from me, or to listen to me, that *he* now controlled the brand *and* the name, and i like it I can sue him—it'd cost $100 million and *he* would drag me through th

At a corner table in Joe Allen, a theater-district restaurant decorated with from flop Broadway shows, Rosie O'Donnell—comedian, actor, former talk-sh and, lately, magazine brand—is about three inches away from my face. She is and spitting, a little.

"Everyone in my world says I should settle. I didn't. *The people who want me want $20 million to give me back my name!*"

Her hand presses into my knee. Her grip tightens every time she mentions azine company Gruner & Jahr USA Publishing or its C.E.O., Daniel B. Brev

"I will be a morning D.J. before I will give that company one cent. Becau they did was unethical, and I will Not. Do. It."

Spoiling for a fight with the company that put out *Rosie,* she seems more a the rest of us, bringing to mind Robert Duvall's Colonel Kilgore in *Apocaly* Rosie O'Donnell loves the smell of napalm in the morning.

But after this little outburst of Rosie Rage, she turns jolly, doing her Dr. personation ("They say they're going to sue me for *millions of dollars* . . . *Mwah-ha-ha-ha-ha!*") and singing snatches from songs that she says have s

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL O'NEILL



NO LAUGHING MATTER

Rosie O'Donnell at Joe Allen in New York on September 26, 2002. Once called the Queen of Nice by *Newsweek*, she is now the target of a $100 million lawsuit, following the collapse of *Rosie* magazine.

her during the last few months, such as Pink's "18 Wheeler." "You can push me out the window," Rosie sings. "But I'll just get back up / You can run over me with your 18 wheeler truck / And I won't give a fuck." She loves it here at Joe Allen. Five and a half years ago, this is where she took her girlfriend, Kelli Carpenter, for their first date.

The past summer—the summer of the *Rosie* meltdown—has been, she says, "the worst three months of my career—life." One minute, O'Donnell and *Rosie* management couldn't agree on covers, and the next, a staff member who says she felt O'Donnell had been physically threatening was asking Gruner & Jahr to provide her with a security guard.

On September 18, with a new, Culture Club haircut, and accompanied by her lawyer former U.S. attorney Mary Jo White, O'Donnell held a press conference at the New York Palace—a hotel once owned by Leona Helmsley, the Queen of Mean herself (and, given Gruner & Jahr's accusations of imperiousness on the part of O'Donnell, perhaps an unfortunate choice of venue). She announced she would quit her magazine—a move that would leave about 120 people jobless and Gruner & Jahr gobsmacked.

Brewster, her opponent in the battle, was not happy. "Not liking the terms of a signed contract is not an excuse to simply walk away, leaving a wake of destruction," he said to me in an E-mail. "But I guess that's obvious to a sane person."

On October 1, Gruner & Jahr sued O'Donnell for breach of contract, asking for at least $100 million in damages. O'Donnell immediately announced plans to countersue.

One veteran magazine publisher, formerly at Gruner & Jahr, suggests that *Rosie* was cursed from the start: "It was like, Hey, let's take the two biggest control freaks you know and make them business partners and see what happens." An editor at *Rosie*, one of the many who have felt O'Donnell's wrath, says, "Not to get too overblown about it, but there's this element of Greek tragedy in that it was sort of inevitable this would happen."

Part of O'Donnell really is the person we see on television, the woman with the marshmallow heart who puts children before everything else, the one who wants to spend her spare time making scrapbooks and baking cupcakes with her kids. But part is still a raging child. "My shrink said the age my mother died was the age I was traumatized, and my age would be 10," says O'Donnell, whose real age is 40. "The reason I relate to children so well . . . is because that's my emotional age."

"Of course I'm angry," O'Donnell says. "Rage is

"You know what I see in *Hairspray*?" O'Donnell asks, warming to her current favorite subject; she has been raving about the new Broadway musical for months. "I see a mother who loves her daughter. I see a daughter who's brave enough to stand up to social injustice." She also sees herself, adding, "I totally relate to feeling like the unpopular girl. Every woman does, even Sharon Stone."

Realistically, O'Donnell knows she was not the chubby outcast; she was, in fact, senior-class president and homecoming queen at her high school in Commack, New York. "The idea she was homecoming queen . . . speaks volumes about the power she wielded, even in high school," says an old classmate. "She was very, very popular . . . but I'd say it's largely beca were incredibly intimidated by her biting humor, her in at running the show."

O'Donnell started doing stand-up at 17 (parroting th someone she'd seen on TV, Jerry Sein-something, until owner told her she had to write her own jokes), won *Search* in 1984, did the comedy circuit, and eventuall herself the wisecracking sidekick in *A League of Their Sleepless in Seattle*. In 1995, after having adopted her fir Parker, she went off to shoot *Harriet the Spy*, leaving with a nanny. "When I came home from shooting th week, he wouldn't come to me," O'Donnell says. "I ca agent and said, 'Get me a job where I can stay in New Y That's how the [talk] show began."

She grew up the third of five children. Her mother breast cancer when Rosie was 10. In her 2002 memo *Me*, and in countless interviews, she hints at abuse. "I v less because we were kids who didn't have any rules," s

Anger seems to be her default emotion one *Rosie* editor tries to explain just wha frightening and humiliating about O'D rages, words almost fail her. "She had of staring straight ahead and screami YOU NOT HEAR ME? WELL, YOU BET THAT!" she says. "It was like a kid being . . . like a parent trying to tell them why they're being s around for their own good. You'd just curl up inside, an like a kid: Yes, I understand why you're hitting me."

O'Donnell denies being abusive, but when asked ab temper, she says, "Of course I'm angry. Rage is the fou of comedy."

Rage is probably not the best foundation for puttir magazine, however. O'Donnell, a child of the movies, n gotten her ideas about publishing from all those ne films—from *The Front Page* to *All the President's Men*—w

reporters and editors battle corruption even as they du with one another. Such movies are populated by the l brash. Real-life magazines, however, are genteel places ed by the mild and easily embarrassed. (Not to mentio dozens of people talked about O'Donnell and Brewste story; almost none of them wanted their names used. body is friendly to your face. You don't imagine you h mies until you read about yourself in Keith J. Kelly's *Post* media column.

Rosie was not O'Donnell's idea. It was dreamed up b her lawyers, Philip K. Howard, and her business mana Crimmins, who also happens to be her brother-in-la brought aboard magazine developer Annalyn Swan, a v *Time* and *Newsweek*. It seemed a logical next step, g plan to wrap up her daytime talk show. With her com of humor and boundless enthusiasm for both Tom Cr the everyday folks she sometimes interviewed, the show merous Emmys. While other daytime fare involved pate wars and men who liked to shave farm animals, O'D program re-invigorated the daytime talk genre. As a syndicated show owned jointly by O'Donnell and Warn

brought in as much as $180 million in advertising revenue a *The Rosie O'Donnell Show* also earned her "an obscene unt of money," she says. "No human being needs as much ey as I make."

.e decided early on that no human needs to keep that much r. She is without question one of the most charitable people e entertainment business, having helped raise about $54 on through her For All Kids Foundation. She is worth stimated $115 million—not shabby, but not enough to e *Fortune*'s "America's 40 Richest Under 40" list last *Fortune* reported that she would have made it if she i't given so much away. Not being a live-and-let-live kind d, she has angered many Hollywood acquaintances erating them for not doing the same. "My y problem," she says, "is that I think everyo thinks the way I think."

.t any rate, she was becoming bored with show, and in its last two years the ratings ed. She craved another platform to spread gospel of Ring Dings, gun control, Broadmusicals, and adoption. This came at a when *Martha Stewart Living* was at the ht of its success and *O, The Oprah Magazine* showing signs of being a winner. The idea of rity-as-brand was on the lips of every media utive. And here was the Queen of Nice, as *sweek* called her in a July 1996 cover profile, ing herself up.

'The Queen of Nice,'" O'Donnell says now, ng her eyes. "When *Newsweek* printed that I to Cindi [Berger, her publicist], 'Boy, this is a bite us in the ass.'"

or anyone who'd ever seen her nightclub act, e" was not the first word that leaped to mind. onnell had it in for anyone she deemed phony worse, unloving to children—and that encom-

fundation of comedy."

ed a lot of Hollywood. In her 1995 HBO special, she t gunning for Woody Allen after he had gotten together Mia Farrow's adopted daughter Soon-Yi, explaining the ody Allen Clause" for adoption: "You can adopt a baby when she turns 16, fuck her!"

hose who worked with her on her TV show knew she volatile. According to one insider, she fired three proers before settling on her longtime personal manager, nie Young. She was morose and given to volcanic rages. But could also be outrageously generous: when a longtime staff nber got married and bought a house, O'Donnell hired a orator and paid for all the furniture.

n the fall of 2000, O'Donnell threatened not to renew her tract with Warner Bros. if it did not let her air a clip from a tical speech in support of Al Gore by her friend Barbra isand. Warner Bros. reportedly resisted but eventually gave in. ner & Jahr seemed to ignore these many facets of Rosie.

We were trying to translate the fun, feisty quality of Rosie's w to the page," says Annalyn Swan. "We thought a magazine ld capture her humor and at the same time address issues mattered to her." Not that the creators of the magazine







were unaware of her reputation. "I couldn't say how difficult she was," says one *Rosie* insider, "without scuttling the project."

O'Donnell frequently says she despises the airbrushed perfection of so many media images. From the beginning she insisted she did not want to be on the magazine's cover, like Oprah and early Martha. But a prototype of the magazine she approved shows her in a softly lit glamour shot, with cover lines such as "What to wear if you're not a size zero" and "Rosie O'Donnell Chats with Julia Roberts."

The *Rosie* plan went nowhere at Time Inc., Primedia, and others before landing at Gruner & Jahr. Owned by Bertelsmann, the privately held German media company that also owns Random House and BMG music, Gruner & Jahr is the fourth-largest magazine publisher in the world. With U.S. publications such as *Parents, McCall's, Family Circle,* and *YM,* the company was known for being penny-pinching, profitable, and utterly vanilla. If Condé Nast was the love interest and Hearst the wife and mother, Gruner & Jahr was the maiden aunt with a pile of cash stashed under the mattress.

That is, until the company hired Dan Brewster. The 47-year-old scion of a wealthy Maryland political family (his father had been a Democratic congressman and senator) and former C.E.O. of American Express Publishing, Brewster had presided over a stable of travel and luxury-goods magazines at a time when advertising in these categories was at an all-time high. Tanned and snowy-haired, Brewster was considered as hard-charging as his Gruner & Jahr predecessor, John Heins, was cautious. Thomas Middelhoff, the former Bertelsmann chief executive and Brewster champion, hired Brewster with the mandate of making the U.S. division of Gruner & Jahr grow. According to one insider, Middelhoff wanted "a cowboy" in the American-magazine post. He got one.

"Dan is the most impulsive executive I've ever met," says a former Gruner & Jahr editor. "John Heins and that whole regime, they were constipated. Years went by before they made any decision. He was completely different—a guy who shot from the hip."

Middelhoff, who left the company in July, handed his protégé a blank check. In June 2000, Brewster paid $200 million for *Inc.,* a second-tier business publication made plump by the late-90s boom. That December, Brewster bought the bible of the new-business economy, *Fast Company,* from Mortimer Zuckerman for about $360 million. "It was all about being able to spend more money than his friends at Time Inc.," says another ousted Gruner & Jahr editor.

Brewster's defenders insist he had good ideas and bad timing. His critics are less forgiving. "It's easy to say the due diligence wasn't adequate," says one person close to the *Rosie* deal. "They didn't retain an investment bank to advise them." (Gruner & Jahr claims that its officers did the proper due diligence.)

Game-show-host handsome, slick, and seemingly forthright, Brewster could have a second career as an inspirational speaker. He saunters through the offices, chats with lower-level staff members. To honor September 11, he announced the company would be handing out commemorative pins and serving light refreshments in the kitchen. He talks about teamwork and he's big on rally-the-troops interoffice memos. "I cannot and will not tolerate verbal or emotional abuse of any G&J USA employees related to his or her job responsibilities," he wrote in one.

Yet throw a pebble in Midtown Manhattan and you'll hit someone who's not exactly fond of him. "There CONTINUED ON PAGE 361

Spotlight

CALENDAR GIRL

Italy is the true star of the 2003 Pirelli Calendar, which the Milan-based tire company sends to 45,000 clients and international V.I.P.'s—and no one else. Shot over six days on the historic and unspoiled Cilento coast, south of Amalfi, the calendar pays tribute to the classics of mid-century Italian cinema and conjures a vision of *la dolce vita* in which supermodels frolic in a state of unharnessed sexual freedom. Bruce Weber, the world-class master at capturing the beauty of tempting young flesh, known for his irresistibly scandalous Abercrombie & Fitch catalogues, had photographed the calendar once before, in 1998, but this year he went wild. "Italy for me," he explains, "as a kid growing up in a farm town, always represented the free spirit and a great acceptance of people's . . . infidelities, let's say." Infidelity is nothing compared with the stuff in these photographs, which feature Bridget Hall, Karolina Kurkova, Sophie Dahl, Yamila Diaz-Rahi, and Mariacarla Boscono alone, in semi-sapphic pairs, and in sexually charged but crowded trios with young boys or older men. Filippa Hamilton and Natalia Vodianova actually appear fully clothed, but then there's Heidi Klum standing next to a cherubic Jak Krauszer and dripping strawberry ice cream down her breast. "It was an incredible surprise when we saw there was a combination of 92 pictures," says Gioacchino del Balzo, the consultant for Pirelli Tyres U.K. "The idea was only 12 or 15." The result is a volume of large portraits and steamy collages that strays far from the typical pinup flavor-of-the-month format. "In the end," del Balzo admits, "the calendar has nothing to do with the months. We put in the months because we have to, but it's mainly an artistic interpretation from Bruce Weber." Call it Italian Exhibitionism. —MICHAEL HOGAN

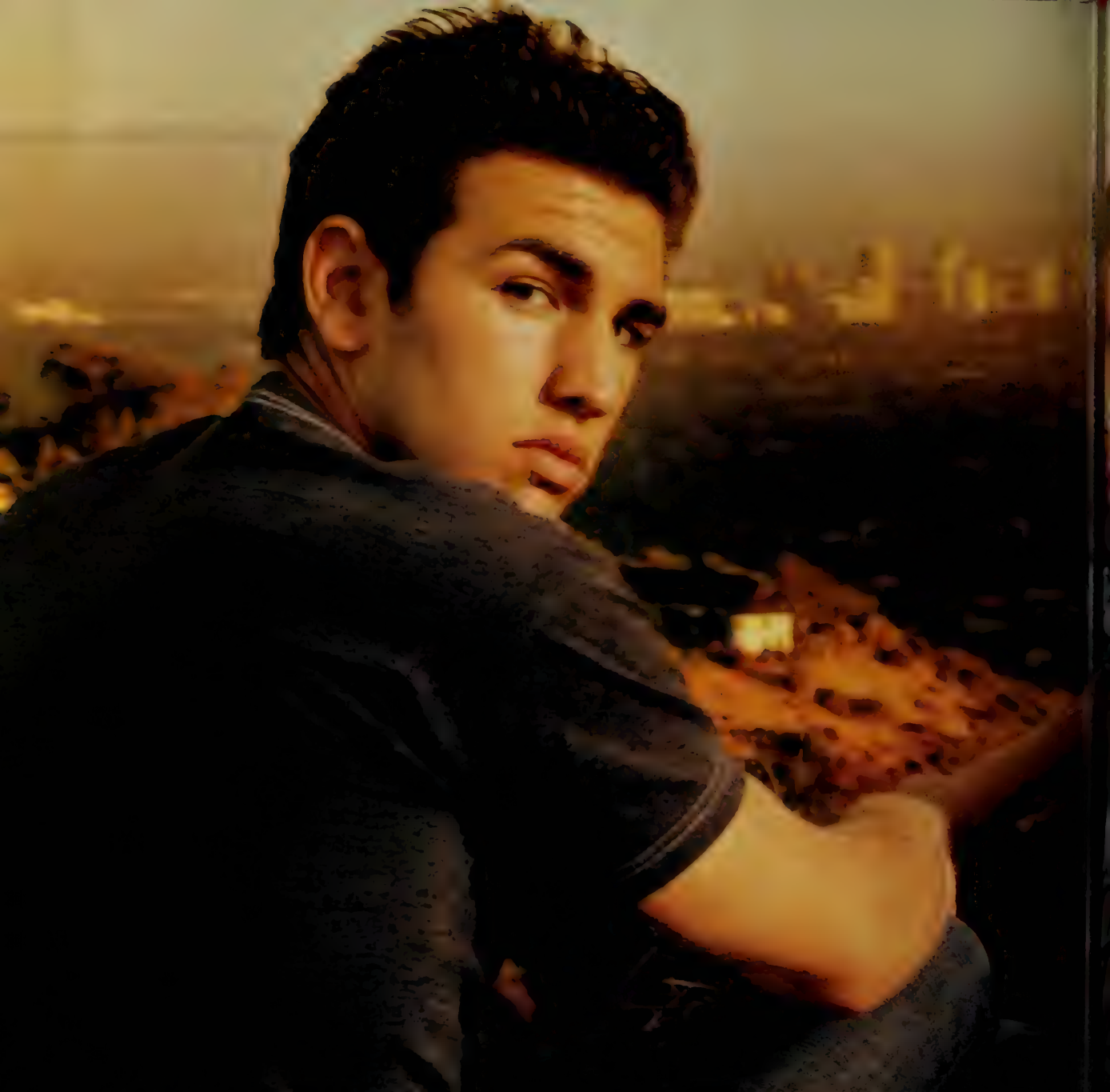
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE WEBER

STYLED BY JOE MCKENNA. MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY LANCÔME. HAIR BY HOWARD TUCKER. MAKEUP BY REGINE [illegible]. SEE CREDITS PAGE



FLESH FRUIT

Russian supermodel Natalia Vodianova poses with a strawberry for the 2003 Pirelli Calendar.



Raised in the golden playground of Beverly Hills, Matt and Marc and Kelly are home from college for vacation, flush with their parents' cash, and exploring the i questions: Should Marc aim for producer or executive producer? Should Kelly do a bikini spread for a men's magazine? Will Matt go to law school or find an ager And what about 9/11, war, and poverty? Riding shotgun as the trio cruises L.A. (Mr. Chow's, Fred Segal, the Mondrian, etc.), NANCY JO SALES watches the test the limits of love, friendship, and getting into the latest club

Rich, Jaded, and

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART STREIBER



CHILDREN OF L.A.

They're weary and wondering what to do with their lives. Longtime friends Matt Bilinsky, 21, Marc Protzel, 20, and Kelly Terry, 19, in Beverly Hills on August 9, 2002.

Lost in L.A.

"Living your life like you're trapped in a bad rap video is just not that appealing."



ANOTHER NIGHT, ANOTHER CLUB

Marc Protzel and Kelly Terry at the L.A. Downtown Standard. "Kelly loves me," he says. *Opposite,* Matt Bilinsky meets up with U.S.C. sorority girls.

He was a good-looking boy in a full of stars, where somebody was always trying to tell him looked like someone." He had gone away to college and ped a few pounds, taken up yoga, was getting tips from the stylist for the pop singer Shakira. His previous weight and eriousness—a tendency to talk philosophy in a place where favorite subjects were spa treatments, success, and shop-—had earned him the nickname Baloney in high school. His e was Matt Bilinsky. But now that he'd come home for the ner looking so favorably transformed, his friends had changed ame to Ballonius, which didn't make him any too happy.

e was standing outside a new nightclub on Wilcox called onal when the limo pulled up, carrying his two buddies and dates for the evening. They all tumbled out, looking sated having dined on heaping plates of Asian fusion at Mr. w's, where Jon Lovitz, David Spade, Michelle Phillips—ou's mom"—and "the girl with the whipped-cream bikini in *rican Pie*" had been sitting at nearby tables.

Spade," said Marc Protzel, one of the boys. "Stay in L.A. week and you'll run into Spade. Him or Coolio."

talked to Jon Lovitz outside smoking a cigarette," said n Glucoff, the other boy. "He has a funny voice. We need-lighter."



They filed up to the door of the club—a new place popular with a young Hollywood crowd—behind Kelly Terry, Marc's still-platonic summer romance. She was 19 years old, that very day, and a blonde to make a Beach Boy bust a surfboard in two, as light and bubbly as the froth on a wave.

"O.K., I'm gonna let you in," said the bouncer, glancing from her face to her ID to the little white Prada shoes she had bought that day, "but I just want you to know I *know* this is a fake."

"Oh," said Kelly, passably sheepish, "O.K." She'd been going out clubbing since she was 14 and had never been denied access anywhere.

"It's her birthday, man," Marc said after they'd all settled into a booth in the dark, booming lounge upstairs. The place was filled with blondes dressed like Britney Spears, and had a large, unisex bathroom with a lot of people leaning over little white lines of high-spiritedness.

"Happy birthday," said Matt in a voice that lent an air of tragedy to the simplest phrases, staring a little too long at the girl.

Someone commented on all the "faux-hawks"—that summer's hairdo for young men, a mini-Mohawk fashioned with "products."

"It's not anarchistic Mohawk, it's runway Mohawk," Kelly complained.

"It's a conformist Mohawk," said Matt.

Kelly laughed.

They ordered an expensive bottle of champagne and attempted to have a good time, as all indications said they should. But although the club was packed, there was a curiously dead feeling in the air—like a party that was over but someone had forgotten to turn the lights on to inform the guests.

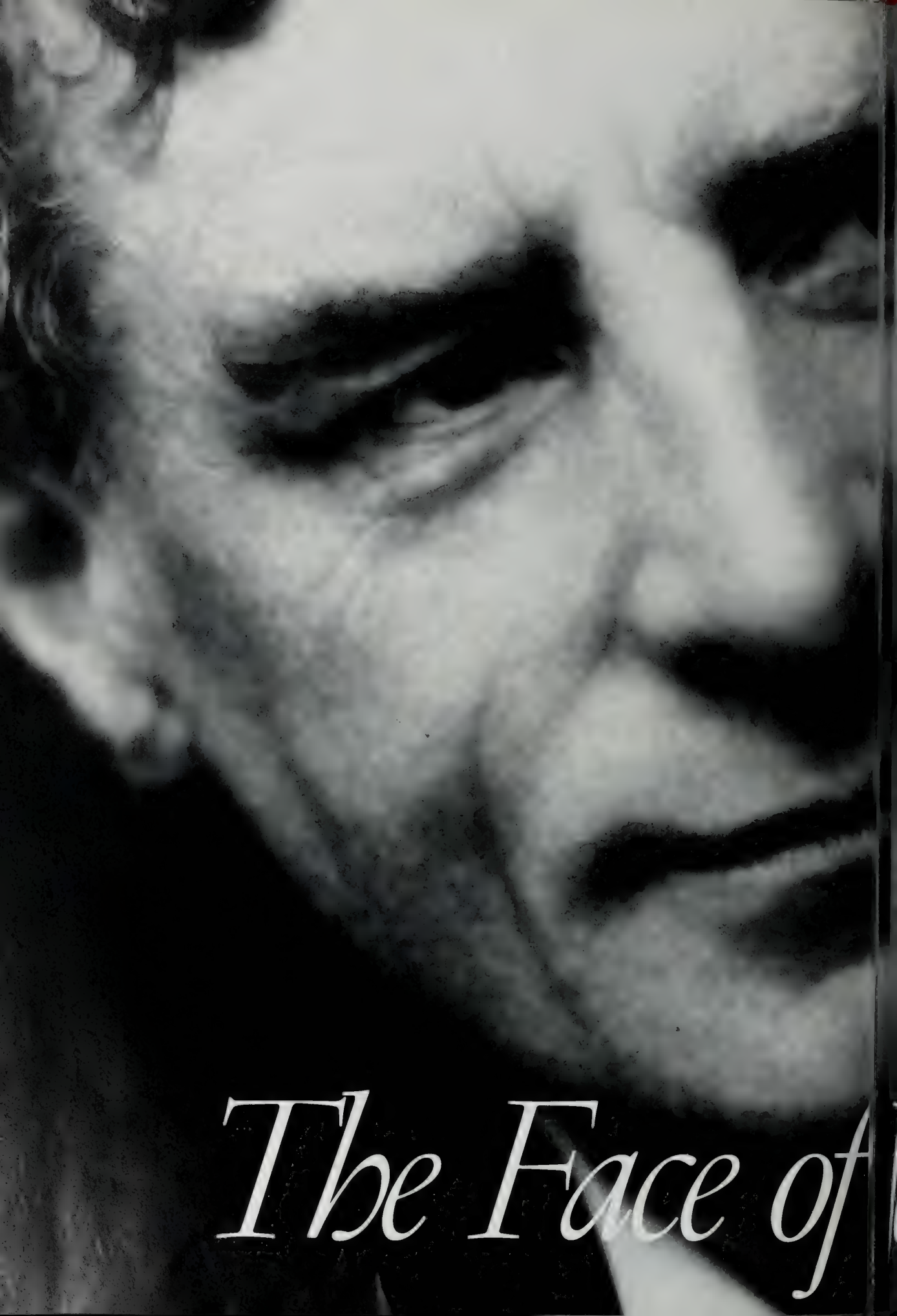
Matt got up and went over to the bar. "There are 300,000 rice farmers in China who couldn't give a rat's ass who's in this club right now," he said, "and you got two dudes downstairs whose worlds are ruined because they didn't get in."

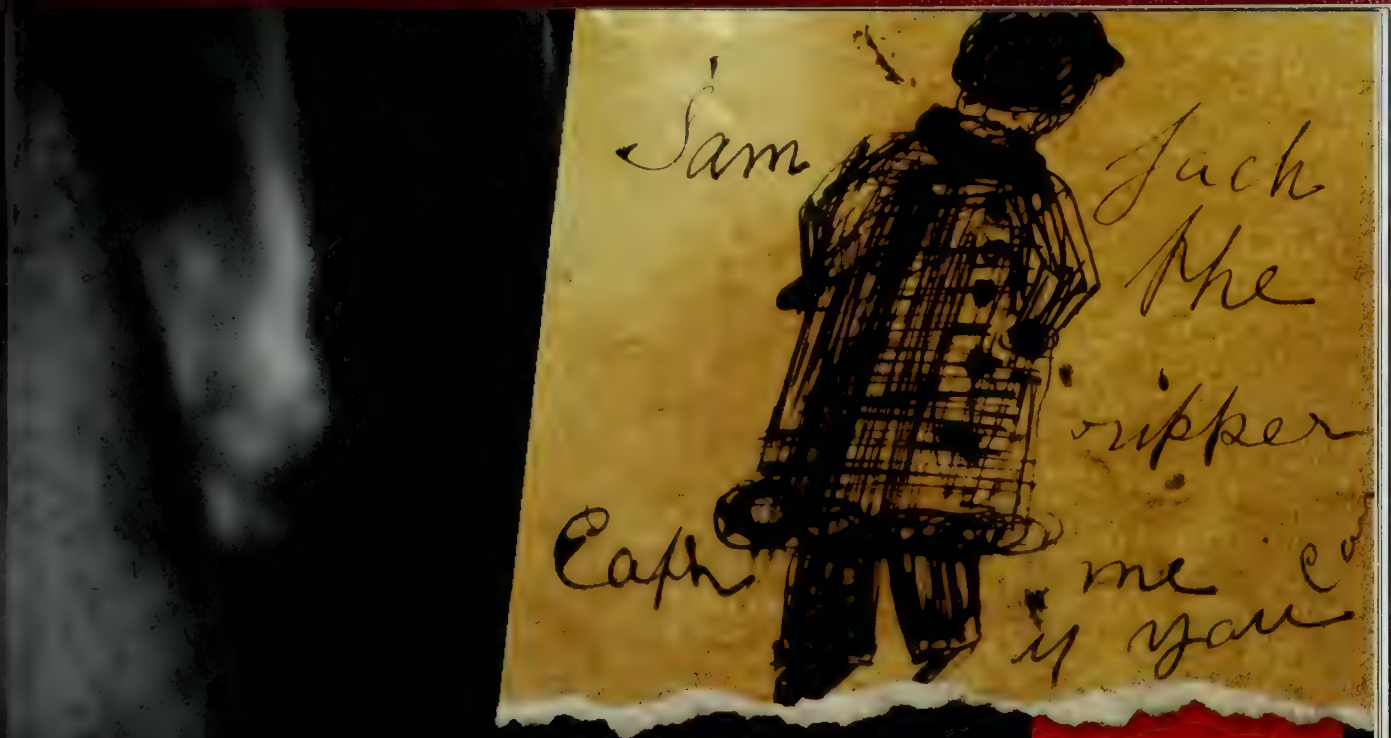
Apparently, he had something on his mind.

"Look around you, look at all these nice, good-looking young wealthy people," he said. "Look at this fucking town. Look at the cars these people drive, man. Everyone's putting on a front. Everyone's got such a fucking agenda. It's hard to find just, believe it or not, *normal* people—"

A couple of studio-executive types were rapping along loudly to Eminem.

"Here's something I feel pretty sad saying about myself," Matt said. "I have a little trouble being in New York, you know why? 'Cause real people are forced upon you there, and you know what real people do to me? They depress me." He looked CONTINUED ON PAGE 356


The Face of



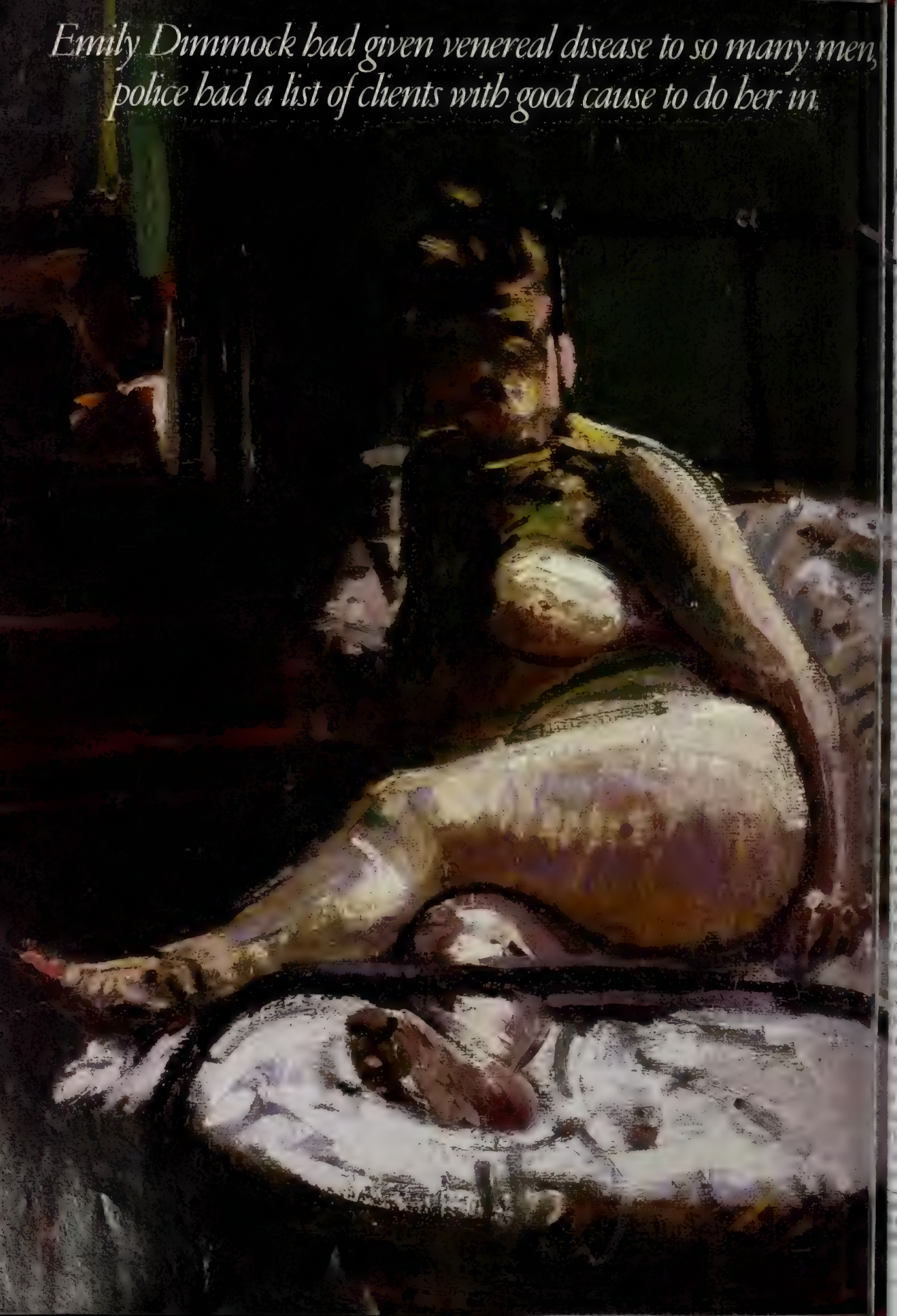
KILLER LOOKS

English painter Walter Richard Sickert, circa 1912. *Inset,* a drawing from one of the hundreds of letters written to police during the Ripper's killing spree in 1888.

For more than a century after Jack the Ripper became one of history's most feared and famous murderers, his identity remained a mystery. Then last year, on a tour of Scotland Yard, a best-selling American crime novelist met a leading British authority on the Ripper. In an excerpt from the resulting book, PATRICIA CORNWELL reveals how she and other investigators used state-of-the-art forensic science, including DNA tests, to make the case that the serial killer who terrorized Victorian England was the handsome, gifted young artist named Walter Sickert

Jack the Ripper

Emily Dimmock had given venereal disease to so many men, police had a list of clients with good cause to do her in.



Monday, ust 6, 1888, was a bank holiday in Lon- The city was a carnival of wondrous gs to do for as little as pennies if one d spare a few.

he bells of Windsor's Parish Church St. George's Chapel rang throughout day. Ships were dressed in flags, and l salutes boomed from cannons to brate the Duke of Edinburgh's 44th day.

he Crystal Palace offered a dazzling trum of special programs: organ re- s, military-band concerts, a "monster lay of fireworks," a grand fairy ballet, riloquists, and "world famous minstrel formances." Madame Tussaud's fea- d a special wax model of Frederick II in state and the ever popular Cham- of Horrors. Other delicious horrors ited those who could afford theater ts and were in the mood for a morali- lay or just a good old-fashioned fright. famous American actor Richard Mans- l was brilliant as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. e at the Lyceum Theatre.

n this bank holiday there were horse cattle shows, special "cheap rates" on s, and the bazaars in Covent Garden e overflowing with Sheffield plates, . jewelry, and used military uniforms. ne wanted to pretend to be a soldier his relaxed but rowdy day, he could o with little expense and no questions d. Or one could impersonate a cop- by renting an authentic Metropolitan ce uniform from Angel's Theatrical tumes in Camden Town, scarcely two s from where the handsome Walter hard Sickert lived.

he 28-year-old Sickert had given up his ure acting career for the higher call- of art. He was a painter, an etcher, a ent of James McNeill Whistler's, and sciple of Edgar Degas's. He was con- red the most important British artist of day. Young Sickert was himself a work rt: slender, with a strong upper body n swimming, a perfectly angled nose and jaw, thick, wavy blond hair, and blue eyes that were as inscrutable and penetrating as his secret thoughts and piercing mind. One might almost have called him pretty, except for his mouth, which could narrow into a hard, cruel line. His precise height is unknown, but a friend of his described him as a little above average. Photographs and several items of clothing donated to the Tate Gallery Archive in the 1980s suggest he was probably five feet eight or nine.

Sickert was fluent in German, English, French, and Italian. He knew Latin well enough to teach it to friends, and he was well acquainted with Danish and Greek and possibly knew a smattering of Spanish and Portuguese. He was said to read the classics in their original languages, but he didn't always finish a book once he started it. It wasn't uncommon to find dozens of novels strewn about his home, opened to the last page that had snagged his interest. Mostly, Sickert was addicted to newspapers, tabloids, and journals.

Until his death, in 1942, his studios and studies looked like recycling centers for just about every bit of newsprint to roll off the European presses. He was fond of letters to the editor, especially ones he had written and signed with a pseudonym.

Sickert despised the upper class, but he was a star stalker. He somehow managed to hobnob with the major celebrities of the day: Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, Aubrey Beardsley, Henry James, Max Beerbohm, Oscar Wilde, Claude Monet, Pierre-Auguste Renoir, Camille Pissarro, Auguste Rodin, André Gide, Édouard Dujardin, Marcel Proust, and members of Parliament. But he did not necessarily know many of them, and no one—famous or otherwise—ever really knew him. Not even his first wife, Ellen, who would turn 40 in less than two weeks. Sickert may not have given much thought to his wife's birthday on this bank holiday, but it was extremely unlikely he had forgotten it.

He was much admired for his amazing memory. Throughout his life he would amuse dinner guests by performing long passages of musicals and plays, dressed for the parts, his recitations flawless. Sickert would not have forgotten that Ellen's birthday was August 18 and a very easy occasion to ruin. Maybe he would "forget." Maybe he would vanish into one of the secret rented hovels he called studios. Ellen loved Sickert all her sad life, despite his cold heart, his pathological lying, his self-centeredness, and his habit of disappearing for days—even weeks—without warning or explanation.



JACK OF ALL SHADES

***Opposite, La Hollandaise*, by Sickert, 1906. *Above*, Sickert at 20 in Liverpool, while on tour as an actor, 1880; eight years later Jack the Ripper's murders would begin.**

Walter Sickert was an actor more by nature than by virtue of employment. He had a great range of voice and was a master of greasepaint and wardrobe. So gifted at disguise was he that as a boy he had often gone about unrecognized by his neighbors and family. Throughout his long and celebrated life, he was notorious for constantly changing his appearance with a variety of beards and mustaches, for his bizarre dress which in some cases constituted costumes, and for his hairstyles—including shaving his head. He was, wrote French artist and friend Jacques-Emile Blanche, a "Proteus." Sickert's "genius for camouflage in dress, in the fashion of wearing his hair, and in his manner of speaking rivals [actor Leopoldo] Fregoli's," Blanche recalled.

He also had a penchant for changing his name. His acting career, paintings, etchings, drawings, and prolific letters to colleagues, friends, and newspapers reveal many personas: Mr. Nemo (Latin for "Mr. Nobody"), An Enthusiast, A Whistlerite, Your Art Critic, An Outsider, Walter Sickert, Sickert, Walter R. Sickert, Richard Sickert, W. R. Sickert, W.S., R.S., S., Dick, W. St., Rd. Sickert LL.D., R.St. A.R.A., and RDSt A.R.A.

Sickert did not write his memoirs, keep a diary or calendar, or date most of his letters or works of art, so it is difficult to know where he was or what he was doing during any given day, week, month, or even year. I could find no record of his whereabouts or activities on August 6, 1888, but there is no reason to suspect he was not in London. Based on notes he scribbled on music-hall sketches,

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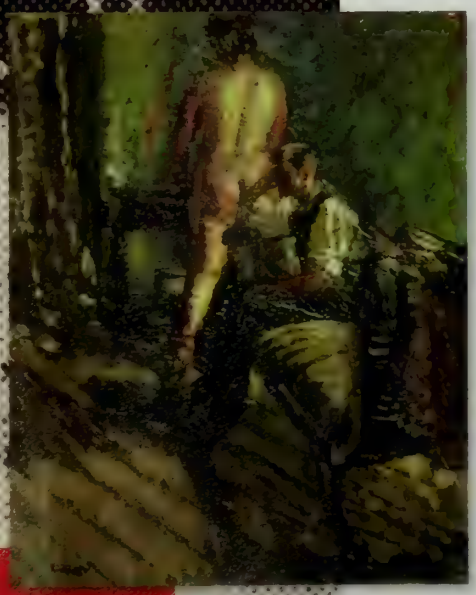
rpted from the book *Portrait of a Killer: Jack Ripper, Case Closed*, by Patricia Cornwell, e published this month by Penguin Putnam; 002 by Cornwell Enterprises, Inc.

Women were a dangerous reminder of



uriating and humiliating secret that Sickert carried to the grave.





MR. SICKERT'S NEIGHBORHOOD

Six Mornington Crescent (indicated by arrow), one of Sickert's studios at the time of the Camden Town murder. *Inset,* Sickert's *Home Life, Camden Town,* 1908.

he had been in London just two days earlier, on August 4.

The great painter James McNeill Whistler would be getting married in London five days later, on August 11. Although Sickert hadn't been invited to the small, intimate wedding, he wasn't the sort to miss it, even if he had to spy on it.

Whistler had fallen deeply in love with the "remarkably pretty" Beatrice Godwin, who was to occupy the most prominent position in his life and entirely change the course of it. Likewise, Whistler occupied one of the most prominent positions in Sickert's life and had entirely changed the course of it. "Nice boy, Walter," Whistler used to say in the early 1880s, when he was still fond of the aspiring and extraordinarily gifted young man. By the time of Whistler's engagement their friendship had cooled, but Sickert could not have been prepared for what must have seemed a shockingly unexpected and complete abandonment by the master he idolized, envied, and hated.

The anticipated connubial bliss of the egocentric and flamboyant artistic genius James McNeill Whistler must have been disconcerting to his former errand boy–apprentice. One of Sickert's many roles was the irresistible womanizer, but offstage he was nothing of the sort. Sickert was dependent on women and loathed them. They were intellectually inferior and useless except as caretakers or objects to manipulate, especially for art or money. Women were a dangerous reminder of an infuriating and humiliating secret that Sickert carried not only to the grave but beyond it, because cremated bodies reveal no tales of the flesh, even if they are exhumed. Sickert may have been born with a deformity of his penis requiring surgeries when he was a toddler that may have left him disfigured if not mutilated. He probably was incapable of an erection. He may not have had enough of a penis left for penetration, and it is quite possible he had to squat like a woman to urinate.

For Walter Sickert to imagine Whistler in love and enjoying a sexual relationship with a woman may well have been the catalyst that made Sickert one of the



Jack the Ripper protested more than c ignored by the police, "I ain't a mar

most vicious and confounding killer of all time. I believe he began to act out what he had scripted most of his life not only in thought but in boyhood sketches that depicted women being abducted, tied up, and stabbed.

The psychology of a violent, remorseless murderer is not defined by connecting dots. There are no facile explanations or irrefutable sequences of cause and effect. But the compass of human nature can point a certain way, and Sickert's feelings could easily have been inflamed by Whistler's marrying the widow of architect and archaeologist Edward Godwin, the man who had lived with actress Ellen Terry and fathered her children.

The sensuously beautiful Ellen Terry was one of the most famous actresses of the Victorian era, and Sickert was fixated on her. As a teenager, he had stalked her and her acting partner, Henry Irving. Now Whistler had links to not one but both objects of Sickert's obsessions, and these three stars in Sickert's universe formed a constellation that did not include him. The stars cared nothing about him. He was only Mr. Nemo.

But in the late summer of 1888, Sickert believe, he gave himself a new stage name—Jack the Ripper—that during his life would never be linked to him, a name that soon enough would be far better known than those of Whistler, Irving, and Terry.

The actualization of Jack the Ripper's violent fantasies began in the early morning hours after that carefree bank holiday of August 6, 1888, when he slipped out of the wings to make his debut in a series of ghastly performances that were destined to become the most celebrated murder mystery in history. Jack the Ripper is believed to have murdered and butchered at least five women in London's East End in 1888. It is widely and, I think, incorrectly believed that his violent spree ended as abruptly as it had begun, that he struck out of nowhere and then vanished from the scene.

My interest in Jack the Ripper began innocently enough, like setting out to cross a leafy country lane and getting hit by a cement truck. I was in London in May 2001, promoting the archaeological excavation of Jamestown, Virginia. My friend Linda Fairstein, former head of the sex crimes unit of the New York County as-

ommunications
ou say I am."

Attorney's Office, was in London, too, sked if I'd like to drop by Scotland for a tour.

e next morning, I met with then dep- ssistant commissioner John Grieve, of the most respected investigators in t Britain, and, as it turned out, an ex- in Jack the Ripper's crimes. The fa- Victorian killer interested me mildly. never read a Ripper book in my life. w nothing about his homicides. I did now that his victims were prostitutes or hey died. I asked a few questions. Per- I could use Scotland Yard in my next etta novel, I thought. If so, I would to know factual details about the Rip- ases, and perhaps Scarpetta would new insights to offer about them.

hn Grieve offered to take me on a ret- ctive tour of the Ripper crime scenes— was left of them after 113 years. I eled a trip to Ireland to spend a rainy, ing morning with the famous Mr. ve and Detective Inspector Howard ing, walking about Whitechapel and lfields, to Mitre Square, and to Mil- Court, where Mary Kelly was flayed e bone by this serial murderer people he Ripper.

Has anyone ever tried to use modern sic science to solve these crimes?" I l.

No," John Grieve said, and he gave me y short list of very weak suspects. ere's one other interesting chap you t want to check out, as long as you're to look into it. An artist named Wal- ickert. He painted some murder ires. In one of them in particular, a ed man is sitting on the edge of a bed the body of the nude prostitute he just lered. It's called *The Camden Town ler.* I've always wondered about him."

wasn't the first time Sickert had been ected with Jack the Ripper's crimes. people have always found the notion nable. Theories about the Ripper's iden- bound, and suspects have included e Albert Victor, the Duke of Clarence; noolmaster named Montague John tt; and Sir William Gull, Queen Vic- 's physician.

egan to wonder about Sickert when I flipping through a book of his art. The plate I landed on was an 1887 painting e well-known Victorian performer Ada berg at the Marylebone Music Hall. s supposed to be singing but looks as is screaming as the leering, menacing





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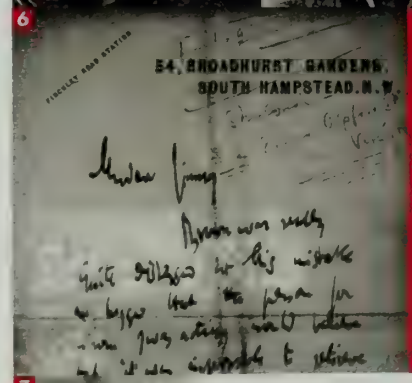
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UNUSUAL SUSPECTS

Opposite: Sickert, in an undated photograph. *This page:* (1) Police in London, 1911. (2) Richard Mansfield in the play *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* circa 1887. (3) Ripper suspect Montague John Druitt, a schoolmaster. (4) Suspect Prince Albert Victor, the Duke of Clarence, who was second in line to Victoria's throne, circa 1890. (5) Suspect Sir William Gull, the Queen's physician. (6) A letter Sickert wrote to James McNeill Whistler, with a partial watermark that matches one on a Ripper letter. (7) A Whitechapel slum, early 1900s.



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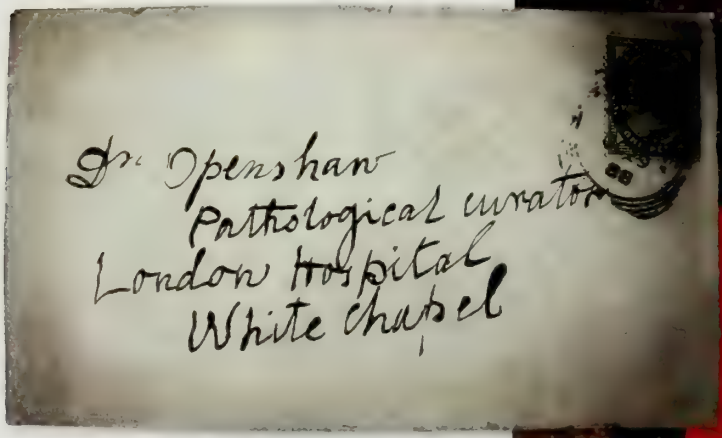
men look on. I am sure there are artistic explanations for all of Sickert's works. But what I see when I look at them is morbidity, violence, and a hatred of women. As I continued to follow Sickert and the Ripper, I began to see unsettling parallels. Some of his paintings bear a chilling resemblance to mortuary and scene photographs of Jack the Ripper's victims.

I noticed murky images of clothed men reflected in mirrors inside gloomy bedrooms where nude women sit or lie on iron beds. I saw impending violence and death. I saw a victim who had no reason to fear the charming, handsome man who had just coaxed her into a place and state of utter vulnerability. I saw a diabolically creative mind, and I saw evil.

The Camden Town murder was committed blocks from Sickert's studios and about a mile from where he had recently settled after returning to London from France. Emily Dimmock was 22 years old, of medium height, pale, and had dark-brown hair. She had been with many men, most of them sailors. According to the Metropolitan Police, she led "an utterly immoral life," and was "known to every prostitute in Euston Rd." When she was found nude in bed with her throat cut on the morning of September 12, 1907, almost 19 years after the Ripper had supposedly retired, the police, according to their report, first thought she had taken her own life as "she was a respectable married woman."

The man she lived with was not her husband, but they had talked about getting married one day. Bertram John Eugene Shaw was a cook for the Midland Railway.

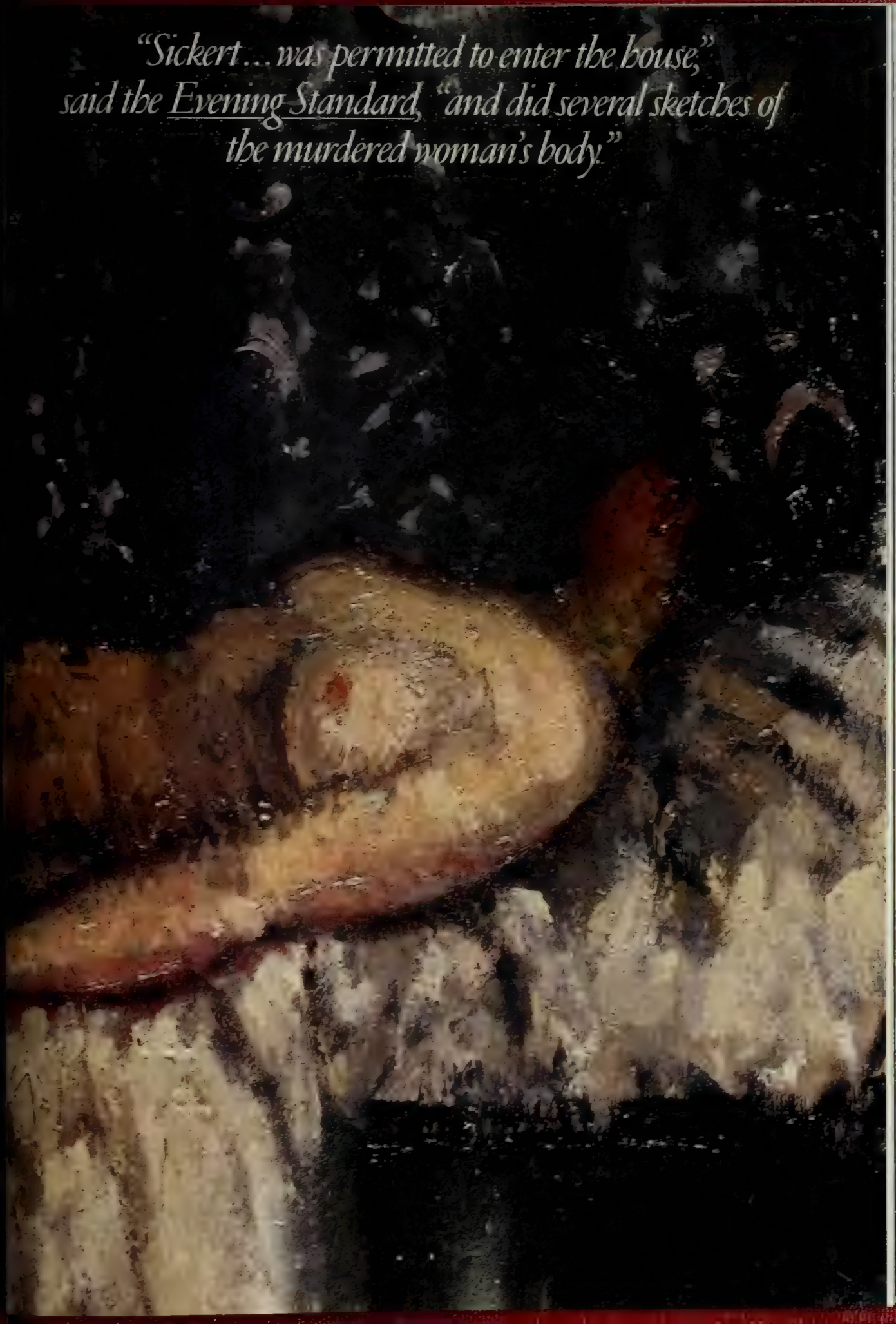
Sickert had studios at 18 and 27 Fitzroy Street. He could have walked from either of his studios to the Rising Sun public house, where Emily Dimmock met men, in minutes. Mornington Crescent was a



MURDER, HE WROTE

The Camden Town Murder or *What Shall We Do for the Rent?*, by Walter Sickert, 1908–9. *Inset*, a Ripper letter sent to Dr. Openshaw.

"Sickert... was permitted to enter the house," said the Evening Standard, "and did several sketches of the murdered woman's body."



mile north of the pub, and Sickert rented the two top floors of the house at No. 6. He painted there, usually nudes on a bed in the same setting he used in his 1908 painting *Jack the Ripper's Bedroom,* done from the point of view of someone outside open double doors that lead into a small space, where a dark mirror behind an iron bedstead vaguely reflects a man's shape.

Six Mornington Crescent was a 20-minute walk from the rooming house where Emily Dimmock lived, at 29 St. Paul's Road (now Agar Grove). She and Shaw had two rooms on the first floor. One was a sitting room, the second a cramped bedroom behind double doors at the back of the house.

Emily Dimmock usually left her rooming house by eight P.M. and did not return while the couple who owned the house, Mr. and Mrs. Stocks, were still awake. They claimed to know nothing about Emily's "irregular" life, and quite a life it was—two, three, four men a night, sometimes standing up in a dark corner of a train station before she might finally bring the last fellow home and sleep with him. Emily was not an unfortunate (as prostitutes were sometimes called in England at the time) like Ripper victims Annie Chapman and Elizabeth Stride. I wouldn't call Emily an unfortunate at all. She did not live in the slums. She had food, a place to call home, and a man who wanted to marry her.

But she had an insatiable craving for excitement and the attention of men. The police described her as a woman "of lustful habits." I don't know if lust had anything to do with her sexual encounters. More likely her lust was for money. She wanted clothes and pretty little things. She was "greatly charmed" by artwork, and collected penny picture postcards to paste in a scrapbook that was precious to her. The last postcard she had added to her collection, as far as anyone knows, was the one artist Robert Wood, employed by the London Sand Blast Decorative Glass Works, Gray's Inn Road, had given to her on September 6, inside the Rising Sun. He wrote a note on the back of it, and the postcard became the key piece of evidence when Wood was indicted and tried for murdering her. His indictment was based mostly on handwriting comparisons, and after a long, highly publicized trial, he was acquitted. In any case, Emily Dimmock had given venereal disease to so many men that the police had a long list of former clients who had good cause to do her in.

Emily had been seen with two strangers the week before her murder. One was a man "who had a short leg, or hip trouble of some sort," according to Robert Wood's statement to the police. The other was a Frenchman described by a witness as approximately five feet nine, very dark, with a short beard, and dressed in a dark coat and striped trousers. He briefly went into the Rising Sun on the night of September 9, leaned over, spoke to Emily, then left. In police reports, there is no reference to this man again, nor did there seem to be any interest in him.

Emily Dimmock was last seen alive at a Camden Town public house called the Eagle, near the Camden Road Station, on the night of September 11. Earlier in the evening she had been talking to Mrs. Stocks in the kitchen and said she had plans for the evening. Emily had received a postcard from a man who wanted to meet her at the Eagle. When she left the house that night in her long dustcoat, her hair in curling pins, she was "not dressed to go out." She mentioned to acquaintances that she didn't plan to stay at the Eagle long, wasn't eager to go, and that was why she wasn't properly dressed. She still had the curling pins in her hair when she was murdered.

Her bedroom was accessible by windows and sturdy cast-iron drainpipes a person could climb up. There is no mention in police reports that the windows were locked. Only the bedroom double door, the sitting-room door, and the front door of the house were locked the next morning when Emily's body was found. Her three keys to those doors were missing when police and Shaw searched the rooms. It is possible someone climbed into her bedroom while she was asleep, but I don't think it's likely.

The position of Emily Dimmock's dead body was described as "natural." The doctor who arrived at the scene said he believed that she had been asleep when she was killed. She was facedown, her left arm bent at an angle and across her back, the hand bloody. Her right arm was extended in front of her and on the pillow. In fact, her position was not natural or comfortable. Most people do not sleep or even lie down with one of their arms bent at a right angle behind their back. There was not sufficient space between the bed and the wall for the killer to have attacked her from behind. She needed to be facedown, and her unnatural position on the bed can be explained if the killer straddled her as he pulled back her head with his left hand and cut her throat with his right.

Blood on her left hand suggests she grabbed the hemorrhaging left side of her neck, and her assailant may have wrenched her left arm behind her, perhaps pinning it with a knee to keep her from struggling. He had cut her throat to the spine and she could make no sound. He had slashed her neck from left to right, as a right-handed assailant would. He had so little room to work that his violent sweep of the knife cut the bed ticking and nicked Emily's right elbow. Because she was on her face, her left carotid artery was squirting her blood into the [illegible] and not all over him.

The police did not discover a blo[illegible] nightgown at the scene. Absent that [illegible] ment, it may be presumed that Emily [illegible] nude when she was murdered—or that [illegible] killer took a bloody gown as a troph[illegible] former client who had slept with E[illegible] three times claimed that on those occa[illegible] she had worn a nightdress and did not [illegible] "curlers" in her hair.

After her killer cut a six-inch gash in [illegible] throat, he threw the bedcovers over her [illegible] of this seems to deviate from the Rip[illegible] violent modus operandi, though in all [illegible] there was no sign of intercourse. If S[illegible] ert was the Ripper, his patterns, fanta[illegible] needs, and energy would have evolve[illegible] 20 years.

I believe Sickert would have been sh[illegible] enough to avoid re-creating the 20-yea[illegible] Ripper scare, especially when he was a[illegible] to begin his most intense period of violen[illegible] and produce works that he would not [illegible] dared to etch or paint or display in 18[illegible] 1889. Emily Dimmock's murder was st[illegible] to appear to have been motivated by rob[illegible]

Bertram Shaw arrived home from [illegible] train station on the morning of Sep[illegible] ber 12 and discovered that his mother, [illegible] had planned on visiting that morning, [illegible] already there. She was waiting in the [illegible] way because Emily did not answer the [illegible] and she could not get into her son's ro[illegible]. Shaw asked the landlady, Mrs. Stocks, [illegible] a key. He unlocked the outer door and f[illegible] the double doors locked as well. He b[illegible] in and flung back the covers from Em[illegible]'s naked body on the blood-soaked bed.

Drawers had been pulled out of the [illegible] er, the contents rummaged through [illegible] scattered on the floor. Emily's scrap[illegible] was open on a chair, and some post[illegible] had been removed from it. The window [illegible] shutters in the bedroom were closed, the [illegible] dows in the sitting room closed, the sh[illegible] slightly open. Shaw ran for the police. S[illegible] 25 minutes later, Constable Thomas K[illegible] arrived and determined by touching Em[illegible]'s cold shoulder that she had been dea[illegible] hours. He immediately sent for police-[illegible] visional surgeon Dr. John Thompson, wh[illegible] rived at the scene around one P.M. and [illegible] cluded—based on the coldness of the [illegible] and the advanced stage of rigor mortis [illegible] Emily had been dead seven or eight ho[illegible]

This would have placed her time [illegible] death at five or six A.M., which is not [illegible]. The morning was thick with fog, bu[illegible] sun rose at 5:30. The killer would [illegible] been brazen to the point of stupidity [illegible] he left Emily's house after the sun wa[illegible], no matter how gray the weather, and [illegible] o'clock people were stirring, many on [illegible] way to work.

nder ordinary conditions, it requires 8 to
urs for a body to become fully rigid, and
temperatures can retard this process.
y's body was under bedclothes that the
had flung over her, and the windows
doors were shut. Her bedroom would
ave been frigid, but on the morning
ed, the low was 47 degrees Fahrenheit.
t is not known is how stiff she was—
advanced her rigor mortis may have
by the time Dr. Thompson began to
ine her. at some point after one P.M.
could have been in full rigor mortis—
a good 10 or 12 hours. This would
est she could have been murdered be-
midnight and four A.M.
. Thompson said at the scene that
y's throat had been cut
ly with a very sharp in-
ment. The police found
ing except one of Shaw's
ght razors, which was in
view on top of a dresser.
would be difficult to use
raight razor to cut force-
through muscle and carti-
without the blade's folding
ward and perhaps severely
nding the perpetrator. A
y petticoat in the wash-
had soaked up all of the
, indicating the killer had
ed himself off before he left.
had been careful not to touch
ning with bloody hands, the
e remarked at the inquest.
he Ripper panic was not
ently resurrected after Emi-
murder, and Sickert's name
never mentioned in connec-
with the crime.
When Sickert began his infa-
s paintings and etchings of
women sprawled on iron
—*The Camden Town Mur-*
L'Affaire de Camden Town, and *Jack*
ore—he was simply viewed as a respect-
artist who had chosen the Camden
murder as a narrative theme in his
. It wouldn't be until many years later
a detail would link him to the Camden
murder. On November 29, 1937, the
ng Standard printed a short article about
ert's Camden Town–murder paintings.
stated, "Sickert, who was living in Cam-
Town, was permitted to enter the
e where the murder was committed
did several sketches of the murdered
an's body."

ert scholars agree that he was a "hand-
ul." Born in Munich, Germany, in 1860,
as "brilliant" with a "volatile tempera-
t," and when he was three his mother
a family friend that he was "perverse and
ward"—a physically strong boy whose
"tenderness" easily turned to "temper." He was a master of persuasion and, like his father, disdainful of religion. Authority did not exist any more than God did. In school, Walter was energetic and intellectually keen, but he did not abide by rules. Those who have written about his life are vague and elusive about his "irregularities," as his biographer Denys Sutton put it.

Sickert's arrogance, his lack of feeling, and his extraordinary power of manipulation are typical of psychopaths. What is not so apparent—although it betrayed itself in Walter's fits of temper and sadistic games—is the anger that simmers beneath their bewitching surface. Add rage to emotional detachment and a total lack of compassion or remorse, and the resulting alchemy turns Dr. Jekyll into Mr. Hyde. The precise chemistry of this transformation is a mixture of the physical and spiritual that we may never fully understand. Does an abnormal frontal lobe cause a person to become a psychopath? Or does the frontal lobe become abnormal because the person is a psychopath? We don't yet know the cause.

We do know the behavior, and we know that psychopaths act without regard for consequences. They do not care about the suffering left in the aftermath of their violent storms. It doesn't bother a psychopath if his assassination of a president may damage the entire nation, if his killing spree may break the hearts of women who have lost their husbands, and children who have lost their fathers. Sirhan Sirhan was heard to boast in prison that he had become as famous as Bobby Kennedy. John Hinckley Jr.'s failed attempt on Reagan's life catapulted the pudgy, unpopular loser into being a cover boy for every major magazine.

The psychopath's only palpable fear is that he will be caught. The rapist aborts his sexual assault when he hears someone unlocking the front door. Or maybe the violence escalates and he kills both his original victim and whoever is entering the house. There can be no witnesses. No matter how much psychopaths may taunt the police, the thought of captivity fills them with terror, and they will go to any length to avoid it. It is ironic that people who have such contempt for human life will desperately hold on to their own. They continue to thrive on their games, even on death row. They are determined to live, and to the bitter end they believe they can dodge death by lethal injection or cheat the electric chair.



JACK THE RETIREE
Walter Sickert, decades after the first Ripper murder.

The Ripper was the gamesman of all gamesmen. His murders, his clues and taunts to the press and the police, his antics—all were such fun. His greatest disillusionment must have come from realizing early on that his opponents were unskilled dolts. For the most part, Jack the Ripper played his games alone. He had no worthy adversaries, and he boasted and taunted almost to the point of giving himself away. The Ripper wrote hundreds of letters to the police and the press.

The Ripper's mockeries and utter indifference to his destruction of human life are evident in these letters, which begin in 1888 and end, as far as we know, in 1896. As I read and reread—more times than I can count—the 250-odd Ripper letters that survive at the Public Record Office in London and the Corporation of London Records Office, I began to form a rather horrifying image of a furious, spiteful, and cunning child who was the master controller of a brilliant and talented adult. Jack the Ripper felt empowered only when he savaged people and tormented the authorities, and he got away with all of it for more than 114 years.

When I began to go through the letters, I concurred with what the police and most people believe: almost all of the letters are hoaxes or the communications of mentally unbalanced people. However, during my intensive research of Sickert and the way

Jack the Ripper

he expressed himself—and the way the Ripper expressed himself in so many of his alleged letters—my opinion changed. I now believe that the majority of the letters were written by the murderer. The Ripper's childish and hateful teases and mocking comments and taunts in his letters include:

"Ha Ha Ha."

"Catch me if you can."

"It's a jolly nice lark."

"What a dance I am leading."

"Love, Jack the Ripper."

"Just to give you a little clue."

"I told her I was Jack the Ripper and I took my hat off."

A review of the Ripper letters in the Public Record Office reveals that Jack the Ripper was intellectually arrogant. Even when he disguised his writing to look ignorant, illiterate, or crazy, he did not like to hear that he was. He couldn't resist reminding people he was literate by an occasional letter with perfect spelling, neat or beautiful script, and excellent vocabulary. As the Ripper protested more than once in communications that were increasingly ignored by the police and the press, "I ain't a maniac as you say I am to dam [*sic*] clever for you" and "Do you think I am mad? What a mistake you make."

In all likelihood, an illiterate Cockney would not use the word "conundrum" or sign his letter "Mathematicus." In all likelihood, an ignorant brute would not refer to the people he has murdered as "victims" or describe mutilating a woman as giving her a "Caesarian." The Ripper also used vulgarities, such as "cunt," and worked hard to misspell, mangle, or write in snarls. Then he mailed his trashy letters—"I have not got a stamp"—from Whitechapel, as if to imply that Jack the Ripper was a low-life resident of the slums. Few Whitechapel paupers could either read or write, and a large percentage of the population was foreign and did not speak English. Most people who misspell do so phonetically and consistently, and in some letters the Ripper misspells the same word several different ways.

The repeated word "games" and much-used "ha ha"s were favorites of the American-born James McNeill Whistler, whose "ha ha," or "cackle," as Sickert called it, was infamous and was often described as a dreaded laugh that grated against the ear of the English. Whistler's "ha ha" could stop a dinner-party conversation. It was enough of an announcement of his presence to make his enemies freeze or get up and leave. "Ha ha" was much more American than English, and one can only imagine how many times a day Sickert heard that irritating "ha ha" when he was with Whistler or in Whistler's studio. One can read hundreds of letters written by Victorians and not see a single "ha ha," but the Ripper letters are filled with them.

Investigators and most students of the Ripper crimes have focused more on the handwriting than on the language. Handwriting is easy to disguise, especially if one is a talented artist, but the unique and repeated use of linguistic combinations in multiple texts is the fingerprint of a person's mind. One of Walter Sickert's favorite insults was to call people "fools." The Ripper was also very fond of this word. To Jack the Ripper, everybody was a fool except him.

Using chemicals and highly sensitive instruments to analyze inks, paints, and paper is scientific. Handwriting comparison is not. It is an investigative tool that can be powerful and convincing, especially in detecting forgeries. But if a suspect is adept in disguising his handwriting, comparison can be frustrating or impossible. The police investigating the Ripper cases were so eager to pinpoint similarity in handwriting that they did not explore the possibility that the killer may have used many different styles. Other leads, such as cities the Ripper mentioned and postmarks on envelopes, were not pursued. Had they been, it may have been discovered that most of the distant cities shared points in common, including theaters and racecourses. Many of these locations would appear on a map of Sickert's travels.

Let's start with Manchester. There were at least three reasons for Sickert to visit that city and be quite familiar with it. His wife's family, the Cobdens, owned property in Manchester. Sickert's sister, Helena, lived in Manchester. Sickert had friends as well as professional connections in Manchester. Several Ripper letters mention Manchester. One of them that the Ripper claims to have written from Manchester on November 22, 1888, has a partial A Pirie & Sons watermark. Another letter, this one purportedly sent from East London, also on November 22, has a partial A Pirie & Sons watermark. The stationery Walter and Ellen Sickert began using after they were married on June 10, 1885, has the A Pirie & Sons watermark.

Dr. Paul Ferrara, a director of the Virginia Institute of Forensic Science and Medicine, made the first watermark connection when we were examining original Ripper and Sickert letters in London and Glasgow. Transparencies of the letters and their watermarks were submitted to the institute, and when the Ripper partial watermark and a Sickert complete watermark were scanned into a forensic image-enhancement computer and superimposed on the video screen, they matched exactly.

In September 2001, the Virginia Institute received permission from the British government to conduct nondestructive for testing on the original Ripper letters a Public Record Office. Dr. Ferrara, I analyst Lisa Schiermeier, forensic in enhancement expert Chuck Pruitt, and ers traveled to London, and we exam the Ripper letters. Some of what see the most promising envelopes—ones tha had flaps and stamps intact—were n ened, the flaps and stamps painstak peeled back for swabbing. Photographs taken and handwriting was compared.

From London we went on to othe chival collections. We examined pape took DNA samples from the letters velopes, and stamps of Walter Richard ert; his first wife, Ellen Cobden Sic James McNeill Whistler; and so-called per suspect Montague John Druitt. of these tests were exclusionary. Obvi neither Ellen Sickert nor Whistler has been a suspect, but Walter Sickert w in Whistler's studio. He mailed lette him and was in close physical co with him and his belongings. It is sible that Whistler's DNA—and cert Ellen's DNA—could have contaminated ert evidence.

We swabbed Whistler envelopes stamps at the University of Glasgow, his massive archival collection is kep swabbed envelopes and stamps at the Sussex Record Office, where Ellen C Sickert's family archives—and, coincid ly, some of Montague John Druitt's archives—are kept. Unfortunately, the Druitt sample available to us was the he wrote in 1876 while he was a stud Oxford University. The DNA results the envelope's flap and stamp are co nated, but will be retested.

Other documents yet to be tested a envelopes I believe were addresse sealed by the Duke of Clarence, and velope of Queen Victoria's physicia William Gull. I do not believe that Dr any of these supposed suspects had a to do with the murders and mutilation I would like to clear their names if DNA testing will continue until all pr means are exhausted. The importan tends far beyond the Ripper investigat

I was not optimistic we would get a match, but I was surprised and crestfallen when the first round of te conducted on 55 samples—turned up single sign of human life. I decided again, this time swabbing different ar the same envelopes and stamps.

Still we came up with nothing. The a number of possible explanations for disappointing results: the one-billiont gram of DNA in human saliva that have been deposited on a stamp or velope flap did not survive the years

to laminate the Ripper letters for rvation destroyed the DNA; suboptistorage for a hundred years caused dation and destruction of the DNA; rhaps the adhesives were the culprit. e "glutinous wash," as adhesives were d in the mid–19th century, was pre- from plant extracts, such as the bark acacia tree. During the Victorian era, ostal system underwent an industrial ution, with the first letter bearing a / Black stamp mailed on May 2, 1840, Bath. The envelope-folding machine patented in England in 1845. Many le did not want to lick envelopes or os, for "sanitary" reasons, and used nge. To add to the scientific odds st us when we swabbed envelopes and os, we could not possibly know who icked their envelopes and who had The last genetic option left for us was a third round of testing, this time for hondrial DNA.

hen one reads about DNA tests used in modern criminal and paternity , what is usually being referred to is uclear DNA that is located in virtualry cell in the body and passed down both parents. Mitochondrial DNA nd outside the nucleus of the cell. of an egg: the nuclear DNA is found yolk, so to speak, and the mitochon- DNA would be found in the egg . Mitochondrial DNA is passed down from the mother. While the mitodrial region of a cell contains thou- more "copies" of DNA than the nu- does, mitochondrial-DNA testing is complex and expensive, and the re- can be limited because the DNA is d down from only one parent.

e extracts of all 55 samples were sent Bode Technology Group, an interna- lly respected private DNA laboratory ringfield, Virginia. Bode has been usitochondrial and genomic DNA to ify victims of the 9/11 terrorist attack e World Trade Center. The examination r samples took months, and I was back Public Record Office when Dr. Paul ra telephoned to tell me that Bode had ed the testing and had gotten mitodrial DNA from almost every sample. of the genetic profiles were of a mish- of individuals.

e swabbed samples in the Jack the er case can be imagined as 55 sheets ite paper that are cluttered with thou- of different combinations of numbers. of the sheets of paper have smears llegible numbers and mixtures of num- that indicate the samples came from different people. However, two sheets per each have a sequence of numbers ame from a single donor—or only one person: one is James McNeill Whistler, and the other is the person who left DNA on a partial stamp on the envelope of a Ripper letter sent to Dr. Thomas Openshaw, the curator of the London Hospital Museum.

The Whistler sequence has nothing in common with any Ripper letter or any non-Whistler item tested. But the sequence on the other is found in five additional samples. A drawback in our testing is that the ever elusive Walter Sickert has yet to offer us his DNA profile. When he was cremated, our best evidence went up in flames. Unless we eventually find a pre-mortem sample of his blood, skin, hair, teeth, or bones, we will never resurrect Walter Richard Sickert in a laboratory. But we may have found pieces of him.

The clean single-donor sequence recovered from the partial stamp on the back of the Ripper-Openshaw envelope is our best basis of comparison. The five samples that have this same single-donor sequence are the front stamp from the same Openshaw envelope; an Ellen Sickert envelope; the envelope from a Walter Sickert letter; a stamp from a Walter Sickert envelope; and a Ripper envelope with a stain that tests positive for blood.

The results from the Ellen Sickert envelope could be explained if she moistened the envelope and stamp with the same sponge her husband used—assuming either one of them used a sponge. Or Sickert might have touched or licked the adhesive on the flap or stamp, perhaps because he mailed the letter for her.

The Ripper-Openshaw letter that yielded the mitochondrial DNA results was written on A Pirie & Sons stationery. The letter is postmarked October 29, 1888, and was mailed in London. The envelope reads:

> Dr. Openshaw
> Pathological curator
> London Hospital
> White chapel

The letter reads:

> Old boss you was rite it was
> the left kidny i was goin to
> hopperate agin close to your
> ospitle just as i was goin
> to dror mi nife along of
> er bloomin throte them
> cusses of coppers spoilt
> the game but i guess i wil
> be on the job soon and will
> send you another bit of
> innerds Jack the ripper
>
> O have you seen the devle
> with his mikerscope and scalpul
> a lookin at a Kidney
> with a slide cocked up

One reason I believe this letter is genuine is that it is so blatantly contrived. The bad handwriting looks disguised and is jarringly inconsistent with the handwriting of someone with access to pen and ink and fine-quality watermarked stationery. The address on the envelope is literate, the spelling perfect, which is vastly different from the overblown illiteracy of the letter, with its inconsistent misspellings, such as "kidny" and "Kidney," "wil" and "will." Stewart P. Evans and Keith Skinner point out in their extremely helpful book, *Jack the Ripper: Letters from Hell,* that the postscript in the Dr. Openshaw letter alludes to a verse in an 1871 Cornish folktale:

> Here's to the devil,
> With his wooden pick and shovel,
> Digging tin by the bushel,
> With his tail cock'd up!

An allusion to a Cornish folktale makes no sense if we are supposed to believe this Openshaw letter was written by an uneducated homicidal maniac who ripped a kidney from a victim and sent it off in the mail. Walter Sickert visited Cornwall as a boy. He painted in Cornwall when he was Whistler's apprentice.

One could argue—and should—that the absence of a reliable known reference source, in this instance Walter Sickert's DNA, suggests we are assuming without conclusive scientific evidence that the single-donor sequence from the Ripper-Openshaw letter was deposited by Walter Sickert, alias Jack the Ripper. We can't assume any such thing.

Although statistically the single-donor sequence excludes 99 percent of the population, in Dr. Ferrara's words, "The matching sequences might be a coincidence. They might not be a coincidence." At best, we have a "cautious indicator" that the Sickert and Ripper mitochondrial DNA sequences came from the same person.

But, as former F.B.I. profiler Ed Sulzbach says, "there really aren't many coincidences in life. And to call coincidence after coincidence after coincidence a coincidence is just plain stupid."

Fifteen months after my first meeting with Scotland Yard's John Grieve, I returned to him and presented the case.

"What would you do had you known all this and been the detective back then?" I asked him.

"I would immediately put Sickert under surveillance to try to find where his bolt-holes [secret rooms] were, and if we found any, we would get search warrants," he replied as we drank coffee in an East End Indian restaurant.

"If we didn't get any more evidence than what we've now got," he went on, "we'd be happy to put the case before the crown prosecutor." □

L.A. Kids

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 341 a little stricken by that.

He said something had happened to him since he'd come back from school—Cornell—something he was trying to figure out.

"The first night I got in," he said, "I got a call from my friend, and he was like, 'Yo, this other dude just got his rims on his new Mercedes,' and we rush over to go see his rims. And then my two friends were looking at this car going, 'Oh, yeah, your rims are so tight,' 'Oh, I'm so happy.' And I'm going, What the fuck is going on here?—like I don't understand. And it wasn't even like I could say, What's the big deal?, 'cause I couldn't even understand *what the hell was going on.*"

Kelly popped up, looking curious and amused. "Isn't Matt great? Isn't he a funny kid?" she said.

He put his arm around her, staring off dramatically, as if for a photograph.

It was Marc who'd found Kelly at the University of Colorado at Boulder, where he was a junior and she'd just finished her freshman year. She'd already determined she was not going back. "The people were really country," she said.

She had the L.A. accent, perpetually casual and bored. "They were all, like, crashing beer cans against their foreheads. And it was like, Where the fuck did I drop myself off?" she said. "My roommate was from Oregon. Her past included basically, like, going out in a little dinghy with a six-pack."

Kelly had grown up in Beverly Hills, which she seemed to see as a kind of beautiful disease. "You're surrounded by people with just extraordinary wealth, and everybody has the same background," she said, "and so your experience is very narrow. Importance is placed on things that are not terribly important, such as money."

She comes from an old L.A. family. She said her first words were "Bullshit, Daddy."

"People who have money really like to demonstrate their wealth. There's no discretion here," she said. "It's really hard to form your own identity when your identity is made up of what clothes you wear and where you like to go."

In high school she had partied at the Playboy Mansion and with P. Diddy in the Hamptons and Miami. "Puffy really knows how to throw a party, he's the showiest," she said, then laughed. "I'm dissing Puffy, I'm gonna get shot."

She had graduated from Crossroads, an L.A. private school, and says Meg Ryan and Dennis Quaid's son and Maria Shriver and Arnold Schwarzenegger's kids went there. The boys wore Armani and Gucci to the prom; Kelly had worn a Roberto Cavalli gown. "It's, like, glamorous," she said.

"Girls check out girls' clothes," she said, "girls know how much your outfit is, because we all shop at Ron Herman's"—the emporium of cool better known as Fred Segal.

When the limo had passed by the store on the way to the nightclub earlier that night, she cheered.

"But, I mean, I love L.A.," Kelly said.

And she found she couldn't leave.

Now they were on their way to the next party, a "random house party up in the hills."

It was Matt, Kelly, Marc, Evan, and Daniella Segal, a pretty, dark-haired girl from New York who was visiting for the weekend.

They started talking about the world.

"Everybody hates us," Kelly said.

"I think we come across like overindulgent idiots," Daniella said. "Americans aren't respected anywhere, really. Like, other countries have things that they're known for and are great—like Russia and space?"

The limo driver and Evan, who knew the address, started muddling through the interminable directions that characterize a typical outing in L.A.

"Would someone please explain *Mulholland Drive* to me?" Matt said.

"Saturday night's all about spontanooity," said Marc.

"Spontaneity," Kelly corrected him, with a laugh.

Marc—who looked like Adam Sandler doing Dustin Hoffman in *The Graduate*—appeared to kick himself mentally, then throw himself down a flight of stairs. He'd been wooing Kelly all summer, and said his friends had "ripped him a new asshole for not sleeping with this girl."

The summer night was cool and the windows were down; the winding roads were dark and the mansions were still. Jay-Z was rapping softly about how he'd come from the ghetto and hustled coke and become a rap star and now owned a Bentley.

"Things are not what they seem in L.A.," Kelly said confidentially, off to one side. "It's a very reputation-conscious city. That's the reason why people in private schools learn self-preservation, because people love to run their mouth about you. Like, I can't tell you the shit that's been said about me. Like, people said I was a coke whore. I had never done any of that stuff—I hadn't, well, at that point.

"That's why you have to go to, like, Europe," she said. "Like, I saw there real people who have noble professions. People who don't have a lot of money but are completely content with the way they look."

She looked like a fallen angel in designer wings. She had recently been asked to do a bikini shoot for *Maxim* magazine, which she'd agreed to, although she said she h it was "really skeevy."

"You know, I mean, circumstanc birth . . . " She let the phrase hover like r "I don't know, I think it's terrible to j somebody by a circumstance, and t what people do here. Like, when you're into a wealthy family, or when you're bo tractive, or, like, you have social skills, p will rip you a new one, because they want you to get ahead of them."

The party was eerie—a few college smoking joints and drinking bee the pool at a high, glass house that w Mondrian angles and colors, lighted lo

"It's my house. It's worth three milli came into some money," said an in boy who, Daniella later said, "had the of a rapist." "Don't take anything fro refrigerator," he told them.

"Nice house," "Nice house," they all padding slowly up and down the le There didn't seem to be any person effects anywhere.

"That was not his house," "No way was his house," they all said outside, as were leaving.

"Everything is fake here," Matt sai way of explanation. "Accounting cou of Arthur Andersen."

Back in the limo, Evan—a slick boy skin so smooth it looked like the of a facialist—said, "Breast implants are sidered trashy now."

"Everyone gets nose jobs," said Dan

"Nose jobs are different, but I kn girl who got breast implants and sh clowned," said Evan.

"You're at a party and you're in the J zi and somebody's breasts will float," Kelly with a little shudder.

In the driveway of Evan's house—i now around two A.M.—Kelly jumpe Matt's back. He carried her around. looked like a pair of lovers in a per commercial.

Marc frowned.

He said he didn't know exactly h felt about her, but it was becoming a comfortable thing: what was happeni tween him and Kelly. They'd been inse ble all summer, ever since they'd come from Boulder. He said he'd been falli her ever since they met, on the way Roots concert with a bunch of other kids at the University of Colorado. "B knows I'm not one of those guys who na be like, 'Hey, Kelly, let's get freaky

He said she called him 8, 10 times "It's a very odd relationship because ally do function at times as a couple we're not," he said. "At some poin gonna have to decide what I'm gonna I'm gonna go in really hard for her."

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elly squealed. Matt was swinging her
id.
stairs in Evan's house, *The Crocodile*
r, a nature show, was playing. James
(Sean Connery) was cocking an eye-
on the wall. Evan lived in the guest
e; his parents lived in the main house,
ely, tiled Spanish thing with a back-
the size of a small theme park.
att and Kelly had disappeared some-
. Evan and Marc were sitting on Evan's
e, smoking, with Daniella.
ou're in such a gray area when you're
Marc was saying. "All my girlfriends
L.A. are into older guys."
lowered his voice. "Kelly, for instance.
loves me. She thinks I'm the fuckin'
But the problem is, I'm too young for

hhh, shhh," said Evan.
elly came out, looking buoyant, blue
round.
We're talking about girls' dating older
She's a fan," Marc said flatly.
Dooh, yeah, I'm a fan," Kelly said,
y sarcastic. She didn't seem to like him
g about her. "No," she said smoothly,
thing about an older guy is that they,
have seen more and there's a little bit
earning curve."
We're 20 years old, we're mature guys,"
Marc.
know you are," she said, "but there's
thing about guys that have gone through
ge and that have jobs and have a little
xperience."
e'd been dating an entertainment lawyer
was 27.
Why do you want that right now? You're
oing to marry him!" Marc said.
an laughed.
think it's an instinctive thing," Kelly
"Because, well, I'm a little too practical
t fall in love with somebody because—
h—I'm in love with him." Now she was
ring Marc. "Like, to marry somebody
se I'm in love with him? Like, I'd nev-
arry someone who I thought couldn't
care of me in the way that I—you know—
been brought up. Do you know what I
?" She sniffed.
ere was a silence.
arc tried to stay respectful. "That's a
truggle," he said.
You know what it is?" Evan said. "It's
anthropology. Girls want men who
ake care of the family."
They say guys are 10 years behind girls,"
Kelly.
att appeared on the terrace, glowering.
h, right."
don't believe it, necessarily," Kelly said,
ring, "this is exactly how I feel about
your age and stuff—"
arc scoffed. "Your age?"
Well, guys *my* age," she said, "are play-
ing adult with their parents' money. Well, that's what my friends do."

Another little silence. Something hitting home.

"I don't like the feeling," Matt said finally.

"They totally play like grown-ups with money that's not theirs," Kelly said.

"I've made money in my life!" said Marc.

"I make, like, 200 bucks a week," Evan said—he was a U.C.L.A. student, interning at MGM Studios and a law firm that summer—"but I live like I make a lot more."

"Guilt, guilt, it's so worthless," said Matt.

"I have a really hard time reconciling Gucci and poverty," Kelly said. "It's, like, white woman's burden."

"Guilt is a worthless thing, and the burden is a metaphysical fuckin' nightmare," Matt exploded, in full Ballonius mode. "You have so many goddamn people you can look at and feel guilty for. I can feel guilty that that dude's driving the car tonight—"

The limo driver—a jolly, pear-shaped man with a scruffy goatee—was relaxing down in the street, listening to classic rock.

"I can feel guilty that there's some bum out in the park," said Matt. "I can feel guilty that there's a Guatemalan kid waking up at five in the morning to make hats 15 hours a day. There's so many fuckin' people, it's a never-ending cycle."

Kelly was nodding. "You know what actually helped me through the white woman's burden," she said, "was Ayn Rand's *Atlas Shrugged*."

"You like Ayn Rand?" Marc said, aghast.

"The virtues of selfishness, man." Matt smiled acidly.

"I love Ayn Rand," Kelly said. "Well, I mean, you need certain people to keep the economy going."

Fred Segal, which has two locations, one on Melrose and one in Santa Monica, is not only a store but a quasi-religious institution. Kelly said that, no matter how blue she felt, a trip there was sure to raise her spirits, "no matter how fucking shallow that sounds."

The parking lot of Fred Segal is always full of Porsches, Jaguars, and shiny S.U.V.'s. Inside, you can buy a child's T-shirt by Roberto Cavalli for $144. A JESUS IS MY HOMEBOY T-shirt is only $40. In addition to the usual Prada and Gucci, the store carries a preponderance of young designers close to Kelly, Marc, and Matt's age and social disposition, which Kelly said she thought was "really supportive."

"You know Fred Segal," explained a boy I met in L.A., "the place where the rich girls buy their clothes from the rich girls." Marc's sister, Pam, has a clothing line there called Ella Moss. (Marc said, "She never returns my calls.")

A clerk there said that, after al-Qaeda brought the World Trade Center down and George W. Bush urged Americans to shop, a frequent customer said she "felt like Rosie the Riveter," and was going on from there to give blood.

On a Sunday evening in Beverly Hills, Matt met a friend named Jonathan Caren at the Backstage Café, a little sidewalk bar. Matt had been seeking out Jonathan a lot lately for advice. He, too, had come back from school (he went to Vassar) that summer feeling changed, along with the world.

"Our lives are a parody and we know it," Jonathan said. "Some kids don't reconcile it and they buy into it and they live it. It's addictive and they're stuck in it and there's no way out—going out every night, drugs, girls."

"Here's the sad part," Matt grumbled. "It's not that fun."

"My theory is kids reflect what they see from adults and parents," Jonathan said. "It's amazing how far you can get, deep into it, and how much you can hurt yourself—ruin yourself—and not even recognize that that's what you are doing."

They started talking about Paris Hilton.

Matt said he had been sitting with his family eating seared salmon at Wolfgang Puck recently, "and I thought, What if some guy in a Palestinian refugee camp could see us now? But then I thought, What the fuck can I do about it?"

"You have to take care of yourself first," Jonathan said earnestly.

That summer he had become Dr. Phil to his friends. In high school he'd done the club scene, too, was even captain of the football team. "Jonathan was Mr. Beverly Hills High School," Marc had said earlier. "He was always Mr. Fashionable on a Saturday night."

"I couldn't be that thing anymore," Jonathan said. "I can't go back. I chose a different path"—to be a playwright—"which may mean that I never achieve the kind of financial success that has surrounded me growing up, and that scares me, but I know this is what I want."

He was wearing a T-shirt that said, THANK GOD I'M NORWEGIAN. He'd let his hair grow out wild, so that his friends said he "looked like Barry Gibb."

He was staging a play in L.A. that summer—an indictment of Starbucks based on the Oedipus myth—entitled *Brew Bucks.* It featured a character in a rat costume, which Jonathan sometimes wore outside of rehearsals.

"But you don't even know where to take a stand," he said. "Kids mock themselves by becoming political—it turns trendy."

"Is our whole American thing just over?" asked Matt.

It was too much to contemplate. They started talking about Marc and Kelly.

"Is he into her, or the image?" Jonathan asked.

"Half of him wants to stay Marc," Matt

L.A. Kids

said, "and half of him wants to be a big Hollywood mogul like Don Simpson and bang lots of women."

A sunny day in L.A., as usual. Marc was spinning along Sunset in the new "graphite pearl" Lexus IS300 he'd gotten for his 20th birthday. It was outfitted with Global Positioning System, where you punch in a destination and a computerized voice tells you where to turn.

"It's the same stuff they drop the bombs with," Marc said cheerfully.

"Left turn ahead," said his car.

He turned.

Up the road, Austin Powers was cavorting happily on a 30-foot billboard.

Marc started talking about how he wanted to be a movie producer.

"My big transitional phase is, should I be a producer or should I be an executive producer?" He laughed.

"A lot of people around here want to be in the business," he said offhandedly. "It's what you see on a daily basis. I grew up with the notion that, if I want to make a lot of money when I get older, I gotta be in Hollywood, and so that's sort of the direction I put myself in."

"Thank you," said his car.

"You can do some really cool stuff, making a good movie. That's cool, that's fun, I wouldn't mind doing that. But it's a paranoid industry."

In high school, he'd been an intern at George Clooney's production company, Section Eight. "George's whole thing is, like, 'I'm the cool celebrity, I'm nice to everybody, I'll talk to the third set painter.' I would always joke with him, 'We're gonna play golf, George.'"

Marc's cell phone rang. It was Kelly.

"O.K., so get the poncho," he told her.

He clicked off. "She's dependent on me."

He zoomed along, thinking. "If I don't make it," he said, "it's gonna be a miserable life."

Julia Roberts appeared on a billboard, hands in prayer.

He stopped for a steak sandwich at Jones's, a lunch place favored by movie producers, and started talking about how "girls out here don't know how to eat—like, breakfast, lunch, dinner, they don't know what that is. Like, a girl I know, she'll go all day without eating, and then she'll just stuff herself and that'll be it. I don't think she's bulimic. It wouldn't surprise me. She has a bony ass . . . "

He started talking about Kelly again. She called him several more times as he had lunch. "Every night she asks me so many times, How do I look, how do I look?" He shook his head at the inconceivable.

"Kelly needs to know that she's so much better than she perceives herself to be. I don't think she's shallow at all," he said. "Like when people tell her she's gorgeous or good-looking, she just, like, gets so down on herself. It's so sad. She has a really tough time handling adulation.

"Like, she's gonna go do that magazine"—*Maxim*—"and do a whole bikini spread and she's . . . I wouldn't say terrified, but she thinks it's the worst thing ever. She thinks it's horrible. Of course she'll do it, but she said to me, 'I hate everything that stands for.' I couldn't even comprehend what she was trying to say.

"I want to help Kelly," Marc said.

His cell phone rang; Kelly again.

She wanted him to go test-drive BMWs with her.

The woman known only as Jennifer eyed the kids collected outside Joseph's Café, a lounge on Ivar, like the Great Santini inspecting a sorry shipment of recruits. A woman in her 30s, she worked the door for Brent Bolthouse Productions, the reigning party promoters in L.A. She was never very friendly to civilians.

"She was *definitely* unpopular in high school," Marc said as he, Matt, Evan, and Evan's steady girlfriend, Andrea, finally made it inside.

"This is just a *restaurant,*" Evan pointed out.

The space was crammed with Reagan-era babies in Gucci fishing hats and strategically ripped vintage T-shirts. A couple of girls from Marc and Matt's high school came up to the boys and pinched their asses.

"That's how girls act now," Marc said, aside. "They, like, beg you to have sex with them—it's so *weird.*"

A couple of other boys nearby were deep in conversation. "Dude, my face is so dry," one said, patting his cheek.

"Dude, it might be the micro-beads in your facial wash. It's too exfoliating," said his friend.

"It's just a bunch of pretentious whores and bastards gathered together to talk to other pretentious whores and bastards," said a wiry boy named Dave Eitches.

He was a friend of Marc and Matt's from Beverly Hills High. He said he'd come there that night in a chauffeured car so "we don't have to worry about the D.U.I." He said he was worried and peeved about President Bush's talk of invading Iraq, which had just started heating up that summer.

"He's brainwashing everyone's brains to think that we're the shit when—O.K., we might be the shit, but we're too cocky and we're too naïve to realize that there's a whole world out there and the world doesn't revolve around America," he said.

He said he wanted to be an intern film distributor.

"I'm into the money," he said, shr "I understand what I stand for and I stand that it's a good thing . . . but make money off it."

Twenty songs later, Marc wantec but Matt was hitting on a U.C.L.A student with a little black purse. "A he's got the Perma-Flex," Marc said

Matt had his arms folded and up against his chest, making his ne veloped biceps highly apparent.

"The sad thing is, girls, they want in black. Look," Marc said, noddi table across the room where a large, man in a black-on-black suit was surr by a banquette full of accommo looking young things.

"He's a music producer," Marc sa ly. "He does Korn. But, really, the want me, Evan, and Matt—they ju know it yet. They'll learn the hard w

Matt and Evan watched as Pam derson pranced up and down t marble sushi bar in the lobby of th drian Hotel, singing breathily, "It's hard day's night, and I been workin daw-aw-awg."

She was a mini Jayne Mansfield slung jeans; her bubble breasts jiggle shimmied and bumped against a tall, girlfriend dancing next to her. Some appeared instantly and took pictures.

"What is she doing?" Evan murr

"Whatever she can get away with said.

They headed toward the hotel res Asia de Cuba. It was another night town. They were meeting Marc an for dinner.

"My acting coach is hot," Kel smiling brightly in the candlelight of leather booth. She'd had an acting c day at the Joanne Baron/D. W. Brow where, "like, Benicio del Toro was th ing to kids. She coaches, like, Halle B

"I just don't want you to wind Dorothy Stratten," Matt said.

"Like, dead?" Kelly giggled. could destroy her gaiety.

"We did repetitions yesterday," sh her class. "It's three times a week. of intense, but I need something to mented and structured in my life. I'm so exhausted, 'cause I'm always goin

She looked as fresh as California

"She looks like the Noxzema girl. me feel clean just looking at her," B blurted out.

"Shut up, Matt," Marc said.

Kelly laughed.

They ordered plates and plates o Cuban and a whole lot of *mojitos.* Th rant reached a thundering pitch.

lly returned to a favorite theme, how referred hanging out with older men. I wonder if, when I'm 27, I'll want to out with someone who's 19," she d.

sked her why she hung out with Marc. pay her," Marc said.

le pays me," Kelly repeated. "Um, he's really nice guy, and I was saying to oday, he can't come to terms with the hat he's just really nice. And it's kind dearing because he wants to be this id- ollywood asshole—"

lo, that's not true," Marc said.

le wants to know that he can go and e fear in people," Kelly teased. "That's Hollywood thing. He always uses the 'Hollywood sleazebag.'"

ike Ovitz," Matt said.

lly wrinkled her nose. "Oh, don't say Mike Ovitz's daughter was her best l.

don't want to be a *sleazebag,*" said . "But the bottom line is I'm not the t guy in the world—"

es, you are," Kelly said sweetly, al- gh it didn't sound exactly like a com- nt.

arc insisted, "I've done some pretty , stupid things in my day. But when it s down to it, I am a nice guy and I t have some trouble dealing with that use I live in a world and I live in a , especially, where—"

ou get ahead by being an asshole," said .

mean, I think I have the ability to go ways on that," Marc said. "There's a g, 'Nice guys finish last,' and I don't to finish last."

le can have a good time doing any- ," Kelly said, sounding almost like a iend. "I think it's fun to go out and but when your life starts to resemble a rap video—you know what I mean? g your life like you're trapped in a bad video is just not that appealing. So, Marc, he's the kind of guy you can go with, or you can just chill with."

ie smiled at him.

e smiled at her.

Are you guys together or no?" asked rea, Evan's girlfriend; she had joined able.

elly made a face. "No, no, no, no," she

ndrea apologized. "I'm an outsider, I'm ing all these people for the first time—"

We get along," Marc said.

elly winced. "It's weird to talk about friendship with somebody, but I will it to him—I tell him a lot of stuff I dn't tell a lot of my guy friends, and I bad because he is so nice and he is so to talk to because it's almost like I al- feel bad like I'll tell him stuff—"

Marc purred at her, "You're all over the place."

"I'm a little nuts," she said, "and he's, just, very nice, and he's, you know, if I ever want an honest opinion about something, I know I can go to him and he'll give it to me straight, but I'm sure he'd like me to spare him—"

"Spare me?" said Marc gently. "Why? You're saying good stuff."

"I mean spare you the details," Kelly said. She meant about her love life.

"I like Kelly 'cause she's different," Marc said. "She's cool, she's like the first girl I can go out and get drunk with. We kind of caught each other in the middle of a nasty winter in Colorado—"

"It really makes you appreciate growing up here," Kelly said. "In L.A., I was so live-for-the-moment. I was so party-girl. I couldn't see beyond what I was doing on any given weekend."

They started talking about America.

"Here's my thing," Kelly said, charged. "There's no time to be an idiot teenager anymore. I think all this has helped a lot of people to grow up really quick. There's a time for partying and there's a time for being real, and it's time to wise up and realize that. Like, there's no time to focus on the new, like, Balenciaga bag when—I mean, obviously, I like that stuff—"

"It's time to start doing something!" Marc said.

"You know what?" she said. "There's no glory, there's no honor, in being a kid that gets into clubs."

Marc looked at her with love and wailed, "I'm tired of this!"

"If I can just change my thinking," she said, "and realize that there's more to life than maybe what I thought there was, like going out to clubs, like the end-all-be-all of life was getting hit on by Mark Wahlberg, being seen at this place or that place . . . "

After dinner nearly everybody else went to the Kibbitz Room, a deli by day, bar by night, in the Jewish section of town.

Kelly refused to go.

"Kibbitz is way too low-maintenance," she said.

A few days later, at a bright, fancy gym on Wilshire, Matt was laying out his mat. He was preparing for his yoga class.

"Power, and control," he said.

He was practicing his breathing.

"It makes me feel powerful, like I have control," he said.

He took his shirt off. His body was cut.

"I feel so powerful. It comes from here"—he pointed to his six-pack abs—"not from here"—his head.

"Once you know that . . . " He let his voice trail off, as if the answer were self-evident to the initiated.

At the Cafe des Artistes, an airy French restaurant on McCadden, Kelly was sitting alone drinking tea one warm afternoon. She was wearing a pair of Gucci sunglasses she said her father called her "Fuck Off glasses." "My dad's like, Wanna take those off and have a conversation with me?" She removed them.

She said that she was having her doubts about posing for *Maxim,* but that she was resigned to the inevitable march of opportunities coming her way. "It's one thing to be like, 'I don't buy into that,' and yet I'm going to be in a bikini shoot," she said.

"It's the money," she admitted. "Not that I'm, like, motivated by money, but when you don't have financial independence, people talk to you about how it's not your money all the time, like I've had. Like, I don't usually pay for my dinners. That sounds like such a ho comment, but you're always indebted in some way, you know? It makes people feel like they've bought a piece of you."

She said she was dating several different guys, but on the whole she found L.A. men a bit hard to take. "A lot of guys in L.A. talk about their cars when they're trying to woo you. They're like, 'Yeah, I'm Jim Carrey's manager.'" She smirked.

I asked her if she thought Marc was in love with her.

She nodded. "But I don't even understand, going out with, like, Kelly platonic friend, you know what I mean? I'm like, Take a girl out who will *do* you. The thing you have to realize as a girl is, do guys really want to be friends?" She said that Marc had taken her to meet people and asked her to pose as his girlfriend. "He made me the fucking girlfriend."

But, she said, whatever happened that summer seemed to pale in comparison with what was going on in the world. "It's weird growing up at such an unparalleled time in history. September 11, it was like, did I just go see a really horrible Jerry Bruckheimer movie?" she said.

And she said she understood some things about Osama bin Laden.

"Marc's like, 'He's one of us, he's one of us.'" Meaning Osama was a spoiled rich kid. "He's completely unhinged—that's why people need to hug their children. It's funny what jealousy will drive people to do, don't you think? He was upset because he didn't get his piece of the pie," she said.

The most Hollywood of all L.A. restaurants is probably the Ivy, where the front porch is never lacking for people in "the industry."

One evening, Kelly, Marc, Matt, and Todd Rosen, an arch boy with a faux-hawk, were having dinner before going to Moomba. A woman seated at the next table came

L.A. kids

over and asked Matt to light her cigarette.

"I'm sitting with the writers from *Friends,*" she let drop, eyeing him. She was about 30, tall, bosomy, and rather nice-looking, in jeans.

"What do you do?" she asked.

"He's a model," Marc said.

"Oh, really?" she said, interested. "Um, I'll be back, I'll bring my wine over . . . I'm Lil, by the way."

Matt's friends started snickering.

Matt confessed to them that he hadn't been with a girl "since March 21," although lately he'd been flooded with chances. A woman in front of Sushi Roku the other night had told him he "had a Marlon Brando–James Dean quality" and said she "would like to represent him."

"Oh, don't tell him that," Marc said, laughing.

Matt was studying for his L.S.A.T.'s, but meanwhile had asked Marc whether the woman's agency was "legitimate."

And then at the Sunset Room, another night, a girl they knew named Candace had made out with him in a corner—but then left with another guy.

"Maybe she remembered what you looked like in high school, Matt," Marc said.

Matt acknowledged, "I had a mullet for years because I didn't know any better."

Todd laughed. "He looked like Tonto in 1875."

"I know who the fuck I am!" Matt said.

"He's really, really good-looking," Kelly said, quoting a line from *Zoolander,* the Ben Stiller male-model comedy.

Marc said, "He almost made it with Tiffany," the 80s pop star turned *Playboy* novelty. "Vegas, New Year's Eve. We're leaving the Hard Rock Hotel. Me, Matt, and Evan had a limo that night. We had a couple of random girls with us, it's three o'clock in the morning. We're getting into the limo, going back to our hotel, when all of a sudden two random chicks just walk into the car. O.K., whatever, two girls, no problem, there's more room. So we're driving around when all of a sudden one of the girls with us goes"—high girl voice—"'It's Tiffany!'"

"And I'm drunk and I go, 'Who the fuck is Tiffany?' I felt really bad," said Matt.

"She was in our limo," Marc said. "So one of our girls starts singing, 'I think I'm alone now,' and Tiffany, you gotta understand, is gone, and she's like"—out-of-it Tiffany voice—"'Heeeeey.' Then her little caretaker buddy friend is like"—stern—"'Be discreet, be discreet,' and we're like, 'Who the fuck is Tiffany?' So we start just messin' with her, like 'Tiffany, can you sing?,' just totally being assholes. So we get to our hotel and, by the way, Matt is trying to hook up with her—"

"This is a lie," Matt said.

"Oh, no, he's trying to hook up with her little caretaker!" Marc laughed, remembering.

"What do you mean trying?" said Matt. "I *was.* Tiffany was throwing up in the garbage can."

Now they were all laughing, except him.

(Tiffany's manager said that Tiffany had not been in Las Vegas on New Year's Eve.)

Matt got up and went to the bar, not quite in a huff.

"In high school we used him to drive us everywhere," Todd said, not unaffectionately.

"He was just happy to get out," said Marc.

"He was happy to be out with the cool dudes—cooler than he was," Todd said. "Now he's . . . I don't know what he is today, but"—Matt was on his way back to the table now—"his vocabulary is *very extraordinary.*"

"He's *ridiculously* good-looking," said Kelly, drinking another gimlet.

Marc said, "He's the new-and-improved, pseudo-hipster, cool Matt."

"He's like"—deep Matt voice—"'I don't care what you say about me.' . . . His butt is really nice," Todd said.

Matt snarled, "You wish."

"He's ridiculously good-looking," said Kelly in her *Zoolander* voice again.

Matt tried to change the subject. There'd been a lot of serious talk going on among his friends, and he tried to resume it, drawing a parallel between the U.S. and ancient Rome, using *Gladiator* as a metaphor.

"They asked him why did he fight for Rome," Matt said, in his deep, somber voice, "and he said, 'Because I've seen the rest of the world and that is the darkness and Rome is the light.' And I guess that's it—say what you want about us, but this is the light."

But nobody was in the mood, and they all started laughing at him again.

"Fuck 'em, whatever," Matt said. "I don't care about you two."

Kelly had gone to the ladies' room.

"We're pretty shallow people," Todd said.

Then Lil, the woman from the *Friends* table, came back.

"May I sit down?" she said.

She sat in Kelly's chair, crossing her legs, arranging her hair, and magically started talking about Matt's predominant obsession, the L.A. Lakers—or a Lakers party she had been to. "I didn't know anything about basketball," she said, "and I was like, This is the greatest party, who are these people?"

"Man, I'm so jealous," Matt said, smooth.

Marc and Todd sat back, watching, about to burst. The guy who used to drive them around town was now making time with a grown woman who had no idea that he went by Ballonius.

Then Kelly returned, and seeing someone in her chair, she wavered a moment, not knowing where to sit.

Eyeing Marc steadily, Matt slowly pulled Kelly to him and then onto his lap, as if it were the most natural thing, as if she were his girlfriend.

Matt stroked Kelly's hair as he con talking casually to Lil. Marc stared. It s a payback for Marc taking shots at h

Lil flushed, then made some excu got up and left, tripping over the iron

Matt continued stroking Kelly's h anything seemed to say he was differer changed—more powerful and in con was this. He had Kelly on his lap.

Marc sat, fuming at him. "What a *doing?*" he finally said.

Later, Marc and Kelly left. Mat "Whatever. I told him, from now on people ask, 'Are you dating her?,' ju 'No, we're just friends.' Just decide. do you want to be? Make a move."

I asked him if he minded losing L

"I can only sleep with women w extremely good-looking," he said.

"Oh my God, Matt just hit on hard," Kelly said out on the str Marc's car.

"Matt is done!" Marc spat. "You understand—I created him! Two mont he was calling me up saying, 'I have He's my Mr. Bigglesworth!"

He started his car.

"He's my Mr. Bigglesworth gone

"Gone crazy bad," said Kelly, enjo

Marc turned up Eric Clapton "Cocaine" and sped off.

"I'm just gonna start calling him B again," Marc said, furious. "That's gonna do."

Moomba, the patio bar on North I son, was filled with under-age rich ki knew. And Andre Harrell, the forme dent of Bad Boy Entertainment, P. D company, was there. Harrell was kno always being somewhere.

In the smoky room with the poo downstairs—the "V.I.P. section"- looked around and grimaced. "Ever knew in high school is here," she said place is *Loserville.*"

She went off, leaving Marc on a by himself.

"Oh my God, this is so weird there's the guy I lost my virginity t whispered. "But this man can have a he wants!" she suddenly shouted, wr her arms around a tall boy who'd got attention by sticking her with a pool

Evan and his girlfriend, Andrea, a corner, soulfully making out.

Two girls were offering to buy drink. He sauntered off between them ing.

"Come on, please, I can't take a of this," Marc begged Kelly. He wa take her away. It took an hour.

Out in the parking lot, there was selling long-stemmed roses.

arc bought Kelly one and handed it to wordless.

ie looked at him and tried to smile. something in her smile said the rose arrassed her, and he saw it.

t the end of the summer, Matt went back to Cornell. On his way there, he ped in New York and we had dinner he said he thought it had been a good ner. "I feel so powerful right now, I'm ed of it," he said. "It's almost like I have all the keys to life. The synapses are working."

Marc went back to the University of Colorado without Kelly, and for the first few days he missed her terribly. "She's smart," he said on the phone, "and she knows if we were to take it to another level and get even closer, she'll hurt me."

And then came the day Kelly was supposed to do *Maxim*.

She drove to Zuma Beach on the day of the shoot in her black Ford Explorer. She parked in the parking lot. She looked out at the sand, where the photographer and the stylists with the bathing suits were waiting. But then she left.

"I felt so wrong about it," she said on the phone. "I felt so horrible, pulling out, to show up and be like, *Uhhhhhh*. It was so badly timed. But when it came down to it, I asked myself, What do you want to be? And I realized what we choose and what we don't choose to do kind of helps define us." □

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osie O'Donnell

INLED FROM PAGE 336 are so many lerful people in this industry Brewster ed like roadkill," says one of the editors red. "When he finally goes down, the le celebrating will fill Roseland."

avid Carey, the publisher of *The New er,* was brought in to head up Business vator Group, overseeing *Fast Company Inc.* He had been at Gruner & Jahr week when he reportedly said that the pany had bought a loser. Six months he was back at *The New Yorker.* Brewreplaced him with Scott Crystal of Ziff s. Crystal lasted 11 months.

ward the end of his spree, Brewster in negotiations with Rosie O'Donnell. mission? To save *McCall's,* the Gruner ahr publication that was bleeding $2 on a month, despite a circulation of t four million. Even the *McCall's* and *ily Circle* group publisher, Jim McEwen, ght the magazine should be shut down. with O'Donnell, Brewster saw his ce. The most expensive cost of a start- s getting the subscriber list, and *Mc-* s already had those four million names addresses.

Now he's trying to distance himself like y, but at the time he was panting to ner with Rosie," says another former ner & Jahr publisher. (Brewster denies interpretation.) "He said it would be in- money. She would hold up a Snickers on the show and they'd be sold out.... thought they would mint money." The ness was a 50-50 partnership, with onnell putting up about $6 million.

xecutives close to Brewster were skepti- It wasn't just questions about O'Donnell elf. Someone close to the negotiations , "If you are going into a contractual ement ... with a strong person ... you e sure the wording is right, assuming ll be in litigation in two years." The plan to deliver to advertisers a circulation of million, about twice as large as that of ah's magazine, and this enormous circun would be resting on the shoulders of a woman who was about to walk away from her television show, the main source of her mass appeal and a tremendous pull with advertisers.

And what did Rosie's TV audience and the *McCall's* home-and-hearth readership have in common? "You can't just slap a celebrity on the *McCall's* reader.... Rosie is not the *McCall's* reader.... I don't think there was any doubt she was ... out on the edges," says another former Gruner & Jahr executive. But Brewster said he saw a huge overlap between the *Rosie* and *McCall's* audiences.

Beginning in 1883 with *Ladies' Home Journal,* the so-called Seven Sisters magazines—*Good Housekeeping, Woman's Day, Family Circle, Redbook, Better Homes and Gardens,* and *McCall's*—held a velvet yet firm grip on the mores of Middle American women. It's safe to say that, while Rosie O'Donnell appreciates Halloween cakes in the shape of spiders, a left-wing lesbian mother of three may not be exactly a reassuring embodiment of Middle American norms.

At the first meeting of the *Rosie* editorial staff, an unsmiling O'Donnell reportedly said, "Well, it's either going to be an enormous success or a big failure. That's the way I do everything." She seemed to have, as one editor puts it, "a very combative outlook on life."

O'Donnell and I are talking about some of the factors that have traditionally gone into making a successful women's magazine—celebrities on the cover, plenty of beauty, fashion, and diet tips.

"You're just programmed with magazine bullshit," she says.

I'd like her to be right, but while we're having this conversation I'm thinking of something a *Rosie* editor told me: "Hey, we'd all like to be running 40,000-word investigative pieces like *The New Yorker.* The things don't sell."

"That was one of the problems we had from the outset," says another *Rosie* editor. "She has a problem accepting this as a women's magazine."

In the first year, *Rosie* went along smoothly, or as smoothly as a new magazine can go. And there was a Rosie O'Donnell touch—features on foster children waiting for adoption, a regular column about wise elders, accepting-your-body stories, and what one editor called "our stock-in-trade—the 'triumph-over-adversity' piece." Everyone in *Rosie* was beating breast cancer or depression, or having half a brain removed and *doing just fine.*

But all the breast cancer and depression and brain removals became a sore spot with management. The magazine, said Brewster and his fellow executives, was too dark. Additionally, the covers were featuring friends of O'Donnell's whom higher-ups deemed unmarketable. She fought bitterly to have soul singer Macy Gray on the cover, and in January she got her wish. Newsstand sales dipped from 600,000 to around 225,000 for that issue. O'Donnell is practically apoplectic when it is suggested to her that an eccentric such as Macy Gray may not draw in readers like, say, Jennifer Aniston would. "[Macy] is a brilliant artist and she will go down as one of the great artists of our generation," O'Donnell shouts. "But little did I know that you're not allowed to put black women on the cover."

"Rosie would see social injustice where it doesn't exist," says one editor.

O'Donnell's insistence on showing celebrities interviews before they went to print also did not sit well with her staff. For an interview with Martha Stewart, Rosie asked her what kind of car she drove; Stewart answered, truthfully, "a Suburban." Later, when O'Donnell showed her a draft of the article, Stewart changed the answer to "Chrysler." Around the time the interview was being edited at the *Rosie* offices, Chrysler and Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia signed a multimillion-dollar deal that included sweepstakes, radio and TV promotion, and advertising space in Stewart's magazine. A spokesman for Stewart says she had a Chrysler at the time of the *Rosie* interview, in addition to her Suburban.

"Rosie would go on about journalistic integrity and doing really hard-hitting pieces about important issues. Fine," a *Rosie* editor says. "But then she'd be using the magazine to feature all her friends and relatives. In October we had Grandma Essie as our 'Wise Ones' [column]. Do you know who

Rosie O'Donnell

Grandma Essie is? She's a very sweet 96-year-old lady with nothing to say who's Kelli's grandmother. [Rosie] talks about journalism, then she made us do a piece on Heidi's wedding." (Heidi is Heidi Safer, the magazine's "interpreter of Rosie's vision" during her absence, and also Kelli's stepsister.) "It's like a five-year-old who puts out a newspaper! 'Only my friends are gonna be in it.'"

As time went on, whenever O'Donnell didn't like an idea, she would say it was "off-brand."

Which raises a question: What exactly is the Rosie brand? "You ask anyone what Oprah stands for—she stands for consensus, empowerment," says a former Gruner & Jahr publisher. Similarly, Martha Stewart—before her current Justice Department troubles suggested that not every problem could be solved with a glue gun—sold the idea that gracious living was available to everyone. But O'Donnell? "She's this odd mishmash of interests," continues the publisher. "Millions of people watched her on television because she's funny and charismatic. But would anyone make a magazine out of David Letterman? As a 'brand,' she doesn't stand for anything larger than herself."

O'Donnell, to put it mildly, disagrees; she is as certain of her brand as she is of everything else. "I worked 20 years to make [my] name mean something. That name makes millions of dollars for charity every year. You think I'm gonna give it to them to do what they want? You think I'm gonna give it to them so that little girls who maybe feel good about themselves feel a little different, a little fat, a little plain, a little ordinary, are gonna start to have the image totally reversed by my name on a magazine that doesn't represent my values?"

While wrapping up her television show, Rosie decided it was time for not one but two coming-outs. Her March 14, 2002, interview with Diane Sawyer, declaring she was gay and advocating the rights of gay couples to adopt, was both poignant and a nice stroke of publicity for the release of her book. The next coming-out was a little less planned. It happened during her return to stand-up comedy, at the Mohegan Sun casino in Connecticut. After a blistering 45-minute set, the shiny, happy Rosie known to daytime viewers was quickly something of the past.

"You want to hear what happened? I'll tell you," O'Donnell begins. Tommy Mottola asked her, as she says, "'What would it take to get you to do 30 minutes of standup before Aretha Franklin in a casino this summer?' As a joke, I said a million dollars. They said yes." Just like when she was 17, she had no act; she got up onstage and started talking. It was a bilious free association. "I'm watching Joan Rivers on *Regis* and I'm like, What the hell happened to *her?* Has someone told her she looks like an alien?" she said that night. Her next target was the former president: "Bill Clinton was here yesterday, and he called me over. You know what? I didn't want to go, because I'm still pissed about that Monica Lewinsky thing. How come she's a national blow-job joke and he's walking around waving to crowds?" And on and on.

Headlines in the New York tabloids trumpeted O'Donnell's fall from Queen of Nice to Queen of Mean. O'Donnell says she was startled by the reaction. "If anybody believes that the show was the totality of who I was ... they're crazy," she says. "It was an afternoon show, and I did what was a venue-appropriate show. This is not the defining essence of me."

Perfectly true. But that's the problem with trying to sell yourself as a human brand. Brands need an unchanging core. People don't like it when their Coke tastes like Pepsi. What if Oprah decided she was through with this empathy crap and turned herself into the next Judge Judy? What if Martha Stewart started telling her fans, "You know what? Life's too short. Buy a couple of Lean Cuisines for dinner and call it a day."

As a child, O'Donnell assumed fame would bring her happiness. As an adult, she is equally sure it can take happiness away. Once she had made it into the movies, for example, she was sure she would never meet Ms. Right. "Because fame is weird," she says. "And so I thought, I'll just have my kids and when I quit, maybe I'll meet a nice social worker and we'll settle down ... But it didn't happen that way."

When O'Donnell talks about Kelli Carpenter, formerly a marketing executive at Nickelodeon, her staccato delivery slows. They met through O'Donnell's brother Danny, a candidate for the New York State Assembly who's also gay. "He was at this fundraiser and he told me, 'I just met an intelligent, articulate, compassionate, beautiful woman who's single, and I think you should meet her.' What I tell Parker [her eldest son] is that 'when you grow up you're going to meet somebody and fall in love. And they're going to fit you like a puzzle piece. And there's going to be no question.' ... I didn't believe it until it happened to me."

She says she wants "normalcy" again—"to go to the block party on my street and talk with the neighbors, to coach my kids' soccer team, to be the class parent." O'Donnell is to be a mother again, to a little girl, Vivienne, carried by Carpenter, who is 35. And the biological father? "Ozzy Osbourne," writes Carpenter in an E-mail, adding, "Just kidding." She and O'D went with an anonymous donor. The is to carry O'Donnell's name.

In June, Dan Brewster was realizi had to do something about *Rosie* publisher says he intended to bring th scription base from 3.5 million to 2. lion. "*Rosie* was never meant to be as market as *McCall's,*" says a publisher

Brewster, like everyone at *Rosie,* wa of editor in chief Cathy Cavender, but was perhaps malleable and too easil lied by O'Donnell. Susan Toepfer was able. Toepfer, 54, formerly deputy ing editor at *People,* came up with id most of *People*'s big-selling special issu was considered both a great packag cover-line writer. She was also, says on who worked closely with her, "one touchiest people I've ever met. Micr ager. She could work herself into a fur seemingly insignificant things.... If Br had scoured the masthead of every ma in town he would have been hard-pres find someone less temperamentally su dealing with someone like Rosie O'Do

Several meetings between Brewste Rosie's advisers later, it was agree Cavender, who reportedly protected t of the staff from O'Donnell, would h go, possibly along with art director Turshen.

When the change in editors was Rosie O'Donnell sent an E-mail to league at *Rosie.* Noting she was hav panic attack imagining the bad pres going to get either way," she wrote, " gether with dan brew ... and just dec you want to change them and are su is the woman [i.e., Susan Toepfer]– But don't ask me if I think it is ri wrong cause I don't know this wom or anything about magazines. all I k everything else I do wins awards—th azine is far from award-winning. It lac definition. It does not take risks. There enough controversary [*sic*]. It is too like 7 sisters, but should be more like fair.... Is it [Cathy and Doug]? I know.... I can tell you they are c tent—but not inspired. They have floored me with an idea—howeve were/are easy to work with and nic ple. Are they stars? no."

In a memo the next day, she adde to set [Cathy and Doug] up—this sho be seen as a failure for them to the or the press. I know it is just busine to me the personal counts.... just e n with your decision—so I can stay out

In other words, Rosie O'Donnell di a lot of us would do. She wimped ou then felt terrible.

But then, she did what a lot of us not do: explode.

the end of June, Cavender left. On July
san Toepfer started work. O'Donnell,
had been on vacation since her show
d in May, was not on the *Rosie* prem-
Talk around the office was that the mag-
had to change. It needed more mod-
more fashion, and particularly more
ty, because, in order to survive, *Rosie*
ed to be a happy home for beauty ad-
sing. "It's not a choice—you have to
it in order for the magazine to sur-
' says a former Gruner & Jahr publish-
Rosie was doing covers without make-
which was obviously not the message
dvertisers wanted to send out."
cover of Christopher Reeve that
onnell lobbied for was repeatedly re-
d, because, O'Donnell says she was
"who wants to see a quadriplegic on a
r?" Instead, Toepfer insisted they need-
eople who could sell issues. Like Jen-
Aniston.
Rosie wanted to put people on the cover
had a story to tell, not just because they
magazines," says an ex–staff member
to O'Donnell. Another staff member has
ferent take: "Rosie saw Jennifer Aniston
e anti-Rosie."
hen came the *Sopranos* cover.
iting the ubiquitousness of Martha Stew-
nd Oprah on their magazine covers,
ner & Jahr had always nagged Rosie to
ear on hers. For the most part she had
iesced. Around the time she was sched-
to do a shoot with the women on *The*
anos, she was treated to a photo of her-
on the cover of *The National Enquirer*
the headline ROSIE HITS 300 LBS! When
shots of her with the *Sopranos* actress-
ame back, O'Donnell received a pro-
d cover: a picture of her sandwiched
een Edie Falco and Lorraine Bracco.
onnell went ballistic, reportedly scream-
to Toepfer, "I don't want to see my fat
ing stomach on the cover of this maga-
!" O'Donnell apologized to Toepfer for
ng at her, but the next day she called
ner & Jahr marketing director Cindy
ngler and demanded that Toepfer be
l. Gruner & Jahr caved: O'Donnell was
toshopped out; Aida Turturro was Pho-
opped in.
Normally, cover wars like these are the
-and-take of magazines. To O'Donnell,
rmal" didn't matter. After that first meet-
with Toepfer, someone—one Gruner &
source claims it was Doug Turshen—
apparently playing Iago, whispering in
Donnell's ear that Toepfer was trying to
ermine her. (Turshen says that he was
answering O'Donnell's questions.) Soon
reafter, Turshen was fired—for "insubor-
ution." Gruner & Jahr will not comment
he firing. On the day he was fired he was
out of the building by a security guard
After the *Sopranos* debacle, O'Donnell refused to pose for the cover of *Rosie.* In September, she posed for the cover of *People,* and she was exquisitely styled.

On July 13, Rosie wrote an unpublished editor's letter saying Toepfer was out and Cathy Cavender would be reinstated. On July 16, Dan Brewster held a meeting in O'Donnell's office with senior staff members, drawing a line in the sand. Toepfer was present; O'Donnell was traveling. Brewster referred to a portion of the *Rosie* contract, asserting that the staff should report to Toepfer. In a staff meeting the next day, he quoted a provision in O'Donnell's contract—that she was "editorial director," with "control over the editorial process and editorial staff," subject to the "veto of the chief executive officer of G&J." The C.E.O.: that would be Brewster.

The meetings triggered in O'Donnell what one staffer called "her *Exorcist* qualities." According to a *Rosie* staff member, O'Donnell was especially angry that the first meeting had been held in her office. She also accused the staff member of not supporting her and of lying. O'Donnell reportedly said, "And you know what happens to liars? They get cancer." O'Donnell knew that this woman was a breast-cancer survivor. (O'Donnell, who seems wounded by this accusation, denies it categorically. Told of the denial, the woman replies, "Rosie is an actress, and a very good one.")

Brewster claims the meeting was held in O'Donnell's office because it was the only space on the floor at that time that could accommodate a large group. Anyone visiting the ninth floor of Gruner & Jahr could see that this is true: the place is overcrowded, with people working in a former filing room and a hallway. But Brewster says there was no symbolism attached to the location; it didn't cross his mind.

Try telling that to O'Donnell. She still shimmers with righteous fury at the mere mention of The Meeting in Her Office. "It is my personal space. I have photos of my family in there. I have worked doggedly at that company for that many months and he never bothered to come to my office at all. The one time he comes to my office he calls in my senior staff and usurps my power?"

"It's really funny how big a deal Rosie is making about this because, first, she was never ever *in* her office," says a staff member, who claims that from September 2001 to May 2002, when her show ended, she was in the office maybe a half-dozen times.

Rosie was in its last days. There were more meetings, this time with the magazine's namesake present. In one, O'Donnell screamed about all the leaks to the press, saying she would close the magazine down, according to witnesses. "This matters a lot more to you people than it does to me," she reportedly said. "I'm already a fucking millionaire." After that meeting, a gossip item came out in the *New York Post* saying that while scolding her staff she had sounded like Ralph Kramden. O'Donnell sent an E-mail to the woman she suspected of leaking: "Bang, Zoom ... To the moon, Norton." The person who received the note says she felt frightened. "I went to a shrink that week," she says, "because I kept having dreams she was going to hit me. I never had a boss who threatened me."

As things went sour, O'Donnell hired not just any lawyer, but Mary Jo White, former U.S. attorney for the Southern District of New York. Gruner & Jahr retained George Frampton Jr., former assistant secretary of the interior and adviser to Al Gore. O'Donnell wanted out, and a court battle seemed near.

If the accusations and counter-accusations were noxious before O'Donnell announced her decision to leave, afterward they were toxic. Privately, she called Brewster "the senator's son," with all the connotations of unearned entitlement that implies. According to someone at *Rosie,* Brewster once referred to her as "a pig." (Brewster denies making any such remark.) O'Donnell says Brewster was trying to "extort" money from her, offering to give the *Rosie* name back for $20 million; Brewster denies the $20 million figure was mentioned, adding that Gruner & Jahr wanted to sell the magazine and the subscription list to O'Donnell for $1.

A theory making the rounds of Gruner & Jahr has it that, when Brewster realized *Rosie* wasn't working, he decided to push O'Donnell's buttons. "He's trying to figure out how to take the focus off himself. I hate to say that's how some executives work," says a former publisher who knows Brewster. "But sometimes it's premeditated. It's scary." (Brewster says O'Donnell tried to shift the focus from herself to him to deflect scrutiny away from her own misconduct.)

O'Donnell's mother is never far from her mind, and it's perhaps no coincidence her life took some dramatic turns as she passed the age her mother was when she died. "I saw, my whole life, whatever I wanted to accomplish I had to accomplish by 39, because no one is given more years than that as a guarantee," she says. "So to say that that is not part of my psychological makeup is a lie. Every motherless daughter believes they'll die the same age as their mother died, and then they outlive them and it's an overwhelming feeling."

Here she is, on the other side of 40. She craves love and protection, but like a tantrum-prone child, she seems to expend a lot of her energy just daring people to mess with her. The thing is, they will.

Nicole Kidman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 328 took on weekends at Sydney's Philip Street Theater which really stirred something within her. She got some saucy parts, too, including that quintessential southern belle, Blanche du Bois, in Tennessee Williams's *Streetcar Named Desire,* played by Nicole at the ripe old age of 12. She's less amused today by the cheeseball Australian films she found herself doing a few years later, such as 1983's teen dirt-bike epic *BMX Bandits* and 1986's *Windrider,* a romance about windsurfing (with the actor Tom Burlinson, a 29-year-old who became 18-year-old Nicole's boyfriend)—but at the same time she doesn't disown them. As an actor, she says, "you're never in a position where you have an enormous amount of choices—that's why I never judge other actors' choices. One doesn't know what's behind them. Why does somebody need to do [a particular movie]? Because they have to pay the mortgage? I've certainly been in that position. *BMX Bandits*? Bring it on. I wanted to own a place. That's how I bought my apartment. After that I always knew, if everything else went to pieces, I had a floor I could crash on." As for the artistic side of the equation, such as it was, no matter how cartoony her parts, Kidman always comes off as a strong, memorable presence—and as killer sexy. Best of all her early Australian films is 1991's *Flirting,* a girls'-school classic in which she plays the alpha prefect who turns nice.

She had begun to work steadily, but at the age of 17 two events temporarily sidetracked her career. First, she decided to see a bit of the world, bagging high-school graduation for an intoxicating few months in Amsterdam and Paris. Kidman recalls, "I was like, 'Bring it on—bring on Europe!'" ("Bring it on" is a pet Kidman expression, a kind of exhortation to herself and others to let life happen.) That same year, her mother was diagnosed with breast cancer and went through chemotherapy. Kidman put everything on hold to be part of her mom's support structure. She clearly respects and loves her dad, but her relationship with her mother seems to have been the more formative one. On more than one occasion she told me, "I still think one of my motivating forces is to make her proud of me." When I asked Kidman to explain that more specifically, she answered, "She once said to me she wished she had had no children, which is a hard thing to hear from your mother. I think I stormed out of the house that day. But I understand what she meant, because she gave up a lot. She would have been an amazing doctor, she speaks French, she plays the piano, she's far more brilliant than me at everything." How many of us feel that same way about our parents' missed opportunities and end up taking on the world in their name?

What set Kidman's career in true motion was a 1986 Australian TV mini-series, *Vietnam,* which suggested she had real acting mettle. She took off in the role of Megan Goddard, an anti-war, anti-Establishment student, got nice reviews, and, out of that success, was eventually cast in 1988, at the age of 21, in the film *Dead Calm,* directed by Phillip Noyce and produced, as was *Vietnam,* by Australia's legendary Kennedy-Miller Productions. This was the project that would bring her to America and alter the trajectory of her career. A thriller, *Dead Calm* required her to outfox, outsail, and outfight a psychotic interloper—we see her together, untogether, in the altogether, and her performance never falls apart.

The 1989 film, a smash in Australia and a player in the States too, came to the attention of the screenwriter Robert Towne, who was then at work with Tom Cruise on *Days of Thunder.* Towne, who is no monkey, showed *Dead Calm* to Cruise. Kidman had already been brought to America for a publicity junket for *Dead Calm,* been signed by ICM agent Sam Cohn, and flown back across the Pacific to Tokyo, where she was doing more promotional chores, when she got a call saying Tom Cruise wanted to meet her. When I asked what her first reaction to the summons was, she laughed, saying, "I thought, Wow! This is America! Tom Cruise wants to meet me. He made *Top Gun* and *Cocktail*—the films I grew up watching." And the fairy tale began. Before she had time to straighten her hair, it seemed, she was in Daytona Beach, Florida, starring opposite Cruise in *Days of Thunder.*

Enter Cupid. Drumrolls. Music. Fireworks! Kidman was smitten: "He basically swept me off my feet. I fell madly, passionately in love. And as happens when you fall in love, my whole plan in terms of what I wanted for my life—I was like, 'Forget it. *This* is it.' I was consumed by it, willingly. And I was desperate to have a baby with him. I didn't care if we were married. That's what I wish I'd done." But that's not what happened. Instead, a few months later, Cruise's divorce from the actress Mimi Rogers came through, and America's most American leading man proposed to Australia's latest hot export.

It's hard to imagine a more dramatic personal and sociological change than the one Kidman experienced the moment she hooked up with Cruise. She went from being an actress who had begun to taste success—and who had always insisted on living on her own, even during her various romances—to a woman inside the engine of the Hollywood machine. As for the first piece of celluloid that came out of their alliance, let's just say that time has not been kind to *Days of Thunder.* Still, it's fascinating how Hollywood, led by producers Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer and director Tony Scott, packaged her raw ality, putting a commercial gloss on it

After *Days of Thunder,* she began ing on *Billy Bathgate* for director Rober ton, who recently teamed up with the again. I spent time with them this Se ber on the Paramount lot, where they re-recording fragments of dialogue fo *Human Stain.* It was quite an eye-ope watch her work with Benton and the technicians. Kidman is a pro, but not a She'll want to keep doing a line or sce til it feels true, but she also seems to unusually direct access to all sorts of emotions, which she is often able to mon in a matter of seconds and arti with authenticity.

There's a bit of a father-daughter d ic between Benton and Kidman. Wh went to lunch they both cracked up the old days when Kidman, who m Cruise in the middle of *Billy Bathgate,* go missing in action. Benton recalled, day when I couldn't find her, somebod 'Oh! Nicole is skydiving,' and I almo a heart attack. I thought, God! Like I have enough problems." Benton sat h down and gave her a good talking-t solemnly listened and, as Benton laug told me, was jumping out of planes soon after with her new husband. Th both apparently get from a sense of seems to have been an aphrodisiac for and Tom, who would also amuse then with adrenaline-pumping fun such as on Cruise's Harley.

It's clear that the couple's cher worked big-time. When Nicole speaks years with Cruise she describes a de without clauses and without doubt. willing to give up everything," she ex "I now see that as part of me. I'm to do that—I do it when I do a mov I'm willing to go, 'Yeah, bring it on, co me, intoxicate me.' I want to feel alive— to reel, basically. I was reeling with To I loved it and I would have walked end of the earth. That meant giving u of things that were very important t Kidman doesn't pretend that she w perviôus to the glare that came with Mrs. Cruise. "You're being watche scrutinized, and that slowly affects yc it's also deeply romantic, because i like there's only the two of you and in it together, as if you're in a cocoo you become very dependent on each

Apart from her role opposite Cr Ron Howard's immigrant drama, *F Away,* which was a nonstarter when i out in 1992, Kidman's career wasn't front burner during the first few years marriage. Instead of klieg lights, he

filled with squeals and gurgles, for it in 1993 that the couple adopted a girl, ella. (In 1995 they would add to the ly by adopting their son, Connor.) But iately the bubblelike existence had to This wasn't the Dark Ages. The suf-ttes had come and gone, Virginia Woolf written *A Room of One's Own* decades re, and Kidman, very much a woman of time and of her upbringing, could not her need to express herself. She started ursue a number of parts. There was, for nce, 1995's *Batman Forever,* directed by Schumacher, in which she played the interest, Dr. Chase Meridian.

chumacher's stories of life on the *Bat-Forever* set with Kidman are telling. By time she had become a certified mem-of Hollywood royalty, but it seems that had killed off neither her sense of spon-ity nor her sense of democracy. There for instance, the day she got a craving some kind of iced mocha concoction Starbucks. As Schumacher recalls, she 't just order one for herself. "There were dreds of people working on *Batman,* sure enough, an hour later, some kind uck arrived with all these frozen drinks, everyone had an iced mocha thingy."

while Kidman helped to put the sass *Batman Forever,* offering a glimpse of flair for camp, the performance didn't nuch to thaw the ice-princess image that had by now developed in the media.

a point of fact, Kidman had never been or rude to the press, but somehow her ect behavior as Mrs. Cruise—the cou-was famous for their highly controlled lic appearances—and the sorts of roles ericans had seen her in, along with the umption that she was being cast only to y favor with her husband, all combined nake it seem as if she were high-and-hty, exquisite, but made of marble. She, may have bought into some of that: "I I didn't deserve to be there in my own t, and so throughout I wasn't there as ole—I was there as Tom's wife."

What finally changed this was *To Die For,* ch was also released in 1995. It was not a that was handed to her on a silver plat-Even though she had a decent track rec-by then and was married to such a box-ce biggie, she was not considered A-list had to work to convince the director, Van Sant, that she had what it took to Suzanne Stone-Maretto, a woman who obsessed with becoming a TV star that is willing to do anything to make that pen, including seducing a weirdo high-ool student (Joaquin Phoenix) and per-ding him to do away with her lunkish band (Matt Dillon). Kidman has never n the type to let pride get in the way of k she desires. Even today she'll do the uisite campaigning if she is after a role and she isn't being pursued for it; she has an instinctive grasp of the ebb and flow of fame, of the fact that you have to get up on your board if you want to ride its waves.

Van Sant, whose deadpan way with a story is almost Warholian, recalls, "She got my number somewhere. I don't know if it was hard to find it or not, but she just called me and said hi. She phoned right when Meg Ryan dropped out of the movie, which involved her knowing inside information. Our second choice was Patricia Arquette, and we even had a third choice, Jennifer Jason Leigh. Nicole was somewhere on the list. I had met her a couple of times. When she called she told me that she knew she wasn't on the top of my list, and I tried to kind of say, 'Well, I don't know about that . . . ' But she just cut me off and said, 'Look, you don't have to pretend that I am.' I said, 'O.K..' and then she said, 'But listen, I'm destined to play this part.' That worked really well with me because I believe in destiny."

It did seem as if she had been born to play this knife-sharp black comedy, written to perfection by Buck Henry. She found humor in her character's desperation and yet also made that desperation feel painfully real. She was so wickedly funny that at the time I remember being surprised—as were many others—that there was edge and bite underneath all that Hollywood polish. This was the beginning of her transformation from perfect escort to flesh-and-blood actor. When *Portrait of a Lady,* directed by Jane Campion and featuring Kidman as the headstrong heiress, Isabel Archer, was released a year later, the project's ambition underscored the fact that Kidman might just become a big deal in her own right—even if the film itself wasn't a breakthrough for anyone.

It was inevitable that performing in these kinds of films would affect Kidman's sense of herself. She says, "I realized I could be fulfilled creatively and that I had given that up. I think this happens to women who re-enter the workforce. They go, 'Hold on, there's a world out there, and I wouldn't mind being a part of it.' I tried to deny it because it would have been so much easier for me to be satiated by being a wife. I wish it could have been part of my trajectory, but it wasn't."

Kidman imagined, like millions of women, that she'd be able to fulfill herself through her work and also be a dedicated wife and mother. Her goal was to do a worthwhile project every year or so and still have enough time and energy to give her family its due. For a while the plan worked, or at least it looked that way from the outside. The actress appeared in *The Peacemaker* in 1997 and in *Practical Magic* in 1998 (two films that ended up stiffing) while continuing to show up at her husband's side, always looking like a million bucks, for every important occasion.

And then came an opportunity that seemed heaven-sent: the late Stanley Kubrick's decision to cast Kidman and Cruise in his take on sexual obsession and jealousy, *Eyes Wide Shut.* The couple had a chance not only to work with one of the movies' true greats on a film that promised to be electrifying, but also to work together. And so, in late 1996, they picked up their household, moved to London, and dedicated themselves to implementing Kubrick's vision. It was not just a nine-to-five collaboration. Kidman and Cruise's bond with Kubrick proved to be such that their lives became intertwined with his, and the film somehow bled into their relationship.

The two actors, especially Nicole, are known for living and breathing their parts when working; this time their roles were a bored husband and wife who get caught in a web of sexual pretending that then turns dangerously real and winds up threatening their marriage. Sounds like a recipe for an emotional Molotov cocktail that would test many a couple's relationship. On top of that, the shoot, originally scheduled for 4 months, kept getting extended, and in the end Tom and Nicole would park themselves in London for 18 months. As Kidman remembers it, "Tom had such a very strong connection with Stanley, and so did I. That resonated through our lives and marriage—it had such a profound effect." Even when the actors and their director weren't actually shooting, they'd spend hours together every day. Nicole says, "Stanley saw Tom and I in the most extreme situations because of the way in which he works. He breaks you down. He challenged all of my concrete, solid bases that I'd set around myself, and basically disturbed them, and made me far more introspective." Nicole does not get literal about how this experience shook things up, but she couldn't be more clear that it did; the couple was also deeply affected by Kubrick's sudden death during postproduction. But she has an artist's acceptance of the entire experience as ultimately valuable, no matter how painful.

When we were talking I was honest with her about my reactions to the movie, which finally came out in the summer of 1999. I told her that, despite the film's visual punch, the pre-release fuss and hype seemed way overblown considering the final product, which to my mind is not the revolutionary work that was promised but rather a bourgeois attempt at titillation, an effort at illuminating truths about sexuality and relationships which have been treated with much more insight by other writers and directors. Nicole responded in a way that is characteristic of her. She was not defensive, but heard me with real interest and openness. She then stood by both her director and her leading man: "I still think Tom was mesmer-

izing in it, but that's partly because I know what he went through. To me, the themes are so important and so complex—and who knows what Stanley would have done [with it] if he had had more time, if he'd lived."

In the fall of 1998, Kidman was making new headlines with her performance onstage in London in *The Blue Room,* which required her to be nude for 10 seconds. One night backstage Kidman found a big bouquet of red roses in her dressing room with a note from the Australian director Baz Luhrmann that read something like: "She sings, she dances, she dies, how can you refuse?" Luhrmann was referring to Satine, the doomed heroine of the movie he was planning to shoot next, *Moulin Rouge.* He was following his gut instinct that Kidman would shine in the part of a divinely romantic showgirl who drives folks wild, sacrifices for her art, and dies tragically of tuberculosis on her beloved stage. But Kidman was still perceived by audiences as distant and cold; there was resistance to her from some of the powers behind the project. Nevertheless, Luhrmann and his casting director were passionate about their choice. They fought until the deal was done, and a role that was loaded with risk for both star and director turned out to be the best thing that ever happened to Kidman's career. Not only did it show what a multifaceted talent she is, but the part, which had her running off not with the rich producer but instead with the struggling writer, undercut her public image as a cool careerist and plainly rendered her human and warm. Whether she is flying through the air on a trapeze, singing an over-the-top love song with her leading man, Ewan McGregor, or breathing her last breath, her performance is big, bold, vulnerable when called for, and just right in terms of tone.

Like Van Sant, Luhrmann calls Kidman an ally. Recalling the *Moulin Rouge* shoot, which took place over nine months in Sydney, he says, "She never showed anything but absolute belief in the film, which I've got to say is one of the defining qualities of Nicole. She is absolutely at her best in the worst possible situations." Little did anyone know how much she would be put to the test on this front. It was during postproduction on *Moulin Rouge,* sometime in February 2001, Luhrmann remembers, that he got a call from Kidman: "She said, 'I've broken up with Tom' or 'Tom's breaking up with me.' She told me there were helicopters flying over the house, and she was genuinely devastated and shocked."

The public's reaction to the breakup has been a lesson in how the movies and real life can converge. The timing of the marital implosion led into a period when Kidman was also in the public eye because of *Moulin Rouge.* The fact that in this film she died as a heroine passionately committed to her art, a victim of her time and her circumstances, carried over to the perception of her as a victim in real life—a perception to which there seems to be more than an element of truth. My conversations with Kidman about this tumultuous, painful time, which also included a miscarriage, showed her to be a woman genuinely struggling to understand why her marriage failed.

I doubt that legalities are the only explanation for why this couple has been so respectful to each other in public. These are two people who understand good behavior and who are committed to their children's well-being. Even though it looked at first as if they were going to land in an ugly legal battle, the couple settled out of court. Both parties have made it clear that they will not go into the nitty-gritty about what went wrong. But since their split played out publicly in such a bizarre way—with Cruise releasing cryptic tidbits to the press like "She knows why," and Kidman seeming to be in a state of shock—one can't help but still be curious. I asked Kidman point-blank, "Do you know why you broke up?" She said, "I'm starting to understand now. At the time I didn't." So I asked again, "It came as complete news?" She said yes.

Sometimes I got the feeling she'd do anything to reverse events. But I also had the sense she knew there couldn't have been any other outcome, in part, it seems, because of her own artistic needs. It's not clear how these conflicted with the marriage, but what's unusual about her, given her status as a Hollywood institution, is that she's willing to bare the confusion, the contradictions, the regret. She told me, "I didn't have to have a huge career. I would have liked to be able to make a *To Die For* occasionally and things that could stimulate me. And this makes me sad, but I still would probably choose a marriage and an intact family over my career." When I pointed out to Kidman that the beauty of living in the 21st century for women is that, one hopes, they don't have to choose between work and family, she replied, "But I think I had to choose. I think [the marriage] would have come down to it. I suppose it wasn't meant to be. What I see now is a nine-year-old little girl who [the divorce] affected and I see a seven-year-old boy, and see my duty as a mother. It means for the rest of my life I have to do things to protect and help them and make it up to them. That sounds so old-fashioned and strange. I don't know why that's in me, but it is."

While it's not unusual to worry about the kids in a divorce, Kidman is clearly wearing a kind of hair shirt; after all, she was raised as a Catholic. This leads to the role of religion in her marriage—specifically Scientology, which, as everyone knows, is [illegible] thing. When I asked Kidman about he[illegible] to the organization, she said, "Tom is [illegible] entologist. I'm not. I was introduced [illegible] by him, and I explored it. But I'm [illegible] Scientologist. I told Tom I respect his [illegible] gion. I said to him, 'It is what you b[illegible] in, and it's helped you.'"

One of the most fascinating aspects [illegible] entire story is how intrigued peop[illegible] by the couple, even those who aren't nc[illegible] ly into tabloid-type gossip. The marria[illegible] mains a kind of blank slate upon whic[illegible] can all project our own ideas; people [illegible] floated so many theories, from unfaithfi[illegible] to the fallout from pre-nuptial agreeme[illegible] who knows what. The speculation was[illegible] less—and still is. This sense of mystery [illegible] way back: the marriage had always bee[illegible] rounded by whispers about the couple[illegible] uality and questions about just what ki[illegible] transactions were taking place between [illegible]

When I decided to face these issues [illegible] ly with Nicole, she laughed at the awk[illegible] ness with which I brought them up, anc[illegible] asked, "Do you want to know if I had [illegible] marriage?" Even though I thought it w[illegible] duty as a good reporter to poke arou[illegible] there, I was embarrassed by having to [illegible] nosy. So I circled the issue of the relatic[illegible] and brought up the fact that Cruise see[illegible] call the lawyers whenever the g-word is th[illegible] at him (and I don't mean garter). This [illegible] she grabbed the bull by the horns and[illegible] in a serious tone, "Look, the marriag[illegible] real. The marriage existed because it wa[illegible] people in love. It's that simple. They'v[illegible] I'm gay, they've said everyone's gay. I p[illegible] ally don't believe in doing huge lawsuits [illegible] that stuff. Tom does. That's what he wa[illegible] do, that's what he's going to do. You c[illegible] tell Tom what to do. That's it. Simple[illegible] he's a force to be reckoned with. I have [illegible] ferent approach. I don't file lawsuits bec[illegible] really don't care. Honestly, people hav[illegible] everything under the sun. I just want [illegible] my work, raise my kids, and hopefull[illegible] somebody who I can share my life with[illegible] or, you know, have a number of differer[illegible] ple at different times who come into n[illegible] I don't know what my future is. But I [illegible] don't care what anybody else is sayin[illegible]

On the same day that Kidman and [illegible] this conversation in Los Angeles, I hap[illegible] to visit the producer Lynda Obst. [illegible] Roth's masterpiece *American Pastora*[illegible] her plate as her next film project. Kic[illegible] name came up as a possible lead. Ob[illegible] I then fell easily into the inevitable [illegible] did-what-to-whom Tom-and-Nicole c[illegible] sation. Has anyone in America *not* ha[illegible] conversation? After a minute we laug[illegible] ourselves and Obst pulled out a cc[illegible] *American Pastoral* and read a passag[illegible] says it all. The subject is "other peopl[illegible]

never fail to get them wrong.... You get wrong before you meet them, while you're pating meeting them; you get them wrong you're with them; and then you go home somebody else about the meeting and get them all wrong again.... The fact re- s that getting people right is not what liv- all about anyway. It's getting them wrong is living, getting them wrong and wrong wrong and then, on careful reconsideration, g them wrong again. That's how we know alive: we're wrong. Maybe the best thing d be to forget being right or wrong about le and just go along for the ride.

idman's willingness to stay on life's ride, even when it feels like a roller coaster, oven. She doesn't deny that doing so hard at first after the marriage fell apart. even told me a story about being so up- hat she was lying on the ground in the position, weeping, while her parents, had arrived to help her get through the le circus, were trying to make her snap That's enough now—get up!" her moth- uid. She did. There were other issues to with, such as how the divorce was go- o affect her career. Kidman remembers, the time, it felt like the work was going e taken away from me. I had more gs that I wanted to give, do, participate reatively, and to have had that denied naturely would have been awful." She to it that none of this happened, and had people who were true-blue behind One of them is Baz Luhrmann, who t much of the first year of the breakup's math with Kidman promoting *Moulin ge*. Luhrmann had told Kidman that, r the circumstances, he'd understand if bowed out of the promotional duties can make a movie live or die. Instead, stood by him and their work as though r lives depended on it. Luhrmann re- . "I saw her realize the motto of the , which is 'The show must go on.' She olutely embodied its spirit."

between *Moulin Rouge*, *The Others*, and the rather kooky thriller *Birthday Girl*, re- d last February (Kidman plays a Russian artist with a throat-scraping, Moscow- ly accent), she made people take her se- sly. As Anthony Minghella says, "Each is so different and distinctive. They make feel like there's an enormously rich in- ment there." When Kidman received a den Globe and an Academy Award nom- ion for *Moulin Rouge* as well as a Golden be nomination for *The Others*, one could how happy people were for her. She was lly getting recognition for who she was, who she was with. It really didn't seem natter to her that she didn't win a presti- s statue on Oscar night. Stepping out on- at red carpet with her sister as her date, was a class act in a pink Chanel gown.

When *The Hours* comes out this month bound to cause a sensation. It's hard to imagine a finer cast of actors interpreting this remarkable book, which covers three eras—the beginning of the last century, the 1950s, and the 1990s. How appropriate that it is Kidman's job to play Virginia Woolf at the time she was writing *Mrs. Dalloway* and looking for reasons to live as she struggled with thoughts of suicide. The meaning of the role is not lost on the actress. She says, "I truly believe characters come into your life at certain periods of your life for a reason, and Virginia came into my life to help me." Her performance is nothing short of astounding. Much will be made of the aristocratic prosthetic nose she wears, which makes it difficult to recognize her. But even more amazing is the way she seems to transform herself in every possible way, from the lids of her eyes to her soulful mouth to her bony elbows to the crack in her voice, which is fragile and strong at the same time. Her portrayal of Woolf, accent and all, is so convincing it's hard not to conflate the two women's lives. When I told Kidman this she smiled and made reference to a scene in the movie in which Woolf is sitting on a bench at the Richmond, England, train station, having escaped what she saw as the suffocations of her country household. Her husband, Leonard, comes running up, afraid that she has tried to do herself in again. Virginia finally lets it all out. "The scene at the train station was the reason I wanted to do the film," Kidman told me. "It is about a woman saying, 'This isn't what I want to be. I have the right to make choices for my life that are going to fulfill me.' I loved Virginia. I just love when she says, 'I'm living a life that I have no wish to live. I'm living in a town that I have no wish to live in.'"

These were the exact lines I had written down in the dark when I first saw *The Hours*. They seemed to get at the essence of what Kidman's life has been about these last few years, a period in which she has become not just a bigger star, not just an actress who deserves to be taken seriously, but a truly daring artist. Anne Roth, the costume designer who worked with Kidman on *The Hours* and who with Conor O'Sullivan perfected the soon-to-be-famous nose, said it perfectly: "It is like she is in a new skin. She is on her own satellite. She is all alone out there and it's something you want to watch. It's as if she's an amazing piece of art."

Who knows if this would have happened if she hadn't gone through all her marital difficulties? When someone turns a potential calamity into something great we cheer. In Kidman's case, she has moved people not only because she has done that, but also because of who she's been. She's shown her feelings. She's asked for help. She hasn't come up with a bunch of phony escorts to make her life look good. She doesn't seem to mind that we can see that her life may be as messy and flawed as the rest of ours. She's even been ruefully witty, as when she remarked to David Letterman, "Now I can wear heels" (a reference to the height gap between her and her ex).

On my last night of talking to her for this article, I went over to her house in Pacific Palisades for a glass of wine. It's the same house that she lived in with Cruise, which embarrasses Kidman. She says that her friends keep saying, "Sell it! Sell it!" but that she prefers things to be done gently, not in a rushed way. She's proud, however, that she finally bit the bullet and got a place in Manhattan in the West Village. When I went by the house in L.A., it happened to be September 11, the anniversary. The kids had made a fire, and Kidman was sitting with them in the den watching the news on TV, a rerun of the day's memorials and events. When it was time for them to go to bed she said, "See, everything went O.K. today. Nothing bad happened," and turned off the TV. Relief for all of us. She came back downstairs after tucking Isabella and Connor in. We went into the living room and I noticed art, such as paintings by Ben Shahn and Milton Avery, on the walls, and photography books on the table. There was a clear sense of shared lives and interests—it felt like a home, not a set. I thought about another line from *The Hours*: "I don't think two people could have been happier than we have been." For a while. □

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I certify that all information furnished on this form is true and complete.

(Signed) Charles H. Townsend, Executive Vice President Chief Operating Officer

CREDITS

FASHION

Cover: For **Nicole Kidman's** **Liza Bruce** caftan, E-mail lizabruce@btconnect.com; **Bottega Veneta** bracelet from Bottega Veneta boutiques nationwide; Sarajane Hoare for Vernon Jolly.
Page 28: **Burberry Prorsum** jacket from selected Burberry stores; **Juicy Couture** shirt from E Street Denim, Highland Park, Ill.; **Eres** bikini bottom from Eres, N.Y.C. and Palm Beach, Fla.
Page 142: **Paula Marantz Cohen** styled by Debbie Mason.
Page 148: *Nicholas Nickleby* costumes designed by Ruth Myers.
Page 150: *La Bohème* costumes designed by Angus Strathie; wardrobe supervisor, Lee Austin.
Page 152: **Audra McDonald** styled by Eric Neimand for Oliver Piro. **Martha Argerich** styled by Chrystelle Nouviaire.
Page 208: Kim Debus for Jam Arts.
Page 210: Martha Ward for the Carol Hayes Agency.
Page 281: **Amy Adams's** **Zac Posen** dress from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Emma Trask for Rex.


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Page 284: **Joan Collins** styled by Shawn Dudley; suit by **Giorgio Armani,** from Giorgio Armani boutiques, N.Y.C. and L.A.; blouse by **Elie Tahari,** from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; shoes by **Brian Atwood,** from Bergdorf Goodman; necklace by **Angela Tassoni,** from Henri Bendel, N.Y.C.; earrings by **Kenneth Jay Lane.**


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Page 303: **Alice Sebold's** vintage **Halston** dress from Frock, N.Y.C.; Evan Ross for Scene.
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Page 306: Dana Marasca for Celestineagency.com.
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Pages 316–17: **Lance Armstrong's** **James Perse** shorts from Bloomingdale's stores nationwide; Bruce Pask for Judy Casey Inc.
Pages 318–19: **David Schwimmer's** **Sergio Rossi** boots from Sergio Rossi, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills. **Lisa Kudrow's** top by **Elie Saab,** available by special order, call 212-941-0430 or 323-461-1100; shoes and tights by **Capezio,** from Capezio stores nationwide. For **Jennifer Aniston's** top from Dodger Costumes, Long Island City, New York, go to www.dodgercostumes.com; **Victoria's Secret Authentic Vintage** tap pants from selected Victoria's Secret stores; for information about vintage shoes, by **Katayone Adeli,** call 212-260-3500; **Mikimoto** necklace from Mikimoto, N.Y.C. **Matthew Perry's** pants and shirt by **Yohji Yamamoto,** from Yohji Yamamoto, N.Y.C. For **Courteney Cox Arquette's** top from Dodger Costumes, Long Island City, New York, go to www.dodgercostumes.com; **Valentino** shawl from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; **Victoria's Secret** panties from Victoria's Secret stores nationwide; tights by **DKNY Hosiery,** from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; **Edmundo Castillo** shoes from Edmundo Castillo, N.Y.C.; bracelets by **Alicia Crawford;** Mikimoto necklaces from Mikimoto, N.Y.C. **Matt LeBlanc's** Sergio Rossi boots from Sergio Rossi, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills. Bruce Pask for Judy Casey Inc.


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Pages 320–21: Kim Meehan for Walter Schupfer, Inc.
Page 323: Nicole Kidman's **Calvin Klein** sweater and **Calvin Klein Swimwear** bikini from selected Calvin Klein stores; Sarajane Hoare for Vernon Jolly.
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BEAUTY AND GROOMING

Cover: **Nicole Kidman's** hair styled with **John Frieda** Frizz-Ease Hair Serum and Frizz-Ease Wind-Down, from drugstores nationwide; Kerry Warn for the Milton Agency/John Frieda. **Christian Dior** makeup from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; on her face, Teint Diorlight


Cover

S.P.F. 10 in Cameo 202, Diorlight Pressed Powder in Light, and Terra Bella Bronzing Powder in No. 764; on her eyes, Ombre Plum in Rose Halo, Eyebrow Pencil in Brown, Crayon Eyeliner in Dark Brown, and Long'Optic Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Blush Final in Natural Apricot; on her lips, Rouge Dior Addict Color Play Lipstick in Rose Mirage; Tom Pecheux for Shiseido the Makeup; Deborah Lippmann for JGK/Lippmanncollection.com.
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Page 142: **Paula Marantz Cohen's** hair and makeup by Assumpta Clohessy for Susan Price, Inc.
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Page 152: **Audra McDonald's** hair styled by Ted Gibson for Art House/Bandostick.com; makeup by Charlie Green for Bourjois Cosmetics. **Martha Argerich's** hair and makeup by Andreas Bernhardt.
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Page 180: Helene Macaulay for Artists by Tim Priano.
Page 192: Catherine Zeta-Jones's hair styled by Karyn Lynn Huston; makeup by Cindy William makeup products by **Elizabeth Arden,** from Eliz Arden Red Door Salon and Spas nationwide; on her face, Flawless Finish Foundation and Pressed Powder; on her eyes, Dual Perfection Eyeshadow in Currant/Heather with Smoky Eyes Powder Pencil in Espresso 03; on her cheeks, Bronzing Powder Duo; on her lips, Exceptional Lipstick in Black Cherry. **Richard Gere's** hair styled by Lyn Quiyon; grooming by Luann Claps. **Renée Zellweger's** hair styled by Dale E. Brownell; mak Jordan Samuel, using **Max Factor** products, fro drugstores nationwide; on her face, FaceFinity Foundation in Porcelain and Cream Puff in Trans on her eyes, 2000 Calorie Mascara in Black wi Definition Eyeliner in Black; on her cheeks, Brush Satin Blush in Tawny Rose; on her lips, Long Lasti Lipstick in Chilli.


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Page 284: **Joan Collins's** hair and makeup Angela Di Carlo and Ralph Stanzione; on her **MAC** Lipglass Stain in Infrared Wood from MA nationwide.
Page 302: Robert Vetica for Artec Textureline Starr for Magnet; Lisa Jachno for Cloutieragency.com/L'Oréal.
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's hair and makeup by Kevin Donin and Alison
o for Susan Price, Inc.
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Rouge Dior Addict Colorplay Lipstick in Rose
*
329: On her lips, **Christian Dior** Rouge Dior
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x (the Agency)/Butterfly
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ime, from fine department
on her face, Absolue
nishing Cream S.P.F. 15, Photogenic Skin
ating Makeup, and Loose Powder; on her
s, Poudre Soleil Bronzing Powder; on her lips, Le
que in Mauvelle. Howard Fugler for the Agency.
338–39: Jorjee Douglass for Rex.
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Klimek.

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CORRECTIONS:

On pages 314–15 of the November issue, Enrique Iglesias wears jeans by Paperdenim&cloth, from Barneys New York, N.Y.C., and Atrium, N.Y.C.

On page 357, Nas's additional styling by LaTisha Cottman for M.I.A. Marketing L.L.C.

Michael Lutin tells Sadges their secret is safe



SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Jake Gyllenhaal

When you get that Scout's-honor, gosh-oh-golly look in your eyes, most people wouldn't dream that a single impure thought could ever cross your mind. Those who understand how the sign of Scorpio in your 12th house actually operates, however, can read between the lines and grasp that the more you attempt to escape your secret primitive drives and wishes, the hungrier to fulfill them you become. Because these desires conflict with your squeaky-clean image, you tend to do your best messing around on the sly. But don't worry: we'll never tell.



Kate Bosworth

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

The transit of Chiron through Capricorn, which has only just begun, has already caused you to draw inward and made you even less able than before to cope with hordes of people. As a result, you may dread hearing the news that relating to people is exactly what you are going to be doing this month. Thanks to a cluster of planets in your 11th house, you need to take some time off from licking your wounds, step out of the thick-walled cocoon you have been so busy spinning, and chill with friends who pay no attention to your aches and pains.



AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Virginia Woolf

Just take a look at your solar midheaven this month and you'll understand why you're so hung up on the rat race when you could swear that all you want to do is fly off over the rainbow, where troubles melt like lemon drops and all the happy little bluebirds are flapping their wings. Oddly, although you may be sick to death of the whole stupid career game, when a lunation occurs in your 10th house, you just can't tear yourself away from the office, or wherever it is you work. There is an expression for what you're feeling. It's called the love of power.



Michael Eisner

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

When you feel as if you've run out of patience with everyone around you and finally reached the end of your rope, and when the twists and turns of the road you've chosen to travel have worn you out completely, the universe steps in to save the day. Just in time, a new moon occurring with the ruler of your 8th house in your 9th is giving you a whole new lease on life. It's almost miraculous the way your perspective can shift in an instant. Suddenly, situations that looked utterly bleak and hopeless are alive with possibilities. Even for you.



ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Ethel Kennedy

Even when it means overcoming professional obstacles or public opposition, it is important for you to behave as a respected member of your community and make contributions to your field. With the sign of Scorpio on your 8th house, however, don't forget that in spite of all your efforts to be rational, proper, and productive you are still a very human animal with very human needs and desires. Your job now is to exercise impulse control while acknowledging your baser instincts for survival, love, and sex—not necessarily in that order.



Bertrand Russell

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

Once upon a time, according to ancient mythology, a young woman named Persephone was carried away from her mother by Pluto and taken to the underworld, where she ended up living four months out of the year. Whenever a new moon occurs with Venus in your solar 7th house, as it is now, you are liable to unknowingly re-enact that story. Since you usually cling so stubbornly to your upstanding, socially appropriate image, why not let your mate drag you down to the rec room once in a while for some naughty and private fun?

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Ice Cube

Everybody gets whacked by the planets now and then, but of all the signs of the Zodiac yours has been the most beleaguered over the past few months. In addition to having Saturn sitting on your head an opposing you, at the moment what astrologers call the finger of God i ing straight at you. That's never a barrel of laughs. The joke may be universe, however. If you stay focused and disciplined and dedicate y to completing all the tasks that lie before you, you'll get the chance to ly give that finger right back.



Vera Wang

CANCER JUNE 22–JU

Behind all your raucous laughter and noisy partying, there i and inner doubt. That's natural when your solar 5th and 12th are both so active. Since you're probably not going to figure c great mysteries concerning the difference between right and wrong present time, you might as well go on finding fulfillment in romance and Beyond that, maybe you should turn your eyes toward the heavens a your fate in the hands of the power that really makes the decisions, v you believe in such a being or not.



LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

Jerry Garcia

Even if you've never put much stock in fêng shui, it wouldn't hurt to look into it more seriously this month. Once you do, don't be surprised or embarrassed if you start doing the decorator thing and p your creative energies into the place where you live. Fourth-house plai mand that you express yourself inside your little castle and make yc roundings reflect your inner being. On another note: the time is r experiencing sexual intimacy, but if you're not comfortable with the pregnancy, you'd better stick to reupholstering the sofa.



Dan Marino

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEP

Have you been feeling tense lately? Well, the pressures on you lar houses aren't about to let up quite yet, so you must be car to get sucked into any domestic storms that may be brewing. Also you're still battling with authorities and struggling to maintain your pu sition, you've got to find some emotional outlet and a means of escaj all the insanity. Talking things out with friends and neighbors is one do it. Creative writing might help, too. Frankly, though, what you n quick trip to wherever it is you go to find release and relief.

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

Avril Lavigne

Anybody who thinks Libras do nothing but arrange flowers in vases and whistle happy tunes around the house doesn't have the vaguest idea how tough you can get when your economic survival is at stake. It's not that you are greedy. Regardless of what goes on in your 2nd the seat of money and possessions, in the end you know it amounts ing more than a few doodads and a lot of bank-statement-induced hea Nevertheless, when those accounts are threatened, as they are now, f tle you can grow a set of shark's teeth in five seconds flat.



Dorothy Day

SCORPIO OCT. 24–N

As if you weren't intense enough already! Even under norm ditions, you sleep with one eye open and the other on yo With a pileup of planets in your sign this month, however, you are l more apt to be thinking with that scary reptilian brain of yours. In scheming, obsessing, and boring holes in people in the name of lo not throw yourself with the same abandon into some wildly creative Not only will it distract you from your surveillance of loved ones, might actually end up producing something of value.

To hear more about what's happening in your horoscope—and everyone else's—listen to Michael Lutin weekly by calling 1-900-28V-FAI on a touch-tone phone. Cost: $1.95 per minute. If you are under 18, you need parental permission.


What shape reflects your love?
teardrop
heart
marquise
oval
A DIAMOND IS FOREVER



DEEPAK CHOPRA

Deepak Chopra's books on mind-body medicine have sold millions, and won him friends and collaborators from Demi Moore to Rosa Parks. Along the way, the Chopra empire has expanded to include cookbooks, trip-hop CDs, and seminars at the Kellogg School of Management. Chopra now pauses to reflect on his imperfect toe, Plácido Domingo, and the simple joy of a hazelnut latte

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
It does not exist. If it did, we'd all be doomed to eternal senility.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
My need for approval.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Hypocrisy.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Double hazelnut lattes.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Success.

On what occasion do you lie?
Only when I'm speaking to God.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
Deepak doesn't believe in evaluating appearances. Deepak likes to be deep.

Which living person do you most despise?
I despise violence and intolerance in all its forms; I gave up despising people a long time ago.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
I am impeccable in my use of language.

What is your greatest regret?
That I have no regrets to talk about or be nostalgic about.

Which talent would you most like to have?
To sing like Plácido Domingo.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
My children.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
The breeze.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
A storm.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
The hypnosis of social conditioning.

What is your most marked characteristic?
My left, fourth, deformed toe.

Who are your favorite writers?
Somerset Maugham, Rudyard Kipling, T. S. Eliot, George Bernard Shaw, Shakespeare.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Children. In the words of a great Indian poet, "Every child that is born is proof that God has not yet given up on human beings."

What are your favorite names?
The names of my children, Gotham and Mallika.

What is it that you most dislike?
Prejudice and bigotry.

How would you like to die?
In meditation.

What is your motto?
"Don't take yourself seriously."

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN WINTERS. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE.


Be even more revealing than what you're wearing.
BE COINTREAUVERSIAL™
COINTREAU
COINTREAU
The spirit of orange inside


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